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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 12.—St. Julius, P. C. St. Constantine, B. C.
 SUNDAY, 13.—PALM SUNDAY. St. Hermenegild, M.
 MONDAY, 14.—St. Justin, M.
 TUESDAY, 15.—St. Peter Gonzales, C. SS. Basilissa and Anastasia, MM.

WEDNESDAY, 16.—St. Benedict Joseph Labre, C.
 THURSDAY, 17.—HOLY THURSDAY. St. Anicetus, P. M.
 FRIDAY, 18.—GOOD FRIDAY.
 SATURDAY, 19.—HOLY SATURDAY. St. Elphege, B. M.

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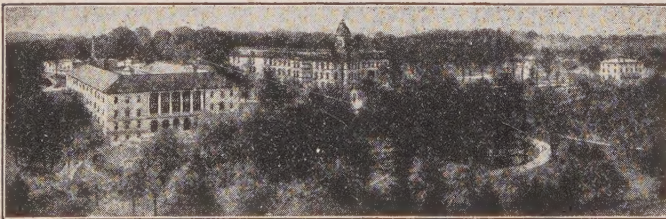
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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 12, 1930.

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Mary's Sorrow.

BY M. E.

ALM but for agonizing sighs,
The Mother stands; if there are tears,
Only God knows—none dare intrude.
The veil that hides her wondrous eyes
Hangs motionless; sad thoughts, strange
fears,
Have made her soul a solitude.
The earth shakes, darkened is the sun,
And in their grave-clothes walk about
Dead men from many a mouldy tomb.
Silent beside her only One,
Darkness within, darkness without,
She waits, enshrouded by the gloom.
But when upon her trembling knees
They lay Him, white and cold in death,
Her soul o'erleaps the hidden years:
Once more 'tis Bethlehem she sees;
Her bosom heaves with quickened breath,
His Face is flooded with her tears.

Maria Desolata et Coronata.

BY THE REV. J. WEBB.

IN many churches there is held on the afternoon or evening of Good Friday an extra-liturgical service in honor of the sorrows of Our Blessed Lady, which usually consists of the singing of the *Stabat Mater*, a sermon, or series of sermonettes, between the different movements of the musical setting, and appropriate prayers and devotions. Naturally this service is of the nature of a lamenta-

tion, representative and expressive of Our Lady's bitter grief in the Passion and death of her Son. Where this service is held on Good Friday it is customary to hold a service of exactly the opposite character on the afternoon of Holy Saturday, a special feature of which is usually the crowning of a statue of the Blessed Virgin with flowers, and the blessing and distribution of flowers to the people, in honor of Our Lady's joy in the resurrection of Our Lord. From the circumstance of the crowning of the statue the service derives its name, "Maria Coronata." There are, of course, local variations in the ritual and procedure in these services, but wherever they have been introduced they seem to be immensely popular; and often the great city churches are thronged to the doors, standing and sitting space alike being closely and tightly filled. Evidently these devotional exercises in honor of the sorrows and joys of Our Lady at the time of the death and resurrection of her Son have struck a responsive chord in the hearts of Catholic people, and they afford another example of the way in which the stream of devotion to the Mother of God is ever broadening and deepening in the life of the Church.

On Good Friday was fulfilled to the full the words of holy Simeon, spoken at the very beginning of Our Lord's life on earth. "This child is set . . . for a sign that shall be contradicted; and thine own soul a sword shall pierce, that out of many hearts thoughts may

be revealed." Truly on the day of His death was Our Lord contradicted in the very fact of redemption by His own people whom He had come to save. "Not this man. . . ." "If he be the Christ, let him come down from the Cross, and we will believe him." And in that contradiction unto death of her Son and her Lord was Our Lady's soul pierced by the sword of sorrow, a piercing that has ever since led to the revealing of thoughts out of many hearts. For the attitude of men towards Our Lord is somehow conditioned by their thoughts of His Blessed Mother, and the greatest fidelity to Him is ever found in the hearts of those who have the tenderest devotion to the Mother that bore Him. On Good Friday does she drain the chalice of sorrow to the bitter end, for this day is He taken away from her by death, and laid in the loneliness of the tomb. No one can know the agony of her soul that day. On the way of the Cross she had met Him as He went forward from condemnation to death. In His footsteps had she followed till He came "to the place that is called Calvary." And there the awesome drama of the Crucifixion is carried out. All the incidents of that supremely sacrificial event did she witness, until the end; and when the end of the great acts of sacrifice and redemption had come, still she stood by the Cross, a spectacle indeed to angels and to men.

"O all ye that pass by the way, attend and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." These words of the Prophet have indeed an application to her, and to her are they applied in the devotion of the Church and her children. All men must needs look upon the crucifixion of Christ, whether they will or no, for the life and work of the Church have filled the world with the fact. Friend and foe, devout and worldly-minded, religious and irreligious, godly and ungodly, Catholic and non-Catholic,

—all must in some way turn their eyes upon Him; and as they look, though ever so briefly, they will see in the scene, one standing by the Cross, and that one His Mother. Yet not His Mother only, but their own as well, for in that last dread agony of death, He had associated them with her, and her with them. "Behold thy Mother!" "Behold thy son!" Thus as they see her standing there sorrowful and desolate, they will feel in their hearts a new touch of sympathy, and in their minds will be a new light of understanding; and they will know that as there is no love like to the love of Him who died for love, so is there no sorrow like to the sorrow of her who loved Him as no other could love Him, and who received from Him the fullest and the richest love as to Mother from Son. "Attend and see." And to those who will attend and see it is plain beyond proof that there is no sorrow "like to my sorrow."

Christ Our Lord was dead upon the Cross. His soul had gone forth from His body to the "Limbo Patrum," to comfort and console and rejoice the just of the Old Law who waited for the day when that looked and longed-for Redeemer should come who alone could open to them the gate of heaven and admit them to their place in the kingdom of God. His body hung upon the Cross, still and dead. The soldier came, and, with his spear "opened his side, and immediately there came out blood and water." Our Lady still is there, a witness of this last act of injury to the body of her Son. Henceforth shall only they that love Him lay hands upon Him. From His wounds had gone forth virtue. Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, two of his disciples, of whom no word has yet been heard in connection with His Passion, find themselves filled with a new courage. Boldly they go into Pilate's presence and obtain from him the grant of that sacred body. And now

they come, and with reverent, loving hands take out the nails from hands and feet, and lower the body of their Lord from the altar of its sacrifice. In the Thirteenth Station of the Cross they give that body into the arms of His Mother, that desolate Mother who had watched them as they worked, and even in her desolation praised and blessed them for the loving service they did to Him. So He comes back to her, who had gone forth from her to begin the work of His divine mission. Covered with the wounds of death, and upon His head the marks of His crowning. Thus she receives Him, and none but herself can know the burst of agonizing love that welled up in her heart in that moment of His laying in her arms dead from the Cross.

The day of the Crucifixion, the greatest in all the world's long history, is drawing to its close. The body of Christ has been prepared for burial, wrapped with sweet spices in the linen cloth. All the tumult of the day has died down, the mob has departed, everything is still and quiet as the evening falls. Christ and His Mother must part again. They bear Him away with awe and love to that quiet garden, and set Him down in the "new sepulchre, wherein no man had yet been laid." Reverently they arrange that body in its place of rest, and one by one go forth from the tomb. Mary too, goes forth, and John leads her away to his home. The great stone is rolled to the door of the sepulchre, and the soldiers mount guard, that none may break the seal or steal away the body that lies there. This is the final dereliction of the Mother of the Lord. The ocean of desolation has covered her. "Save me, O God; for the waters are come in even unto my soul!" Just as Our Lord's sufferings culminated in that dereliction wherein he cried, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" so did Our Lady's desolation touch its

lowest depths as the body of her Son was borne to its burial and left in the sleep of death in the silence and darkness of the tomb. This is indeed her night of sorrow, but the morrow will come,—and the Easter sun will rise, and life will come again in place of death, and joy will fill the heart of sorrow, making all things glad. "In the evening weeping shall have place, and in the morning gladness."

By the present ritual of the Church there is on Holy Saturday a most pleasing and joyous anticipation of Easter Day and the glory of the Resurrection. The Lenten observance comes to an end at midday of that day. In the spirit of the Church it is truly meet and just to anticipate, too, the joy of Our Lady in the rising again of her Son. "Come from Libanus . . . come, thou shalt be crowned." What a change of scene it is! Yesterday, her sorrow and desolation; to-day, her joy and exultation. Yesterday, "Attend and see"; to-day, "Rejoice and be glad, O Virgin Mary, alleluia! For the Lord hath risen indeed, alleluia!" The crown of flowers set upon the head of her statue is the symbol of that crowning joy which filled her soul when first her Son came forth from the tomb and showed Himself to her in all the majestic glory of His Resurrection. Even in her deepest sorrow there had been in her heart the joy of confident hope, the joy that comes in and by suffering endured for the working out of the purposes of God. Now the sorrowing and the suffering are past and gone, only the joy remains; yet not the joy that was, for that was the joy of sorrow, but the new joy of the new life of Christ, who, "being risen from the dead dieth now no more, and death shall no more have dominion over him."

It is a joy unique of its kind, as unique as the fact out of which it rises: that One who was dead and buried raises Himself again to life and comes

forth from the tomb glorious and triumphant. In the joy of the Resurrection of Our Lord all His followers have a share; and they will be strange Catholics indeed who do not feel a thrill of emotion as they hear the words of the Gospel on Easter Day, "He is risen. He is not here. Behold the place where they laid him!" But what would be the joy of her who was His Mother, who had stood by His Cross in His dying agony, who had received His maimed and mangled body from the hands of Joseph and Nicodemus, who had laid Him in the tomb, and had seen the great stone rolled to the door of the sepulchre. As there had been no sorrow like unto her sorrow, so could there be no joy like unto her joy. And as Catholics the world over sorrow with her in her sorrow, shall they not rejoice with her in her joy? The promise of Our Lord, made to the Apostles at the Last Supper, and through them to all His followers, has its fulfilment pre-eminently in her: "You shall be made sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy, and your joy no man shall take from you." So in the fact of the Resurrection of her Son is the sword of sorrow taken away from the soul of Mary; the wound is healed, and all the bitter grief of the Passion changed into perfect joy immeasurable and everlasting.

The official anthem, or antiphon, for the whole of Paschal time, is that beautiful invocation to Our Lady, the *Regina Cæli*—"Rejoice, O Queen of Heaven, alleluia." It takes the place of the *Angelus* throughout the same period. Its first word, *Regina*, proclaims her a Queen, and its first word of action bids her rejoice, because of the resurrection of Him whom she merited to bear. And in the versicle and response of the same antiphon, the same note of joy is struck, but in a still stronger and more insistent tone. "Rejoice and be glad, O Virgin Mary, alleluia. For the Lord hath

risen indeed, alleluia." In complete accord then with the spirit of the Church do they act who on Holy Saturday set flowers about the feet of Mary, and a crown of joy upon her head. And in doing honor to the Queen of Heaven will they bring grace and joy into their own souls. The purpose of the celebration is indeed to praise and exalt the Mother of God, to declare her joy with glad hymns, to show forth her glory in joyous ceremonies.

But there is ever a practical purpose in all Church ceremonies having reference to those who assist at or take part therein. They are reminded that in their lives the flowers of virtue must bud and bloom, and that a crown of life that fadeth not away is promised to those who love and serve and remain faithful unto the end. So in the prayer of the day, the prayer of the antiphon of Paschal time, does the Church ask of God that as He has given joy to the world by the resurrection of His Son, so would He give to those who celebrate that event, to attain to the joys of everlasting life. Joy, and everlasting joy, is ever the end that the Church has in view for her children. Lent is indeed a season of prayer and penance, leading to the tremendous commemoration of the Passion and death of Our Lord. But that is not the end. Lent leads to Easter, and Easter is the season of life and joy. Those that have sorrowed with the Mother of God in her sorrows, may rejoice with her in her joy; and in their rejoicing as in their sorrowing find good hope and help to press on until there shall be no more sorrow but only joy.

On Calvary.

BY T. E. BURKE, C. S. C.

HOW keen the bitterness of acrid gall
Against the bleeding mouth of Jesus pressed!
Who slept in Mary's arms, an infant small,
And drank the virgin sweetness of her breast.

The Living Voice.*

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

XV.

HERE was very little traffic upon the high road which flanked the Greenhalgh demesne. Travellers going north from Liverpool would take the Preston route, leaving the Neviles' estate to their left. The Greenhalgh road was wellnigh deserted, especially in the Winter time, except for country neighbors intent on bucolic business or coming to visit the Squire.

The little graveyard lay only three or four hundred yards from the thoroughfare, screened from it by a belt of woodland which had been strongly fenced of late on its outer bounds. The clearing was a peaceful spot, a pool of bluebells in May, and even now, in rimey January, a place of peace and beauty. A low stone wall surrounded it, within were five graves, four of which were already covered with soft fronds of emerald moss. Across the fifth a boy's dark figure lay motionless.

Nicholas Nevile and his sons were employed in clearing away some of the dense undergrowth deeper in the wood. The old Squire was there too, marking with a bill-hook such saplings as were to be cut down.

The dogs were blissfully hunting rabbits, and the younger boys had made a bonfire of the dead branches and underbush and were more intent on feeding the blaze than in helping their elders. Sweet-smelling wood smoke trailed between the trees, and the flame

leaped and crackled merrily. Everyone was absorbed in work or play—only Master Richard noted the dark lonely figure, which skirted the clearing and then plunged into the wood again; he said nothing, but about ten minutes later quietly made his way to the hidden burying ground.

Simon did not notice the click of the gate; when he raised himself presently, Master Richard was kneeling at the foot of the cross. He remained there praying until the boy's passion of grief was spent, and then he called to him gently:

"Come, Simon, come hither and sit with me on the wall, and tell me of Lord Strange's visit."

A gleam of hope entered Simon's mind as he seated himself beside his friend. He looked down, plucking absently at the soft moss.

"The President of the Council has assigned the Lord Strange to be my guardian," he said at last in a muffled voice; "and he is come to take me away with him."

Master Richard breathed a sigh of relief.

"Thank God!" he said. "It might have been a great deal worse. My lord is an honorable man and your father's friend. I feared they might place you in the hands of Colonel Moore."

"Colonel Moore!" exclaimed the boy. "Why, Sir, isn't he a great puritan, and one that wants to pull down all the English bishops and have nought but preachers?"

"He is that same—a dark and dangerous man, bitterly opposed to the King's party, and even more bitter against us

* SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS:—Simon Bradshaigh, the eldest son in an English Catholic family in the early Seventeenth Century, goes forth with his mother to see Lord Strange, a Protestant neighbor, ride off to war. Simon's father, being an "obstinate recusant," was not allowed to journey more than five miles from his home. Private news is brought him, however, that Parliament had passed a law banishing all priests from the

kingdom, that Lord Strafford, a friend of the Stanleys at Knowsley, had been impeached, and the king was being importuned for his execution. Simon is sent to Knowsley with this news, but is waylaid by the Protestants, and his horse, Firefly, taken from him. He delivers the message, and returns home. It is decided to bring Simon to London. While there he visits a priest in prison who blesses him and advises him to be loyal to his Cath-

poor Catholics. Come, lad, your father hoped that if you had to quit home, my lord might take you into his own household."

"Was it for that you hurried Roger and Peter away?" asked Simon.

"Yea. You are old enough to stand firm for your religion, but it would have been more difficult for the younger boys; and once in Protestant hands, or removed to the Isle of Man, what would have become of their vocations to the priesthood?" He glanced at the boy's tear-stained, downcast face. "I think, Simon, if thou hadst been offered the choice, thou wouldst have chosen freely the heaviest burden."

Simon set his teeth, strangling the sob that rose in his throat. He nodded.

"Well, then, the Lord will give thee strength to bear it. Look ye, Simon, your mother will not be troubled by the sententious folk about as long as she is under the protection of the House of Stanley. I think no one will dare accuse her of sending your brothers abroad, nor exact the fines."

"But there'll be no one in the house but ladies. I should be there to take care of my mother," cried the boy.

"You'll be more of a protection to her in my lord's household than if you were at home, for when the master of a Catholic house dies, the folk round about descend upon the heritage like a flock of vultures—a piece here and a piece there filched away, till there's nothing left for the children."

"Then must I go? Oh, Master Nevile, I thought you would surely find some

way out! Must my poor mother lose us all four at a blow?"

"Poor souls! 'tis hard on you both," said Nevile compassionately. "But I fear it must be, Simon. Did not thy father speak to thee of this?"

Bradshaigh nodded, murmuring after a pause:

"He said they'd take me from her."

Master Richard began several sentences, but stopped each time, beating his gnarled old hand on the mossy stones beside him.

"He is full young for such a trial," he murmured to himself, but presently went on more composedly: "As for the farm, we'll do our best that your mother comes to no loss. And you, Simon, must never forget that you are a Catholic. Remember any faults that you show will be imputed to your religion. Strive to be humble and serviceable"—he broke off, adding after a pause: "'Tis a man's part thou hast to play, and God knows thou art but a child still!"

"My father trusted me," said Simon hoarsely.

"And he'll help thee still. There's just one thing more I would say, lad. You know your religion well, I doubt not; but there's one point which has misled many as young as thou art, taken from their homes and brought up among Protestants. My lord is good, kind and honorable and a most religious man."

"Do you think he'll try to force me?" asked Simon, a trifle disdainfully as he paused.

olic faith. He is engaged at the Spanish embassy where he is to receive instruction. While in this employ he is invited to be present at the martyrdom of Father Ward, which he witnesses with great feeling. The Ambassador asks that one of his attendants go to the pyre where the body of the martyred priest was being burned, and bring back some relic of the holy man. Simon volunteers, catches something from the fire, and departs, but is discovered by loiterers and pursued by the

soldiers. He casts the relic into a bush as he runs, and is later caught and imprisoned. He is released, and returns to recover the relic which turns out to be the heart of the saintly priest. Later he is recalled home by news that his father is at death's door. He assists at his death, but through the bigotry of the parson, who now presides over the vault in which his ancestors are buried, his father is denied burial there, but is laid to rest at night in consecrated ground.

"Nay, I have no fear that aught could be wrought on you by harshness. But, Simon, kindness has snares also. My lord is deceived by the great fallacy which Laud and the high churchmen hold. He believes the Church of England to be a national branch of the Universal Catholic Church."

"But that is a contradiction in terms!" exclaimed Simon. "How can 'national' be 'universal'?"

"'Tis with this thesis that they tried to hold back my Lady Falkland at her conversion," proceeded the other. "Bidding her believe that it was just and lawful to stay in what they call 'the Church of their baptism,' even if convinced of the truth of the holy Catholic Church."

"But 'tisn't true," demurred Simon bluntly. "The Church would never accept such specious arguments. Why, they can't swallow the decrees of the Council of Trent surely?"

"No, they deny all that the Council of Trent lays down. And all Catholics believe that Christ is with His Church all days, and that He has given to her a living voice that all her children may know clearly what they must believe."

"I'll hold fast by that then," said Simon resolutely. "And I thank you from my soul, dear Sir, for your promise to look after the folk at home. And—
and Master Neville—"

"What is't, lad? Speak out!"

"You'll not name it to any that you found me so unmanly—weeping like a child?"

"Nay, Simon, there is nought unmanly in weeping at a father's grave, so long as you be ready to shoulder the burden after. We had both good fathers, God be praised! and I grieved sore for mine."

Simon feared to speak, lest he break down afresh. He slipped to the ground, and knelt on the damp mould.

"God bless you, keep you and guide you!" said Neville.

He stood smiling till the boy had passed out of the enclosure, and had stridden away among the trees. Then he went back to the cross and, kneeling there, prayed for a long time.

The family of my Lord Strange was now established at Lathom House. This was a fortified mansion much the older of the two—the ancient stronghold of the House of Stanley.

Simon felt an additional gloom fall upon him as he followed his patron through the tall, grim entrance gates. Lord Strange had ridden ahead in grave converse with his steward. Simon rode a length or two behind as custom demanded. But now the steward fell back, and my lord, turning in the saddle, beckoned very kindly. Simon moved forward until he drew level.

"I know you feel sadly, my dear boy, and I would not have it otherwise. You have lost a good father and I a loyal friend. But you must learn to look upon me as one who takes your father's place, and loves you well already for his sake." As he spoke he leaned down, his heavy curls falling forward on his breast as he gazed earnestly at his young ward.

Simon gazed back at the kind dark face, with its low brow and deep-set hazel eyes. He knew that he should have expressed thanks, but he could only look doggedly upward, setting his jaw firmly.

Strange understood, however. He smiled, and his rare smile was singularly sweet.

"Come, ride beside me," he went on in a more cheerful tone. "The children will be upon the look-out for us. Is that not a kerchief waved from the battlement? My daughter-in-law to be is with us, otherwise we are but a small company."

The young Stanleys had made good haste in their descent from the tower, for they were grouped upon the steps

when Lord Strange approached the door. He dismounted in haste, and gathered them into his arms.

"Mollykin, my sweet, how goes it with you all? My Bill, my Amy! Kitty, my dear heart! sweet Ned! But where's Charles?"

"Ann and he quarrelled," cried Mary, "and Charles is sulking, I think."

"Fie, fie, little Nan! Maidens must be meek and gentle. Here, Mary, I bring home my good neighbor's son, Master Simon Bradshaigh."

Lady Mary, a short, square child of twelve, came forward with Baby Billy in her arms.

"I'm sorry your father is dead," she said bluntly. "Would you like to see my rabbits?"

"Nay, first he must be presented to my lady, Mollykin," interposed her father. "Give me the babe, and do you and Ann go and seek your brother and tell him I am come."

"We did tell him," Kitty was beginning, when her sister nudged her.

"My mother is in the great hall, Sir," she said. "She prayed you would forgive her that she came not down."

Lord Strange said a kind word to the nurses and servants who stood respectfully behind their young charges, and hurried forward into the house.

"Come, Simon! Give the horse to the groom, man!" he called impatiently, and went clattering up the great stairs, his spurs ringing at every step.

The lady Charlotte stood waiting upon the landing, and James embraced her fondly.

"My dear lady—my dear love!" he exclaimed.

Simon stood still, astonished to see such familiar affection among the great. He had thought they lived and moved in lofty detachment. It was distinctly comforting to find them so human.

"And who is the young David you bring me here?" inquired the lady graciously.

Simon came forward, made his best bow and kissed her ladyship's hand.

"This is my ward, Simon Bradshaigh, dearest love," returned Strange. "He is but thirteen, yet he tops our Charles by half a head."

Lady Charlotte's face darkened a little. Simon felt sure she was thinking that plebeian boys might well be of stouter build than her blue-blooded child.

"You are tall and strong, certainly," she declared. "I trust you will never misuse your strength; since during these troublesome times it is difficult to keep separate establishments, you will perforce be much with his lordship's children."

"I'm used to children, Madam," said Simon in a surprised tone. "And I like 'em too," he added.

"Now may I show the boy my rabbits, my lord?" shouted Mary, bounding up the stairs.

She stopped short on perceiving her mother, curtsied respectfully and then clutched at her father's hand.

"Forgive her, my love, 'tis the excitement of my return which has made the girl forget a due decorum."

As he spoke the fond father caressed Mary's curled red locks.

"Take Master Simon with you and present him to Master Greenhalgh," he added indulgently.

Mary led the way by another door into a long passage.

"We need not hurry," she remarked. "Mr. Greenhalgh will not expect us yet. He is our tutor and one of the chaplains."

"Greenhalgh—that is the name of Master Nevile's place," said Simon.

"Is it? Well, I think Master Greenhalgh has nought to do with that. He is brother to the man my father has made Governor of the Isle of Man in his absence. Do you love the sea? Can you swim?"

Simon nodded twice.

"So can I," said Mary approvingly,

"but isn't it odd? Charles doesn't like anything of that kind. He does not care to ride even, but he likes dancing and playing music, which I hate."

Having visited the rabbits and the apple loft, Simon began to feel quite at home with the friendly little girl. But when presently she led him upstairs and into the chamber where Mr. Greenhalgh sat alone in black geneva gown and bands, reading a great tome, a chill fell upon him.

The chaplain did not look up or change his attitude as the two children came in, but Lady Mary went up to him and twitched at his sleeve.

"Here is the young gentleman of whom my father told you, Master Greenhalgh," she cried unabashed. "He is to learn with Charles, you know."

Mr. Greenhalgh closed his book.

"I trust, young man, that you are of good religious conversation and life?" he said ponderously.

"I trust so too," said Simon bluntly. "But 'tis not yours, Sir. I am a Catholic."

(To be continued.)

"The Greater Week."

BY THE REV. P. W. BROWNE, D. D., PH. D.

WE are accustomed to call the closing week of Lent Holy Week; but liturgically, the designation is *Major Hebdomeda* ("The Greater Week"). The Germans term it *Charwocke* ("the week of sorrows"). The name indicates the great event which the week commemorates, and it combines a greater portion of majesty and dignity, more grief and mourning, than any other event in human annals. It begins on Palm Sunday; but it is possible that in early Christian days it began on "Lazarus Saturday" with a celebration at the *Lazarion*, in Bethany. During the lifetime of Our Lord, notably at its close, multitudes flocked to Bethany ("the home of sadness"), attracted by the

miracle of the raising of Lazarus from the dead, who were desirous to see the Conqueror of death, and to give Him an ovation.

Bethany was the village which Our Lord loved so well, for here dwelt His best friends, Lazarus, Mary, and Martha; and the Gospels record many events that took place there, the most significant, apart from the raising of Lazarus, being the supper in the house of Simon the Leper. Here occurred the anointing by Mary Magdalen; and Our Lord says: "Wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world that also which she hath done shall be told for a memorial of her" (St. Matthew, xxvi, 13).

In the Magdalen College Library at Oxford, there is a manuscript of early date which says: "In the territory of Jerusalem, on the Mount of Olives, at fifteen stadia (about two miles) to the east of the Holy City, is situated the little town of Bethany, the country of Mary Magdalen, of Lazarus, and of Martha. . . . Martha had a sister of great beauty, named Mary, and a young brother called Lazarus." The parents being dead, the two sisters and brother, lived together; and as the younger sister grew up she moved from Bethany and took up her residence at Magdala, where, living a life of sin, she became notorious as Mary of Magdala, or Mary Magdalen, until aroused by the preaching of Our Lord, and later converted by Him in the house of Simon the Leper.

And from that glad hour,
Followed I Him, and ministered to Him;
And found myself alive who had been dead,
And saved by Love, who dwelt so lovelessly.

Whittingham, in his charming volume, "The Home of Fadeless Splendor," says: "In later years, Lazarus, Mary, and Martha were of the number of disciples who journeyed to Marseilles to carry the Gospel to the Gentiles, undergoing much suffering and persecution. Martha died in the ancient city of Ta-

rascon, between Avignon and Arles, and there she was buried, and is venerated to this day as the patron saint. Mary Magdalen died at Aix, being buried by the holy Maximinus 'in a tomb of shining alabaster,' bearing on it the carved representation of the anointing in the house of Simon, when Mary found pardon for her sins, and also of the service she rendered to her Lord when she brought spices to His Sepulchre."

The village of Bethany at the present day is called by the Arabs Azariyeh, and it "looks like a picture from some illustrated Scripture book." Again, to quote the "Home of Fadeless Splendor": "One might say that without Bethany the revelation of [Our Lord's] character would not have been complete. His glory was shown forth on Mount Tabor, His power over the storm on the Lake of Galilee; but it was in the home at Bethany, the home of him whom He loved so much, that at the news of his death He wept. It was here that His holy humanity, His beautiful and pure affections, shone forth so wonderfully."

The tomb of Lazarus at Bethany, and the vestibule from which Our Lord ordered him to "come forth," was used as a chapel in the time of the Crusaders; and there is a record that before the end of the Fourth Century, Christian pilgrims to the Holy Land, on the Friday before Palm Sunday, "crossed the Mount of Olives, stopped first at the church on the road where Jesus, Martha, and Mary conversed together, and five hundred paces farther on arrived at the *Lazarion*, the empty chamber of the resuscitated disciple."

It was from Bethany that came the great Procession when the people strewed their garments on the way, and cried out: "Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!" (St. Matthew, xxi, 9). Commemoration of this event is the greatest feature of the service on Palm Sunday. It is of very ancient date; it

is universally observed in the Catholic Church, and it is celebrated by the Greeks with an elaborate ceremonial.

When the Blessing of the Palms is celebrated at High Mass, as it customarily is, it is one of the most beautiful and impressive ceremonies of the Church. The Blessing of the Palms takes place before Mass; the palms are distributed; and they are borne aloft by those who participate in the Procession, which represents the scene of Our Lord's triumphal entry into the City of Jerusalem. The Procession goes to the outside of the church, and the door is closed. This symbolizes the closing of the gates of heaven to mankind by the sin of Eden. Then is chanted the hymn "Gloria, laus, et honor"; and at the conclusion of the singing, the subdeacon strikes the door with the staff of the cross which he bears, to signify that through the Redemption on the Cross the bolts of Heaven were withdrawn. The door is then opened, and the Procession enters, while the chanters recount the final triumphal entry of Our Lord into the Holy City.

The other noteworthy part of the service on Palm Sunday is the singing of the Passion (according to St. Matthew) by three deacons who impersonate the Evangelist (*chronista*), Our Lord (*Christus*), and the multitude (*synagoga*).

In former times (during the early centuries) there was another ceremony on Palm Sunday, known as "the scrutinies." This was an examination held to determine the fitness of catechumens for admission into the Fold. The catechumenate, as an institution, no longer exists; but in early times it formed an important part of Christian discipline. Before being admitted as a member of the Church, a long preparation was exacted. This procedure seems strange to us; and it is wondered why many catechumens deferred their baptism, sometimes even to their last illness. We have an example of this in the case of the

Emperor Constantine. The reason he is said to have alleged for the postponement was that, like our Divine Lord, he desired to be baptized in the Jordan. St. Ambrose, St. Basil, St. Gregory Nazianzen, and St. John Chrysostom were not baptized until their thirtieth year.

On the three days following Palm Sunday the Office of the Church is sorrowful, but without any unusual ceremonial until the *Tenebrae*, on the afternoon of Wednesday, which is known as Spy Wednesday, when begins the solemn function of "The Lamentations." Apart from the solemn chant in which the Lamentations are sung, the most conspicuous part of the service is the gradual extinction of fourteen of the fifteen candles in the triangular candlestick, sometimes called "the *Tenebrae* hearse." At the end of the singing of the "Benedictus" (which concludes Lauds) only one candle remains lighting, to signify Jesus Christ "the Light of the World," which is removed behind the altar while the *Miserere* is being recited, after which it is returned to its place.

Cardinal Wiseman, in "Offices and Ceremonies of Holy Week," says of the *Tenebrae*: "The office . . . is no more than the midnight prayer [of the early Church], and it continued to be performed for centuries at midnight. . . . Many centuries ago, the anticipation of time, now observed, took place; but the name and other terms were kept to record its earlier observance. The service itself was called *Tenebrae* (darkness) and *Matins*, or morning office; and each of its three divisions is styled a *Nocturn*, or night prayer." The office of *Tenebrae* is also sung on the afternoons of Holy Thursday and Good Friday.

Thursday in Holy Week, known as Maundy Thursday, is said to have got its name from the word *Mandatum* ("precept") which is the opening word of the antiphon sung at the Washing of the Feet, "A new commandment I give

unto you" (St. John, xiii, 34); but some state that the term comes from the old French word *mandé* ("a hand-basket"), which was used in distributing food to the poor on that day. Liturgically, Holy Thursday is known as the feast in *cæna Domini* (upon the Lord's Supper). In explanation of this it should be said that in the primitive Church Mass was celebrated in the evening on this day to commemorate the Institution of the Blessed Eucharist, and the faithful were allowed to communicate without fasting. This is expressly noted in the twenty-ninth canon of the Third Synod of Carthage, held in 397, where it is stated that "with the exception of Thursday in Holy Week (when Mass is celebrated in the evening, in honor of the Blessed Sacrament), everyone should receive Holy Communion, without having broken the fast."

There is a reminder of this early practice in the manner in which Holy Thursday is customarily observed at the present time. Priests, unless they are pastors, or chaplains who are obliged to minister to communities or institutions, do not say Mass privately, but they communicate in a body at Solemn Mass "like guests at one table." A second Host is consecrated, to be consumed on Good Friday at the Mass of the Pre-sanctified. Meanwhile it is "reserved" in a specially prepared Repository, or "Sepulchre," where it is visited several times during the day by devout worshippers.

In Cathedral Churches on Holy Thursday, there takes place the Blessing of the Holy Oils for use during the year. The liturgical blessing of oil is very ancient, and in early times, the oil of the sick might be blessed by priests; but from the middle of the Eighth Century, in the West, it became the privilege of the Bishop to perform this function. In the East, however, priests retained the right to consecrate the oil. Leclercq, in "The Catholic En-

cyclopedia," says: "The custom even became established, and has lasted to the present time, of having the oil blessed in the house of the sick person, or in the church, by a priest, or, if possible, by seven priests."

The ceremony of Washing of the Feet, or *maundy*, takes place also on Holy Thursday; and is referable to the ministration of Our Lord at the Last Supper: "After that he putteth water into a basin to wash the feet of His disciples, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded" (St. John, xiii, 5). Formerly it was customary for kings to wash the feet of thirteen beggars, and the custom is still in vogue in Spain.

Friday of Holy Week is called *Holy Friday* in Latin countries, but we call it *Good Friday*—"a more expressive appellation," says Cardinal Wiseman. The service is sorrowful; the altar is stripped of its ornaments, and the vestments worn by the sacred ministers are black, to denote its sorrowful aspect. They proceed to the altar, and reverently prostrate themselves while the acolytes cover the table of the altar with a cloth of unbleached linen. Then they ascend the Epistle side of the altar and begin a long series of prayers "for all men." The Crucifix is then solemnly unveiled and devoutly venerated, while the chanters sing the *Improperia* and the *Trisagion*—a strange combination of Greek and Latin invocations.

There is a tradition regarding these invocations to the effect that "in the reign of the Emperor Theodosius, the city of Constantinople was visited by an earthquake and whirlwind during a celebration on Good Friday, and a small boy was caught up in the air. The Emperor Theodosius and the Patriarch were present, with an immense multitude, and cried out in supplication, "*Kyrie eleison! Kyrie eleison!*" The child came safely to earth, and called aloud to them to sing the *Trisagion*, or "thrice holy" in the following manner:

Agios o Theos! Sanctus Deus! Agios ischyros! Sanctus fortis! Agios athanatos! eleison imas, Sanctus immortalis! miserere nobis (Holy God! Holy God! Holy and strong God! Holy and strong God! Holy and immortal God! Holy and immortal God! have mercy on us"). He had scarcely finished the invocations when he fell dead. During the Middle Ages the Veneration of the Cross, or, as it was termed in England, "The Creeping to the Cross," was devoutly celebrated by notables, who performed it clad in sackcloth. After the veneration of the Cross, the Sacred Host is brought processionally from the Repository; and during the procession is sung the inspiring hymn, *Vexilla regis prodeunt*, in which occurs the stanza:

O crux, ave, spes unica
Hoc Passionis tempore
Pliis adauge gratiam,
Reisque dele crimina.

In former days Good Friday was, as was every Sunday in Lent, a day of general Communion; but now Holy Communion on Good Friday is administered only to the sick.

Several other celebrations, such as "The Three Hours' Agony" and "The Via Dolorosa," take place on Good Friday; but they are not strictly liturgical, and are merely devotional. They are, of course, permitted by the Church, and are usually attended by a large concourse of people.

There still exists in Catholic countries—in Spain, for example—a custom of liberating criminals on Good Friday; it was universal during the Ages of Faith during Passion and Holy Weeks. St. John Chrysostom says of this humane custom: "Not only we honor this great time, but the Emperor, likewise, of all the world. . . . Imperial letters are sent forth, enacting that the prisoners' chains be loosed, that as Our Lord, descending from death, so His servants, imitating, as much as may be, their Master's clemency, may free men from

sensible bands whom they can not free from spiritual."

Holy Saturday, or Easter Saturday, was originally a watch-service held on the last hours of the day, and terminating at midnight. There is a reminder of the ancient custom in the Mass of the day and in the Divine Office, both of which are much abbreviated.

In the early Church this was the only Saturday on which fasting was permitted; there was an absolute fast from all food during the forty hours before Easter. During the first six centuries, the services continued all through the night, so that the "Alleluia coincided with the day and moment of the Resurrection. There were no morning services; these are said to have begun after the Eighth Century. The offices of Holy Saturday begin with the blessing of the new fire—a rite of which the origin is not really known, but it is of very early date. Then follows the blessing of the paschal candle, which is the most solemn of all the benedictions performed during the service.

The candle originally seems to have been a column of wax, and there were engraved upon it the "indiction," the "epact," and all the solemn festivals of the year. It is a symbol of Christ's body. Hence it is carried unlighted at first, to represent Our Lord in the state of death; it is afterwards lighted to represent Him risen from the tomb. During the blessing of the candle is sung the *preconium paschale*, known to us as the *Exultet*, and five grains of incense are inserted crosswise in the candle, to recall the sacred wounds in Christ's glorified body. It is lighted with the new fire to typify "the true light which enlighteneth every man who cometh into this world." The *Exultet* is said to have been composed by St. Ambrose, the great Bishop of Milan, to whom is also ascribed the origin of the *Te Deum*, first sung at the baptism of St. Augustine.

In Medieval days, the receptacle, or candlestick in which the paschal candle was placed, was very ornate. Specimens found in certain churches in Rome are of marble, and are an adjunct of the pulpit. The paschal candle was very large; and we are told that in the Cathedral of Salisbury, in England, it measured thirty-six feet in height. In 1588, during the reign of Queen Mary, the paschal candle in Westminster Abbey (now a Protestant *Valhalla*) weighed three hundred and thirty-six pounds. It was customary in those days to melt down the candle after the Feast of the Ascension, to be made into tapers to be used gratuitously at the funerals of the poor.

After the blessing of the paschal candle follows the reading of the Prophets intermingled with canticles, tracts, prayers, and collects, all of which allude to baptism, which is "a mystic death and a mystic resurrection." In early days baptism was administered solemnly only twice in the year—on Holy Saturday, and on the Vigil of Pentecost. In Rome the early usage is still in vogue, and solemn baptism is conferred on Holy Saturday and on the Vigil of Pentecost, in the Baptistery adjoining the Basilica of St. John Lateran, when the candidates are chiefly converts to the Faith. Vespers on Holy Saturday inaugurate the joyous festival of Easter, "the glorious consummation and crown of preceding sorrows, the goal of Christian desires, and the spring festival after the griefs of a mourning Winter."

"GET yourself something to eat, me poor man," whispered a kind-hearted Irishman as he slipped a coin into the hand of a cadaverous-looking ecclesiastic, whom he met in the street one dark night and disappeared quickly in the crowd. That coin is a treasured possession, and the recipient, likes to tell how he acquired it.

Forget-Me-Not.

BY L. MITCHELL THORNTON.

WHAT finger planted, in this sheltered spot,
A seed of heaven-blue, forget-me-not?

What winds were nursemaid to a plant so small
I wonder they discovered it at all?

And what strange tenderness of sun and dew,
Nourished its weakness all the long weeks
through?

What freak of chance, a score of miles from
home,

Impelled my careless feet this way to roam?
Or bade me turn from off the beaten track,
Through waste of fern and briar and tamarack;
Or led my eyes, through verdure polyglot,
To come upon this lost forget-me-not?

The hand that rules the planets, meets the need
Of every restless, shelter-seeking seed.

And high in Heaven, Mother Mary knew
My faith might waken by this bit of blue.

And I might see, beyond the tamarack,
A slender spire that called me to come back.

Memories of an Irish Lad.

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

XV.—THROAT TABLETS FOR JOHNNY.

I MUST tell you about Johnny's sore
throat. He got it All Fools' Day
and was swallowing with difficulty for a
whole week.

"I can not tell in what draft I sat,"
he said to Mary.

"Maybe 'twas when you leaned your
back against the window sill," she sug-
gested.

Then toward evening on Saturday, he
came over to the house to tell the mother
to send me down to Askeaton to get
something to ease him. I was out in the
field at the time doing one thing and
then another, till he shouted to me on
his way back home.

"Run here, young fellow!" I went to
him; but I didn't run.

"The mother said you should race to

Askeaton to get something from Moy-
lan for my throat."

"Dr. Moylan?"

"What other Moylan is there?"

"There's Moylan the harness maker."

"You fool, do you think I'd be sending
you to a harness maker to get lozenges
for my throat? Do you?"

"I'll have to get the ass, because 'tis
too late in the day to go on foot."

"Get him. But be quick."

So I caught the ass, which belonged
to the Sheehys', in the Bog field; and
rode him out the borheen to the main
road in a gait between a walk and a
trot. When I reached the road I gal-
loped him.

The country people had not all gone
home when I reached Askeaton, but I
saw no one I knew except Pat Hackett.

"I suppose you're getting a pair of
boots for the spring season," Pat said
to me.

"I am not. I am going in to Dr. Moy-
lan to get lozenges for Johnny Sheehy's
throat."

"Is he in bed with it?" Pat asked.

"He is not. But it hurts him terribly
when he does be swallowing anything
big."

"That's too bad. I'll be over to see him
tonight maybe."

I tied the ass to a post in the lane
next to Conways' flour shop and crossed
the street to Dr. Moylan's house. It had
a yellow door. There was a brass push-
button on the jamb which rang a bell in
the depths of the house; and besides,
there was a brass knocker midway in
the upper section of the door itself.

I pushed on the button, and the bell
rang loud and with severity. The Grip
inside barked savagely. Then I knocked
on the knocker three times.

The maid, dressed very handsome-
ly in white, opened the door almost
before I was finished knocking with the
knocker.

"One at a time," she said; but with-
out sourness it seemed to me.

"I didn't know whether you would hear the bell," I said, so as to excuse myself.

"That's why we have the knocker, so people can amuse themselves while waiting for the bell to ring."

She smiled, and I thought she wasn't a bit stuck up like some of them.

"Is Dr. Moylan in?"

"He is, but he's busy. Sit in here a minute."

She led me into a waiting room where there were chairs and some books on a book shelf. There were pictures of great men on the walls, but I didn't know any of them except Robert Emmet. I knew him. In a little while a strange man came out of the doctor's inner office, wearing a topcoat and carrying a brown felt hat in his left hand. He seemed thin and delicate, and coughed two or three times in succession. I began to say to myself that perhaps he had the decline.

"Come in!"

That was for me. I remembered to leave my cap on the chair as I started up, because if I kept it in my hand I might put it on my head in my confusion when I would be explaining about Johnny's throat.

"Well, my young fellow, what can we do for you this evening?"

"Johnny Sheehy sent me down to ask you to give me something for his sore throat. 'Tis hurting him for five days."

"Didn't I pronounce that swelling to be goiter, and didn't I say that the goiter would be back on him? Didn't I? I knew it from the first." Dr. Moylan seemed to be enjoying his victory.

"'Twas Dick had the goiter," I explained. "'Tis for Johnny's throat I'm here now."

The doctor stared at me.

"For Johnny's throat? And what about the other fellow's throat?"

"The other fellow is Dick, Johnny's son. And Dick's throat is all right."

"It won't be all right very long. Be sure of that. Goiters always come back.

What are the symptoms in Johnny's case?"

I never heard the word 'symptoms' before, but I shot out into the dark anyhow.

"The symptoms are: his throat is sore at each side of his neck, and when he swallows anything big it hurts."

"Anything big? You don't mean a turnip?"

"I mean a bit of meat or a piece of potato."

"Probably tonsillitis," the doctor said to himself. And then he said to me very slowly: "It may—require a—tonsillotomy; we'll see."

"A what?" I asked, because I wasn't sure.

"An excision of the tonsils."

"Whatever you say, doctor," I said, trying not to commit myself.

Then he took some brown-colored lozenges out of a large bottle and prepared to put some of them into a much smaller bottle. I watched him with interest. Just as he had completed the transfer, The Grip came in. He was as fat as ever, and those two teeth I mentioned shot out at you like always, so you would say a 'Hail Mary' under your breath.

"Dissolve these in medium hot water three times a day, after meals."

The doctor corked the bottle and began to write his directions on a label. Then he noticed The Grip and rubbed the sole of his boot along the bull's back, which seemed to please the bull very much. He pasted the label on the bottle, and turned an eye on myself.

"Aren't you the young fellow has the mongrel up in the Craggs?"

"I own The Demon," I said.

"Now, tell me the truth. Did you ever find out where that mongrel got his blood? Because he must have blood. Any dog—mongrel or not—that can stick an absolutely pedigreed bull's nose into the mud, must have blood."

"Pat Clancy, the smith, told me he

thought The Demon's father was a Kerry Blue," I said.

"Did Clancy, the smith, tell you that?"

"He did."

"Then Clancy, the smith, is a fool. That mongrel doesn't show a single bone—not even a hair—of Kerry Blue."

"Pat Clancy, the smith, said The Demon might be a Kerry Blue on his father's side."

"Will you tell Pat Clancy he's a fool—if he said that. The mongrel has blood—must have; but his father was never a Kerry Blue. And tell Johnny Sheehy (Dr. Moylan was rubbing his palm along the label to stick it to the bottle) to take these wafers dissolved in medium hot water, three times a day, after meals."

I took the bottle and put it into the inside pocket of my coat as the maid came in to show me out.

"And be sure to tell Pat Clancy (the doctor was again scratching The Grip's back with the sole of his boot) he's a fool if he says that mongrel's father is a Kerry Blue."

"And Johnny Sheehy is to take the lozenges after his three meals?" I asked.

"After each meal—in medium hot water. And tell Pat Clancy what I think of him—if he said the mongrel's father is a Kerry Blue."

The maid showed me out.

"Good-bye, Kerry Blue!" she said, with such a fine cheer I remembered her long after.

Riding back, I met young Bob Ward near Dummy Davey's place, and he going to Askeaton to do a message for his mother. I got off the ass, and we began to talk about the hurling match we would have with the boys from Newbridge next day. I was explaining to him how to meet a ball when it would be coming to you by hops, and I became very much excited by what I was saying. I leaned my chest over the ass's shoulder heavily, to explain how

you'd swing your hurly, and I crushed the bottle Dr. Moylan had given me. The medicine lozenges rolled all over my pocket.

"I broke it," I said, pulling out several pieces of broken glass.

"The medicine is all right anyway. Borrow a bottle from Mrs. Connolly up at the Cross."

This was the advice young Bob gave me, and I considered it very good. I had to hurry on to get the bottle, so I didn't have time to tell him all the points I knew about meeting a ball when it would be coming to you by hops.

"Mrs. Connolly," I said, when I crossed Connollys' threshold, "I had a great misfortune. I broke the bottle which Dr. Moylan gave me with the lozenges for Johnny Sheehy's throat."

I brought the lozenges out of my pocket in one fistfull and a half, and set them on the table.

"How did you do it?"

"I leaned my chest too hard on the ass's shoulder."

"I may have a bottle of that size, and I may not."

She rummaged in a drawer and showed me as many small bottles as would do for an apothecary shop. Then she selected one finally. And after rinsing her hands very clean with soap and hot water, she took up the lozenges and put them into the bottle. They just filled it.

"Patch, let me see your hands," she said, as if she thought of something suddenly.

Not suspecting anything I shoved them out, palms down. She turned them, palms up.

"O dear!"

"What is it, Mrs. Connolly?"

"You handled the tablets with those hands! And the state of them!"

To tell the truth they were not so clean as they might be, but I thought Mrs. Connolly was too particular. She

always was. So she took all the lozenges out again and put them into a cup and poured some liquid over them and put them back into the bottle a second time."

"Now," she said, "'tis less likely they'll poison him."

"Have you a cork for the bottle, Mrs. Connolly?"

She was back at the drawer again and fitted one cork after another, like a woman choosing a new hat. But she fitted one finally.

"Thank you kindly, Mrs. Connolly."

"Patch, tell Mary to dissolve two of them in hot water."

"Why two, Mrs. Connolly?"

"Why do you take two cuts of bread?"

"Because one wouldn't do."

"Exactly, Patch."

So I hopped on the ass, thanked Mrs. Connolly a second time, and galloped off.

When I drew up at Sheehys' door it was half-past five, and supper on the fire.

"I brought your lozenges," I said in reply to the question on Johnny's face, just as soon as I entered the kitchen.

"Lozenges? Aren't lozenges sweets for children?"

"Well, they look like lozenges"; and I handed him the bottle.

Mary came up from the fire and took the bottle from Johnny.

"Are there no directions with the tablets? Didn't he write anything and paste it on the bottle?"

"He told me"—I went slowly and cautiously—"to tell you to dissolve two lozenges—or tablets—in medium hot water after the meals."

"But there's no writing at all on the bottle. He writes what he wants you to do on the outside of the bottle."

I always found Mary so suspicious.

"Wasn't he in a hurry, and didn't he tell myself instead?"

"Every other time he wrote. But I'll find out when I see him next week. Be sure of that!"

And unfortunately Mary would. She never forgot—except maybe to have hot bread and jam for you when you'd have finished a dhras of work for her.

Johnny asked me to stay for supper. But when Dick said, "Stay, you might as well; they won't be counting on you at home," I was insulted and answered sharply:

"We always have enough for three extra at home."

Well, I stayed anyhow. We had Limerickham (so Mary said) and boiled potatoes that laughed through their skins, and butter, and greens, and black tea, and bread of Mary's baking; and cream and sugar for the tea. But because of the sore throat, Johnny ate baker's bread softened in milk. There was no hot bread. And no jam. Ah, dear!

After supper Mary put two lozenges—or tablets—in a glass; having first placed a spoon in the glass so the glass wouldn't crack. And she dissolved the tablets slowly and surely. Johnny looked on and waited. When it was all ready he took the glass. And as he held it poised between his first two fingers and thumb, as if it were a glass of porter, he asked as if by inspiration,

"Am I to drink it, or what?"

I grew suddenly cold. The written directions undoubtedly carried that information; but the written directions were, as you well know, thrown away with the bits of broken glass. It was too bad I hadn't told them a straight story from the start.

Johnny looked at me. Mary looked at me. And Dick paused in the act of putting a sod of turf in the fire. To tell you the truth, I didn't know what to say or what to do. I said a 'Hail Mary' to the Angel Guardian, because he had helped me before. Ah, dear!

"Since there's no writing on the bottle," I said, keeping as close to the edge of the truth as I could, "telling you how to take it, you could drink it down first and find out what it does to you."

"And suppose I was poisoned!" Johnny roared.

I hadn't thought of that. And I grew terribly weak and began to sweat.

"Yes, let us suppose he was poisoned! Supposing my father was poisoned!" I never heard Dick when he was more forcible. And Mary added,

"What would happen to us—and to you—if there was a sudden death by poisoning in this house tonight? You'd be brought up in trial, wouldn't you? What would you say to the judge of the district? Will you tell me? Will you?"

So I began to cry and pulled off my cap, and began to dry the tears with the lining. And Johnny continued holding the glass between his first two fingers and his thumb, as if it were a glass of porter. Mary watched me; and Dick watched me, and didn't continue putting the sod of turf in the fire.

Then Mollie Sheahan opened the half door.

"Maybe the Angel Guardian is going to help me again," I said to myself.

"What is it?" Mollie asked, seeing the rigid figures and the white faces.

"My father just escaped death by poisoning!" Dick exclaimed.

"No—it can't be!" Mollie said, as if she couldn't believe.

"This minute; because of Moylan's carelessness; or more likely because the young fellow here is a natural fool." And Johnny reviewed the whole case for her.

Mollie quietly took the bottle from the table where Mary had placed it and tilted a few of the lozenges—or tablets—into her open hand. She examined them. Turned them over. Scrutinized them under contracted eyebrows. Then she said with that calm assurance which always accompanies true knowledge,

"These are ordinary, everyday tablets for sore throat. My mother has a bottle of them always in the house. They are to be dissolved in hot water and used as a gargle. You don't eat them—or drink

them. And if you did, they wouldn't kill you. So go on and gargle your throat and let's not be standing here like people in a trance. And, Dick, I'd like to borrow the melodeon you won at the school raffle. We're having a small dance to-night, and the bellows in my own are broken."

"Isn't Mollie the best girl in Ireland!" my heart said.

While Dick went into the room for the melodeon, Mary helped Johnny to gargle his throat. Quiet and a sense of security had completely returned to the whole household. Then Mollie and myself set out for our homes across the Bog. I carried the melodeon; not only because it was the polite thing to do, but because I was very thankful to Mollie. She was a sensible girl always without any airs, but I liked her now more than ever. I said good evening to her at our gate, after promising to remind Mick and Nan about the dance.

Just outside the kitchen door, and before I had opened it to stand in the light, and to hear the mother ask—"How's Johnny?"—I thought it would be only right to take off my cap and thank the Angel Guardian for giving me another lift.

And I took it off and thanked him. Ah, dear!

(To be continued.)

The Greatest Gift.

LONG, long ago, in the age of chivalry, twelve brave and noble gentlemen, who had fought in the Crusades, resolved to await, upon a deserted island, the happiness which had been promised them as a reward of their great achievements.

On a slight elevation of the island overlooking the sea, they built a beautiful castle, over which perpetually hovered the Spirit of Silence; for in the soul of each one of these noble caballeros the twilight of suspense and indeci-

sion hovered always, with its dreamy vagueness; while in their hearts sadness, like a black butterfly, beat tirelessly its gloomy wings.

The coming of the Spring had for them no enchantment; they rejoiced not in the warbling of the birds, the green of the meadows, the murmuring streams, or the dazzling whiteness and heavenly perfume of the jessamine flower that flung its pure mantle around their castle walls. Nor did the brilliancy of the stars captivate them, any more than the delicate effulgence of the moon, or the glory of the sun that bathed in its magic radiance the tropical beauty of the island. Silent and pensive, they wandered on the shore, living only in the memories of the past, hoping for the promise of the future which seemed to have forgotten them, like the friends who, when seeing them no longer, thought of them no more.

One morning, as day was dawning, the exiles saw, advancing toward the island, a ship with spotless sails wide-spread. They looked at one another; and, though none spoke, if they had given expression to the thought that was in their mind it would have been: "Perhaps it is the bearer of our promised happiness." As the graceful bark approached the shore, the Crusaders saw that the decks were filled with beautiful women, singing the most enchanting songs. The white flag that waved from the mizzenmast bore the legend, "I am Love." But the nearer it came the less attractive appeared the ship and its passengers; and the Crusaders turned away. This was not the happiness they expected or desired, and the bark drifted onward.

Some time afterward another ship was seen coming toward the island. It shone like the sun; its sails were of a deep royal purple, sparkling with gold and precious stones. It bore aloft a shining flag on which were inscribed the words, "I am Riches." "Pass on,

pass on!" cried the Crusaders. "We have no need of you. You can not bring us happiness."

The days went by; and one evening, just at the twilight hour, the clear notes of a silver trumpet fell upon the ears of the island sojourners. They hastened to the beach, and lo! slowly advancing to the shore came a vessel with hull as bright as gold, and sails as blue as the sky. Behind it came another, graceful and beautiful. The motto of the first was "Glory," and "Power" was inscribed on the standard of the second. The Crusaders, however, turned away, and the ships disappeared.

But there came a night, when, seated on the terrace in the moonlight, alone with Hope, and still longing for the promised happiness which had thus far been denied them, they gently slumbered. While they slept a boat came slowly toward the shore, noiseless and unpretending. As it rested without a sound upon the beach, a female form stepped out upon the sand. Clad in spotless white, and stepping daintily across the terrace, the lady paused, and murmured to herself in scarcely audible tones: "I come to bring these desolate but virtuous souls the greatest gift God ever bestows on mortals. Man has forgotten them, but Heaven remembers."

Then, stooping over each sleeping form, she left the impress of her chaste lips upon brow after brow, until she had signed them all with the seal of her mission. Then she retired as silently as she had come. The Angel of Death had brought them happiness, which ungrateful man had denied them.

EVEN in the biographies of saints one may find touches of humor. The author of a life of St. Remi relates that Clovis gave him as much land as he could ride round on his donkey in one day. And the biographer says that, "being a very holy man, St. Remi refrained from using spur or whip."

Religion in a Corner.

IT is a good thing to be modest, and also to relent and rest at times. But maybe this is not one of the "times." Thoughtful Catholic writers are asking how deep are the causes of the momentary and regional triumph of Sovietism. Have we cushioned and padded and petted for it, made all things ready for its easy coming? Or, what amounts to nearly the same thing, have we done little or nothing? What, anyway, is the place of religion in the shifting social scene? In the changes and perhaps advances in the intellectual life of the people, in the industrial strain and bleeding, in the rural life and problems, in the recreational life, in the creative and appreciative life, in the wider breach in the economic life and levels of the people, what positive and constructive and leading part has religion?

We do not now refer to the negative kind of honor that religion often enough gets, for this is at best a backfire, and is intended as dishonor. We refer to religion as a vital element in a going world, in the working, playing, thinking, suffering and rejoicing life of a people. We think that religion must come into this whole actual forum and stand pretty well in the thick of it. We do not know that it was ever deliberately the theory, but it has more and more become the practice and mark of a certain large Christian group that religion is for Sunday and has but a slight practical effectiveness for the week's work. Now this Sunday religion is a large part of our environment. What then, in fact and up-to-date, is the carrying-power of the Catholic religion in an un-Catholic environment?

Some always take a defensive and apologetic attitude toward religion and hope that it will make out. They have never heard of religion as the maker or taker of worlds. We heard a churchman ask the other day, "Don't you

think we are holding them?" That is at once a defensive phrase. "Holding them!" It is the manner and tone of a man who is sure that he is beaten in the long run and only wants to hold out, making a fair appearance of hanging on for another while. The present writer does not know whether "we are holding them" or not, and in a way he does not care, his concern just now being with the two attitudes: the one of shifting and retreating, the other the positive Christian attitude of taking the field.

Yet he thinks there is much to the following words, attributed to Archbishop Ireland:

As a body, Catholics are quietness itself. They say their prayers, they preach, they listen to sermons on the love of God and on resignation in suffering, and if they venture at all into the arena, it is at the eleventh hour when others have long since preceded them, and public opinion has already been formed. Strange indeed is all this! Christ made the social question the basis of His ministry. What has come over us that we shun the work which is essentially ours to do? These are days of action, days of warfare.

The problem may justly be stated in this way: If you do not make the environment, the environment will make you; if you do not go ahead determining and arranging what is to be, then you will have to adapt yourself to whatever simply comes to be. There is danger that we shall always have to be trying to catch up with life. It is reasonable to urge that only the awake can take even the earth. Life is such an inexorable thing, moving and dynamic. It goes tumbling and foaming through and over and past negative stop-gaps. Things must be done, positive craft must be built. Just to hold on to your one or two or five talents is, according to Christ, "unprofitable."

Religion must either take the field and own the field and lead the army,

or in the end be beaten from the field. It is the old, old charge that she is in fact in 'progressive retreat.' Over whole large areas she has backed down. She has turned the running of the State over to secular hands, the naming of right and wrong in the world of economics has effectively passed from her; and so, in various degrees, of the care of the poor, the courts of law, the education of youth. Her domain is narrowed. One might say that this is indeed the way with Protestantism; and the only needed answer then takes the form of the questions how far we are Protestants and how far this is good for us.

Rightly or not, the claim is made that religion has backed down and out of the economic and political fields, and that it is on a long, steady decline from the intellectual and artistic worlds. Just now the effective charge, whether at all true or not, is that religion at any time holds that large and useless world not yet occupied by science, and that as science pushes her way forward, religion is correspondingly pushed backward. When we come to know, it is said, we need not bother about believing; and when we do not know, there is no use, though perhaps no great harm, in believing.

Religion, for instance, is brought, in a kind of propped-up, apologetic way, into the thinking life of men. It is brought in after that life is let have its head, as we used to say of horses, and been let run for a decade or two. It comes as a sort of afterthought. It comes as a reconciler, to show that there is no discrepancy, no conflict, in a word, to make terms and to feel that it is holding its own. Always it seems to be trying to catch up from behind. The Catholic weeklies follow the religious and irreligious secular magazines, to correct them, and succeed perhaps in doing a kind of belated advertising, not for the magazines but for the ideas. Again, religion tends to be hung on, in

a precarious and awkward way; to a fringe of capitalism after this has tired itself out: religion would not then be averse to picking up some of the spoils. After the creative and appreciative world has gone its way and been long abandoned in favor of "building," religion enters, a little bit left-handedly, with a strained and pious over-daubing. We know the rift too between wealth and labor, or we ought now to know it. It amounts to this: the worker does not love his work, because it is not his work. That is why the breach remains a breach. What the labor unions have achieved, they have achieved, so they themselves say, on their own account and not as guided or lead by any church. Indeed, they urge that churches have been in their way, and it is largely for this reason, whatever the rightness of it, that laborers, after partly freeing themselves, are the poorest church-goers. It is also said, with what genuine reason we do not know, that Catholic education has been at almost every step a follower.

We should say that religion either has a central place in the great open forum of human life or it has not. It has to keep step with, if not actually lead, any and all of these growing things. It is not to be lugged in afterwards, an esoteric thing in a going life, a kind of foreign element. Form follows function, as they rightly say of art. Well, it is much the same with all life, and religion is a part of all life.

THE repose which lies on the heights of life is born of the vast and unclouded vision which looks down upon all obstacles, over all barriers, and takes in at a glance the mighty scope of human activity, and the unbroken sky which overhangs it continually like a visible infinity. On such heights it is the blessed reward of a few elect souls to live; but the paths thither are open to every traveller.—*Mabie.*

Notes and Remarks.

Each year the University of Notre Dame bestows its Lætare Medal upon some Catholic layman whose life and work have been such as to merit the highest public recognition. This year the choice has fallen upon a particularly worthy recipient in the person of Frederick P. Kenkel, of St. Louis. Mr. Kenkel, as a director of the Central Bureau of the Central-Verein and as editor of the *Central Blatt* and *Social Justice*, has distinguished himself as a leader of Catholic thought and action. During most of his life he has been associated with publications; and in that capacity he has exerted a remarkable influence in promoting healthy social legislation and in bringing about a better understanding of the Catholic position on capital and labor, socialism, etc. In this work he has been ably assisted by that very admirable organization, the Catholic Central-Verein, which in this, its jubilee year, shares the honor of the Lætare Medal bestowal. Mr. Kenkel, who is a convert, has the distinction of having given three daughters to the religious life. THE AVE MARIA takes this opportunity of expressing its pleasure that Mr. Kenkel, and with him the Central-Verein, have been so signally honored for the fine influence which has so distinguished their combined efforts during so many years.

Everyone must approve the insistence of some of the Catholic weeklies in the East in bringing to light the instance of turning a Catholic teacher out because she was a Catholic. This promises to become a test case in that part of the country, and particularly in New York where the trouble arose. The plan is to put a bill through the Congress of that State prohibiting the present practice of asking the religious affiliation of anyone applying for work as teacher. Of course, this scheme will only more or

less succeed, even if it is gotten past the legislature. For too often the school director can find out or know an applicant's religion without any direct inquiry. Yet it is an excellent thing to do what can sensibly be done toward bringing such tactics into the open; the air will be good for them. Perhaps as effective a measure as any would be to mark men who are known to make selections and rejections on religious grounds and to bar them from office, at the time of nomination or election, as un-American. We may note, too, that there is almost none of this small practice in the East compared with the Middle West, as Francis Crowley, of the N. C. W. C. educational department, showed in an excellent article in *Columbia* last year.

We who live in a well-organized Catholic parish, with its efficiently conducted school and its opportunities for church service, do not always realize under what handicaps some of our Catholic brethren have to practise their religion. In the little village of Redding, California, the pastor made the rather startling discovery in his catechism classes one Sunday that not a single child of his parish had ever as much as laid eyes upon a Catholic nun in the flesh. By this time they have satisfied their pious curiosity, however, for Father Gavin immediately arranged for a children's pilgrimage to the nearest convent in Red Bluff. How the little eyes must have bulged, and what a day it must have been for those children from the far-off corner of God's vineyard!

Perhaps the best and most convincing sermon on that old text "The Wages of sin, etc.," can be found upon the pages of our metropolitan newspapers. Day after day with unfailing regularity we read of the almost inevitable murder or suicide that seems to follow in the wake of certain types of immorality. The in-

experienced eyes of our young people are apt to be blinded by the enticing but fatal morsels with which the devil generally baits his hooks. If they would but read their daily newspapers with even a fair degree of understanding they would see better the tragedies which lurk behind most of the temptations that look so alluring to youth.

The daily newspapers carried a number of stories recently describing the various works of philanthropy of the late Nicholas F. Brady. Men knew him as a man of wealth, and as the president and director of numerous public utilities. But his interest in labor and the rights of the workingman were little known. One does not think of a capitalist in these days as interested in the workingman, except in so far as he fits into his own scheme of things. Ralph M. Easley, who worked with Mr. Brady on many of these labor problems, writes this tribute to the distinguished capitalist in a letter to the *New York Times*:

Nicholas F. Brady was an outstanding answer to those who so glibly charge capitalists with being "selfish" and "cold-blooded." He not only had a sympathetic view, but of all the graduates of big universities with whom I ever came in contact he was one of the few who had a sound and sane understanding of the principles underlying the capital-labor question. Strange to say, too many of our men of large affairs have come out of their universities tinctured with all sorts of isms—pacifism, liberalism and even socialism—but Nicholas F. Brady was not one of those anomalous products of our time. In thus standing apart from the "capitalist intelligentsia," however, he was in no sense a reactionary, except of course, from the Socialist and Communist standpoint. He stood shoulder to shoulder with the big leaders in the American Federation of Labor and the railway brotherhoods, whom he met as brother members of the National Civic Federation's executive committee. In the frequent discussions of economic issues arising from time to time between

the two great industrial groups, the employers and the workers, Samuel Gompers, William Green and Matthew Woll found themselves in surprising accord with Nicholas F. Brady on fundamentals. And when it came to putting in a good word just where it would do the most good among his associates in the financial world, this mild-mannered, self-effacing man was, like his father before him, frequently very effective in helping to prevent or to settle important strikes.

One of the most bitter questions dividing the capital and labor groups has long been that of injunctions in industrial disputes. Mr. Brady was a member of the committee on plan and scope of the Industrial Inquiry Commission, organized by the National Civic Federation to make a study of the injunction problem and two related questions. The committee on injunctions found it necessary to analyze the Federal Court decisions, where, on the one hand, labor claims to have been wronged, and on the other hand, employers claim that only by the use of that writ can their just rights be protected. It was also imperative that similar cases should be studied in State courts. Competent lawyers were employed to do that work, and Mr. Brady generously financed the undertaking, stipulating, however, with characteristic modesty, that no announcement should be made of that fact. . . .

The untimely passing of Nicholas F. Brady marks a loss, not only to his associates in the philanthropic and financial world, but labor, also, has lost a wise counsellor and a sturdy friend.

In the old "unscientific" days, the cook books told us to catch our hare and then cook it. The process seems to be reversed in these days when the Scientific "attitude" appears to be the vogue. Dr. Barnes, the Anglican Bishop of Birmingham (the Barneses seem to have a flare for startling announcements on both sides of the Atlantic), has cooked his hare before he caught it. According to the *Catholic Times* a Chinese geologist has found embedded in rock something that seems to be a human skull.

His Lordship finds a text in it, and preaches rather premature conclusions to the faithful of Manchester. He says:

Several months will be needed to free it from its matrix, but in due course experts will be able to tell us, from the size, shape, and interior markings of the skull, something as to the quality of the brain of the sub-man of Peking.

Then we shall know more fully what rudimentary man was like 400,000 years ago, when the marks of his ape-like origin were many, both upon him and within him. Another page of man's evolution will be written.

Of course, as the *Times* remarks, the question to determine is whether or not this is a skull at all. But the Bishop is "sure it is a sub-man. He *knows* it is rudimentary. He *knows* there will be marks of ape-like origin." Many a scientist who spends weary hours of study among the fossils must envy the clairvoyant spirit that seems to have descended upon his Lordship with his Episcopal appointment.

Word has recently been received from Rome, that the Holy Father, Pius XI., in answer to a petition of the Servite Fathers in Portland, Oregon, has instituted a new feast in honor of the Blessed Virgin. It will be known as the feast of Mary, "Mother of the Human Race." The second Sunday of May—Mother's Day—has been set aside for its observance which will commemorate the spiritual motherhood of our Blessed Lady.

In connection with the celebration of the centenary of Belgium's independence, a clockmaker in La Louvière will exhibit a rather ingenious piece of workmanship in a clock upon which he has been working for the last ten years. A cable to the *New York Times* gives the following description of it:

The clock is seven feet wide, nine feet high and two feet thick and has four faces, each showing the hour, day, date of month and

year. Under the dial is a contrivance from which a figure of King Albert emerges when the hour strikes. Seated on horseback, he waits while the national anthem is played.

The figure of the Queen appears at the half hours, and the Prince and Princesses at the quarters. The figures are in aluminum and are two and a half feet high. There is a sentinel in front of the door who salutes as the royal figures appear. On another dial the hour in various countries throughout the world is indicated.

In the face of the unrestrained publication of filth and viciousness which marks our modern age, Protestants are coming more and more to an understanding of the nature and value of the Index. One of the comparatively recent expressions of that appreciation was printed in the *Southern Methodist* of Memphis in the following words:

The Pope of Rome published a new edition of the famous Index of forbidden books. The work consists of 500 pages and puts a bann for Catholic readers on 5000 books. Certain people will complain of this action as an intrusion in the domain of personal liberty. We, however, are of opinion that it is an act of necessary vigilance; and Protestant Churches would do well if they took like measures to safeguard their flocks.

It begins to look as if the nation will have to call a consultation of doctors to prescribe a remedy for what we once thought was itself a remedy. Rev. John Armstrong Wade, Protestant Episcopal chaplain in the New York Police Department, used to be an honest advocate of Prohibition; now he is just as honest in his demand for its repeal. His ringing condemnation at a public service in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine some time ago is as strong an indictment of the "noble experiment" as any brought out at the recent congressional investigation. He said:

A late bishop, whose body lies buried under these very stones, once said: "If Prohibition

ever comes it will be the worst curse that ever visited this Nation." I was an advocate of Prohibition then, and I did not believe him, but now that the curse is upon us I see that he was right. In its trail of graft, bribery, extortion, crime and hypocrisy, it has brought the most ignoble conditions this country has ever known.

We had hoped that it would abolish the saloon, but for every saloon it brought ten viler places. . . . Pray God the saloon may never come back, but let us adopt some sane law, like our neighbor on the north, that will remove these intolerable conditions.

"At every turning-point of history, in the Christian era, the Church has met and overcome the chief obstacle. The press to-day is the chief foe with which she has to contend. Catholics the world over must develop the press to the utmost." So says the Rev. Dr. George W. O'Toole, in a communication to the *Commonweal*, advocating our need of a daily press. There is no denying his statement that,

In the secular press and magazines, with few exceptions, God and the devil are given equal rights. Is it into this mixture of good and bad, truth and error, moral principles and immoral, that the people of English-speaking America are to continue to go, to pick out from the mess the little good they might get; or must they continue to live indefinitely on mental garbage, with poison mixed with food? While the French, the Poles, the Germans, and people of other tongues, are publishing daily papers under Catholic control, we see our English-speaking Catholic youth perverted by the paganism preached by the modern mouthpiece of mammon, the secular press, and their Catholicity stifled.

There was a time not anciently remote, let us say a year and a half ago, when boomers of business were on tip-toe, so sure were they of two things: that we were on the edge of "unprecedented prosperity," and that this was the one great good. Now our hopes

are for work and markets, our spectacles have been done in quieter tints, and the prattle that after all we are not unemployed has become tiresome and a poor substitute for bread. It is time to do something more practical than to say that we are prosperous. So we may certainly commend the wisdom, timeliness and Christian sympathy that mark the letter of Bishop O'Hern, of Rochester, to his priests and people. He urges the former, as shepherds of suffering flocks:

Take a deep and kindly interest in the situation as it exists in your own community, and do everything you can to alleviate human suffering, to save the homes of the people, and to spread optimism and encouragement among employers and employees. This should be done in the spirit of Christian charity and brotherly helpfulness, making no distinction as to color, race, or creed.

During a Radical Congress held in a certain city in France, a group of Catholics with a sense of humor, placed placards in prominent places which gave this suggestion for thought to the enthusiastic champions of the poor and downtrodden proletariat:

Wanted—Radicals and Radical Socialists to nurse lepers and those who are afflicted with tubercular and other contagious diseases. They are also needed to teach the natives of New Caledonia, and the Esquimaux, and to civilize cannibals. No insurance against risks, and no salary.

According to Edgar Snow, writing in the *New York Sun*, there are within a two-hundred-mile radius of the capital of China between 100,000 and 200,000 bandits. Many an American husband, after paying the Easter shopping bills for a wife and a couple of daughters, will be inclined to admit that, while we may not have quite so many bandits in our more civilized communities, the few that we have can make a rather thorough job of their work.



A Small Boy Compassionates the Wounds.

BY M. GUERIN.

○ JESUS dear, if You were here
In my house—in the rocking chair—
With angels flying through the air,
And by the window, Mary fair,—
I'd steal up softly if I'd dare,
And take Your hand and see just where
The great big nail went through, and there
I'd leave a kiss, with oh! such care.

And underneath Your poor hurt feet
I'd spread my little rug, so neat
And soft—You'd soon forget
The hard place where They once were set.
I'd take the pillow from my bed
And on it lay Your tired head.
The thorn-pricks all—I'd kiss away
Like Mother, when I'm hurt at play.

Winnie's Luck.*

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

IX.—AT STONY CREST.

THE Summer days were passing quietly at Stony Crest. All unconscious of the tangled ways into which Winnie had wandered, and which would have seemed quite impossible to her clear vision, Lady Bird was rejoicing at the good times she had given her best friend. For Winnie's letters told of picnics and "hikes," of moonlight boating, of all the pleasures unknown to Kearney's Corner which gave life and zest to Carleton Camp.

"Oh, I am so glad I gave Winnie my place!" Lady Bird confided to Grandma as the wheeled chair paused by the fountain that made silvery music now by night and day—music like that Lady

Bird had brought into the silent grandeur of the great home.

"And you don't wish you were with her?" was the old Madame's question, for Lady Bird's ways were still a little puzzling to Grandma.

"Oh, no!" was the decided answer.

"Because you can go if you wish yet. There are still three weeks' camp life left."

"Oh, I wouldn't go for the world!" said Lady Bird eagerly. "I came home to stay with you, Grandma, and I don't want to go anywhere else; and I am so glad that Winnie is having such a grand time. She has never been away from home like Maude or Janet, and all the other girls that can go to the mountains and the seashore every Summer. And she studied so hard at Sainte Cecile's last year. And, of course, she would have had to work at home, and take care of the children and the chickens, and milk the cows. Oh, the holiday will do Winnie a lot of good, Grandma!"

"Let us hope so," replied Grandma. "Though after six weeks with Claire Carleton she may see the chickens and the cows of Kearney's Corner in a different light. I am sure none of the other girls at Carleton Camp ever fed a chicken or milked a cow in their lazy lives. Winnie's home activities must be surprising to them," continued the old Madam drily. "Are you quite sure that you would not like to take your place and let her go home?"

"Oh, quite sure," was the quick,

* SYNOPSIS:—Winnie Kearney, the daughter of Mother Machree of Kearney's Corner, after all the glory of a brilliant commencement at Sainte Cecile's, looked forward to a summer of drudgery on the Kearney farm. Lady Bird, however, brought about a pleasant surprise. Her grandmother had arranged that she spend the summer at an exclusive

troubled answer. "You don't *want* me to leave you, Grandma, do you?"

"No, I don't. But I am not the selfish old woman that would keep a bright little granddaughter tied to her apron strings all the Summer long. Besides—besides—" Grandma paused before further explanation. Worldly wise old woman that she was, she could not understand Winnie's favored position at Carleton Camp. She had fully expected her to be dismissed at once, tactfully but most decidedly.

But tender-hearted little Lady Bird must not be distressed by such doubts and fears; so the old Madam left the perplexing subject of Winnie, and turned to other matters.

"I had a letter from your Cousin Helen this morning. Her husband has had a position offered him in Chicago, so they have given up their New York apartment. And Teddy is begging to come to Stony Crest for the rest of the Summer—now that you are here."

"Teddy! Oh, the dear boy!" exclaimed Lady Bird. "Will he bother you, Grandma?"

"No," was the answer. "I can always get rid of him. But he will no doubt bother you, be at your heels night and day. Heaven knows he gave you trouble enough in the past, as his mother ought to remember! But she writes he is quite strong and well now, and able to take care of himself; and your father thinks a visit here may be good for him. Your Cousin Norris is so uncertain in his movements; they have no settled home, which is bad for a growing boy."

"Wouldn't they like to come back here?" asked Lady Bird innocently.

"Come back here?" echoed the old lady. "I suppose they would. But I

don't want them," she added sharply. "They bring back too many unpleasant memories. I have your father and I have you," the harsh tone softened tenderly. "I don't want my few remaining days shadowed by any dark clouds of the past."

"And would Teddy be a dark cloud too, Grandma?" asked Lady Bird.

"Well, no. I can't say that he would, now that he has got over the rickets, and promises to be a sturdy young Wharton. But I am sure he would be a nuisance to you."

"Oh, no, he wouldn't, Grandma!" was the eager answer. "Of course, if it troubles you he should not come, but he will not trouble me at all. I will be glad to have him. I love him, Grandma."

"Have your way about it then, child," said the old Madam gruffly. "Of course, we will always have him more or less on our hands, for he is the only boy of the Wharton name, and his father will be able to do very little for him. And he might as well stay here for the few weeks before school opens. So I will telegraph Helen he can come."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Grandma darling!" Lady Bird flung her arms about the old lady's neck and kissed her enthusiastically. "I haven't seen him for years, and he seems like a dear little brother. And he shall not trouble you a bit. I will take care of that!"

"What she wants with him, I really don't know," declared the old Madam to her son when he had taken Lady Bird's place at his mother's wheeled chair, and was skilfully directing it down the gentle slopes that had been constructed under his direction to the beach. For a master hand ruled Stony Crest now, and there were many softening touches

girls' camp, but becoming ill, she desired that Lady Bird remain with her. Lady Bird through an arrangement with her father, after persuading Mother Machree, who, in turn, breaks down the more obstinate opposition of Mr. Kearney, has Winnie sent to camp to take her place. She is introduced to the young

ladies of the camp as the daughter of General Kearney, and neglecting to correct the mistake, tries to live up to her reputation, a feat which she accomplishes with remarkable success. A letter from Lady Bird, and one from the beloved "Corner," fill her with doubts, however, and bring remorse to her heart.

in its stern strength. Like its old mistress, it was yielding to new forces of life and love,—it was no longer a fortress, but a home. But "Daddy" had learned how to deal with his proud old mother now, and never crossed or antagonized her.

"If the boy will annoy you, he must not come," the Colonel declared briefly. "He has grown into a sturdy youngster, and may be full of mischief."

"Oh, well, we can stand that!" said the old lady resignedly. "It may brighten things up for our little girl who is having a dull Summer of it. The Camp would have been better for her, Robert."

"You think so?" he asked doubtfully.

The wheeled chair had reached the shore now, by gentle flowery ways that hid the stone face of the cliff. A low ridge of rock, cushioned with sea moss made a pleasant resting-place by which the wheeled chair was parked when mother and son took their afternoon outings.

"Lady Bird is altogether too much of an angel," the old Madam went on petulantly; "and I haven't the head or the heart to clip her wings."

"Nor I," laughed Daddy. "It would be quite too painful a process. We will have to let them grow."

"Not at all," was the sharp answer. "She must learn to walk the ways of this world, and not to soar above them; and I felt that Claire Carleton's camp might give her a few needful lessons, not taught at Sainte Cecile's. For instance," the old Madam continued, "your daughter has not the least idea of her own importance, the value of her wealth, social position, family tradition,—all the things which at the Carleton Camp are considered of the highest worth and in which Claire Carleton is most insistent. Six weeks of this influence, the constant companionship of girls who have been taught such worldly wisdom, and *no other*, would open our little girl's

eyes that have been closed to the worth of earthly things by teachers who do not value them."

"And you think the Camp would do this?" asked the Colonel quietly.

"I certainly do," replied the old Madam. "That is why I wished to send her. If ever there was a keen, clear-eyed, worldly-wise woman who knows the full worth of money and position, it is Claire Carleton. Lady Bird would have learned almost unconsciously that, as the future Miss Wharton of Stony Crest, she is a personage of note already in the circles to which her birth, her fortune, her beauty will entitle her."

"Then why—" there was a faint smile on the Colonel's face—"has not her Grandmother enlightened her on these vital subjects?"

"Because—because I couldn't," was the gruff answer. "Because I feared it might change her love, her trust in me. I would rather leave the teaching to Claire Carleton and her young crowd who would soon have put her wise to her worldly worth. How absolutely blind she is, you can see by the Kearney girl she put in her place in the camp. How Claire Carleton is standing it, I really don't know, unless she fears offending us by dismissing our protégé, but I am sure she will never quite forgive the gaucherie, for her girls must be on to their undesirable companion, I am sure."

"Take me home," continued the old Madam irritably. "Whenever I think of that Kearney girl in Lady Bird's place, I lose my temper. It was such idiotic innocence to put her there."

Lady Bird's Daddy did not answer. He had learned not to argue with this forceful old Mother of his who knew her world better than he did. So he talked of other things as he pushed her wheeled chair up the flowered slope. But in his father's heart he was glad of the "idiotic innocence" that had kept Lady

Bird from Camp Carleton. He had no desire to have her eyes opened as Grandma seemed to wish—he loved the sweet, simple bloom of his convent flower. But he wondered sometimes, as his mother did, how the little girl from Kearney's Corner was holding her own so bravely at Carleton Camp in the place of "Miss Wharton of Stony Crest."

Grandma's wheeled chair was pushed through a low-arched door to the cushioned elevator which her son had introduced for her comfort. She was close to four score now, and was glad to lean on his manly strength, to accept his watchful care. Lady Bird, who had reunited them, was a bond that no time or change could break. At her coming home, all things seemed to brighten and bloom. Having seen his mother comfortably fixed at her sunset window, with Susan in faithful attendance, Daddy came down stairs to find that Lady Bird had a guest on the great stone portico below. She had been over to the little village church for the Novena of the Assumption, and the grey-haired pastor had walked home with her for a friendly visit to Colonel Wharton. He had been a missionary in the foreign lands where the Colonel had soldiered, and they had many topics of mutual interest. For Daddy's various experiences during the last years had led him into the Church, and Father Foran had baptized him more than two years ago, which made the friendly tie between them doubly strong.

When Lady Bird had skipped away for an evening visit to Grandma, whose supper she always supervised, the two gentlemen sank into comfortable chairs and lit their cigars.

"How is the good old mother this evening?" Father Foran asked sympathetically.

"As well as we can expect," was the answer. "Our little girl has brightened her up, as her coming always does. If it

were not for my solemn promise to my dead wife, I think I would be tempted to keep her at Stony Crest. But that promise stands unalterable. Lady Bird must stay at Sainte Cecile's, even though, as my dear old mother sighs, it is making an angel of her."

"And is that so objectionable?" asked Father Foran with a humorous glint in his eye.

"To you, and perhaps to me, it is not. But to my dear mother it is most decidedly. As you no doubt have seen, she is a woman of the world,—a world of which I really know very little. For years we were estranged, as you are aware; and I led a soldier's life indifferent to all that she held and still holds of value. And in another higher way, Sainte Cecile's has given my daughter the same viewpoint. Wealth and social position mean nothing to her. My dear worldly wise mother feels that she should know their worth. As a preliminary lesson, she arranged a stay at a fashionable girls' camp this Summer where only the *élite* are received, and where she would learn, as her grandmother wished, some of this world's wisdom; but hearing of my mother's failing strength, she preferred to come home to her. Advance payment being made, she had the privilege of putting a friend in her place, and Grandma is still shuddering over her substitute, the daughter of a good hard-working Irish couple near Sainte Cecile's who keep a little road-side store, and are utterly beneath social recognition in my mother's world."

"Which must be rather hard on the substitute," laughed Father Foran. "And perhaps bad for her," he added more gravely, "unless she is of our Lady Bird's type, which is rather rare. I would be sorry to see her changed, my friend, so prevent it if possible;" and there was a gentle warning in the brief words that out-weighed all other advice.

"By the bye, I have a clipping here which may interest your good mother," Father Foran drew the bit of paper from his pocket. "It is from one of our little missionary band in Bengal."

And Colonel Wharton read the short notice the coarse yellow paper held: "Sister Mary Magdalen, in the world Miss Martha J. Wilson, took her final vows in our little mission chapel on Sunday, the 15th of April. By an especial permission, she was dispensed from the usual return to the Mother House for this solemn occasion, her services to the plague-stricken unfortunates on the coast being indispensable. Three of the Sisters have already fallen victims to the deadly malady; and she can not be spared from her post as general directress of the hospital camp where the death rate is appalling, and this noble woman is leading a forlorn hope."

"Show it to your mother," said Father Foran as the Colonel silently handed the paper back to him. "She knew Miss Wilson—Sister Mary Magdalen. It may give her another point of view."

"Another of your converts, Father?" said the Colonel smiling.

"Not at all," was the disclaiming answer—"your little Lady Bird's. She led her to the True Fold; I only opened the Door."

(To be continued.)

How a Saint Outwitted the Devil.

HOFFMAN, a German author, has written a number of stories wherein the devil is represented as playing all sorts of mischievous tricks on persons that had mocked or laughed at him. The greatest saints have had their patience tried by his malice. The following is related of St. Cajetan, a very learned and holy man: One evening he was seated in his room, writing one of those magnificent books which are even

yet admired, when the devil made his way into the room, through the chimney, in the form of an ape, and began to cut up the most ridiculous monkey capers for the purpose of distracting him and troubling him in his work. But the Saint was so much taken up with the book which he was writing, that he paid no attention to the capers and the grimaces of the ape-devil. Vexed at this, his apeship redoubled his efforts: he gave immense jumps, skipped up on the desk, tumbled about the books which the Saint was consulting, jumped on his four feet over the paper on which he was writing, shook his habit and pulled his sleeve, to prevent him from writing. At last the ape got mad, snatched the candle, and was making towards the chimney to escape with it.

"Ah, now! that is too much!" exclaimed St. Cajetan. At the same time he rose from his seat, and, fixing his eyes on the evil spirit, with a power which God rendered irresistible, he added in a voice of command:

"I order you to hold that candle in your paw, and to stand beside my table, without stirring, whilst I am at work."

Satan was conquered. He walked over beside the table, and stood there perfectly still. Thus the devil was made a candlestick for St. Cajetan, holding the light for him, whilst he was writing a chapter to the glory of God. The candle kept burning down lower and lower; it soon reached the ape's hand. He made faces now, but it was pain that made him grin. He cried, and begged pardon, and hopped from one foot to the other. But the Saint kept on at his work. When the candle was burned out, he lit another, and allowed the devil to escape. The latter did not wait to be urged to go, as you may well imagine, and St. Cajetan was not troubled by him any more.

If you can't be as good as you ought to be, be as good as you can be.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The Oxford University Press will soon publish a new biography of Verdi, largely based upon his letters.

—"Heart Talks with Jesus," compiled by Rosalie Marie Levy (Published by the author, Box 158, Sta. D, New York. \$1.00), is a series of pious thoughts for every day in the year, gathered from the sayings of the Saints and writers on the spiritual life.

—The original manuscript town journal of San Francisco by its first treasurer (1847-8) was sold at auction recently for \$750. The document was catalogued as the first financial record of San Francisco by an elected treasurer, containing more than 200 entries of payments to settlers of the city before the gold rush, for the first survey of the city, construction of streets, and similar activities.

—Catholic literature has lost a distinguished writer in Mrs. Francis Blundell, "M. E. Francis," who died recently at her home in Wales. "M. E. Francis" was the author of forty-eight volumes. In all of them there is evident that love of Catholic principle which ever distinguished this artist who made thousands love and admire the beautiful homely virtue of the people among whom she lived. *R. I. P.*

—"Histoire d'un Defi aux Adversaires de Lourdes," by Chanoine E. Duplessy, sets forth the controversy raised some years ago over the well-known cure of Pierre de Rudder. Being one of the best authenticated of the many cures wrought at Lourdes, this able defense of its miraculous character has not a little doctrinal, apologetic and philosophical value. Though Canon Duplessy conducts his argument on a high plane, avoiding all personalities or phrases that might be offensive, the rigorous logic with which he marshalls his facts will leave no fair-minded reader in doubt as to who has the better of the argument. P. Téqui. Fr. 6.50.

—The editor of the *Bombay Catholic Examiner* permits himself to say of the subjoined description of a storm, appearing in one of

our Western papers, that "it seems like a gross exaggeration":

It blew the cracks out of the fences in Dakota; turned a well inside out in Mississippi and a cellar upside down in Wisconsin; moved a township line in Nebraska; blew out the staves of a whiskey barrel in Iowa, leaving nothing but the bunghole; killed an honest Indian agent in the Far West; blew the hair off a bald-headed man in Texas, and raised the mortgage off a farm in Minnesota.

This reminds us of what Artemus Ward said of a Mormon farmer: "He drove forty head of cattle into Great Salt Lake; and (the water is so salt) they came out first rate pickled beef."

—Longmans, Green and Company publish in an attractive volume "Occasional Sermons," by His Eminence, Cardinal Bourne. They cover a period of more than thirty years, going back to the days when the Cardinal was Bishop of Southwark. There is a sermon on Cardinal Newman, preached at the opening of the Newman Memorial Church in Birmingham; a sermon on the priesthood, preached at the Jubilee Mass of Bishop Hedley; a funeral sermon preached at the requiem of John Redmond; and a sermon preached at the Madeleine in Paris on American Thanksgiving day, 1918. His Eminence always has a striking thought to utter which he expresses with a frankness and simplicity that are convincing. Price, \$2.00.

—Any book that breathes the spirit of St. Francis of Assisi should be welcome reading to the spiritual man. There is a gentle simplicity in it, a spirit of joy and peace, yet a solidity of principle that is as basic as the gospel itself. "Happiness in Holiness," a guide to holiness of life for members of the Third Order of St. Francis, is a series of pious practices or rules of living that will be helpful to religious or laymen. It goes over all the actions of the day from rising to retiring, showing one how to consecrate them to God and to make them the means of storing up treasure in heaven. The book is translated from a Seventeenth Century treatise, "*Conduite intérieure pour toutes les actions de la Journée*," by Father Joseph de Dreux, O. M.

Cap., and edited by Rev. Apollinaris Baumgartner, O. M. Cap. Published by the Bruce Publishing Company. 40c.

—Kind words for Froude, the prolific historical writer (not to call him a great historian, which he certainly was not), occur in a lengthy review of the new study of the Froude-Carlyle controversy, by Mr. Waldo H. Dunn, appearing in the *London Times Literary Supplement*. It is a gratification to quote those indulgent words, having used many severe ones in the past about Mr. Froude. The reviewer says:

It is doubtless true that the creative and the technical moods are ill to combine. . . . It is undoubtedly true also, that as a man grows older [Froude was sixty-three when Carlyle died] he has less interest in the minutiae of composition—in capitals and commas, colons and semicolons—and a great deal more interest in the thought behind the conventional symbols. From details his interest has turned to substance. In the next place, we must remember that Froude always worked alone. He could not adapt himself to secretaries. He made his own transcripts, read his own proofs, did everything single-handed. True enough such a method is not conducive to literal accuracy. . . . Froude was an old-fashioned country gentleman scholar, who worked in the leisurely manner of the Eighteenth Century.

—Two books on liturgy being No. 1, series I., and No. 3, series III., of the Popular Liturgical Library of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn., are well worth study. "Liturgy the Life of the Church," by Dom Lambert Beauduin, O. S. B., translated from the French by Virgil Michel, O. S. B. (The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn. 35c), is a general treatment of the place of liturgy in the life of the Church and its importance in the daily life of the Christian. It is a discussion of fundamental principles whose study will make priest and laymen find new interest in, and a spur to, their devotion to the great religious drama that is daily enacted in our churches.

"Living with the Church," by Dom Otto Haering, O. S. B., translated from the German by Dom Rembert Bularzik, O. S. B., is a handbook of instruction in the liturgy of the Church year. The various seasons of the year and the special feasts in these seasons are explained, the hymns of the breviary and missal translated, and an admonition drawing a moral lesson from the liturgy given. It should make an excellent text-book for high-school and college students, and be welcomed by the

Catholic layman who would be informed on this very vital aspect of Catholic life. Published by Benziger Brothers. Price, \$1.02.

—One of the most interesting of the many giant figures in the history of the Church is St. Gregory the Great. His character is faceted from so many angles that it is a difficult undertaking to even attempt to do his life justice within the covers of a single book. Mgr. Pierre Batiffol apparently encountered that difficulty in his life of the great Pope, which has recently been translated for Benziger Brothers by John L. Stoddard. In many places he has had to condense rather awkwardly the wealth of information at hand in order to keep his work within bounds. The book, however, is a scholarly presentation, fully supported at every step by authoritative references. It should be well received by all students of history. One leaves the reading of "St. Gregory the Great" with a renewed appreciation for that remarkable character of the early Church, who was at the same time saint and pope and monk and ruler and writer and business man and preacher and friend. Publisher, Benziger Brothers.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Right Reverend T. J. Valentin, diocese of London, Ont.

Sister M. Francis de Sales, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Ludmilla and Sister Mary of the Virtues, Sisters of the Good Shepherd; Sister Mary Stanislaus and Sister Mary Christina, Sisters of Mercy; Sister Mary Bernadette, Sisters of St. Joseph; and Sister Mary Louise, O. S. B.

Mrs. Francis Blundell, Mrs. M. J. McGarry, Mrs. A. McMullen, Miss Margaret McBride, Mr. Thomas Walsh, Mrs. Margaret McGrath, Mr. Edward Cornelius, Mrs. William Gleason, Mr. John J. McManus, Mr. James Leighton, Mr. John McKenna, Mr. Patrick Healy, Mr. Francis J. Murphy, Mr. James J. Doherty, Mr. Hugh McGuire, Mr. John J. Leish, Miss Jennie Shanaghan, Miss Ada Whittaker, Miss Emma Carey, and Miss Rose Powers.

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THE AVE MARIA

A FAMILY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE
BLESSED VIRGIN.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND MONTHLY

THE AVE MARIA is the only periodical of its kind in the language. Its primary object is to honor the Blessed Virgin and to make her better known and better loved; and it thus commends itself to all who venerate the Mother of God and wish to see devotion to her more widely extended. The Holy Father has given his special blessing to all who, as subscribers or in any other way, contribute to the support of this Magazine. It has readers all over the world, and is encouraged by prelates and priests in every part of Christendom.

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii,* 34.

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| SATURDAY, 12.—St. John Gualbert, Ab. SS. Nabor and Felix, MM. | Swithun, B. St. Plehelm, B. C. |
| SUNDAY, 13.—FIFTH AFTER PENTECOST. St. Mildred, V. | WEDNESDAY, 16.—Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. |
| MONDAY, 14.—St. Bonaventure, B. D. | THURSDAY, 17.—St. Alexius, C. St. Kenelm, M. |
| TUESDAY, 15.—St. Henry, Emperor, C. St. | FRIDAY, 18.—St. Camillus de Lellis, C. |
| | SATURDAY, 19.—St. Vincent de Paul, C. |

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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Mothers.

BY L. MITCHELL THORNTON.

SOMETIME I cannot have my mother's hand,
But Mother Mary, you will understand;
Sometime her words, I shall no longer hear,
But You will whisper in my eager ear.

Sometime I cannot feel my mother's kiss,
But Mother Mary, you will pity this.
And when her face is lost to mortal sight,
Your own will shine with an increasing light.

Sometime I cannot have my mother's love,
But Mother Mary, you will know above
How very sad a human heart can be,
Remembering the anguish of the Tree.

The Centenary of the Miraculous Medal.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

A HUNDRED years ago once-Catholic France was still suffering cruelly from the atheistic onslaughts of Voltaire and his followers, which had undermined or completely destroyed the faith of thousands of souls, and from the wild fury of the revolutionary persecution that, by closing churches, killing scores of priests, driving others into exile, and banishing all religious, had caused more thousands of Frenchmen to sink into the mire of religious indifference. Nowhere, probably, since Christianity dawned, had the supernatural seemed farther away from the common life of common men, or the cause of God less

likely soon to spring into new life.

This was the moment chosen by Our Lady for the first of a series of marvelous manifestations of herself, by which she revived the dormant faith of France and of the heedless world beyond her borders. Motherlike, when her children erred most grievously she showered her choicest favors upon them. It was to Sister Catherine Labouré she appeared, and through the effects of this apparition she touched, for their healing, many a soul, not alone in France, but in every land of Christendom. Other apparitions followed in quick succession: La Salette, Lourdes, Pontmain, Pellevoisin. Surely, the Nineteenth Century deserves its title, "The Century of Mary." It might also be truly called the age of the Immaculate Conception; for not only was the dogma defined, in 1854, it was "Mary conceived without sin" whom Our Lady herself directed that the Miraculous Medal should invoke, the "Immaculate Conception" which she gave to Bernadette Soubirous as her name.

It was on the eighteenth of July, 1830, that our Blessed Mother first appeared to Sister Catherine Labouré, a novice in the convent of the Sisters of Charity, in the Rue de Bac, Paris. Sister Catherine was alone in the chapel when she heard a slight rustling sound, and saw a Lady of exquisite beauty come and take a seat on the left side of the sanctuary. She fell on her knees close to the figure, and, as she said afterward, in an account of the apparition written in obedience to the spirit-

ual director, "That moment was the happiest I had ever known."

The Blessed Virgin spoke to her, and answered questions which she asked.

"My child," she said, "I am going to entrust you with a mission. It will cause you suffering, but you will be sustained by the thought that it is all for the glory of God.

"My child, the times are evil; troubles are about to come upon France; the monarchy will be overthrown; and the whole world will be disturbed by misfortunes of every kind." With tears our Blessed Mother prophesied further, "There will be victims among the Paris clergy. The Archbishop will die. Later, the whole world will be in trouble."

"When will this happen?" the novice wondered; and she received the answer, "In forty years' time."

Forty years later, during the Franco-Prussian war, Paris was besieged and taken by the Germans.

When Sister Catherine related to her director all that had occurred, he very wisely appeared to treat the matter lightly, and advised her not to dwell upon it; but he was careful at once to commit to writing every word which she had said.

Four months later, at half-past five o'clock in the afternoon, Sister Catherine was alone in the chapel making her evening meditation. Hearing a slight sound she looked up, and again saw Our Lady in the sanctuary, as radiantly beautiful as before, as loving and as tender. Her dress and veil were snow white; her eyes were cast down, and she stood upon a half globe and held a globe in her hands. Rays of light were shed by jewels on her fingers; and these, she explained, were symbols of the graces which she would obtain for those who asked them of her.

As Sister Catherine gazed upon her in an ecstasy of happiness, there appeared almost entirely encircling Our Lady, letters of gold which formed the

words, "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee;" and the Blessed Virgin said to Sister Catherine: "Have a medal struck according to this model. All who wear it will receive great graces. Graces will be showered abundantly upon all who have confidence."

Our Blessed Mother then showed Sister Catherine the design for the other side of the medal: The letter M, surmounted by a cross, and below it two Hearts; one encircled with a crown of thorns, the other pierced with a sword.

Some days later, in the same place and at the same hour, Sister Catherine was favored with the third and last of her visions. Again she was shown the design for the medal; and our Blessed Mother repeated her command: "Have a medal struck according to this model."

To her director the young novice told all; but she said nothing to anyone else. Somehow, a rumor was whispered within the community and spread about the city that the Blessed Virgin had appeared to one of the Sisters; but no one, even among the nuns, knew who had been the favored one.

This silence was characteristic of Sister Catherine. It would be interesting to learn far more than is known of one whom Our Lady loved so dearly. Zoé Labouré was her name before she entered the convent. Mme. Labouré died when she was a child, and Zoé tried to fill her mother's place in the rearing of a younger sister and as helper to her father in all his affairs. Simple affairs they were, for he was a poor man, a Burgundian peasant, who worked a small farm.

In appearance Zoé was well favored: above medium height, with regular features and beautiful blue eyes; in character, she was resolute, quick tempered, and pious. She received so little education that it was only after she entered the novitiate that she learned to read and write. Evidently, the young men of

the countryside found her attractive, for before she was eighteen years of age Zoé had emphatically refused more than one offer of marriage, saying that she intended to become a religious. It was the mother house of the Sisters of Charity, in Paris, which she entered, at the age of twenty-one; and she had been a novice but a short time when the Blessed Virgin first appeared to her.

Unsuspected of being the privileged one to whom the Blessed Virgin had confided the mission of introducing the Miraculous Medal, Sister Catherine finished her novitiate, made her profession, and for long years lived, hidden and obscure, in the midst of a large community. Those about her noted nothing unusual, except her singularly reverent manner of saying the Rosary, and a degree of humility and simplicity remarkable even among so many fervent religious. Any who had known her in girlhood observed, too, that her once quick temper was under complete control.

For many years Sister Catherine's work was the care of the aged and infirm inmates of the Hospice d'Enghien; besides, she helped in the dairy and the poultry yard. The agony of France during the war of 1870 cut deeply into her heart, aging her before the time; and during the few years which remained to her, Sister Catherine came to speak a little of the joy and privilege which had been hers in her youth. "The Blessed Virgin chose me because I was foolish and ignorant, so that no one would doubt," she often explained.

On the thirty-first of December, 1876, Sister Catherine died quietly, painlessly, peacefully; she was buried in a vault under the chapel of the convent. At her funeral a band of Children of Mary, clad in white and wearing the Miraculous Medal, chanted over her open grave, "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us, who have recourse to thee." The medal which she had worn for

forty-four years was given to the Duchess of Magenta, wife of Marshal MacMahon, who was President of France at the time. It was a copper one, but the Duchess had it set in finest gold, and treasured it above all her possessions. The cause of this humble Sister's beatification has been introduced at Rome, and many pilgrims visit her tomb.

The first Miraculous Medal was made through the influence of the chaplain of the convent, and with the permission of Mgr. de Quélen, Archbishop of Paris, about a year and a half after the third apparition of Our Lady. At his own request, the Archbishop was given one of the first medals struck; and eager to test its efficacy, he dropped it into his pocket and at once set out to visit Mgr. de Pradt, Archbishop of Malines, who was dying, in sore need of spiritual help, for he had been one of the few in high places who had betrayed his trust by taking the forbidden oath in the days of the French Revolution.

The erring prelate refused to see Mgr. de Quélen; and then, almost instantly changing his mind, he sent for him, retracted his errors, and literally died in his arms.

This conversion was the first of a long series of favors. Cures were wrought, and miracles of grace obtained through the agency of the medal. Among them all, by far the most remarkable, was the conversion of the brilliant young Jew, Alphonse Ratisbonne.

He had always hated Christianity, and had been enraged by the conversion of his brother. On making a visit to Rome he was so strongly repelled by everything he saw and heard that he decided to cut short his stay. On the eve of his intended departure he chanced to make the acquaintance of a fervent Catholic, the Baron de Bussiére who at once began to talk to him about religion with the hope of converting him. M. Ratisbonne bluntly said that he

had been born a Jew and meant to remain one. Undaunted, the Baron de Buissière offered him a Miraculous Medal; and when the young Jew refused to accept it, the Baron urged: "I cannot understand your refusal since, from from what you say, this medal must be a matter of perfect indifference to you, whereas to me it would afford the greatest consolation if you were to accept it."

Seeing how deeply in earnest the Baron was, M. Ratisbonne rather grudgingly took the medal; but to the close of their conversation he continued to speak jokingly and disdainfully of Christianity; and he went away, thinking angrily within himself, "I wonder what the Baron would say if I were to take it into my head to make him recite my Jewish prayers."

Having changed his plans that he might have time to see more of the artistic treasures of Rome, M. Ratisbonne met the Baron de Buissière on the street some four days later. He was on his way to the church of St. Andrea delle Frate, and asked M. Ratisbonne to accompany him. Together they entered the basilica, and the younger man began to examine the building while the Baron passed through to the convent adjoining that he might speak to one of the monks on a matter of business. On returning, ten or fifteen minutes later, he looked in vain for M. Ratisbonne! and found him, at length, prostrate in one of the side chapels. When he looked up the Baron saw that his face was bathed in tears; and taking from his pocket the Miraculous Medal, which he had received so scornfully, he pressed it to his lips murmuring words of gratitude and ardent love.

He asked to speak to a priest, and the Baron de Buissière took him to one of the Fathers at the Church of the Gesù, where M. Ratisbonne, kissing the medal again, cried: "I have seen her! I have seen her!" He told that, impelled by a force which he had not understood,

soon after the Baron left him he had crossed the church to reach a certain chapel; and there Our Lady had appeared to him as she is represented on the Miraculous Medal. She had motioned him to kneel, and hardly had he done so before he understood clearly the truths of the Catholic faith. Soon afterward M. Ratisbonne was baptized. He became a priest, and labored with his brother in the foundation of two religious communities. Forty years later he died at Jerusalem, with Our Blessed Mother's name upon his lips.

A work even greater than the healing of bodily infirmities or the effecting of conversions fell to the Miraculous Medal. That it conduced to the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception is distinctly stated in the Papal Rescript of July, 1893, which inaugurated a feast in honor of the apparition. Not long after the first medals were struck, the Archbishop of Paris petitioned the Holy See to permit his archdiocese to celebrate the feast of the Immaculate Conception; and Pope Gregory XVI. granted the request. The following year this same zealous prelate obtained permission to add the invocation, "Queen conceived without original sin," to the Litany of Loreto. Five other archbishops and twenty-three bishops of France soon asked for their dioceses the privileges which had been granted to Mgr. de Quélen of Paris, thus giving a decided impetus to the movement which was stirring throughout the Catholic World in favor of the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, which Pope Pius IX. proclaimed, with transports of joy, on the Eighth of December, 1854.

PRAY with perseverance as well as faith. God often defers to grant our petitions because He rejoices in the homage which we render Him by them. And our desires are purified as well as increased by prolonged pleading.

The Living Voice.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

XXVIII.

STRANGE tales went through the Covenanters' camp next day, and questions were asked which none could answer. Who was the prophet—of taller than mortal stature, said rumor—who had paraded their lines during the night, calling men to prayer and penance and pouring forth the laments of Jeremiah in loud tones that had made the blood run cold. When challenged he had poured forth rhetoric, but the flood of quotation from holy Scripture was not altogether of that comforting nature to which the "latter-day saints" were accustomed. There were no fearful anathemas of their enemies, nor yet any extravagant praise of God's Chosen People; and the more eminent preachers in Colonel Rigby's and Colonel Egerton's troops were anxious to meet and confound the nocturnal visitant. Sergeant Scourge-of-Belial Todd was particularly keen to identify him, for he had been apostrophized in the night as a "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal" before his own men.

Prophets, though somewhat common among the ranks of the Covenanters, inspired respect, and there was a general feeling that this tall and loud-voiced disturber of their slumbers was acting in obedience to the Commanders—did he not wear an officer's scarf across his gleaming breastplate?

The farmer who found a rusting harness and steel cap tangled in the rushes in marl-pit a day or two later, told no tales, but Ann Cottington broke into tears when she found Lady Derby flinging handfuls of yellow hair into the wood-fire on the night of Simon's departure.

"O my lady! You have never let him go dressed like a rebel!" she cried, her quick wits leaping to the truth. "You

surely have not sent Simon out in the armor taken from a prisoner! Why, if he is captured, he will be shot like a dog!"

"Ask no questions, my Lady Ann," returned Lady Derby sternly. "We will to the chapel."

She swept away followed by her two chaplains. Ann crept after her, snatching up one of the yellow locks which had escaped the flames.

The chapel received them, its plain table for altar, its one lamp set by the reading desk, whence presently Mr. Rutter's sonorous voice echoed forth. How empty it seemed—how cold! The psalms were full of dark phrases, and Mr. Rutter's subsequent discourse appeared to Ann self-satisfied and vain-glorious. She found herself wondering what Simon looked like, shorn of his love-locks, with that stern steel cap drawn down upon his brow. Perhaps at this very moment he was being dragged before the opposing General, who would certainly show him no mercy. He would sell his life dearly—perhaps he was already dead! Her very heart seemed to shiver at the thought.

"O God of Battles," she besought, "protect him!"

Nay, it was thus that puritans prayed.

"O God of mercy,"—she was sobbing now—"save him! Jesus, my Lord and Saviour, have pity upon him!"

Could there be any harm in appealing to the Mother of God? She scarcely dared. Lord Derby had told her that there must be no intermediary between the soul and God; that it was a popish error to ask the Mother of God to intercede for us. Yet the prophets of old had prayed for their people and appeased the wrath of the Almighty. If Moses, who had sinned, could win salvation for the Israelites by prayer, why should not Mary be invoked—Mary, whom many staunch Protestants held to be sinless? Did not our blessed Saviour turn the water into wine at her bidding,

although His hour was not yet come? She was His Mother, and had held Him on her knee.

"O Mary, Mother of God, ask Him to spare poor Simon!" She buried her face in her hands.

Simon's mission was to carry Lady Derby's jewels to her lord. They were to be sold or pledged to raise money for the payment of the troops, and the messenger was to give an account of the siege and the intrepid little garrison. The gems were worth at least five thousand pounds, and he felt weighed down by anxiety until he could place them in Lord Derby's hands. It would be a risk to carry them across the sea, but Master Nevile was from home again, and he would not put such a heavy responsibility on women folk—he would rather hazard the jewels than bring his mother into danger. He only paused at Moor Grange long enough to wrap up the jewels in little square parcels of wool—just such packets of carded fleeces as the farmers and yeomen of grassy North Lancashire brought as samples to the Liverpool wool mart. The old white mare was dragged blinking from her stable—she would have to serve as Simon's charger till a better could be borrowed from a neighbor.

"Suppose you are questioned going in to Liverpool?" faltered his mother, as she passed her hand regretfully over her son's unevenly cropped head. "If I went with you, riding pillion, it might avert suspicion."

"Nay, dearest Mother, it would tire you to death, and those white hands of yours would betray me. You could not look like a farmer's dame."

"But I could, well enough," exclaimed Aunt Bridget. "My hands are brown enough and broadened too by the milking. I am the dairymaid, you must know, Simon, during these hard times."

"Yes," said Grandmamma judicially, "Bridget could play the part. Run,

Katty and wring the necks of two couple of fowl. It will look more natural if you have some country produce. And stick to the old mare, Simon lad. Your aunt can ride her home."

The whole family had risen at the news of Simon's arrival. It was now light and he was eager to get away. It seemed rather inglorious to jog into Liverpool on the sweating old mare—indeed he would have to walk a good portion of the way to relieve the poor beast, for Aunt Bridget was no featherweight—but he realized at once the soundness of the plan. It was better to lose an hour or two on the road than to be held up at the gates.

During the journey to the town, Mistress Bridget gave him all the country news. She hinted that folk blamed my Lord Derby—it was even said that his lady was the more martial of the two.

"Oh, but, Aunt Biddy, you must tell them all that my lord has had to do," cried Simon eagerly, dragging at the mare's bit to hasten her pace as he walked beside her in the rutty road. "You've no notion of all he has accomplished to fortify the island for the King. There's great Castles building at every point—Peel and Douglas and Maughold, let alone putting Rushen in repair at Castletown."

"Oh, aye, lad!" returned Mistress Bridget. "But who is going to land an army there? Hasn't General Cromwell murdered all the poor folk in the North of Ireland already, and Parliament's got Liverpool; there's nought to be gained by all this fortification—leastways, that is what folk say."

Simon mounted again and turned to whisper in her ear.

"What if a French army were to be landed there?"

"I suppose we're too hard pressed to be Kittle-Kattle," replied Aunt Bridget, her remarks coming in gusts, for the white mare had an uncommonly hard trot. "But for myself—I'd as soon

—the King didn't—bring Frenchies in. I can't stomach the notion—of bringing foreigners into England."

"Well, I feel the same," rejoined Simon. "Tell the folks his lordship will soon be back in Lancashire then. Tell them to be ready to welcome him, Aunt Biddy."

He left the stout-hearted lady at Cousin Massey's lodging in Dale Street, and waited there himself, while Mr. Massey, who followed the law, sent a trusty man to search for Captain Leather. But even after the mariner was found, and the sloop manned, they were obliged to hang about the river for two days, waiting for a fair wind. The sea was running high when they approached the island, but Simon persuaded the Captain to run for Derby Haven. The long hours at sea had tried his patience beyond endurance, and he felt that no more time should be lost.

Lord Derby and his young ward had talked long before the low turf fire. Though it was May, the evenings were cold in the unplastered stone chamber.

"The time has come to cast aside all scruples, my lord," declared Simon. "Her ladyship is making a heroic resistance, but it can not be continued indefinitely. The folk will blame you, my lord," he added bluntly.

"I care nought for that," returned James. "So I am doing right. But Charlotte and the children in danger! Surely my first duty is with them?"

"Indeed you are right, my lord. And time presses. Prince Rupert is now in Yorkshire, and intends to march South to join the King. If he does, without first crushing Sir Thomas Fairfax—why Sir, the whole rebel army of the North will sit down before Lathom—and they have less than four hundred men."

"But the garrison could certainly make terms, even if they had to deliver up the house, which God forbid!"

Lord Derby was walking up and down the room in great agitation. "If the worst befell, they would march out with the full honors of war, Simon."

"Alas, my lord, it was so in the beginning, but the tone is changed now! The day I left, Colonel Rigby sent my lady a trumpet with this summons: that she was to deliver up the house immediately for the service of Parliament; 'that there was no hope of relief from the King's forces which are now in a low and desperate condition, and that if her ladyship refused to deliver up the place upon this summons, she must hereinafter expect the full severity of war.'"

"My God!" exclaimed Derby, turning deadly pale, "I have delayed too long. I have been too nice upon a point of honor. I have brought all my dear ones into jeopardy! But what said my lady? Did she allay his wrath—did she return a soft answer?"

"Not she, my lord!" cried Simon, bursting into a laugh. "She would not so much as write a reply. 'Trumpet,' says she; 'tell that insolent rebel Rigby that if he presumes to send another summons to this place, I will hang up the messenger at the gates!'"

Lord Derby's face kindled.

"Call Moraux, Simon! Send for the Captain of the Guard! Lathom shall be relieved if it costs my whole fortune! My gallant Charlotte! Ah, Simon, if only my son was at her side I should indeed be proud!"

Three hundred gallant gentlemen, many of them refugees from Lancashire, crowded on to Captain Leather's sloop in Lord Derby's train. They landed in Cumberland, and rode posthaste over the moors to join Rupert in Yorkshire. The Prince had already made his name as a cavalry leader, he was easily persuaded to deviate from his line of march to rescue his noble cousin. But Derby was now in a fever; every moment he

seemed to see Lathom in flames and his wife and children done to death. He raised money on the jewels, which Simon had duly delivered, and promised a "caress" of three thousand pounds to be distributed among Rupert's men if they would hasten into Lancashire by forced marches.

Simon's spirits rose as they approached Stockton Bridge, and the long blue lines of Whitewell Fell and Pendle Hill came faintly into view. Perhaps a great and decisive battle would be fought on Lancashire soil, which would win all the country for the King!

But when Colonel Fairfax heard of Rupert's advance, he sent hasty word to Rigby, who forthwith raised the siege and retired to occupy Bolton. So that when Rupert arrived at the head of his troops, with bands playing and colors flying, there was none to gainsay him. The great gates of Lathom House were flung wide, and the Countess came forth proudly to greet her husband.

Overhead, on the Eagle Tower, the King's flag and Derby's colors mingled gaily in the wind.

"Was it true you turned preacher to get through the enemy lines, Simon?" cried Ann mockingly, when Bradshaigh, now brave in full cavalier finery, presented himself to the young ladies. "Oh, to think of you, stooping to mimic the crop-eared knaves!"

Simon flushed scarlet. Up till now he had had a triumphant progress, and Lord Derby had been unstinting in his affectionate praise of the faithful messenger. He was taken aback at this reception and stood tongue-tied.

"Will you not preach to us to-night, when Master Rutter and Master Greenhalgh have had their say?" she continued teasingly.

"I have fought as well as preached, my Lady Ann," cried Simon, goaded into self-defence.

"Oh, yes, we all know you can fight!"

cried Ann, inspired by that spirit of contrariness which suddenly takes possession of young maidens. "Indeed you are a champion, Master Simon—with *turkey eggs!*"

He looked like a young viking when he was angry. How blue eyes can flash, thought Ann. Then as he turned away, she clasped her hands over her heart. She had wounded him to the quick, she had laughed at him—and all lest he should guess that hidden away under the laces at her breast, there lay a little lock of yellow hair!

(To be continued.)

The Early Religious Poetry of the Gael.

BY THE HON. R. ERSKINE OF MARR.

FROM the point of view of literature and culture in general, Scotland, as Ireland, is divisible into two parts. In the case of the former country there exists a physical division which roughly corresponds to the cultural facts; and hence it has come about that we are accustomed nowadays to speak of "Highland" and "Lowland" literature, although there is no ethnic distinction whatever between the Scots who are labelled "Highlanders" and the Scots who are styled "Lowlanders." The real distinction between the two is one of culture, of civilization alone.

The broad effect of this two-fold cultural division is apt to work out rather prejudicially as regards the less well-known of the two literatures. Much more English is spoken in Scotland, and has long been spoken in Scotland, than Gaelic; and as the latter press is microscopical compared with the former the consequence is that when the Scottish contribution to world-letters comes to be considered it is the English literature produced in Scotland, and not the genuine native article, that is to say, letters produced in the Gaelic language—the

one-time national speech of Scotland—that is apt to monopolize the attention of the critic.

And yet this should not be so. It should not be so for a number of excellent reasons, first and foremost of which I reckon the high value of the Gaelic contribution to the common culture of my country. But I do not propose to expatiate on this head on the present occasion. In passing, however, I would remark that Gaelic culture in Scotland is prejudicially shadowed by English because few, if any, of the native and outside critics who address themselves to this matter have a single word of Gaelic in their heads; and translations of Gaelic literary works of merit into English, or any other modern tongue, are few and far between.

The religious poetry of Scotland is a particularly valuable contribution to the common stock of the native learning; but in this case there is no need to remind ourselves of the division above referred to, since what of this cultural material exists is practically all in Gaelic, the non-native or English contribution being negligible, as well by reason of bulk as merit. It should be remembered that, considered as a literary medium, the appearance in Scotland of English dates late. This will help to explain the circumstance already referred to that the body of the literature last spoken of is small and low in merit compared with the other; and since there is in Scotland practically no pre-Reformation literature of a religious nature written in the English language we are entitled here to rule the latter out, to address ourselves exclusively, without interruption, to Gaelic poetry of a religious, that is Catholic, character.

A good deal of this literature still exists, unprinted, in the Scottish Highlands. Several collections that are known to have been made within recent years yet await publishers; for the ex-

pense of printing Gaelic is considerable, and the market limited in extent. A well-known Western priest has an important collection on hand, nay, is now busy seeing it through the press; and there are others whose compilers live in hopes that ere long they, too, may be so fortunate as to find publishers for their work. But so far, not all, by any means, has been garnered that might, and, in the interests of Scottish culture generally, should be garnered. For if the laborers are few, and their prospect of material reward is slender, the harvest is both broad and rich.

The most important collection of the nature indicated that has appeared in book-form within modern times is the "*Carmina Gadelica*," of the late Dr. Alexander Carmichael. This is a truly delightful collection. The maker of it was a Protestant; and though for a number of good reasons it were preferable that a Catholic had formed it, yet it must be allowed that this worthy Protestant scholar makes no bad substitute. The book was first published some thirty years or so ago, and cost three guineas to the purchaser; but I am pleased to say that a much cheaper edition has recently been issued from the press, and this should have the effect of putting it in the way of many who were formerly, on the ground of expense, debarred from it.

Most of the poems that figure in Carmichael's collection are undated and undatable precisely; but from a number of them, indeed from the majority, it is easy to apprehend that they are of great antiquity. They very probably, if not certainly, take their rise from times when first the Christian religion was planted in Ireland and Scotland; for a large proportion of these exquisite lyrics is plainly common to both countries. Prudentius is commonly reckoned the first of the Christian poets who sang in Latin. He was born in northern Spain in the year 348 A. D.;

and the age of the most primitive of the Gaelic religious pieces cannot be much later than a century or two after his *floreat*. I mention the Spaniard, Prudentius, because his manner, as revealed in certain of his shorter pieces, bears a remarkable resemblance to that of some of the work done by the early Gaelic Christian bards. Consider, for instance, this by Prudentius:

O night, O darkness,
Ye tangled and turbulent vapors of the
world—
Light enters, the pole grows white,
Christ is come—
Depart!

or, by the same hand, this:

Ye portents of wandering dreams...
Christ is here—depart!
Christ is with me—melt away!
Even in sleep shall we think of Christ.*

And then compare the two with the following, which I take at random from the Gaelic, and now English for this purpose:

O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
By day and night let the Three-in-One abide
with us.
On stormy sea, on rough hillside,
Let our Mother be near us: let her protect-
ing hand be about our heads.

But if, as I contend in this case, there is a strong similarity of poetic manner in respect of the Spanish bard and the early Gaelic religious poets, yet it will be found, I imagine, that this does not extend to one important particular. I mean the way in which Prudentius on one hand, and the Gaels on the other, approached the subject of the pagan tradition and literature. As is well-known, the former in his "*Contra Symmachum*," as elsewhere in his works, inveighed not a little against the Greek and Roman mythology, notwithstanding that he was a profound admirer of the Odes of Horace and the writings of other famous pagan scribes who flourished in classic times; where-

as the attitude of the early Gaelic bards towards the pagan culture that surrounded them was uniformly friendly, so much so, that we find much of this lore incorporated with their compositions.

When "*Carmina Gadelica*" was first published, it was natural that so important, interesting, and scholarly a collection should be warmly welcomed in Celtic circles; and among those who discussed and praised it in Gaelic was the late Donald MacKechnie, the Jura bard and the foremost Gaelic essayist of his day. I recently had occasion to turn over the pages of his remarks about Carmichael's book; and as one or two passages I then came across happen to have a distinct bearing on that aspect of early Gaelic religious poetry which is briefly glanced at above, I will translate them.

"The sun (he says) was worshipped under divers names, but in all probability the name the Celts brought with them out of the Far East, and which the Gaels preferred, was Bel, Beal, or Baal. Among ourselves, the feast-day of their god was observed until quite late times. An old woman who belonged to the Isle of Arran told Mr. Carmichael the way in which this feast was kept so late as the time of her own father. On the first day of May it was customary to extinguish all the domestic fires of the neighborhood, and in their room to light a 'need-fire' on a rock which was always used for the ceremony. This 'reed-fire' was divided into two parts, and when both were at their hottest, the people, small and great, would run through the opening between the two fires. After this was done their cattle were driven through the same opening. This meant, according to them, purification and protection—that is to say, purification from things unclean, and protection from evil, or, as, the honest dame referred to above put it to Mr. Carmichael, 'safeguarding

* The English of the Latin is by Father T. Mackavanagh, S. J.

from each spell and every mischief and from the great witch, the Daughter of Crefan.' They concluded the ceremony by singing in unison 'The Blessing of Beltane'; and here are a couple of stanzas of it:

O Mary, Mother of the Saints,
Bless the flock and the young of the kine;
Let not hate or spite taint the wind that blows
on us;

Preserve us from the works of the wicked;
Each Monday and Tuesday bend thine eye
On our flocks and our breeding-horses;
Consort with us on hill and sea,
And do thou thyself act as shepherd for us.

The other verse is as follows:

The Cross of Christ protect us here below,
The Cross of Christ protect us above,
The Cross of Christ protect us where'er we
may be,

And on it this Beltane Blessing from us.

"It will be observed that though the practices marking this ceremony are entirely of a pagan nature, yet it is to Mary and to Christ that the supplications accompanying it are addressed. We may be quite sure, therefore, that originally the latter were addressed to neither, but to Bel himself and to the Ceres of the Gael, whatever be the name she bore among them before they became Christianized."

And here is another extract from the same writer:

"The Feast-day of Mary was observed on the fourteenth day of the first month of autumn (August). Early in the morning of that day, the custom was for the people to go to the field, and there to pull a quantity of the ripe corn in order to form of it a 'Mary's Child.' The ears when pulled were dried in the sun, and when they were thoroughly dried, the house-man bruised them between his two palms. Next he winnowed the corn with a fan, thereafter grinding it in a quern, setting the meal on a sheep-skin for baking, and thus eventually making a bannock of it; and the bannock (which was baked over a fire of rowan-tree) so made was 'Mary's Child.'

When the cake was baked, the house-man proceeded to divide it among the members of his family, beginning with the house-wife, and continuing from the eldest to the youngest of the children. They then altogether sang in praise of 'Mary the Mother, who had promised them protection, who had given them protection, and who would afford them protection till the day of death'; and whilst they so sang they would go sun-wise (i. e., in the direction taken by the sun, from east to west) about the fire, the house-man leading the procession, the house-wife next him, and the children following in the order of their respective ages. And when they had completed the circuit of the fire, the house-man would take from it a brand or two, and the wood he would put into a pot along with a morsel of iron; and this he would take without doors, his family following him in the order set forth above; and round about the stable and byre, where the cattle and horses would be lodged for the ceremony, the company would go, and they all chanting the meanwhile the customary praise of 'Mary the Mother'; and of that here is a verse:

The Feast Day of Mary the Fragrant,
The Mother of the Shepherd of the flocks,
I have reaped a *beum** of the new harvest,
I made it hard and dry by the sun,
I bruised it much to free it of husk,

Between my own two palms.

I ground it in Friday's quern,
I baked it on the hide of a sheep,
I set a fire of rowan-wood beneath it,
And I portioned it among my household.
I went sun-wise about the dwelling-place
In the name of Mary the Mother,
Who promised me protection,
Who has protected me,
Who will continue to protect me
In peace,
In all things,
In all righteousness of heart.

"It is very probable that originally this feast was kept in honor of some

* A *beum* is a handful of corn cut at one stroke of the sickle.

pagan agricultural deity; for I cannot imagine what connection there could be between 'Mary the Mother' and crops and cattle, and particularly what she might have to do with a rowan-wood fire and a morsel of iron. We all know that anciently the rowan-tree was reckoned sacred by the Gael, and, further, that they reckoned iron efficacious against the spells of witches and fairies. The pot and what was put into it recall to mind Ceridwen's cauldron, in which so many of the secrets of the Druids were deposited, and touching which the Welsh bards made so great to-do; but perhaps on this occasion its use was restricted to carrying the fire that set the protecting-circle about the house and round the cattle and all the house-man's worldly possessions, preserving them, as said the Arran woman, 'from every spell and mischief.' "

It is undoubtedly the case that much paganism is mixed with the early religious poetry of the Gael; but on the other hand, the market tendency of certain critics to over-emphasize this element in the collections named is to be deplored, and resisted by such as are better informed or, it may be, less prejudiced. Mr. MacKechnie himself is inclined on occasions to exaggerate in this way, probably because the particular school of thought to which he attached himself (that of Max-Müller) was given to jumping to conclusions, to uncritical views in respect of perplexed and debatable matters. And though the many defects of the German scientist's mode of reasoning, of his too-frequent and generous use of the "nature-myth" in order to explain the "heroic" literature of the Celts, are now well-known, yet in Donald's time the theories glanced at were pretty well everywhere supreme in the learned world. Just as until quite recently the doctrines touching the origin of religion associated with the author of the "Golden Bough" were

things to conjure with in respect of many; though nowadays those same theories are under a cloud, even in quarters which formerly regarded them as science well-nigh sacrosanct.

It should be remembered, too, that the genius of the Gael was, is, and doubtless will be as long as earth endures, strongly figurative in its expressions, much given to natural objects as types, as means and modes to intellectual ends. Sun, moon, stars, rivers, mountains, lochs and other natural phenomena, which figure so largely and beautifully in Gaelic poetry, whether sacred or profane, are figuratively incorporated with their extensive literature, not on a principle of paganism, as many are apt to suppose, but because the mind of the Gael was irresistibly drawn to them as objects of God's handiwork, as proof of His own divine will and wish to make us, His lowly creatures, acquainted with what is objectively true and beautiful.

Further, the Celts, who, according to a *periplus* of about the time of Ephorus, greatly admired the Greeks, and "practised their customs," seem to have shared with that great people the latter's strong sense and love of the beautiful in relation to the arts of utility, and the things in general that are necessary to man in order to enable him to sustain life. It is because our ancestors were well aware that sheep and cattle, horses, crops and fruits, and so forth, were necessary to them that these familiar objects figure so often and so prominently in the early religious poetry of the Gael; and if they are thought to accentuate the pagan note, to give yet further color to the pre-Christian elements which some, if not many, of these writings undoubtedly contain, the inference is mistaken: they appear there because the old Gael knew well enough that such things were necessary to him as means of existence; and, being necessary to him,

what more natural in him than that he should implore God's blessing on them? And with regard, too, to the subject of the Gael's own attitude towards the pagan life, towards the machinery, as it were, of the creed to which he adhered, namely, Druidism, before he received the blessings of Christian verity, it by no means follows that, because he sometimes made poetic, and extremely effective, use of this machinery, he believed in the creed in which it originated; or was colorably affected by it in respect of the observances, whether religious or profane, of his daily life.

The Pope, who sent one of our two Augustines to the Saxons in Britain, in order that they might be converted from paganism to Christianity, wisely counselled his disciple to deal tenderly with the superstitions of the barbarians; and something of the same truly liberal spirit is to be discerned in the poetic writings of our early bards, who therein we sometimes see turning, and turning to purpose, I imagine, to the old pagan beliefs and practices, in order to enrich, enforce, and illustrate the demonstrably Christian intent and content of their compositions.

I will now conclude the present remarks with two other translations of pieces that appear in the collection made by the late Mr. Alexander Carmichael. The first is a shepherd's prayer, and the second a "Grace" to be said at one's lying down at nighttime.

I would herd this flock before me
According as the King-of-the-World commanded,
Mary protecting them, attending to them,
watching them,
On hill, in glen, and in low-country.

Rise, O Bride, most white of skin!
Take thy comb, in hand thy locks,
Thou that hast made spells for my flock
To keep them from ill and hurt,
To keep them from ill and hurt.

From rock and chasm and torrent,
From devious ways and countless pits,

From the arrows of the mischief-dealing fay,
From the wicked heart and the eye of evil,
From the wicked heart and the eye of evil.

O Mary the Mother, look after the whole of
my flock!

O Bride of the smooth-palms protect the fold!
O gentle Colum, saint of greatest power,
Make sanctuary for my sheep, fold the cattle,
Make sanctuary for my sheep, fold the cattle.

To-night, I lay me down with Mary and her
Son,

With the Mother of my King, who preserves
me from all ill;

I will not lie down with evil, neither shall
evil lie down with me,

But I will lay me down with God, and God will
lie down with me.

God's right hand under my head,
The light of the Spirit above my head,
The Cross of the Nine Angels on me lengthwise
From the crown of my head to the soles of
my feet.

I pray Peter, I pray Paul,
I pray Mary Virgin, and her Son,
I pray the Twelve Apostles,
That I may not die this night.

O God, and Mary all-glorious,
Jesus, Son of the gentle Virgin!
Save us from the pains of hell,
And from the fire that's never quenched.

The Christus.

BY GERTRUDE FITZPATRICK.

(CONCLUSION.)

IN his room over McMillan's Jef
fought a desperate battle that night,
and won at least a temporary victory.

And now there sprang up in him a
strange deference toward Eaton. He
could not seem to dissociate him from
the part he had played. During their
short conversation in the dimly lighted
street he had surprised Eaton's secret:
he was striving to live a life as nearly
Christlike as his human nature would
permit, and Jef had a fierce desire to be
near him. He sought him out, not ob-
trusively, but content to sit in the same
room with him, a silent listener, seem-

ing to find a certain strength in his company; and Eaton, instead of resenting his attendance, appeared to understand and encourage it. Gradually the two men began to draw close to each other.

Father Stanley, also, developed a habit of calling on Jef for his professional help at the most unexpected times—work that served to distract him from his besetting vice and keep his mind occupied. Before long he realized he was building up a small practice among the poor of the parish; and in the most casual way patients began to drift back to his office. Each day he found his work increasing; and humbly and anxiously he went about it, striving above all things to justify the faith of his two friends.

But his old enemy was by no means vanquished. There were nights when it seemed as though all the armies of the infernal regions massed their strength against him, when despair rode him and he drank deep, and invariably followed days of deep remorse and self-abasement. After one of these lapses he went to Father Stanley, and spoke to him out of the bitterness of his heart:

"It's no use, Father, I can't overcome it. I've fought like a demon, but it's got me hard and fast."

"Of course you can't, Jef," Father Stanley spoke cheerfully. "I never expected you could." The tone of his voice hurt Jef.

"Why not?" he asked sullenly.

"Because," Father Stanley's face became grave, "you've tried to do it all yourself,—you've forgotten God."

For a moment Jef stood looking at him, then he said softly: "You're right, I've forgotten God."

The following Sunday he appeared at Mass, and two weeks later joined his fellow-parishioners at Communion. Then began an earnest, continuous effort to overcome his vice. The weekly Mass drifted into a daily one, the

monthly Communion to a weekly Communion; and before he realized it, that, too, had become a daily practice. The bottle still remained in the instrument case, but the time began to stretch longer between each renewal, and when one night, after hours of strenuous activity, he stood before it without the least desire to draw the cork, he knew that at last the battle was won, and the grace of God had conquered.

And in this new life opening up to him he found a happiness greater than he had ever dreamed possible. The lines of dissipation were beginning to fade from his face, and his figure grew slim and youthful. If his eyes at times shadowed the struggles through which he had passed, they showed, too, a humility and gentleness born of this new Jef that attracted people to him. Secretly he realized the spiritual forces responsible for his regeneration, and he was deeply grateful. Toward Eaton, especially, he cherished a friendship that tightened the bond already established between them. They fell into the habit of meeting after early Mass and breakfasting together; and on hot summer nights, when Jef after office hours would follow his last patient down the stairs, he would find Eaton waiting in the obscurity of the doorway, and together they would swing into step and wander off into the cool sweetness of some country road. Sometimes they talked—long, intimate, self-revealing talks,—and sometimes they just drifted along in silence, understanding and reflecting each other's mood, and content with each other's company.

But there was one subject Eaton never discussed, although several times Jef had broached it to him. Professionally he could not help noting the deepening flush in Eaton's cheeks and the unhealthy whiteness of his skin. One morning when they met after Mass he looked so wretched that Jef broke out in remonstrance:

"Jack you're all in. Come up to the office and let me treat you." Eaton shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm all right, Jef. Nothing the matter with me."

"But you're not all right. I'm worried sick about you. If you keep on growing thin you won't be able to play the Christus this Lent. Be a good fellow, and—"

"Did you know," Eaton interrupted, "that Father Stanley is going to run it all during Holy Week?"

"The Play? No, I didn't; but its another reason why you should go under treatment. The strain on you will be terrific. I'm dead in earnest, Jack, let me"—but again Eaton interrupted:

"He wants us to help him rewrite some of the lines. Will you do it?"

"Of course, I'll be glad to." He saw the uselessness of renewing the conversation. However, with the coming of cool weather Eaton's health improved, much to Jef's relief.

The Passion Play by this time had become so well advertised that people from neighboring towns were writing for reservations, and the whole parish entered into preparation with a zest that presaged a big success. Many were the conferences held in the rectory where the two friends worked with Father Stanley on a revision of the play, and in this work Jef was of immense assistance. He had a sense of the dramatic the other men lacked, and Eaton willingly put himself in his hands.

"You interpret the lines so beautifully," he said to him, "that I wish you'd go over them with me. Even the coach can't put the feeling in them you do. Where do you get it from, Jef?"

Jef looked down at the page he was editing.

"It's my thanksgiving," he said vaguely.

Eaton nodded—"I understand, old man, sorry I asked."

"Oh, that's all right—forget it."

Even to his friend Jef would have found it hard to explain that his "thanksgiving" was just his outpouring of gratitude for Divine favor, so he put it all into his work, and when Father Stanley started rehearsals he entered into them with an eagerness that surprised even himself. As Holy Week drew near the cast rehearsed nightly, and by this time he knew every part in the play. Under his deft direction, Eaton was creating a far finer interpretation of his rôle than his first attempt had been, but he was beginning to look fagged out again, and Jef grew anxious.

A week before the opening night there came a sudden change in the weather that brought on an epidemic of colds. Eaton appeared at rehearsal with deeply flushed cheeks and a rack-ing cough.

Father Stanley peremptorily ordered him home to bed. Next morning Jef telephoned him. He answered in a husky voice, but insisted he was much better and would soon be around. The epidemic now began to assume such proportions that Jef found himself almost unable to cope with it. Influenza broke out among his patients, and for two days and two nights he had scarcely an hour's unbroken sleep. On the third night, as he was dropping into his chair, worn with fatigue, he received an urgent call from Father Stanley—Eaton had pneumonia—would he come up right away? He forgot his weariness and rushed up to Eaton's house. His aunt, with whom he lived, opened the door.

"He's awfully sick, Doctor Bartley," she said in a whisper, "I'm afraid he's not going to get better."

"Nonsense, of course, he's going to get better"—he pushed past her toward the sick room. Inside were Father Stanley and a trained nurse. One glance at the bed, and he knew that only a miracle would save him. But God would

work that miracle, he told himself. He simply wouldn't let him die. He must be saved to play the Christus.

Father Stanley whispered to him, "I've been waiting for a conscious moment to give him Holy Communion." Jef nodded.

"Anyone been attending him?"

"Yes, a specialist from Stonington, but the 'flu' hit the place so hard he can't get away. He told us to call some one else, and I sent for you because I knew you would do everything possible."

He answered briefly: "I sure will, Father, let's get to work."

It was one of those cases where the crisis comes quickly; and Jef knew it was due some time before morning. About two o'clock he prevailed upon the aunt to lie down and sent the nurse with her. "There's nothing we can do now but wait," he told Father Stanley, and the two men took their places beside the bed.

Jack Eaton was fighting hard for every breath he drew, but toward dawn his breathing grew easier, and as the first streak of light appeared in the room he opened his eyes and looked about. Father Stanley went to the little table in the corner. Eaton's eyes fastened on the crucifix and the two flickering candles, and he smiled understandingly. The priest motioned to Jef, and he put his arm around the sick man and lifted him up. He was praying desperately with all his heart—"Don't let him die—You won't let him die, will You?—he's got to live for the Passion Play—You'll spare him, won't You?"

"May the body of Our Lord Jesus Christ," Father Stanley was saying in Latin, "preserve thy soul unto life everlasting—Amen," and he laid the Sacred Host on Eaton's tongue. Jef felt a trembling as of ecstasy, pass through Eaton's body, and again he prayed: "Oh, God, spare me this friend who means so much to me, won't You?" Sud-

denly Eaton's weight was lifted from him. He was sitting up in bed.

"*Domine non sum dignus*," he said in a loud voice. His eyes were fixed on the table where the two lighted candles sputtered in the gray dawn; then unexpectedly he turned his face up to Jef's—"The Christus," he whispered with a radiant smile, and collapsed in his arms. With gentle force Father Stanley took the limp body from him and laid it reverently back upon the bed. Weak and stunned with grief, Jef sank to his knees beside it. The miracle indeed had happened—the miracle of death. He dared not let himself think of the future without Eaton—and the Passion Play. Again there flashed before him the scene of the desolate Calvary with its lonely cross, but the cross was empty.

"Don't grieve for him, Jef," the priest said softly; "it was meant to be. I wish we were all so sure of Heaven."

"Father"—the words were wrung from him in the agony of his suffering, "what are we—going—to do—for a—a—Christus?"

"We won't worry about that now."

"I don't know anyone else who—"

"Listen, son, he knew he was doomed, had known it for a couple of years. This pneumonia only hastened the inevitable. Months ago we talked it over, and settled on our man in case—anything happened. You will play it, won't you, Jef?" He put his arm across Jef's stooped shoulders, "it was his dying wish, you know."

Jef raised haggard, incredulous eyes to the priest's, then his glance fell to the still countenance upon the pillow. The peace that passeth all understanding lay heavily upon it.

"*Domine non sum dignus*," he whispered with a hoarse sob, and buried his face in the bedclothes.

WHEN you don't feel like saying your prayers, may be the very time you ought to say them.

Wind and Wave.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

THE wind within the forest dim,
 I heard it as I musing sat,
 Seemed singing Mary's deathless hymn,
 Her heaven-inspired *Magnificat*.
 And when I walked beside the shore
 And heard the murmur of the sea,
 The sound repeated o'er and o'er
 Was like Our Lady's Rosary.

The Mystery of Millesimo.

INTEREST in the psychic mystery of Millesimo Castle, Italy, which has been revived by the Margery case in this country, centres in the séances recorded by Prof. Ernesto Bozzano, in a book of which we now have an English translation, by Mrs. Kelley-Hack. It is alleged that in a series of séances in the summer months of 1927 and 1928, the most astounding phenomena occurred at the Castle, and were witnessed by several persons. The present proprietor, having lost his eldest son, an airman, killed in 1926, being eager to hear his voice again, went with his wife to London in order to consult mediums who might furnish living-voice manifestations. There he discovered that he himself possessed remarkable mediumistic powers. On one occasion when they were manifested, the Marchesa, a heavy person herself, was raised, in a heavy chair, several feet from the ground. Strong male voices were heard speaking not only local dialects (e. g., Sicilian, Venetian, etc.), but also German, French, English and Latin. Strange "apports" were brought into the room through locked doors from various parts of the castle. These included a halbert six feet long, which no one without detection could have secreted about his person, a big saw, an ivy plant four feet high with its pot, and a large doll. Most stupendous of all, the Marchese Centurione

himself, while the doors remained locked, the keys still in the locks on the inside of the door, was on one occasion transported out of the séance room without warning given or any indication of what was happening. By degrees the circle of ten persons, sitting in darkness, became aware that the principal medium was no longer with them. The Marchesa was much alarmed, the light was turned on, and for more than two hours search was made in vain through the Castle. Eventually a clue was given by automatic writing; and the master of the house was found in the stables, breathing stertorously in a deep trance, the door of the little room in which he was discovered being locked on the outside, with the key in the lock.

In a leading article about this psychic mystery, the *London Times* says:

It must be confessed that, surprising as the phenomena at the Castle Millesimo must appear, we can not shut our eyes to the fact that the mediums concerned are in no sense professionals, or open to the suspicion of any obvious ulterior motive. The signatures are attached to the following declaration referring to the occurrences on July 29, 1928, when the Marchese Centurione is alleged to have been "asported": "We, the undersigned, all present at the séance held in the Marchese Centurione Scotto's castle at Millesimo on Sunday evening, July 29, declare that we have read the report written by Professor Ernesto Bozzano, and that we find it absolutely correct in all its particulars."

All the signatories were people of some social standing. Besides his wife, the Marchesa, with Signor Rossi and his wife, we have Professor Bozzano, Professor Castellani, and another barrister—people who certainly had some reputation to lose. If the Marchese was a confederate in his own mysterious disappearance, we are confronted by the extraordinary psychological problem that a man of high position should invite a number of guests to his house to play a silly trick upon them which seems to have caused them, and his wife in particular, the most acute

alarm and distress. Moreover, it is extremely hard to imagine how the voices could have been faked without the aid of confederates; for the Marchese himself knows neither German nor English, nor even the Sicilian dialect in which the control chiefly conversed.

Very strange things of this kind do take place betimes in many places, though they are often left unrecorded. We remember that in a case of demoniacal possession in the United States, of which the late Fr. Finnotti, S. J., gave a detailed account, large quantities of clothing were cut to pieces in crescent form. Some of it may still be preserved. This case was widely known as "The Wizard Clip Case," and an account of it was published in book form.

A Call to Prayer.

THE readers of THE AVE MARIA have so often demonstrated their charity toward the suffering Christians in China by generous donations of money, that we feel there will be a hearty response to this distant call for the charity of their prayers. The Right Reverend Edward J. Galvin, Bishop of Hanyang, writes a pitiful letter begging the prayers of the Sisters and Catholic lay people in this country for two of his priests who have been captured by Chinese bandits, and for the safety of whose lives he has grave fears. His letter tells the story.

During Easter Week—on the 25th April—some of us suffered a terrible experience. In an important town, a hundred miles from our headquarters at Hanyang, we have a large mission centre which then included a convent of five Sisters of St. Columban. It happened that at the time two other priests and myself were staying with the pastor and his assistant, so that we numbered ten in all. At an early hour in the morning the town was surrounded by Communists, attacked, and in very short time was completely in their hands. One of the priests and myself were just finishing Mass about 6 a. m. when the mission compound and church were invaded by a rab-

ble, everyone of whom carried a rifle or revolver. Everywhere could be heard cries of "kill," "kill!" Sentries were quickly posted at every possible exit, and those five Sisters, the four priests, and myself, were at the mercy of the brigands. Our doom seemed sealed. I cannot tell you the horrors of our situation, the dread emotions that palpitated within us. We priests did not fear so much for our own lives as for those gentle nuns who were threatened with something worse than death. We knew it was the intention of the rabble to take all of us into captivity, if not to kill us outright as had been done to other bishops and priests in other parts of the country only a short time before.

We saw the church, the largest in the vicariate, being desecrated. Thank God, we had consumed the Blessed Sacrament and concealed the sacred vessels. A life-size statue of Our Blessed Lady was thrown from its pedestal and smashed to atoms, the altars were stripped bare, the vestments carried off, and everything of a conveniently portable nature quickly disappeared. The convent was looted in the same thorough fashion, every room and drawer being ransacked till the Sisters were destitute of everything except what they stood in.

We waited in agonizing suspense to learn what our fate should be. We were made aware of it when two men, presenting revolvers, demanded that the pastor, Father Laffan, should go with them. There was no help for it. My arguments and pleadings, inspired by affection for a comrade and dread fears for his life, were of no avail. He knelt before one of us for absolution, then went out bravely with his armed guard, saying with a smile that he would meet us at the other side of the grave.

To my dying day that awful picture will always be in my mind—the picture of that brave man going out to die. I could think of nothing but the nobility of his sacrifice and the anguish of his widowed mother when she would hear of it. I saw her, and she seemed to be before me with a vividness and a reality which I can neither describe nor analyze. So far I had tried to be steady and to keep my balance, but now a strange weakness had come over me. I could feel the tears running down my face, and there was a choking sensation in my throat. The bandits were all around me, but I did not see them. I walked up and down in front of the house trying to hold myself in check. After some time I tried to speak about it to the priests and Sisters. I

thought I was calm again but found I could not go on. They were steady, but there was a tense, anxious look on their faces. One of the Sisters said, "Monsignor, offer him up to God, —God will take care of him."

About an hour passed and the bandits returned. This time it was to take the assistant, Father Linehan, whom they demanded by name. Again I pleaded, but in vain; and Father Linehan, saying simply, "I'll go," and showing no signs of nervousness, was led away by his captors.

We felt sure our turn was coming too, and speculated only as to who should be the next. My heart was torn with anxiety for our Sisters. But what could I do? It was unthinkable that the priests should be taken one by one like this till the Sisters were left utterly defenseless. I determined that with the next demand all of us, priests and Sisters, would go together. Since the first sight of those Communist bandits in the early morning my uppermost thought—and it beat in my brain like a hammer—was to save the Sisters at all costs. My every sense was strung to the highest pitch to perceive a means of escape for them. Again, in desperation, I went the round of the compound hoping against hope to find some exit unguarded. My heart jumped at perceiving that the sentries had left their post at the back gate—doubtless to get their share of the spoils—but armed men were stationed at various other points. It was a slender chance, but the best that had offered during the tense six and a half hours that we were prisoners. I decided to make a dash for it and trust in God. It meant taking our lives in our hands. We probably would be shot at sight if discovered in the act of escaping, but our lives seemed forfeited anyway, and we felt justified in taking the risk.

I hastily made my plans and rushed back for the Sisters and the two remaining priests. By a ruse we got past a sentry that barred our way, and with our hearts in our mouths sped on towards the rear. We got through the gate and out into a friendly clump of trees. Cautiously slipping from one clump of trees to another, and availing of everything that screened us from view of the compound, we reached a nearby village. We paused a moment while the Sisters removed their white head-dress which we feared might be easily seen from a distance, then took to unbeaten paths through the fields of tall wheat. Suddenly one of the party espied a small group of bandits coming towards us and immediately we threw ourselves down in the wheat,

waiting with bated breath. We feared we had been seen, but thank God, they passed us by at a short distance—six of them with rifles slung on their backs. We continued on our perilous course, but now well outside the town, the country people, who guessed our plight, directed our steps and showed us every sign of friendship and sympathy. Reaching a river about a mile beyond the town we lost no time in crossing, and then at last we breathed freely. After resting a little the priests procured boats and accompanied the Sisters on the two days' journey to Hanyang and safety. It was most truly a marvellous escape, and we thank God for it with overflowing hearts, especially that the Sisters were unharmed.

I spent the night at a small mission station, and in the morning, hearing that the bandits had left the town, went back to the ruins of our church hoping to get tidings of my captured priests and keep in touch with them as well as I could; but word came that the bandits were returning and I had to flee again. That whole district has since become an imminent danger zone, and it is only by the greatest vigilance that I am escaping capture. It is now a month since that terrible day and I have no certain knowledge where the priests are being held; I have no certain knowledge whether they are alive or dead, and I am tortured with anxiety.

My priests are offering their Masses for their safety, the Sisters of my two convents are daily pleading for them before Our Lord exposed on the altar, my Christians unite with us their tears and suffrages. My purpose in sending you this lengthy narrative is to enlist your sympathy and prayers in our behalf, to ask you to join your earnest supplications with ours for the lives of those two noble missionaries whose love of souls and loyalty to duty have made them such heroes.

BY not correcting small faults, we do ourselves a double injury at one and the same time. First, we lose, little by little, that fear which restrains us from greater sin. For venial sins do not show their effects at once as grave sins do, but produce them after the manner of a blunt file or blade. Hence we are apt to regard them as of no consequence. The second injury is that in contemning small sins our ill-regulated passions are increased more and more.

Congressional Summer Complaint.

THE torrid days of July tend to make many of us sharp and abrupt. We half remember that there are a dozen causes of complaint for those who make an intensive search for them. Business is not moving, the stock on our shelves is not turning, Congress is tied up in a hard, twisted knot, the President is playing a wary game and is checkmated every other day.

So every group of two or more is a wailing wall. The "Hoover prosperity flag" is unfurled—a pocket turned inside out. But of what use is all this? If a ruler has not the leaders of his own party with him, he is not likely to command the assent and respect of the opposition. Of course, Congress has considerable power to keep a President from doing much of anything, but it can also stand full in the way of the national good. The situation seems to be this: the President has something of a definite program, has some aim and hope and plan to help the country at a time of real industrial and financial distress, and also a long-time scheme for heading off our criminal progress. The program of Congress appears to be merely to oppose the President. This is scarcely a positive or constructive line of endeavor. If one man or group of men fails to offer us the best legislation for the people's welfare, it is well to show the inadequacy of the proffered outline, but it is only a beginning and remains negative. The truth is ever more and more plain that the wild men of Congress, or the very tame ones, or the moderate in-betweens, have not a comprehensive and practical program that commends itself on the ground of promising to serve the well-being of the American people.

In these warm days we have the very foolish fun that certain Congressmen try to poke at Mr. Hoover's wish, in spite of short allowances, to keep the

Crime Commission on its feet. He proposes, or threatens, to raise the needed funds by private means, if Congress leaves him crippled. There is nothing ridiculous or outlandish about this scheme. If the work is crying out to be done, let it be done; even in hard times, we are not too poor to undertake the minimum required for the protection and betterment of social and individual life. But to raise the money by private means, says Congress,—this is "government by donation." No matter; governments could be so run, and perhaps at times and in part they should be so run. But we are not used to this method, and all of us, especially those of us who are little educated or experienced, are ready to laugh at new things: of course, we never saw or heard them before, and had not the power to think of them. So we laugh and ridicule, not because the practical situation does not demand the step, but because it had never before broken into our narrow walled city.

We tend to load the President with the virtues and the sins of our whole society. If stocks rise, he is a great financier; if they tumble, he is incompetent and indifferent. If industry and trade should again boom, he rides on top of the boom; if they continue to slump, he is everywhere marked out as the pillager of us all. The truth is that though the President is able by his action to contribute more than any one other man to the welfare of the country, he is by no means all powerful. There are sharp turns of national fortune which he may not reasonably be expected to blunt, enormous tidal waves that, foreknown for months, no man or nation can do much to break. If a President makes serious mistakes, by action or inaction, it is a good thing for anyone to point out the fact in a public way; but those who have a common charge with him over the public well-being may not commit repeated sins of their own in his name.

Notes and Remarks.

Daily we read the red record of envy and hatred in the murder columns of our newspapers. As we gaze in imagination at the bloody spectacle of men murdering one another, and as we see listed the trivial sources from which these tragedies often spring, we should be impressed by the necessity of keeping control over these giant emotional forces which slumber within us. Once envy and anger are given a hearing, they argue their cases so well that we harbor and feed them until they become powerful enough to dictate the very trend of our thoughts. Under that domination even the good deeds of the one hated are accepted as additional proof of his enmity. Murder is then the natural and sometimes the inevitable outcome. No mere mind-process can control these giant forces; hence the futility of offering secular education as a protection against some of the grave social evils which now threaten the nation. "Quarry the granite rock with razors," wrote the scholarly Newman, "moor the vessels with a thread of silk, then may you hope with such keen and delicate instruments as human knowledge and human reason to contend against those giants, the passions and the pride of man."

The Central Verein declares our American lack of reverence is one of our main national traits, born of a lack of spiritual and cultural life and growth. "Spiritual and cultural"; it is seldom that a Catholic writer thinks to, or bothers to, put these two words together. But it seems that in the present instance this is the way they should go. We are sorry, however, to see the learned and well-informed editors and social workers lump off "humanism" with a heterogeneous lot of other 'isms. To charge a group or a movement with an 'ism, with rationalism (which should

not be irrationalism, if anything) or fideism, is too general and too sweeping; and after all, it is not pointed or detailed. It is ineffective, and awaits explanations and distinctions. Yet on the main issue we are at one with the Central Verein, as we so often are. We also believe the spirit of reverence is a factor without which human life does not come nearly to its best, that it is due to parents, priests, instructors, rulers, old people, and most of all to God the Father of all. It is a fundamental requirement that we should honor father and mother, and it is a great and beautiful practice for men and women to make a practice of giving a proper reverence to all things, not only to all persons but to all animals and all inanimate creatures. So the good sense of asking us as parents, writers and educators to cherish and cultivate reverence.

If one needed an argument for the necessity of Catholic schools and colleges, he could find a very cogent one in the dogmatic pronouncements of some university professors. Here are a few words from Professor Hornell Hart, of Bryn Mawr College, delivered before the first national congress of Mental Hygiene. We quote from the *Brooklyn Tablet*: "Orderliness, obedience, conformity, chastity, monogamy — such ideals are valid only if they promote deeper and more vital values; only if they serve to bring personalities into blossom; only if they call out to the full possibilities of the self; only if they make for rich, intense, growing experience." What does the Professor mean? Why does he say "only"? What will orderliness, obedience, conformity, chastity and monogamy, if lived up to, promote but deeper and more vital values in life? What can better bring personalities into blossom than this obedience to the laws of God and nature. Surely it is not an experiment. History shows us

the lives of saints, clerics and lay, celibates and married, who had high and deep values of life, and whose personalities blossomed with a fragrance that still enriches the world. "Only" by living up to these ideals, to these laws, can one really hope for "rich, intense growing experience."

A correspondent of the *Commonweal*, bearing the honored name of William Everett, hazards three guesses on the final outcome of Prohibition. Good guesses they are:

(1) That by calling out the entire force of law and government control, the manufacture and sale of all alcohol beverages will be stopped; in which case the great multitudes who now vote dry without practising self-control on their own part, including bootleggers and moonshiners and all who prosper because of that law, will come over to the wet side in a body, and, demanding a referendum, tip the balance in favor of repeal. (2) That the actual impossibility of enforcing the law will in time be brought home to the people of the country at large, and the law in question will be repealed. (3) That the law will stand forever just as it is now, as have the old "Blue Laws" of a past generation, and like those will be completely forgotten by most of us and our descendants.

Despite the enthusiastic report that lecturers sometimes give of the success of the Soviet régime, the stories brought back by American eye-witnesses are sorry ones. One can easily believe that where religion is regarded as an opiate for the people, charity will grow cold, and selfishness will rule those who come into power. According to Percy Chapman and Robert Stribe, two mechanical engineers in the employ of the Allis-Chalmers Company, who have just returned from Russia, "The people are in a wretched state in Russia and take no interest in anything, as they feel they have nothing to live for. All they can

get is black bread and tea—no sugar. The necessities of life are exported by the Government for gold. We saw four and five persons living in one room six feet square.

"Living conditions are far worse in Russia to-day than they were before the war under the Czars, and there is no liberty. Discontent is rife everywhere in Russia, and I feel sure that a revolt will occur against the rule of tyranny now existing. People are afraid to talk because of the Soviets' spies lurking about, but one can see the misery on all sides."

In all his vigorous championing of higher education, the Rev. Dr. George Johnson never forgets that what makes most for the development of man is a right understanding of his relation to God and to other men. In an excellent article in a recent number of *America* he writes:

"The challenge that the National Catholic Educational Association must meet is this—to understand the spirit of Jesus Christ and to interpret that spirit to the children in the elementary schools, to the pupils in the high schools, to the students in college and university, to the chosen souls in the novitiate and the seminary, in such fashion as to reveal to them the charity of Christ which surpasses all understanding, and to inspire them with a burning zeal to devote their lives unto the establishment of the kingdom of Christ."

The actor, perhaps more than any other professional man, enjoys the applause of the crowd. It is the immediate reward for the hard weeks and months of rehearsal. It is, too, the standard by which he must judge his success. But it is fleeting, also; and the audience easily changes in its likes and dislikes. The actor, therefore, perhaps more than other men, realizes how vain

are the plaudits of men, and how, when the tumult and the shouting die, there must be something more lasting,—a higher approval for the conduct of life to make it worth while. A news item tells us of a noted opera singer, a member of the Chicago Opera Company, who has left the lights of the stage for the gray quiet of the convent, where she will be clothed in the habit of a Sister of Mercy, some time in August. We know, too, of a famous singer who delighted American audiences a generation ago, and who now presides as superior of a convent of cloistered nuns of very strict observance.

The actions of Bishop Cannon before the Senate Committee recently were such as to stir up the indignation of a great many people. Frank R. Kent, a special writer for the *Baltimore Sun*, gives a vivid picture of the scene and makes a prophecy which seems to be true, much as it reflects upon the character of the committee of the Senate. It isn't a pretty picture that he sketches, but neither was it an edifying situation that he was called upon to reproduce for us. Here are a few characteristic sentences from his write-up:

The question is, Can the Bishop get away with it? His contempt to-day of the Senate was not only legal, but physical, mental, moral and spiritual. He showed all the contempt there is. He did everything except stick out his tongue at the committee. He might as well have spit on it.

He left the stand, after a prepared exhortation in which he again invidiously mentioned the Catholic Church, with a face congested with anger, and malignant glances darting from his small eyes. His carriage, his air, his words, his looks and his departure were eloquent of loathing. He squarely turned his back on a member in the middle of a sentence. He left abruptly, discourteously, deliberately. It was supreme contempt. The bland tolerance that had characterized him the first two

days was shed like a coat. He was a different person. In the space of five minutes he revealed himself as a truculent, savage, bad-mannered man, full of rancor and resentment. He was anything but the picture of a persecuted minister of God.

He was the picture of a man who had his enemies in a place to strike them, and regretted he could not strike harder. So far as the Senate is concerned it was an unprecedented spectacle. He had not been provoked. He had been treated with extreme courtesy by the always courteous Walsh, even by the wet and cloudy Blaine. The sneers and jeers that have been the portion of so many witnesses under Mr. Caraway were noticeably absent in his case. No one here can recall as direct and deliberate a slap such as this Senate committee got from Mr. Cannon. And slapping the committee slaps the Senate squarely in the face.

The question not only is, Can the Bishop get away with it, but will the Senate let him get away with it? It is hard to see how it can and keep a pretense of self-respect. It seems a degrading thing if it does. It will not only leave this committee in a humiliating position, but will render ridiculous future Senate investigations. Yet the belief is the Bishop will get away with it, and the Senate will let him.

We were surprised to see in a recent number of a Catholic weekly, usually temperate and well informed, an editorial expression which seems slightly off balance. It begins with a kind of frontal attack on the New Humanism as "this new pseudo-religion." Then it veers to "the new morality," which we should think in large part another question, and which is said to be "quite probably a rejection of orthodoxy." The writer is back and forth, and we shall not try to follow him through; but for all his zeal we are led to think that his own sentence on what he calls almost any of the "more prominent leaders in modern morality" is not plainly

untrue of himself: namely, that "the author is far more interested in destroying than in weighing the values of any system." If this is so, it is unfortunate. Of course, it is hard to define the New Humanism, getting in every true born son and throwing out any tainted with unorthodoxy. But the men who lead the movement are, to say the least, far from hostile to Christian ideals and standards. In fact, they oppose the men and doctrines that, for the most part, the Catholic, if intelligent and articulate, also opposes: in terms of "isms," their enemies are naturism, materialism, monism. The Church, we may say, is not particularly interested in promoting these philosophies; and so far the New Humanism is her ally and friend. We think the movement worth study and, let us not say following, but leading; and we ask interested readers to re-read the article on the subject by Louis Mercier in *The Commonweal* (last issue of May), and to think over this statement quoted from Irving Babbitt, the central figure in the humanists' camp: "Under certain conditions that are already partly in sight, the Catholic Church may perhaps be the only institution left in the Occident that can be counted upon to uphold civilized standards."

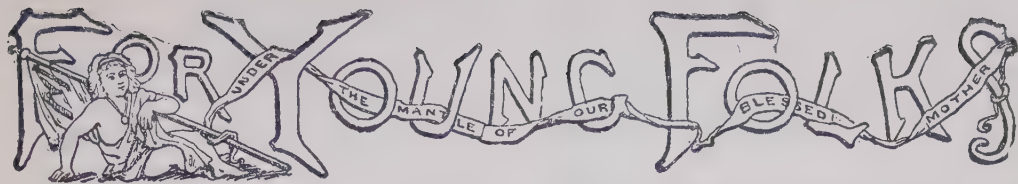
"Many of the cases of ulceration of the stomach, now so common, which I have to treat," declares an old physician, "are caused by too great a variety of food, and by eating and drinking hurriedly,—as if to catch a train, or to make a record, as the phrase is." And he often says to his patients: "Never read at meals; it retards digestion. Have your coffee made with the milk in it—have it hot in any case. Cold coffee would ruin the stomach of a Comanche Indian. Don't busy your brain immediately after eating; let it have a rest while digestion is in progress. Never mix drinks. I am often reminded

of the old Roman maxim: *Post vinum lac, testamentum fac*,—if you will drink milk after drinking wine, telephone for your lawyer, and make your will. Indigestion is brought on slowly, and is not to be got rid of with an occasional pill. Take a good long walk once in a while, and see how it goes. My advice is better than my prescriptions, but people always prefer to take medicine rather than to take advice."

Fond hope is entertained by the Sisters of Providence and the Brothers of St. Joseph, now of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, founded at Ruillé, France, at the time of the Revolution, by Father James Francis Dujarié, that many prayers are being offered for his beatification. His spiritual children, numbering many hundreds, who are doing God's work in four Continents, revere him with sentiments of deepest gratitude and affection. He is regarded as a Confessor of the Faith, and came very near martyrdom during the French Revolution. Having been ordained in secrecy, he was often obliged to disguise himself as a shepherd, a weaver, a pedler, and even as a soldier. His death occurred in 1838.

A widely travelled journalist puts the number of American Catholic millionaires at ten thousand according to the *Providence Visitor*. We think the estimate by far too high. At least we hope it is, for if we were compelled to divide the actual donations of Catholic wealth by ten thousand potential givers the *per-capita* record would be more than embarrassingly low.

A sad fact, attested by many observers, is the increase of insanity, which is attributed to the intensity of modern life—"to the progress of civilization," says one. In the Middle Ages a single hospital for the insane sufficed for a whole country.



The Mansion.

BY ALICE PAULINE CLARK.

"In My Father's house there are many mansions."

SO vast a place is Paradise,
I often wonder if the eyes

Of little ones who go, can tell
The Mansion where the children dwell.

I wish I were a guide! And oh,
As soon, as soon as I shall go

I'll hunt through that sweet throng to see
If there is any room for me.

The Mansion where the children stay!
Oh, many, many times a day

Along its shining, singing street
Will come the Virgin Mother's feet.

She will caress and bless each child;—
Their Heaven is brighter that she smiled.

(The Mansion where the children stay!)
I'll run to meet her on her way,

And kneel and kiss her garment's hem,
And pray I may be one of them.

"I'm happier here than anywhere!
Then may I stay?—Take, God, my prayer."
Belovéd, You will find me there.

Goldilocks.

BY VIRGINIA MCSHERRY.

ONCE upon a time there was a shop in old Gloucester at the corner of Juniper street and Greenberry alley, known as the Thorn and Thistle. Over the door was a sign on one end of which was painted a thorn branch and on the other end a thistle, to represent the name of the firm, Thorn & Thistle. The door had an upper and a lower half, and when you pushed the door open, a little bell jangled overhead.

Some people called the place Old Curiosity Shop, for they did not know what else to call it as there were so many things inside. You could not say it was a toyshop, for there were other things there, and besides, dolls and tin horns did not seem to belong to a place where people came for a handful of eightpenny nails or a screw-driver.

About Christmastime there were pears and apples of pink and white sugar candy hung on strings in the window, and on the counter was a tray of gingerbread dolls and rabbits, all with allspice eyes, and a bowl of little cookies known as cry-babies.

One dark evening in December, when you could hear the snow fiddles singing in the chimney, Uncle Peter, as he was called by the children in the neighborhood, the owner of the shop, went outside to put up the shutter on the shop window as it was getting late for customers. He heard a child crying somewhere near and following the direction of the sound down Greenberry Alley, he came to the "Tangle" or Angle, a triangular space fringed around with shrubbery, where, in fine weather, children could play without getting under a horse's hoofs or the wheels of a dray in the street. By the light of the street lamp he saw coming towards him a little figure with outstretched arms. As he picked up the child the sobbing ceased, the little head rested on his shoulder and the chubby hands held tight to his rough coat collar. Uncle Peter was mystified! There was no one in sight and the lights were out in nearly all the houses. He could not go around knocking at the doors and asking if the people inside missed any of their children. He hurried home through the shop into the small back

parlor where his widowed sister, Dame Eusebia Thorn, was closing the stove drafts and raking the coals for the night. She turned with the poker in her uplifted hand.

"Peter Thistle!" she exclaimed. "What in the world—"

"Don't scold, Eusebia," said her brother as mildly as his excitement would permit. "Is there any of the milk left that I bought this morning for the little cat?"

"To be sure there is," she returned. "Yesterday you brought home a stray kitten and to-night what *are* you bringing? Not a baby?"

"Yes, a poor little waif I found down in the 'Tangle,' nearly famished and half-frozen, sobbing as if its heart would break. I cannot think where it belongs."

"Stir up the fire, warm the milk, get some bread from the cupboard," ordered Eusebia as if she were in command of the quarter-deck of a man-of-war, as she hastened to carry out her own orders. The little arms went tight around Uncle Peter's neck until he was blue in the face and nearly choked, but when the child saw the bread and milk she slipped down into Eusebia's arms and eagerly drank the milk holding out her hand for the bread.

"But, Eusebia," said her brother, "do they have teeth when they are that size?"

"Peter Thistle!" Eusebia said. "You know no more about babies than you do about kittens! Giving that little cat meat for its supper instead of a saucer of milk! Now let us have that bread, and we will show you whether or not we have teeth. And now what are you going to do?"

"I think I will write a card saying, 'Found a Little Girl. Inquire within' and put it in the shop window to-morrôw."

"And you might add: 'Also a Stray Kitten,'" said his sister.

"Now, Eusebia, you know we ought

to have a cat. Last Tuesday night I left one of the dolls out of the case and in the morning I found a mouse had nibbled a hole in the body, and there were little heaps of sawdust on the counter. We need a cat."

"Yes, one that gets under your feet at every step and wants to go out when it's in and wants to come in when it's out. I don't care what you do to-morrow, but go now and bring that deep lower drawer from the shop, the one you keep your broken dolls in, and set it on two chairs beside my bed with two pillows and a warm blanket inside. This child is half dead for sleep."

While Peter is carrying out these orders you will have time to learn about those broken dolls in the lower drawer. Uncle Peter was a master hand at mending things that were broken. He kept his tool chest handy, and the glue pot was always on the stove, so that if a neighbor brought in a damaged piece of furniture, as a chair with a loosened leg or a weak back, he could soon carry it home almost as good as new. Or when a little mother brought her doll telling how it fell out of the cart made of a soap box, or how "Me and Minny Jones both wanted her and her arms came out," Uncle Peter would take the case in hand; and if it were beyond redemption he would sometimes make an even trade on a penny doll and put the broken one in his lower drawer. He often placed a new head on old shoulders, or substituted an arm or limb, even if the "rejuvenated party," as he called the mended doll, had to limp through life with one limb shorter than the other.

By this time the little head is resting on the pillow, the blue eyes closed in slumber, and Uncle Peter is tip-toeing around, or, as we say now, pussy footing about so as not to wake the little one.

Early the next morning he brought down a little chair that had been

mended and never called for, either because the owner had forgotten it or had not the change convenient to pay for repairs, and placed it before the fire. It was at once occupied by the little visitor with the kitten in her arms. Both had a fine breakfast of bread and milk and were in a good humor with all the world.

"Where Jackie is?" called the baby voice when she saw Uncle Peter.

"I don't know," said Uncle Peter trying hard to recall some one of that name in the list of his acquaintances. "I wonder where Jackie is?"

"Gone away," said the baby.

"And where is mother?" asked Eusebia, who was putting away the breakfast things.

"Gone away," was the answer to this, then very wistfully—"I want Peggy."

"Where is Peggy?" inquired Peter.

"Gone away too," answered the little stranger.

"Why," said Eusebia, "everyone has gone away but you and me and Polly and Peter and the cat."

The little one did not even know her own name. There was no information to be had from that quarter nor from the neighbors and customers who came to the store. Eusebia said she remembered when the town-crier used to go around ringing his bell when a child was lost, but they did things differently now-a-days.

Polly was Eusebia's parrot. She had clumsy feet and bright eyes and nice green feathers. Now with her head on one side she listened to the conversation and soon took up the refrain. "Where's Peggy, where's Jackie?" with the answer, "Gone away!" So the dialogue was kept up between the parrot and the child, occasionally interrupted by an appeal from Polly to the kitten, "Kit, why don't you talk?" There was no love lost between these two. Eusebia said they reminded her of Punch and Judy—always ready for a fight. The

kitten was afraid of Polly's strong beak and the parrot had reason to dread kitty's sharp claws. They were afraid of each other, like some of the great nations of the earth; and that was why there was peace between them. When there were children in the shop Uncle Peter's slogan was: Look all you want but don't touch. And sometimes he was half afraid Polly would insult his dignified and respectable customers by screaming at them as they opened the door "Come in but don't handle!" And when on sunny days her cage was hung outside she would call to a customer going in, "Nobody home! All gone away!" until Eusebia would threaten to take the cage inside or cover it with a paper which was a grievous affront to Polly and took all the ginger out of her.

With a broken doll or the black kitten in her arms the little one walked after Eusebia as she went about the kitchen or followed Peter from there to the shop. The improvised crib was soon replaced by a nice little bed beside which she knelt at night to repeat the prayer Eusebia taught her:

Jesus, gentle Shepherd, through the night,
Keep your little lamb till morning light.

She learned too about her guardian angel, and her childish imagination transformed the blue and white figures on the old wall-paper into white-winged angels robed in blue. Eusebia told her about the angels and Peter told her fairy tales; and when the two became confused in her mind, Peter would explain it in this way: there would always be angels even if you should stop believing in them, which of course you never would, but with fairies it was different. As long as you believe in fairies there are fairies, but when you stop believing in them then there are no more fairies.

Time went by bringing the anniversary of the day the little waif had come to bring sunshine to the home of these good old people. Uncle Peter called her

his little Sunbeam, and said it was her birthday. That very afternoon a boy about twelve years old, wearing a blue and white checked apron and patched trousers, came to the shop on an errand for some one who wanted a lump of putty to fasten a pane of glass in a window sash. As Peter climbed on a box to reach an upper shelf the boy turned and saw the little golden-haired fairy, with her wide-open blue eyes, staring at him.

"Why, Goldilocks!" he fairly screamed. "Don't you know Jackie?"

She advanced a step or two, then said: "Where was you?"

"Where was you?" repeated Jackie; "and us hunting you everywhere!"

"Who was looking for her?" inquired Peter, as he came down from his perch.

"Me and Mom and Aunt Peggy and her daddy."

"And where are they now?" asked Peter.

"We just moved back to our old home in Halfmoon Street, and her daddy went away in a big ship and got drowned, but now he has come to and is sick; and Aunt Peggy has gone to bring Grandmussy to live with us, but they have not come yet."

"Son," said Uncle Peter, "you bring me your aunt's address; I must write her a letter."

The next day Jackie returned with a scrap of paper on which was the address, Margaret O'Leary, Glendoran, County Clare, Ireland, with the further information that Aunt Peggy had gone with her mother to see some great doctor in Dublin, and that was why Peter's letter was never answered. After that Jackie was a constant visitor. One evening after school hours, he and Goldilocks sat looking on while Peter mended a set of harness for a neighbor.

"Uncle Peter," said Jackie, "I wisht you and Goldilocks could come to our Christmas show. Timmie Ryan teached me a piece to say. I don't know it very

well yet, but if you can't come I will say it for you."

"Pray do," said Peter. "I would like to hear it." Jackie began:

I wisht I had a little dog—
I'd pat-pat his curly tail—

"Is that quite right?" asked Peter.

"Naw," said Jackie. "You put me out."

I wisht I had a little pup
I'd dog him on the head.

Uncle Peter said nothing, but nearly fell off the bench when he leaned over to get the gimlet out of the tool chest. Goldilocks sat quietly in her little chair interested but not critical.

"Tim has one about the circus," said Jackie quite unabashed. "I know his'n better'n mine."

Those before us go behind us
Riding on the rhinocinus.
Those behind us go before us
Riding on the rhinochors.

"Good for you, Jackie!" exclaimed Uncle Peter as Jackie rose to go. "Help yourself to a rabbit cake as you go out, and if to-morrow afternoon is fine suppose you come and take Goldilocks for a walk around the 'Tangle.'"

"Sposing I do," said Jackie, as he chose a nice big cake from the tray. The bunnies were in profile and needed only one allspice eye.

The next morning a beautifully dressed lady came in and placed on the counter a long, narrow box.

"Good morning, Mr. Thorn," she said pleasantly. "Or is it Mr. Thistle? When I was a little girl you mended my doll and now I have brought this one intended for my little daughter. It was sent to her from Paris by my brother who is her godfather, and the sea air or the dampness has loosened the curls on the doll's head. Perhaps you can fasten them on."

Peter thought he could and asked the lady to leave her address. It occurred to him that something might happen to this expensive doll while in his care.

"My name is Mrs. Raymond, but I do not live in Gloucester. I am going to my home in Boston in a day or two if the doll will be ready by that time."

He said it would and bidding him good morning the lady left the shop. He fastened the soft curls on the doll's head with some of his good glue, and called the children in to look at her on the counter where her stiff underskirt and the flounces on the pretty blue silk dress enabled her to stand alone. The little boy and girl were amazed and delighted, they had never seen anything half so beautiful; and when Uncle Peter experimented with a small button under the bow of her sash they could hardly believe their eyes when that Paris doll moved forward. Peter, in his excitement holding on to her arm for fear she would walk off the counter. All they could say was "Oh" and "Ah!" They expected her to rise in the air and fly out the window. In spite of their entreaties to "make her do it again!" Peter replaced the doll in the box, and set it on the shelf behind the counter while he went to tell Eusebia of the wonderful occurrence. He interrupted a conversation with a neighbor, a Scotch woman, who had just come in.

"This is not the First of April," said Eusebia, when he had told them what had happened.

"I know it is not, but I wish you had seen it for yourself," he said.

"I wish I had," she replied still incredulous.

"I would be afeard," said the Scotch-woman; "it sounds uncanny."

In the meantime Jackie had gone behind the counter followed by Goldilocks just to look at the box that contained this wonderful creature. Then he raised the lid to see if she was still inside, and as Goldilocks could not see even standing on her tip-toes he placed the doll on the counter and fumbled with the little button as he had seen Peter do, when lo and behold! the doll took a step for-

ward then collapsed and fell back on the counter. Peter came in just in time to witness the catastrophe. "My, my!" he groaned, as he replaced the doll in the box and set it on a high shelf beyond the reach of little inquisitive and meddling fingers. There was no walk that evening and no invitation to Jackie to help himself to a cake. Uncle Peter went around with a heavy heart, he thought the doll was ruined and what was he to say to Mrs. Raymond? When the lady came according to appointment, Peter gave her a full account of the tragedy. He seemed so distressed that she felt sorry for him.

"Never mind!" she said. "We did not even know that it was a walking-doll, and you have fastened the pretty curls on nicely. My little Alice will be so pleased."

Framed in the doorway she saw the little golden-haired fairy with eyes as blue as the gown she wore. She came to show Uncle Peter a scratch on her arm that kitty had inadvertently given her. Mrs. Raymond was charmed with her dainty appearance and winning ways. She bent down to look at the wounded arm and smoothing back the golden ringlets kissed the white forehead.

"What is your name, sweetheart?" she asked.

"Goldilocks," the little one shyly answered.

"Why, that is a pretty name. I used to have a dear little niece who was called Goldilocks. You must be very fond of your little girl," she said to Peter, who was listening to the conversation.

"My sister and I are very fond of our little Sunbeam," he said. "But she is not our own little girl. We do not even know her name."

Then he told how he had found her a year ago, how they had tried to discover who her people were, and how the only trace he had was the Irish address

given by the boy who was the author of the present trouble. "The one who caused all this mischief," Peter said.

"If you let me have this address," said Mrs. Raymond, "I will see what information I can obtain." She told how her brother and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Leigh, had lost all trace of their only child a year ago, and struck with the resemblance to her own little daughter she felt convinced that this was her own little niece, Rosemary Leigh. She resolved to write cautiously to her sister-in-law, fearing another disappointment would have a bad effect on her brother in his present state of health.

The foreign letters dispatched, acting on Peter's suggestion, Mrs. Raymond took the doll to a toy dealer in the city who sometimes imported mechanical toys from Dusseldorf, his native city. There was no great damage done he said after examination and no charge, which was a great relief to Peter, who would have paid all expense even if he had to be sold out by the sheriff of Gloucester County. Peggy was summoned from Ireland to identify her little charge and to explain how she had left her in the care of her sister, Jackie's mother, and how, moving from place to place, they had lost sight of each other. She took up her abode with these good people who had been so kind to the little one, nursed Eusebia in her last illness, and remained to minister to Peter and to lavish on Rosemary all the devotion of her warm Irish heart. A reassuring letter acted like a tonic on Mr. and Mrs. Leigh who returned at once to Boston to fold to their hearts their long-lost darling.

"Rosemary, that's for remembrance, my dear father says, and I must never forget good Uncle Peter's kindness," said Rosemary on her visits to Peter and Peggy who had become Mrs. Peter Thistle.

Polly was ready with her greeting. "I am Peter's Polly and Peggy's too!"

Afterwhile Jackie was employed as clerk in the large department store built on what is now Greenberry Avenue, overlooking the "Tangle," known as Webster Place since the Honorable Daniel Webster delivered there his famous Fourth-of-July oration.

Mr. and Mrs. Leigh possessed a charming personality, and with her gentle mother as her model Rosemary Leigh became all that a good, sweet girl should be, her father's devoted companion, bringing sunshine and gladness to all who loved her. Her own pathway through life was one of pleasantness, so true is it that happiness is a perfume you cannot pour on others without getting some drops on yourself.

Learned Monks and Friars.

Father Mauro, a monk of Camaldoli, drew a map of the world, away back in the year 1460. He foretold some of the great discoveries of later times. There were many other learned monks. The friars were worthy successors. Roger Bacon, a Franciscan, wrote numerous books; in one of them he describes reading glasses, without which many people nowadays would be unable to make out a word. He was assisted by a Father Spina, who was, perhaps the very first to develop the discovery of convex glasses. He is referred to in an old book as "an humble, good man, who used to write down whatever he saw or heard that would be of help to others."

Friar Pacioli was the author of the first book on algebra known in Europe. Friar Leonard, of Fiesoli, was famous for his knowledge of astronomy and mathematics; and so on. The list would be a very long one.

THAT boy, who says he never saw the sun rise, has missed the grandest sight that any one ever saw since the world began.—*Anon.*

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Death of Yesterday" is the title of a new book by Mr. Stephen Graham, who has become distinguished for mastery of lucid and sometimes splendid prose.

—"Thomas Aquinas" is the latest volume in the "Leaders of Philosophy" series. It is by Fr. M. C. D'Arcy, who wrote on "Catholicism" in the "Sixpenny Library."

—The first volume of an illustrated history of "Ancient Corinth," by Dr. J. G. O'Neill, professor of Ancient Classics at Maynooth College, has just been published by the Johns Hopkins University Press in its "Studies of Archæology."

—"The Revelations of Saint Erigitta," edited by Mr. William P. Cumming, is a new addition to the publications of the early English Text Society. Mr. Cumming has based his work on a translation made in the Fifteenth Century.

—Some rare early printed and other books, which lately came under the hammer in London, included a "Missale Parvum," printed at Barcelona in 1509. It is very scarce, and fetched £62. An unusually large copy of "La Divina Commedia" (Florence, 1481) sold for £130, and "Super Tertium Sententiarum," by St. Thomas Aquinas, printed at Venice two years before the discovery of America, brought £25.

—The appearance of new editions of the "Imitation of Christ," that inimitable monument of the asceticism of the Ages of Faith, recalls the question asked by one who lived at the time it was written: "From what source did the author who composed it derive the unction which pervades his pages? He tells us himself, in every line of his chapters on the Holy Eucharist: it was from the Communion of the altar."

—Two little books, which will be very acceptable to those who attend the Oberammergau Passion Play are "Reminiscences of Anton Lang," translated by Anton Lang, Jr.; and "The Passion Play at Oberammergau, 1930," which contains the full text in English.

Both are well illustrated, and the second gives information which will be very acceptable to tourists who wish to see something of Bavaria before returning.

—There is something beautiful and inspiring in the story of a young man who loves sport, who kindles at contest, deliberately turning on himself and making his own heart the battlefield, while he wins toward God. "Excelsior," the story of Lucien Delorme, by the Rev. A. Dragon, S. J., translated from the French by Robert Glody, A. M., tells the life story of a modern college boy who believes he has a vocation to the priesthood, joins the Jesuit Society, and dies before he has reached the goal of his priesthood. The book does not say where he was born, nor is it clear to what college he went. The story of his inner life is taken largely from his letters and a private journal, which he kept faithfully. Published by the Loyola University Press. Price, \$1.

—A large number and variety of readers will be interested in the new biography of Mr. George Eastman, the inventor of the kodak, by Mr. Carl W. Akerman, with a foreword by Lord Riddell. It is a remarkable example of a man, who, without scientific training, achieved conspicuous success in applying science to the needs of everyday life. And Mr. Eastman has been a generous benefactor of his employees, also of educational institutions. His gifts to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology alone amount to \$11,000,000; and he has liberally endowed several dental dispensaries and one of our leading schools of music. He is an anonymous benefactor for the most part, concealing his identity under the name of Smith.

—"Pastors and People" is a more attractive title than the book turns out to be. The curious and hungry reader, led on by the title, hopes for something Catholic enough, and homely and very human. But it is not that kind of book. It is a treatise on canon law, very able in its kind, and perhaps needed and precious; warranted by the author's just

celebrity and the translator's renown for learning; for the author is Canon Magnin and the translator the Rev. Dr. J. D. Scanlon. It will undoubtedly prove a useful guidebook, written, as it should be, with great care and precision, but all the same we like to see the work suggested by the words "Pastors and People" that appear on the cover of this neat little gray volume. Herder; \$1.35.

—The Irish Catholic Truth Society has recently published the following pamphlets: "God's Masterpiece," by the Rev. Michael Watson, S. J., an instructive paper on the virtues of Our Lady; "Why You Should Be a Catholic," by the Rev. L. Rumble, M. S. C., S. T. D.; fourteen arguments for the Catholic faith, put briefly and clearly; "Church Bells," by Alice Thérèse Adams, their history, use and significance; "The Catholic Church and the Sick," by Mary G. Cardwell, M. D., a sketch of the work done by the Catholic Church through her hospitals from the earliest Christian times to our own day; "Mediæval Trade Guilds," by Mary A. Brunning, B. A., the origin and development of the guilds—Merchant and Craft-Guilds—and their social influence in the Middle Ages; two short stories: "Dominick the Basket-Maker," by I. Porter, and "The Testing of Stephen Armstrong," by Siobhan Nic Siobhaig.

—After many years of familiar labor with men of a criminal type, Henry A. Geisert gives us a careful study of his charges under the title, "The Criminal" (Herder; \$3.00). He has been concerned, not simply or perhaps mainly with the routine details of his work, but has made a thorough observation of what kind of man the criminal is and what we may reasonably hope to do with and for him. After he has asked, "What is a criminal?" he goes deeper and asks, "What is a man?" The criminal is first given a chance to present his own case, his own view of society, industry, religion and our courts. Ever mindful, not so much of theory as of practice, the author studies the causes of crime and by what means we may plan to lessen or prevent it: he has found education and religion among the great aids through which men may learn

discipline and take care of themselves. Many readers will welcome so exact and deep a work on so important a subject.

—The title of the latest volume of the Abbé G. Arnaud and Dr. D'Espiney, "Le Scrupule, Comment le Prévenir? Comment le Guérir?" will arrest the attention of every director of souls, as well as of parents, teachers and all those whose work, in one way or another, brings them into contact with the unfortunate victims of this veritable spiritual scourge. Many theologians have essayed to analyze this disorder and to prescribe for its cure, but none—and they would be the first to admit it—have as yet succeeded in providing any effective preventive or permanent relief. Perhaps it would be too much to say that the present treatise does so. Yet it seems to us that its authors have more nearly approached that goal than any of their predecessors. None, certainly, have given such a searching analysis of scruples, nor so clearly marked them off from other mental maladies, nor provided such elaborate means for preventing and relieving them. Pierre Téqui. Price, 17 francs.

Obituary.

Sister M. Oliveta, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Beata, Sisters of Mercy; Sister Vincent Joseph, Sisters of Charity, and Sister M. Irene, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. Gustave Mischker, Mr. Timothy Donovan, Mr. Harold Hines, Margaret Sullivan, Hannah Sullivan, Elizabeth McGrane, Mrs. Catherine Moclair, Mr. Francis Weller, Mr. George Byrne, Mr. John Murrin, Mr. Philip Gilchrist, Mrs. Mary Shea, Mr. John Rich, Mr. Jeremiah Hanning and Mrs. Katherine Lewandowski.

May they rest in peace!

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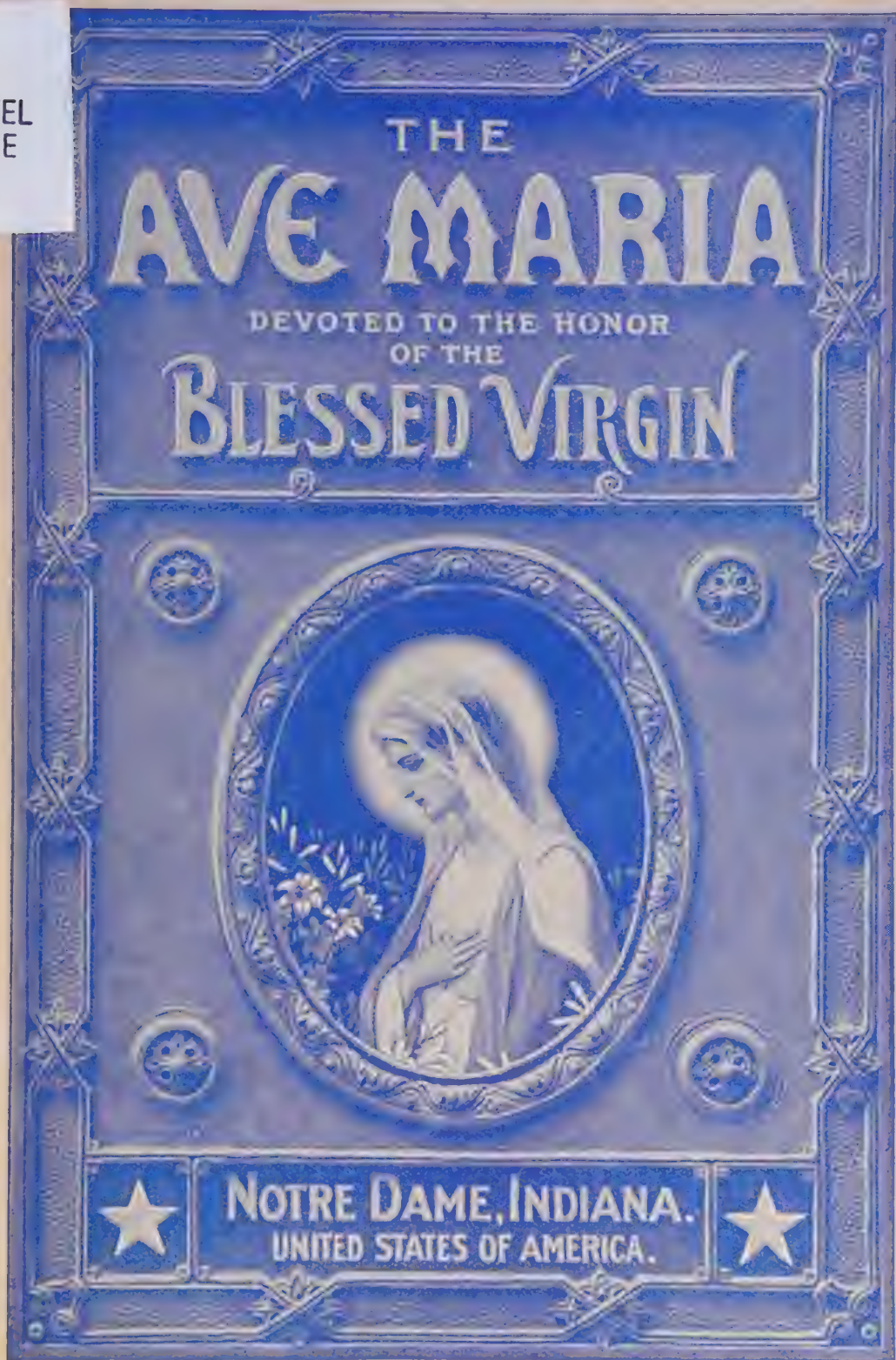
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FOR YOUNG FOLKS

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

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| SATURDAY, 19.—St. Vincent de Paul, C. | WEDNESDAY, 23.—St. Apollinaris, B. M. |
| SUNDAY, 20.—SIXTH AFTER PENTECOST. St. Margaret, V. M. | THURSDAY, 24.—St. Christina, V. M. |
| MONDAY, 21.—St. Praxedes, V. St. Julia, V. M. | FRIDAY, 25.—St. James, Apostle. St. Christopher, M. |
| TUESDAY, 22.—St. Mary Magdalen, Penitent. | SATURDAY, 26.—St. Anne, Mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary. |

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

Vol. XXXII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 19, 1930.

No. 3.

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Summer Music.

BY S. C. N.

G'LL play a symphony of green and gold,—
The sunlight, flickering o'er the ivory keys,
Comes filtering through the swaying maple
trees,
And dapples all the room with golden sheen.

The music flows through well-remembered
themes,

Stirs silver tones of glory-tinted thought,
Makes brave, new melodies for olden dreams,
(Those Fantasies that youth and dawning
brought)

Vibrates with rapture, e'en while Sorrow
sings

In plaintive undertones the lesser things
That I with weary wilfulness have sought.

Blithe measures say that sunshine is a smile,—
A smile from God, with look benevolent;
That tenderly He's watched us, this long
while,

And in His wise benignity has sent
A look of love, which through the glad sun-
light

Of days like these, all gold and emerald
bright,

We take as token of encouragement!

What happy harmonies doth Summer hold!
So sweet a melody hath filled this day
That pœans of glad gratefulness I'll play,—
A perfect symphony of green and gold!

CONSTANCY in begging grace is so
pleasing to God that, on account of it,
He forgives all our defects in the man-
ner of asking, and makes us obtain that
which we do not deserve.

The Holy Ghost and Our Lady.

BY THE REV. JAMES P. WEBB.



HE record of Pentecost, as
set forth by St. Luke in the
Acts of the Apostles, is,
without doubt, one of the
most romantic, inspiring, encouraging,
and miraculous accounts ever put upon
paper by the hand of man. No one, be-
liever or unbeliever, can read that ac-
count without experiencing the power of
its spell, and being carried away by the
majestic movement of its dramatic in-
tensity. To the members of the Church
that narrative will be far more than a
historical record, even of supreme and
unique interest. As they read it, or hear
it read, they will feel again in their
soul some touch of that quickening
spirit, will realize that the whole world
is filled with the spirit of the Lord, and
that the power that containeth all
things manifests itself and speaks by
the voices of men. Pentecost is above
all things else a festival of might and
power and majesty; God sends forth
His Spirit for the renewing of the face
of the earth.

After the Ascension of Our Lord,
Apostles and disciples, in obedience to
His command, returned to Jerusalem to
await the fulfilment of His promise,
"You shall be baptized with the Holy
Ghost not many days hence." So back
they go to the Holy City, and in that
upper room, where "the number of per-
sons together was about an hundred

and twenty," they waited and watched and prayed. Our Lady was with them,—"All these were persevering with one mind in prayer with the women, and Mary the Mother of Jesus, and with his brethren." There is no need to repeat what every Catholic knows,—that the "brethren" of Our Lord were 'his cousins, or other near relations, but not brothers. Mathias is chosen to fill the place of Judas. The days go by, and the great Jewish Feast of Pentecost comes, for which there were gathered in Jerusalem, "devout men out of every nation under heaven." And when Our Lady, Apostles, and disciples "were all together in one place," the promise of Our Lord was fulfilled. The Holy Ghost came down upon them. There was the sound of the mighty wind coming, the tongues of fire, the gift of divers tongues, the amazement of the hearers, the mocking of some, the sermon of Peter; and to the new-born Church "there were added in that day about three thousand souls."

All those who read must be carried back in spirit to the event itself, of which the record is so magnificent and inspiring. They will see in spirit that upper room in which are gathered Our Lady, the Apostles and disciples, and feel its atmosphere of peace and prayer and expectancy. They will hear again the sound as of a mighty wind rushing, that fills the whole house, and see the "parted tongues as it were of fire" that came down upon everyone there present. They will hear the speaking in divers tongues,—a speaking that will bring some message of grace and power and love over the long interval of the centuries, and give some new understanding to every mind of the greatness and goodness and majesty of God. To everyone, no matter how differently constituted or placed, does the record of Pentecost deliver its message and impart its grace. "We have heard them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God."

The coming down of the Holy Ghost on Our Lady at Pentecost was a solemn public event, in which she shared with Apostles and disciples, and of which all the world was aware. "When this was noised abroad, the multitude came together, and were confounded in mind." It was the second great occasion on which Our Lady had received the outpouring of the Holy Spirit of God. The first had been very different in circumstance and character, but its consequences were the Incarnation of Our Lord and the foundation of the Christian Faith, which the Church of Pentecost was to proclaim to all the world until the end of time.

In the Incarnation of Our Lord there was a personal, intimate, and operative association of Our Lady with the Holy Ghost, an association enshrined for all time in the words of the Creed,—*"I believe in God . . . and in Jesus Christ His only Son Our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary."* To her came the Archangel Gabriel with his message of the Incarnation: *"Hail, full of grace. . . . Thou shalt conceive . . . and shalt bring forth a son, and shalt call his name Jesus."* This is the tremendous and divine fact that is to be accomplished in her and by her; the fact that will constitute her what the Church has ever proclaimed her to be, the Mother of God. "How shall this be done, because I know not man?" And the answer is: "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee." By the consent and co-operation of Our Lady, by the power of the Holy Ghost, was the Incarnation effected: "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us." After that association of Our Lady with the Holy Ghost in the coming of Our Lord, it was only to be expected that she should be closely and actively associated with the society which Our Lord had founded, which he called "my Church," in the day when

the Holy Ghost should come upon it to fill it with life and power, to make it bring forth in itself and its children the fruits of the spirit. And there she is in that great novena of prayer and preparation, and on the day itself she too, with Apostles and disciples, receives the outpouring of the Spirit, and the Holy Ghost comes upon her again.

Our Lady, the Apostles and disciples, all those who were gathered in that upper room and on whom the Holy Ghost came down in such power and magnificence, had each a special place and a special duty or work to do in the Church. All received a special outpouring of the gifts of the Spirit to enable them to fill that place and do that work. In the Church of God there is no place for idlers. "He that gathereth not with me, scattereth," is perennially true. The coming down of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost was the source and the inception of a burst of religious activity such as the world had never known before, and which will never be exhausted till the world that now is shall come to an end and there shall be a new heaven and a new earth. The carrying out of the commission of Christ, "Teach ye all nations," "Preach the Gospel to every creature," simple in its enunciation, ilimitable in its implications, is a work of immense magnitude and incalculable complexity. It is a work that is not done once and for all, but goes on through all the ages. "I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." Yet beginnings are ever the most arduous parts of the unknown and unexplored.

Before the new-born Church on the day of the coming down of the Holy Ghost, lay the whole world into which it was to go by virtue of the command of Christ, "Go ye into all the world," and which it was to attempt to convert to the newly founded faith. A more hopeless task, from any human standpoint can not be imagined. However re-

ceptive the world of the day may have been to new religious ideas and forces, it was hardly likely to take kindly to teaching so high and holy and austere as that of Our Lord in the Gospels, and to accept Him as its Lord and Master in face of the fact that His life ended in the shame and ignominy of the cross. Yet that is the task that the Church has in very large measure accomplished. "We preach Christ crucified; to the Jews indeed a stumbling-block, and to the Gentiles, foolishness," said St. Paul in the first age of that preaching; and it has been true ever since.

Results have not always been so sudden and spectacular as those that followed the preaching of Peter in the first Christian sermon on the day of Pentecost, or so wide and far-reaching as in the case of the life and labors of St. Paul, but they have been achieved all the same, by the concurrence of a multitude of ways and means and the effect of countless Catholic lives, and at last they fill the whole earth. It must be left to the wisdom and knowledge of God to decide what proportion each separate, though concurrent, cause has had to the general effect, but every such cause has in fact done something,—something for which it shall receive blessing and praise from God in the day of recompense and reward.

The place and part of Our Lady in the immensely difficult yet magnificently successful work of the first years of the infant Church can not be gathered or computed from any written record, yet no Catholic can or does doubt that she exercised a power and influence in the progress of the religion of her Son more efficacious than the efforts of all the rest. The coming of the Holy Ghost was more than an endowment of grace and indwelling of the Spirit in the souls of that hundred and twenty on whom came the parted tongues as it were of fire on the day of Pentecost. It was an outpouring of power for the

doing of the work of the Church. "You shall receive the power of the Holy Ghost . . . and you shall be witnesses unto me . . . even to the uttermost part of the earth." She received the power of the Holy Ghost coming upon her, and has been a witness unto Him to the ends of the earth and the fulfilment of time. If her witness and her work were not the same in kind and character as those of the Apostles, they were none the less Apostolic; and it is no mere title of honor that styles her Queen of Apostles. In the Church of to-day her apostolic operation is still present and potent, an impulse and an inspiration to everyone engaged, in whatever way, in the continuation and development of the work of the Church.

The account of the making of man given in the first chapters of Genesis, tells of the gathering together of the elements of his body. "And the Lord God formed man of the slime of the earth." In that action and by that operation man was in the making, but man he did not become until God "breathed into his face the breath of life, and man became a living soul." In whatever way all this may have come about, it was this last infusion that made man different from all the rest of creation. He is not merely a living thing, like the beasts and birds that live and move upon the earth, he is "a living soul," and in some way a representation of God who made him. "Let us make man to our image and likeness. . . . And God created man to his own image: to the image of God he created him." So in the days of Our Lord's life upon earth, especially during the three years of His public career, He gathered around Him followers, disciples. Out of this general body He chose His twelve Apostles, to be His more intimate associates, to share His labors and triumphs and contradictions, to learn more fully and to understand more deeply the divine truths He had come to teach to the world.

"To you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God; but to the rest in parables."

The Church was in the making. The elements of its body were being gathered together and set each in its appointed and appropriate place. As St. Paul states so forcefully in a famous passage, there are in the body many members, but not all the members have the same function. Each has its own office, which only itself can perform, and which no other can do for it. So in the body of the Church, that society which Our Lord gathered and formed while He lived among men, each member has his own place and participation and function. Apostle and disciple, men and women, kinsfolk of Our Lord and strangers from near or far,—all fitted into the scheme in the order of Our Lord's divine disposition. In such a scheme no one could have a higher or more honorable place than the Mother who bore Him, who for thirty long years had lived with Him in the intimacy and union of family life, who know Him as no other possibly could know Him, and who loved Him with a love that was unique and supreme. So the elements of the Church that is to be are gathered together and laid, each in its own place, in varying degrees of personal relation to Our Lord, of official association with Him, and of attachment to Him by faith and works and love.

The Church was not yet the coherent, living, active, energizing thing it was to be. "I send the promise of my Father upon you: but stay you in the city till you be endowed with power from on high." And when that power from on high did come upon them in the might and majesty of Pentecost, the Church of Christ, like man in the beginning, became a "living soul,"—living with a life that never dies, for "the Paraclete shall abide with you forever." In that life of the Church is incorporated and enshrined the spiritual activity and opera-

tion of our Blessed Lady, just as were the activities and operations of Apostles and disciples, though in a far higher and more intimate degree; and all under the co-ordinating impulse and inspiration of the Holy Spirit of God.

There is the traditional opinion current in the Church that Our Lady lived upon this earth some twelve years after the Ascension of her Divine Son into heaven. She had been committed by Our Lord, in the agony of the Cross, to the care and keeping of St. John, the beloved disciple,—“Woman, behold thy son! After that he saith to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour the disciple took her to his own.” So after the coming down of the Holy Ghost, during those first twelve supremely important years of the Church's life and activity, she shared the home of one who from his position must have taken a leading part in that initial spreading of the faith and the growth and development of the Church. How much must St. John have learned from her during that long period, of the life of Our Lord, and how deeply must he have been affected and imbued by the spirit of the divine Mother.

It cannot be without significance that, in the disposition of the Providence of God, St. John was to be the longest lived of all the Apostles. Years after Peter and James and the rest had gone to their reward he was to remain upon earth, a long link between Our Lord Himself and succeeding generations of His followers. And not only between Our Lord Himself and the age that followed, but also between Our Lady, whom Our Lord had made his mother from the Cross, and those who were to be her children after him. In all this was the operation of the Holy Ghost, the guiding grace of the Spirit of Truth. “He will teach you all truth. . . . He shall glorify me; because he shall receive of mine and shall show it to you.”

In that body of truth to be taught by

the Spirit of Truth is the Catholic doctrine of Our Lady's place and dignity and praise, and it is ever one of the truest glorifyings of Our Lord to give honor to His Mother: “Blessed is the womb that bore thee, and the breasts that gave thee suck.” During those twelve years of his care of her, John had for her the highest and most perfect love and reverence, both for what she was in herself and for her relation to the Master who loved him so dearly, and who was her Son in fact and in truth. Twelve years, twelve Pentecostal years, then, went she forth by the way of her Assumption into the light and glory of the kingdom of her Son; but John remained till the First Century had well-nigh run its course to radiate over the ever-extending Church the memory and knowledge and love of her who should be a Mother of Grace to every child of that Church. “Behold thy Son. . . . Behold thy Mother!” And in the inspiration of the Spirit of Truth the Church, like St. John, has taken her for a Mother, under whose care she has grown until she fills the earth.

There is another phase of Our Lady's life during those years in which the inspiration of the Holy Ghost plays an obvious part. The canonical Scriptures are the inspired word of God in the sense that, though truly written by some human author or authors, they proceed from the impulse and under the direction of the Holy Ghost, thus having God for their author. The operation of the Holy Ghost in the composition of the Sacred Books in no sense excludes the research and diligence of the human author. At the commencement of the third Gospel, St. Luke informs the “most excellent Theophilus” that, before writing that account of Our Lord's life and works, he had “diligently attained to all things from the beginning,” a statement which implies the exploration of every available avenue of historical investigation. The Gospels, espe-

cially those of St. Matthew and St. Luke, give a great deal of information about the events of Our Lord's Incarnation and His early life.

Apart from a divine revelation to the holy Evangelists, which there is no reason whatever to postulate, the only source of such information was Our Lady. No one but herself in all the world could tell of the coming of the Angel, of the things that were said, and the amazing event which was brought to pass by the operation of the Holy Ghost. The same is true of the information concerning St. Joseph, long since dead and buried when the sacred Gospels were composed. And so on with all the rest that concerns Our Lord's infancy. It is, therefore, no mere devotional fancy to think of the Evangelists going to Our Lady to acquire from her those historical details which, under the guidance and direction of the Holy Ghost, they would afterwards incorporate in their Gospels. "When he, the Spirit of Truth, is come, he will teach you all truth." That was the fact promised by Our Lord; but He said nothing as to the way or ways in which that truth should be taught, and one of the ways, the way in which the true account of His own coming should be given to the world, was to be the way of historical revelation by Our Lady to the inspired writers.

The writing of the Gospels was certainly one of the principal ways in which Apostles and disciples were to become witnesses to Our Lord even "to the uttermost part of the earth," sending forth the wondrous story of His life and death to all peoples. The doing of that work, and its preservation pure and unchanged during the ages, is one of the fruits of the operation in the Church of the Spirit of God. In the doing of that work, in the furnishing of the necessary historical materials, Our Lady must rank as a co-author of the Gospels under the inspiration of the Spirit.

The work of the Church for which the Holy Ghost came down upon her at Pentecost with so much power and majesty is, in some sense, ever to be done anew in the hearts of peoples and individuals alike. Ever does the prayer go up: "Come, Holy Ghost, fill the hearts of thy faithful, and kindle in them the fire of thy love." Yet, as in the beginning, the coming of the Holy Ghost, so earnestly desired and prayed for, is upon those who look and pray for Him in the company upon whom He first came down in Jerusalem.

In the true Church of God, by the Communion of Saints, by the universal devotion to Our Lady, by the continuity of unbroken historic succession, there is still gathered together the company of Apostles and disciples "persevering with one mind in prayer with the women, and Mary the Mother of Jesus, and his brethren." Upon them, collectively as a society and separately as individuals according to their various needs, still comes the Holy Spirit with His seven-fold gifts. In them does He bring forth the fruit of the Spirit, by their lives and labors does he renew the face of the earth.

Thus does the great work of Our Lord, the purpose for which He came by His Incarnation, still go on. The Church at any period of its existence, in view of the immensity of the task that lies before it, might well ask: "How shall this be done?" And the answer ever is: "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee." Like Mary at Nazareth, her trust is not in any human aid, but in the power of the Spirit, who has made all men to hear in their own tongues the wonderful works of God.

THE true spirit of monasticism is shown in what was said by St. Jerome to a rich nobleman, who had built and endowed a number of monasteries: "You would have done better to amend your life."

The Living Voice.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

XXIX.



ON the morrow of the deliverance of Lathom House, Prince Rupert pressed on to Bolton in pursuit of the rebels. Lord Derby, accompanied him, escorted by Simon and twenty or thirty gentlemen volunteers, all burning to avenge the treatment to which Lady Derby and her children had been subjected. The Prince ordered an assault, but Colonel Rigby was warned of his coming and the town was well-prepared.

The first storming party was flung back after half an hour's sharp fighting. If the Prince was furious at this repulse, Lord Derby was more nearly touched. He was poignantly aware that if Colonel Rigby's force were left intact, his wife and family would be at their mercy, directly the royalist troops were withdrawn. Rupert had made a detour to rescue his cousin, but had no intention of delaying his march South by more than a few weeks.

"If you had but your old troops under you, my lord," cried Simon eagerly, as he held the stirrup for James to descend from his sweating horse,—“these good Lancashire lads of ours that are under Colonel Tildesley now! Why, they are your own tenants! They'd follow you to the mouth of hell, let alone through Bolton.”

At the brief council which supervised, Lord Derby demanded and obtained the right to lead the van in the next storm and to be given the command of the two companies originally raised by him, even as Simon had suggested.

The men were all in the last stage of excitement and rage as the story had gone round that one of their own captains, who had long been held prisoner, had just been hanged in derision upon the city wall. The story was

believed and magnified. All prisoners, it was said, would be butchered in cold blood. Simon sickened at the thought of Lady Derby's fate, and that of her daughters and their friend should they fall into such hands. Had not Rigby threatened to treat her with the full severity of war? These cold-hearted covenanters would respect no canons of courtesy or chivalry. To slay a helpless prisoner—what could be more vile? To strangle him moreover like any common cheat or cut-purse, instead of shooting him like a soldier!

The assault was launched with a great impetus, a small breach was made, but the “ironsides” ranged within, shoulder to shoulder, once more repulsed the attack. As the line wavered and seemed about to break, Lord Derby pushed his horse forward and leaped to the ground. Catching a half-pike from a soldier, he sprang towards the breach with a stentorian shout:

“Who will follow me?”

Simon was at his side in a flash, the volunteers followed, the Knowsley tenants swung forward with a roar. Lord Derby never stayed his impetuous advance, never looked back to see if he were followed. His dark eyes glared, his white plumes waved wildly as he leaped up the stones of the broken wall.

It was Simon who rallied his own little company, scrambled through the gap and charged to the nearest gate; the guard fled or died, and bolt and bar were quickly undone.

The air was thick with smoke and the clash and clang of pike and broadsword. Here was honest Tom Silver with my lord's great white charger. Simon fought his way to Derby's side, and helped him to mount. The Prince's troops were swarming into the town, and Derby sounded the charge, and galloped up the high street at the head of his men.

The taking of the town had followed

so rapidly upon the covenanters' first triumph that the townspeople were taken by surprise in the midst of their premature rejoicing. Several non-combatants, who had rashly penetrated into the streets, lost their lives, and Rupert's Bavarian men-at-arms ran riot, pursuing the foe into the open fields, and slaying all before them. Isolated parties barricaded houses, and put up a temporary resistance by shooting from the roofs and windows. Their defences were speedily battered down and the houses looted or fired.

But in a short time, order was restored, prisoners were rescued, the streets, patrolled by cavalry, fires put out, and quarters assigned to the triumphant royalists. Lord Derby was lodged at the Town Hall, and Simon, when he repaired to his room, found him upon his knees. He turned his face, flushed and exalted, to his young friend. Perhaps for the only time in his life he had tasted what his soul craved—the triumph of leading a charge, followed to the gates of death by his own men, all one in the same noble cause, with no tormenting division of duty or of aim.

"Simon," he whispered, "Simon lad! I would I could have died upon the breach!" He added with the accustomed melancholy reflex: "I'll never touch that pitch of glory again, no, not even if his Majesty rewards me with his own hand."

Simon felt a sudden chilling of the blood. Words of protest died upon his tongue.

"The town is echoing with your name, my lord. It is a deed that will not be forgotten. Lancashire will remember it, no matter whether the King does or not."

Derby rose stiffly to his feet, and gazed out upon the cobbled market-place where his own men were bivouacked.

"There's the church," he said. "We'll give glory to God for this victory."

It seemed hard that this triumphant

day should be so closely followed by a personal humiliation. But soon—indeed as soon as the news could be carried and letters received from the Court,—it became Rupert's duty to inform his noble cousin, as tactfully as he could, that the King and his councillors urged his immediate return to the Island of Man, accompanied by the Countess and children. It was a bitter blow, no matter how well the Prince endeavored to present the situation. It was all too plain: Charles's friends would not suffer Derby, 'King of Man,' and as he was often called in jest 'King of Lancashire,' to fight, and particularly to win victories for his majesty.

It was but a month later, on the 26th of June, that Lathom House was delivered to the care of Captain Radcliffe and Master Rutter, the chaplain—and the Earl and Countess of Derby and all their train set sail for the Isle of Man.

Once again King Charles had failed his friends and played into the hands of his foes.

Rushen Castle was of ancient structure—its plan was that of a stronghold of the Middle Ages, and though it boasted of royal apartments, these were but narrow chambers some ten feet wide, ill-lighted by slits in the eight-foot thickness of the wall. Lord Derby had planned a new wing to house his lady, but as it was as yet only in process of construction, he took up his residence in Peel Castle in the suite of rooms usually appropriated to the bishop. The Castle occupied the whole acreage of the little island of St. Patrick, which was separated from the mainland by a narrow sound, passable on foot at low tide. A notable prisoner was confined in one of the dungeons, no other than Edward Christian, uncle of the whilom Governor, who had been condemned by Lord Derby two years previously for "some words spoken against the King."

The retreat to Man had been so unexpected that Lord Derby had been unable to make due provision for his children's education. For the moment they ran wild, riding their horses through the shallow channel at low tide, or crossing in boats, galloping over the green hills, exploring the deep craggy glens all the morning, and sitting out on the warm headland with books and needlework through the fine sunny afternoons.

Charles returned to the Island a week or two after his parents. He was very submissive and humble under his father's displeasure when in his presence, but almost unbearably arrogant to Simon and the members of the suite.

Ann Cottington had accompanied her friends. Lady Derby was for pressing on the marriage without delay, for it was well-known that Lord Cottington had placed much of his fortune in Spain, and Ann was unlikely to be robbed of her rich position like so many of the daughters of those who had spent, or squandered, their all for the King. Ann herself had very decided views upon the subject and for once they coincided with those of Charles.

"I love your father," she told him one day with what he considered most unmaidenly frankness, "but you I do not love at all."

"There are plenty who do then," retorted the young man.

"No doubt, and plenty who love your title and your estate as well," returned the girl. "But I'm not among 'em. Though indeed," she added with a liquid glance from her fine dark eyes, "Queen of Man is a pretty name."

"There never have been Queens of Man, only Kings," cried Charles indignantly. He wanted to scorn Ann, but had no wish that she should play with him.

Ann laughed.

"Yet in the morning when we gallop over the low green hills, we are Queens

indeed—are we not, Mary? Queens with golden broom for crowns."

"I'm more like a beggar-maid than a Queen!" cried Katharine. "For my shoes are wearing out! We had no chance to get new clothes before we came, and indeed we will soon all be in tatters."

"I could wish there were no mainland," said Mary, drawing one of the little ones on to her knee. "We are all happy here—unless it is Charles—and peaceful and safe."

Charles sighed.

"Aye, truly, it is monstrous arca-dian," he agreed dismally; "and monstrous dull," he added.

The young people were sitting out in the unkempt garden beyond the enclosure. There was a breach in the wall on the seaward side, and the dancing waves could be seen through the gap fringed with valerian and orange wallflower.

Simon got up and wandered away. He did not know what had come over him this summer. Instead of rejoicing in the company of the young Stanleys and Lady Ann, he felt an invincible craving for solitude. Just now when Ann sat down beside him, and flung a daisy-chain in sport around his broad shoulders, he had felt suddenly sick at heart.

"It's my home folk I think of, I suppose," he reflected as he leaped the nettle bed below the wall, and stared out unseeing at the low green hills. "Little Fan must be a great girl now."

But it was not Fan's blue eyes which haunted him—dark eyes rather, and a proud, arched lip, with a tiny mocking dimple at the corner of it. My Lady Ann often mocked at him, and he bore it well enough, but he could not endure the soft touch of the daisies on his cheek. He quickened his pace now, resolved to ride down to Master Nevile and talk the matter over with him. But when he glanced over the cliff the tide was coming in, boiling in white eddies over the rocks in the bay and leaping

up the river. He changed his mind again and sat down irresolutely upon a sun-warmed stone. He was still sitting there, gloomily meditating, an hour later, when a faint cry reached his ears. At first he thought it the voice of a lamb in danger, and he sprang up, listening intently. The sound when repeated had an unmistakably human note, and Simon hurried towards the cliff, and then, with a sudden quickening of terror, turned back to the breach in the wall.

The children were not allowed to enter this part of the garden as the cliff edge, on which the Castle abutted at this side, was unfenced.

"I'm coming, I'm coming! Do not be afraid!" he called, not daring to raise his voice lest it should prove startling.

His eyes swept over the uneven turf. There was the crushed grass where they had all been sitting, and the daisy chain, crumpled and dying. The lush grass was trampled yonder, where honeysuckle and wild rose triumphed among the elder bushes. Simon pushed his way with cautious haste in the wake of other feet and the cry was repeated, from below him it seemed. He dropped on hands and knees, crept swiftly forward and looked down.

Prepared though he was, Simon sustained such a shock that it seemed for a moment as though the great shining ocean far below rose up and smote him. His senses reeled. At the very verge of the crumbling cliff, a little hand grasped the slender, twisted root of a hazel. It was Ann's hand. The girl had slipped over the edge and hung by her wrist, one foot had found a precarious support on a protruding stone, her other hand grasped the clothes of little Billy. The child had fallen from the cliff and a stunted thorn bush had intercepted his plunge onto the black spiked rocks far below. It was bending under his weight and even as Simon glanced round for something to grip, he heard

the ominous sound of falling pebbles.

The reeling sickness passed and his fingers gripped Ann's arm.

"Do not be afraid, I will not let you fall!" he cried.

"Take care!" she gasped. "Leave me—reach for the child—I can not keep my hold if you lift me."

Simon's left hand grasped a rock, the edges bit into his flesh unheeded—he had a hideous temptation to wrench the girl back into safety and let the child fall into the abyss. It did not seem as though he could save both.

"Jesu mercy! Mary help!" he groaned, and leaning forward, he seized Ann's velvet sleeve and clenched his teeth upon it. Then he reached down, down, till it seemed as though his sinews must crack with the strain. His finger tips grazed the child's back again and again yet could not grasp him. And then Billy, hitherto half-unconscious with terror, revived, struggled and screamed shrilly. The movement dislodged the thorn-bush but raised him the necessary fraction, and brought his belt into Simon's frenzied clutch. Then came a rending shock—it seemed his arm must be torn away. Sweat poured from him, the crumbling cliff-edge tore his neck; then as he writhed, striving to make his muscles taut, his face came against Ann's little straining hand. New courage and new strength seemed to flow into him. She must not die—must not slip thus from his very arms into the boiling surf, which roared so far below! It seemed to him that he held her with all the impetuosity of his straining heart. No word could he speak, but Ann's faint voice presently took up his prayer: "Jesu mercy! Mary help!"

In after years Simon could never look down upon sunlit water without a pang of reminiscent horror.

The minutes seemed hours of dreadful struggle, and he never could have told what passed in the brief interval before

he succeeded in raising first the boy and then Ann herself over the treacherous cliff edge to the carpet of wild flowers gaily dancing in the wind. He made a second fierce effort to drag them both through the screen of bushes, and then fell face downward torn by agonized sobs for breath. Billy sat up and belowered forth his fears with right good will, and Lady Ann, crouching, white-faced, clasped him to her.

Just then the child was missed and nurses came running in search of him with anxious cries. Simon shrank back into the thicket as the women approached; they raised Billy and Ann, with shouts of alarm, and marvelled to see them safe. More and more folk came pouring from the Castle till the air was full of loud voices, and Lord Derby himself came running bare-headed to see what was amiss.

Then Ann and the child were borne off, and all was still again save for the sea-birds' cries and the sweet monotony of the larks, rising and falling in the sunny air.

Simon, crouching stiff and sore among the elders, realized the calamity which had befallen him.

"I doubt 'twould have been better for me to have gone over the edge," he told himself.

This would mean the end of the family. The two lads priests, and Simon the eldest, must needs die a bachelor.

The anguish in his heart was love—and he knew in this bitter moment of discovery and renunciation that it was a faithful, true love, deep as his very being, which could only end with death—love for one whom he was pledged to consider as hopelessly beyond his reach, even if she liked instead of scorned him—even if she were not to be Lord Strange's bride!

(To be continued.)

Fra Felice.

BY FATHER CUTHBERT, O. S. F. C.

THE children in the streets called him Fra Deo Gratias; at home in the Friary he was known as Fra Felice. Mothers, with marriageable daughters, could not recall a time when he had not been part of their city of Rome: staid fathers of families at sight of him would remember some childish trick they had played on him when they ran barefoot in the street in search of play—Fra Felice had been always the friend of children and in some sort their playmate and teacher. He might frown and protest that they were a pest of flies but they knew he was only pretending and clung to him and would not let him go his way. "Well, then," came the almost invariable reply, "shall it be a song in praise of Santissima, or a song of Gesu?" and straightway they would form a circle and the Frate would begin to sing perhaps some hymn he had already taught them, perhaps some new song he had just made. Poor rugged verses they were; and the airs to which they were set but snatches of remembered melody, but the children were not critics: and Fra Deo Gratias' were learned with a will and carried home and sung again and again . . . because they were Frate's own songs.

Fra Felice was an odd figure as he stood amidst that circle of children in the streets: a weather-beaten man, bent by hard labor; clothed in a coarse, threadbare brown habit, with the dust of the streets upon it and its color faded by the sun and open air, bare feet showing signs of much travel, and a large wallet flung across his back, for he was the questor of the Capuchins of Santa Croce. His speech was the open-mouthed peasant dialect of the "Abruzzi." He carried a thick stick, with which he beat time or rhythm as he sang his songs. But he was a man with the heart of a

"I CAN" is said often enough, "I will," too seldom.

child, as anyone might see who looked into his eyes, utterly devoid of guile or self-consciousness, or noticed the ease with which he led his children-choir.

At first the passers-by had looked on with amusement, that was when Fra Felice was first known in Rome: but the years had brought to the Roman people the conviction that the Frate was one of God's saints . . . and a wise saint at that, who could give shrewd advice in all manner of difficulties and one it was well not to play the fool with; for he had the gift of seeing what was in one's heart and spoke straitly to the point however kindly. Was it not well known that he had said to a Cardinal who stopped him in the street to ask his prayers: "Eh? So you want to be Pope? Well, well, you shall have your wish. But be good and don't forget your Franciscan brothers."

Fra Felice, as we have said, was the questor of the Capucini, those Franciscan Friars, who, in the days of Pope Clement VII., had obtained permission to return to the primitive observance of the Franciscan Rule. In his youth he had been a farm-laborer and for thirty years had not wandered beyond his native district on the borders of Abruzzi where the dark mountains overlook the valley of Rietie. He had known nothing of cities until he had come as a lay-brother to Rome. That was in 1547, the year which marks the outbreak of the Schmalkaldic war in Germany and the death of Henry VIII. of England. To Fra Felice, these events would mean little. The great political world had not entered into his life hidden away in the enclosure of the mountains; his world lay immediately around him; his earthly interests, in the farm on which he worked and the great hills which spoke to him of God and filled his soul with a sense of mystery.

When he came to Rome he entered into his new life as the begging brother

of the friars with the same simplicity of outlook. Rome was to him a city of churches, where sinners like himself might gain merit and help the souls of others by pilgrimages to the *statidis*, where men and women lived their lives for good or for evil according as they obeyed the commandments of God and the Church—first a place of earthly exile, even as the Abruzzi mountains were, where men must labor to win heaven. For himself, his points of contact with the great city were his begging rounds and his visits to the churches: his begging rounds on week-days, his visits to the churches on Sundays. That his daily journeys through the streets in quest of food for the friars became an apostolate for the enkindling of faith and devotion amongst the citizens was due to no deliberate intention on his part; it was merely the natural outcome of his own simple faith and devotion and of his guilelessness and easy simplicity.

Fra Felice was a good questor: his heart was in his work. The brethren in the friary must be fed, that could not be denied; and it was Fra Felice's duty to see that they *were* fed. There were indeed limits; the Rule commanded a strict frugality and an avoidance of luxuries. He would accept, even of the most generous, nothing that would infringe this rule; but for the "necessaries," he could be importunate. His importunity, however, was not resented; it was even sometimes thought desirable. People would at times feign hesitation just to get some word from him because of the good nature in his rugged speech. In time the legend went that it was good to give to Fra Felice, even when one could ill spare what was given, since one was never the loser. Stories were told how wine and oil and grain had increased in bulk when part was given to the lay-brother. After his death men swore on oath how he had

made empty oil-casks flow with oil. Such an incident was this:

"Ah! Fra Felice, the cask is empty; the last drops were taken yesterday. Come to-morrow, then there will be a new cask."

"Lazy one that will not give me oil for to-day. Go quick and fill the flask that the brethren may have oil for to-day's dinner!"

"But I tell you, Frate, the cask is empty."

"And I say you are too lazy to go and draw this drop of oil!"

"Then bring the flask and see for yourself!"

The flask was filled, and there was oil still left in what was the empty cask.

"A miracle!" cried the host.

"A miracle?" retorted Fra Felice, "Pooh! it was your laziness."

But the host afterwards swore on oath that the cask had been emptied as he said.

A very sincere affection came gradually to mark the relations between the people and the begging friar. His friendships with children was probably the beginning of it. That he loved them, no one could doubt, though he showed it at times in a very unusual way. He would sit by a dying child as in an attitude of joyous worship. "Is he not wending his way to Paradise?" he would say. "Do not weep; let him go to the angels. Sing *Deo Gratias! Deo Gratias!*" But not only children but with all young people, he had an understanding sympathy. The students from the colleges were his friends; the friendship found expression in happy moods of advice on his part, and in a deep reverence, which did not ban a practical joke, on theirs. The young ladies of Roman society feared his rebuke, but feared more to lose his kindly rebuke; and they, like the children in the streets, sang his rugged songs.

Next to the children and young folk, the sick loved his presence. A word from Fra Felice was better than doctor's medicine when one was in pain and feeling helpless. They said he had the power of healing; and many instances are recorded which go to prove that he had. But there was that in his joyous vitality of spirit which would rouse up the despondent and set them on the way of recovery; as was the case with the youth, Silvio, who, the doctors had said, was in a decline. "Pooh!" exclaimed the lay-brother, "I don't understand those doctors, but Silvio is in no decline; he will laugh at the doctors yet!" And he did.

It was in the great famine of 1580 that the charity of Fra Felice rose to its height. Plague had come with the famine, and the blight of the poor was terrible. The city authorities were at their wit's end to cope with the crisis, for all classes were suffering from the shortage of food. In a happy moment they commandeered the questing brother of the Capuchins, and gave him the task of obtaining food and other necessities for the sick poor. At first his superiors were unwilling to allow him to undertake the work, but Fra Felice pleaded, and permission was given.

Day after day he went round the city begging at the houses of the rich: it was not easy to obtain supplies; everyone was careful of such store as he had. Some few rudely repulsed him; most pleaded that their own supply was insufficient for their own need. Yet day by day the lay-brother managed to bring or send food and medicines into the poor district. That was the time, they say, that his gift of miracles was most in evidence, replenishing the stores of those who gave to him and rewarding in many ways the benefactors of the poor. And this is indicative of his character: that in visiting the sick

he would take them flowers as well as food and medicine.

Such as the people of Rome knew him was Fra Felice, the first canonized saint of the Capuchins, the friend of the sick and the lover of children; and the rugged singer of thankfulness to God. They knew that behind the life they saw, there was another life hidden with God; and the brethren of the Friary could tell tales which increased their reverence and filled them with worshipful awe.

One such was this: Certain brethren watching one night in the church, unknown to Fra Felice, saw him in an ecstasy of prayer before the tabernacle; then suddenly a light shone upon the altar and the Blessed Virgin appeared, bearing in her arms the Divine Infant. Fra Felice uttered joyous ejaculations of worship, and as a suppliant, stretched forth his arms; thereupon the Blessed Virgin gave him the Divine Child to hold and fondle. And when the vision was ended the lay-brother was as a man transported with joy. And that is why the saint is represented in art holding the Divine Child, whilst the questor's bag is shining across his back, to recall that in that fashion he lived his life in the sight of men.

Fra Felice died in 1587, an old man of seventy-five years. "Fra Felice is dead and all Rome laments him," wrote one who was in the city at the time. And straightway the populace took up the cry: "*Beato Felice!*"

"NEVER get into trouble, if you can help it," was the advice of Artemus Ward, the American humorist. "It's the wisest way. When you have a tiger by the tail, let him go, especially if he's in a quarrelsome mood."

No supplication made to God is ever in vain. He who obtains his request, receives the blessing he asks. He who does not obtain it, has the merit of having asked.

Ballina Fair.

BY LIAM P. CLANCY.

HOW should she know,
Or what should she care,
That she netted my heart
In the gold of her hair?
That the tune of her feet,
As she tripped thro' the street,
Played the plague with my peace
At Ballina Fair?

'Tis queer how the glint
Of her tresses gold-brown
My cares could dispel,
And my sorrows could drown;
And the glance of her eye,
As she danced her way by,
Was the mischief an' all
In Ballina Town!

I'll be buying a bright bow,—
I'll be dressing with care,—
I'll be setting my hat
At that head of gold hair;
And maybe—who knows?—
Before Winter's snows
There'll be wedding-bells ringing
At Ballina Fair!

Hidden Springs.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

AS unexpectedly and disastrously as a summer storm, the calamity fell on Mrs. Lawlor's peaceful home. No hint of pent trouble in the daughter, of seething irritation in the father, had appeared on the smooth surface of her family's life, until this moment when Mary announced that some of the boys were coming the following night, and the radio must be fixed. At that, the father, in his chair by the reading lamp, turned angrily from his paper.

"I am tired," he said, "sick and tired of having every Tom, Dick and Harry overrunning my home! The radio will not be fixed!" and he looked from the suddenly whitened face of the

girl to his wife, helping the twins, Paul and Gerald, with their night work.

"Tomdicunary," repeated Ted, the youngest of the Lawlors, half asleep over his second reader. "Another new word I got to 'member!"

A moment Mary looked at her father in whipping scorn.

"It is your home, as you said. Though I wasn't asked about coming into it."

"Mary!" cried the mother, who suddenly was seeing her husband with her, their first born, clasped against his breast, her tiny arms trying to encircle his neck.

"And you are absolutely correct in labelling our boy friends," she went on ruthlessly. "But the daughters of a five-thousand-dollar-a-year man can hardly be expected to run with bankers' sons. And I'm done with them—all of them—from to-night. If Bob," the proud voice choked on the name,—“if Bob calls up, Patricia”—to one of her sisters,—“tell him—oh, anything!” And she left the room.

Patricia turned to her sister Kathleen and gave her a look, which advised that they get out before being caught in the cyclone.

"We are going out for a little while, mother," announced Kathleen of the silken voice. "Good night, folks!"

"What's the row about, mother?" inquired Paul, the spokesman for the three boys.

"Nothing, darling. Come now! Let us get that problem. O Mother of the Seven Swords! there's one in my sorrowful heart this night!" she cried to herself, as she bowed over the arithmetic. When the sum was done, and she had answered many questions about the rest of the lesson, she rose and went to where Ted drowsed over his reader.

"Sleepy, little son? Well, come on to bed. We'll read over the lesson in the morning. Kiss daddy."

The child rose and crossed to his father's chair. The man dropped the

paper and caught the boy hungrily to him. Ted accepted the unusual demonstration as part of the inexplicable conduct of these many grown-ups among whom his lot had been cast. Holding to his mother's hand, he climbed the stairs with her. He had a little bed to himself, in an alcove off from his parents' room.

When she saw him tucked in and falling asleep, Mrs. Lawlor knelt and took out her beads. Mechanically her lips framed the familiar prayers, then ceased.

What was this which had fallen on her home! She groped back, seeking its cause, or signs of its coming. Had he heard anything up town that reflected on the conduct of the girls? of their companionship? Had she not been watchful enough?

After a moment's consideration, she rejected the idea. Youth might be flaming elsewhere, as the papers said, but in this Southern town it was only sparkling. More freedom, perhaps, than in her own youth and her husband's, but not unrestrained freedom. Her other two daughters might, this night, be at a show, out riding, in some home; but wherever they were, with whomsoever, place and company were safe. For she knew her children's companions. Many of their parents had been her own schoolmates, were still her neighbors and friends.

"Tom, Dick and Harry!" Why, he had played with their fathers, danced attendance to some of their mothers. What had come over her good husband, the understanding father? And to turn like that on Mary, the apple of his eye!

"O Mary, Mother! what has come upon us!" she moaned, recalling the smiting words of the girl, answering him. When two who love as tenderly as that parent and child thus tear themselves apart, she knew the wound was deadly unless healing were immediately effected.

She recommenced her Rosary and finished it. A degree of calmness came to the tumult-ridden soul. She had never called on the Mother of her Lord in vain. The answer, in this crucial hour, would be given, if she would wait. She leaned her elbows on the bed and bowed her head on her hands.

Presently she heard the twins coming up the stairs, their subdued voices floating in to her. Her heart quickened. Her splendid boys! "Tom, Dick and Harry," would some father of daughters ever so refer to them? She felt the hot blood mount to her cheeks.

"Oh, husband, husband!" she cried to him.

After another period, the telephone rang. Bob Meigher calling. What answer would he get? Again it rang. Bob, she knew, would get no answer. Bob's father used to carry her books to school for her. He had taken her to her first party. She had watched Bob grow up. When he began to come to the house, run around a bit with Mary, her heart had sung in her breast.

Then, without any connection, she was thinking of her cousin Lucy, who, after her marriage, had gone to San Antonio to live. They had been like sisters. The bond had strengthened with the years. Lucy had no daughter. She would welcome Mary. Time—separation—love—thus would the cruel wound be healed.

She rose and stooping over the sleeping child kissed him softly, placing him under the mantle of St. Bridget, saying the old prayer of her Irish mother. As she turned back to her room, a sigh escaped her. Farewell to a sweet dream she had cherished.

She paused at Mary's door.

"It's mother, darling. May I come in?" Without waiting for the answer, she opened the door. Mary was lying on the bed, her face buried in a pillow. She sat up at her mother's approach. There was no trace of tears on the

little white face. The tragedy of her youth was too deep for tears.

Mrs. Lawlor drew a chair forward and sat down. "Woman to woman, to-night, Mary," she said.

"I've thought it all over, mother," said the girl proudly. "And I am very sorry I spoke as I did. I understand him. All these long years he has had to work like a slave. With Ted only eight, he knows there's no relief ahead for other long years. And three girls on his hands, till they marry; if they ever do. And if they do it will be one of those—"

"Don't, Mary!" pleaded the mother.

She looked pityingly at her mother. How they shrank, these older people, from a truth, if bitter!

"Forever and forever, mother, he sees himself tramping from this house to the Gas Company's office and back. We don't know how long he has been taking that view of his life—regretting—"

"You are wronging my husband!" interrupted Mrs. Lawlor, and the girl realized it was indeed "woman to woman" in that interview.

"If the boys had been the elders," she veered, "it would have evened it up for him. And he would have had his pride in them, his expectations for them, to buoy him up these nineteen years, instead of—well, if I may not say excuse for his girls, certainly anxiety for them. His emotions are fagged out. He can't feel for the boys as he wants to. Oh, I can understand, mother!

"So I shall be a burden no longer. I won't hurt his pride by going to work here. Besides, I want to get away. I am going to Louisville. Sister Constance is teaching there now and her people are connected with various business concerns. She will get a position for me."

"What can you do?" inquired the mother, aghast at the celerity of the modern girl in rearranging a disrupted life.

"Clerk, at first. I'll go to night school

and fit myself for office work. I'll not need anything—but some money for my fare and my board for a few weeks."

"You have never worked, Mary. You don't know how hard it is; and there is no need for you to do this. You may take a position from a girl who does."

"I can't help that. My own self demands first consideration. Even before—to-night, mother, I knew I had to get away."

At that a shutter seemed to swing back, and the mother understood that not the father's words alone had brought the trouble. What driving thing was in her child's heart!

"I have come to see, too, darling, that it would be well for you to have a change. But I know a better way to make it. I want you to go for a visit to Cousin Lucy in San Antonio."

"O mother!"

She caught the high note of relief and hurried on: "And you are to stay as long as you wish. I know Cousin Lucy has always been wanting one of my girls."

"But the money, mother? I'd have to have some new clothes, and the fare! No, mother. I'll be no further expense to—father!"

"I have some money, Mary—a thousand dollars. Some years ago, I took out shares in a Building and Loan Association. It was paid out last week. I never told anyone—not even father."

Mrs. Lawlor's smile did not reach her eyes, which were looking upon the vanishing of a lovely dream, cherished since Mark Lawlor had brought her, a bride, to their new home. But after the first surprise and exultation had subsided, she noted that the prospect of the visit was not so alluring to the girl. Puzzled, she rose and kissing her daughter bade her to sleep over the plan.

The next day, in the lull between the morning work and preparation for dinner, Mrs. Lawlor went to her room to write to Cousin Lucy. She heard the

bell ring, but paid no heed to it, as some of the girls' friends were always running in and out. The letter was difficult to write. She had never had a secret from her cousin, and yet she could not reveal the true reason for the proposed visit.

As she was sealing the envelope, she heard some one coming up the stairs, with step too heavy for a girl; then, Bob Meigher was standing before her open door.

"May I come in, Mrs. Lawlor?" he asked, and without waiting for the permission, bounded to her side. "O Mrs. Lawlor! Mary says she will marry me, if—if—you don't insist on her going to San Antonio!"

It was a lovely wedding. June's richest tribute of roses made a bower of the sanctuary. Mary, in snowy white as befits a bride, Patricia and Kathleen, in their bridesmaids' hues, fitted exquisitely into the picture. But the swift days of preparation had been marred by the subtle estrangement between the father and child.

Then, when the ceremony was over, when she was passing out of the church door, Mary paused and looked back to her father. With a little cry, she flung herself against his breast, wound her arms about his neck. He stood there, unmindful of the crowd, clasping her to him, and the mother, tears blinding her eyes, heard the old stream of endearing words, as they had poured into the baby's uncomprehending ears.

She was thinking of all that now, sitting on the long bench by the kitchen door, stringing beans. Then, she was aware of a man standing a few paces away, looking down at her.

"Mrs. Lawlor, I believe? I am Mr. Campbell, your new neighbor-to-be. Please don't stir! We can visit here quite delightfully."

She resumed her seat, but not her occupation. Mr. Campbell had lately

bought the land which joined their property at the rear, and would build a fine house on it, fronting the newly constructed highway. They owned nearly an acre, but beyond keeping it clean, they could do no more. Gardening and landscaping called for money.

Mr. Campbell began to speak of his plans. "Now that wire fence between us, Mrs. Lawlor—"

"Is an abomination," she interrupted. "But it did serve to keep out trespassers."

"Then, you would not object to a low stone wall—"

"Built of field rock?" she cried joyfully. The gold flecks in the brown eyes meeting hers glowed. "Of field rock," he assented.

"And you wouldn't mind a wild rose on my side—"

"To climb over on my side," and they both laughed.

"I could clap my hands for joy, Mr. Campbell. I've wanted so long to build that stone fence—and fix the spring."

"A spring? I shall get envious. Where is it?"

"I'll show you. But wait, please, till I turn off the gas." In the kitchen she discarded her apron, and appeared before him in print dress, with blue in it that matched her eyes.

"It's neglected, you know,—lost. But there." She brought him to a fold in the land, and though it was July, there was water seeping through the grass.

"It's—a sin, Mrs. Lawlor, to treat a spring like that! Do you see that basin over there in my place? That's where the lily pond is to be. Now this spring can give me water—"

"And I'll have a little brook!"

"You will. And a little waterfall, to boot."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, then wilted. The thousand dollars which she had saved for the improvement of the neglected bit of land, had been spent on Mary's wedding. He understood.

"It is going to save me a lot of expense in laying pipes, besides having running water for my pond, if you permit me to open the spring and bring the water down to my place," he suggested.

She laughed and looked at him with dancing eyes.

"You are not fooling me a bit, Mr. Campbell! But you may open the spring, build its walls of old brown sandstone—"

"And cover it with a smooth brown slab. And there'll be a tin dipper—"

"A rusty tin dipper?"

"Of course! And there'll be steps set in the fence, so I can come over here to get a drink, and you can go over there to look at the lily pond."

After they had set out the few fruit trees, planted the shrubbery and laid off the flower garden (for buying wholesale with Mr. Campbell and the boys doing the work, under the supervision of his men, Mrs. Lawlor saw the realization of her dream was not impossible), she suddenly recollected her neglected dinner.

As she hurried back, she recalled some words the man had said: All of us should keep a little world of a Dream for ourselves alone. Those who do, and retire thither when life presses too hardly, are the Ever Young.

"And enfolding the little world of the Dream, dear new neighbor," she thought, as she put on her apron, "must be, to make it perfect, the faith that He who gave the Dream will, in His own time, bring the fulfilment. And that faith I am going to ask the Blessed Mother to give to you, whom He employed to realize my Dream for me."

If your prayers are not heard, it may be because you neglect what would render them efficacious. Or God's delay in granting them may mean a greater good than what you desire. We often render ourselves unworthy by our impatience.

—Anon.

Apple-Green Tiles.

BY SISTER MARY CATHARINE.

THE little novice scrubbing the mauve and apple-green floor tiles of the cloister walk, raised her head to study a fair-sized beetle dawdling on the rim of her scrub-pail. Her face, in the stiff, white coif, was a piquant triangle of brownness, with a straight, pert nose and eager, sea-blue eyes. She lifted her brush over the bug and let fall on him a trickle of water, pursuing him with it in his zigzag path around the rim. After she had chased him around twice, she chuckled softly: "That'll be all for to-day, brother, I'll leave you bide."

She looked along the cloister walk. Three more arches and she'd have finished. She pulled around the string of her delft-blue apron and wiped her face with it. Three more arches to scrub—but with what a gem of a brush! She held it up and scrutinized it at all angles. The clumps of bristles were scrubbed down to almost nothing at the middle. They were like the Sisters in the Infirmary after sixty years washing orphans, or trundling old folks around in wheel-chairs, or teaching a million children to recite the "Concord Hymn" with gestures, amiably, too, without ever showing that they'd like to get the whole crowd on the bridge that spanned the flood, and shove them in. At the ends of the brush the bristles perked out jauntily. They were like the young things in the novitiate—who were going to get scrubbed down, too!

"F'rinstance me," she said aloud, "and pretty quick, if I don't get these tiles finished."

She dived into the pail and held the brush over it. She liked to watch the water dribble back in laggard streams and to listen to its purling sound.

All at once, over the tree tops and the flower beds came the tolling of the

De Profundis bell. The little novice's eyes leaped above the frowsy white Rambler, sprawling across the nearest arch, and up at the chapel tower. She set her brush down on the tiles, and gripping with both sudsy hands the crucifix at her side, she flexed her jaw and screwed up her forehead in a violent effort at recollected prayer. A casual bee sailed from the shining white peonies to drone about the glaze of her starched veil, but she did not stir. She blessed herself with a brisk, sweeping gesture. Then—a spurt of laughter broke through her lips.

So little old Sister Cajetan had gone to heaven! What would the garden ever do without her? Darting down the linden walk, clipping the air with a monstrous pair of rusty shears. Puttering around that garden the whole time.

The little novice sat back on her feet. Sister Cajetan hobnobbing with the saints in elegant idleness! Another current of laughter surged through her, but before it reached her lips she remembered the windows all around. Panic seized her. If the Mistress ever saw her carrying on, right out in the open like this, with the chapel bell tolling for Sister Cajetan—oh, ye thrones and dominations,—she'd be given her straw hat, that's what she would, and a god-speed to the parting guest!

She made a long snatch for her brush and plunged it into the water; then she began to scrub furiously, working back and forth across the tiles, her slim arm sweeping around in big circles. Before she had scrubbed to the next arch the circles collapsed a little at the sides, then dwindled until they were hardly more than a jerky twirling. Two more arches after this one. She wiped with the hem of her apron the perspiration that had gathered below her eyes and on her upper lip.

A chipmunk shot across the grass and sat hunched by the peony bushes, watching her. She stretched out her

arm for the stem of the Rambler and sprinkled him with petals until he whisked away. Sister Cajetan had been like a chipmunk—the small, canny face with the restless bits of hazel eyes under crinkly reddish eyebrows—and the way she always scuttled around the garden!

The little novice moved over on her knees and leaned against the gray stone column of the arch. She simply couldn't get solemn over Sister Cajetan. She couldn't see anything tragic in the death of a holy, funny old nun. It was all right to say that every one feared death, that even the elect and anointed have chilly skitters along the spine, and want to crawl into the nearest ant-hole when death comes around—but only the common elect and anointed,—not the old Sisters.

It was all very simple. You toiled and milled for sixty years, and kept your Rule, and you practised recollection as hard as ever you had fingering exercises or shooting baskets, before you were a Sister, and when you were old you just tottered off the earth to Our Lord,—and you couldn't be afraid of Him because you knew Him so well. And by that time you weren't the stuff for this human woe business.

She hoped that she'd meet death in just that calm way. Of course, she'd never be Sister Cajetan's type—the die-in-the-harness type. Signs on her now. More than two arches to go. And she wouldn't be the kind that whistled her prayers, either—like a peanut stand. But what kind would—

Then from the walk beside the cloister corridor she heard the labored clattering of heavy orthopedic shoes and a curious, whinnying laugh, broken by asthmatic grunts. Brightness flowed into her eyes and moved over her face.

Delicious old Sister Processus! About a thousand years old! Older,—oh, away older than Sister Cajetan! Death playing tag around her all the time, and still she could listen to the *De Profundis* bell

and wobble with outlandish laughter. That was the best kind of old nun; and that was the kind that she would be—the kind farthest from this tragedy nonsense. Sister Processus was all broad farce, from her noisy surgical shoes to her long, unwrinkled, salmon-pink face, with its thatched brows and knobby nose and sagging mouth that yawned enormous, polysyllabic yawns during the pompous young chaplain's sermons.

The novices loved Sister Processus. Now and then she came lumbering into the novitiate, with her sun-greened habit bunched around her tremendous waist and her coif comfortably askew. And she always had under her arm an ancient umbrella, its ribs jutting out like broken wings.

The little novice swung her arm around the column and stretched far out over the peony bushes for a first glimpse of Sister Processus. The great old bulk came swaying toward her.

"Sister Processus!" the little novice called out. The head in its crooked coif did not stir.

Well what on earth was the matter with Sister Processus? She was staring straight before her with misty old eyes that had become amazingly unhappy. And the sound she was making—why, it wasn't a laugh at all! With an icy rush the truth ripped through the little novice's consciousness—Sister Processus was suffering! She was moaning over and over, "Mother of God! O Mother of God! That bell! That bell!"

Her ponderous body toiled crazily on, the novice's miserable eyes following. Endlessly, it seemed, came back her moaning and the racket of her shoes.

The little novice knelt there clinging to the column of the arch. She was white and sick and quivering. She knelt there until the bell ceased tolling. Then she swung slowly around, reached for her brush, and began to scrub in very deliberate circles the mauve and apple-green floor tiles.

The Anglican Road to Rome.

THE coming of the Rev. Mr. Delany, pastor of St. Mary of the Virgin, New York, into the Church, illustrates a movement that has been under way and strong for a full hundred years. Conversion is for most persons a hard road to take, it leads away from home and, perhaps, friends and neighbors; but many very intelligent men have been seeing it as the right road, as truly the way home, and have followed it.

The difficult question asked now, as always, is: What will or can the Roman Church do for or with the convert? This problem arises first of all because the man must live, and secondly, because he has some special qualifications, and has had some special opportunities from his work and life as a non-Catholic and, perhaps, as a minister or churchman. Mr. Delany, of course, as a bachelor, intends to study for the ministry in the Church, and so this old question hardly arises in his case. But the married minister has the venture, if he becomes a Catholic, of hunting a job and of making a living outside the ministry. Men do not live by bread alone, it is true, but they do live by bread; and we know that in some instances conversion has meant for the married minister, who must give up his "living," a very real temporal sacrifice; not just for a day or a year, but for the rest of his life. After all, however, it is possible that we make too much of this circumstance. The man is coming into the Church and not precisely into an employment agency, and it is a slur on the ministerial training if he is so rigid and over-expert that he cannot turn his hand one inch to a new line of work and become a mechanic, a carpenter, a farmer, a clerk, an *entrepreneur*, a teacher or an editor.

These are vital, insistent but very practical aspects of the "Anglican question." But there are more delicate prob-

lems naturally and always arising in this connection; and we think it may be said with a good deal of justice that the Catholic hardly sees them, let alone solves them. A writer for the *Standard and Times* (Philadelphia) makes them stand out as clearly and, we think, as fairly as possible, and we shall quote from his excellent thought and expression.

He notes that Catholics are accused of boasting of their success in making converts, but thinks this not true in fact or in reason. Simply, "we have really nothing to boast about. The number of conversions to the Catholic Church in this country is paltry when we consider the vast machinery that we possess." We should rather be ashamed that men like Dr. Delany flounder until they work their way into the Church, while we offer little if any help. The Anglicans have done some remarkable things for us as well as for themselves. "Anglicans have shamed English-speaking Catholics into a realization of their own treasures of music, liturgy, architecture and, perhaps, above all of history;" they have preserved among their own people a reverence for holy things, and "the idea of the Church as the Kingdom of God." In many instances, Anglicanism has been "a bridge by which Protestants have passed over to Rome."

Of course, no one asks us to minimize the principles of Unity and Authority, just to make the way easy for Anglicans of less profound and serious religious bent. For all that,

What is needed is a better realization of things as they are; of knowing what others believe and knowing what we ourselves believe. We have not taken the question of Catholic propaganda seriously. We have spent no time at it. We have no trained writers or teachers. We lack what they have in England, and that is a scientific method of promoting the Faith. We have followed a hit or miss system, alternately cajoling or scolding those whom we ought to be helping.

Notes and Remarks.

The *Catholic Daily Tribune* came into existence ten years ago under the title *Daily American Tribune*, and has since, despite the weight of the work of starting a journal, and, indeed, in this country, a new type of journal, kept to a high grade of journalistic endeavor. Anyone who knows anything about business, and especially about journalistic problems, knows that the financial question has been a big and engrossing one for the editors. But they have survived it these ten years, and have turned now into their second decade with quite a vigorous concern, genuinely Catholic and genuinely American, as it should be.

It has become so common for the Diocese of Dubuque to furnish new bishops that we should be surprised now to see any long time go past without some new diocesan named from there. Columbia College of Dubuque has given five bishops and two archbishops to the Church in rather a brief period: Bishops Gorman and Carroll of a former day, Bishops' Drumm and Rohlman of the last decade, Bishop-elect Kucera of this year, and Archbishops Lenihan and Howard. It will be noted that they all seem to remain west of the great River.

A prisoner once told the writer that he was induced to attempt the embezzlement of a large sum of money because the odds for success were so very attractive. "In the first place," he said, "I figured upon covering up my thefts until such time as I could realize upon my various investments and restore the stolen funds. In case of possible detection, I expected to sense the danger quickly enough to make my escape. In case I were caught I might still beat the law by means of a clever attorney. If it came to the worst and conviction resulted I expected to have my sentence sufficiently reduced that at the end of it

all I would be a much richer man than if I had tried to make my fortune by everyday work." Fortunately this particular prisoner did not realize his dishonest ambitions. He was circumvented at every turn, but he was not disillusioned. He still insisted that his system was almost a sure road to wealth, that luck had been against him, that he was simply a victim of circumstances. Just the other day our metropolitan papers carried the news that a certain executive, whose defalcations amounted to exactly \$605,300, had been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment with the possibility of having his term commuted to a little over half its original length through good behavior. What a temptation such an item must carry to certain types of readers! The threat of one year in prison doesn't weigh heavily on the man of loose conscience when on the other side of the scales there is laid the opportunity of \$100,000 in cash with several chances of escape and with the possibility, if convicted, of so distributing the money that it will be easily accessible after a short sentence is over.

The repeated report that the people are not out of work, newly announced now by the Secretary of Commerce, the Secretary of the Treasury, the President, and that smallest of all Boswells, Senator Watson, ought to make us pause, not merely because it is untrue, but because it is a type of untruth too long proffered to the people in the name of civic service. We pay men to furnish us this kind of diet. Yet even the *Wall Street Magazine*, surely well inured to ballyhoo, resents the overdose. "The public," it says, "is being fed 'hooey' on the business slump." It remarks that it may be physically possible to feed a child taffy and to take some older persons for a walk or a ride, but the men and women in the midst of the suffering, revolt against being mentally babied; they are like soldiers

who know the bitter worst and can not fight on the psychological slop of a war to end war and to make the world free from, or for, autocracy. It is simply an instance of palavering; and we are sorry that the men named our highest officials should be so gross, cheap, common, and vulgar as to depend on it. As a measure of their minds, it is disheartening enough; but it is quite defeating in the sense that it reveals a kind of character with which many of us do not wish, even at long range, to be associated.

The knowledge of a lifetime seems to have confirmed Sir Alfred Hopkinson in his Christian faith. In his new volume, "Penultima," he writes: "I feel more and more satisfied that, after giving up certain impossible positions which in the present day people who think at all can no longer hold, there is at the root of this Evangelical religion in its best form something which is more rational—or I would say less irrational—than any other theory of the Universe and of human life." This conviction is accompanied by what he calls a tolerance which recognizes the appeal and beauty of "Madonna worship."

The Catholic who has advanced so fast and so far in the few years of his life that he has to look back over his own progressive shoulder to even get a glimpse of the Church limping along in the rear, had better mend his vision if mend it he may. Perhaps this single glimpse through a better man's eyes will teach the "smart" Catholic that there is more life and more leadership in the old-fashioned Church than his jumping-jack mind ever before realized. If ever a statesman was able to recognize leadership it was Wm. E. Gladstone, and yet this is what he said with his non-Catholic tongue about the institution for which certain Catholics are so ready to make themselves self-appointed apologists:

She has marched for fifteen hundred years

(since the days of Constantine) at the head of civilization, and has harnessed to her chariot as the horses of a triumphal car, the chief intellectual and material forces of the world,—her art, the art of the world; her genius, the genius of the world; her greatness, glory, grandeur and majesty, have been almost, though not absolutely, all that in these respects the world has had to boast of. Her children are more numerous than all the children of her sects combined; she is every day enlarging the boundaries of her vast empire; her altars are raised in every clime and her missionaries are to be found wherever there are men to be taught the evangel of immortality, and souls to be saved. And this wondrous Church, which is as old as Christianity and is as universal as mankind, is to-day, after its twenty centuries of age, as fresh and vigorous and as fruitful as on the day when the Pentecostal fires were showered upon the earth.

One of the interesting sidelights on the achievement of the flying Hunter brothers is that it was a family enterprise. Two other Hunter brothers refueled for them during the twenty-three days, their sister was the exclusive cook, and their mother and the wife and four children of Albert followed every up and down of the plane. This was a co-operative undertaking, a unified project, such as we do not so often see any more; the city family rarely does, and rarely can, function as a unit; and perhaps a large measure of the Hunter family's success lies in the fact that the Hunters were not big-city people, but farmers and coal miners before they became flyers.

It is surprising with what seriousness the "opinions" of certain men are received on a question that has for its answer the authoritative word of divine Truth. A recent book gives the information, in a series of papers, that a group of English Protestant intellectuals finds it impossible to doubt hell.

These are supposedly Christian men, and their views of the matter for some seem to have settled the question. The real question, remarks *The Record* of Louisville, is not "Do you believe in hell?" but "What think you of Christ?" "Many non-Catholics," says *The Record*, "who have little regard for the word of Jesus Christ, give consideration to the word of Sir Oliver Lodge, Dean Inge, Dr. Orchard, Professor Moffatt. Yet they would be offended if one did not call them Christians. The point is, that some Catholics seem to think in the same vein. They quote what this or that celebrity says, on matters which Jesus Christ Himself declared the truth, such as marriage, life everlasting, the reality of hell. Why bother with the views of contemporary celebrities on such things? The question is "What think ye of Christ?"

On more than one occasion during the past few months writers for the *Atlantic Monthly* have sketched some of the delightfully human and humorous disguises under which a kind Providence scatters the benedictions of Heaven. It is a delight to read of those little incidents. To us they mirror God quite as much as does the majestic marshalling of events into some great climatic fulfilment. To work a wonder out of the materials at hand as the natural culmination of a series of circumstances, often humorously bungled by clumsy but earnest humanity, shows a divine consideration entirely worthy of the God who came to us under the simple form of an infant. A reader of the *Atlantic Monthly*, prompted by the narratives mentioned, turned in the following naïve illustration of a "Bountiful Providence":

The story, "A Bountiful Providence," in the December *Atlantic*, recalled an incident told to me by a nun of the Dominican Order in Illinois.

It seems the nuns had a cow, but the poor

decrepit animal having passed to the green pastures where all "contented" cows go, they wondered how they would replace it. The Community having made a novena without the desired result, one of the nuns decided to make a sketch of a cow and place it at the base of the statue of St. Joseph, so that he would know what they wanted, but the drawing—which was a very good likeness of a cat—was the source of great amusement among the nuns. A few days later, two neighbors who were going abroad, brought a cat to the convent for the nuns to care for during their absence. When the Sister who answered the doorbell saw the cat, she giggled like a schoolgirl, and of course the neighbors were at a loss to understand the reason for the sudden outburst. They were finally able to discover the cause of the merriment, and—being good sports—bought the nuns a cow.

Mr. Cecil Dormer, Councillor to the British Embassy in Tokyo, finds that the opinion is not uncommon in Japan that there are no Catholics in the United States. We can hardly blame those far-away people for that mistaken idea when right here at home, with one out of every three church-going people a Catholic, certain supposedly well-educated people talk and write with such assurance about this "free Protestant country" of ours.

It is curious to find two great saints at variance with each other. A writer, who admits his preference for old books, calls our attention to a letter of St. Augustine to St. Jerome, who, it must be admitted, was under the impression that hard words add strength to arguments. He had differed with Rufinus, whose speech was often more erroneous than his mind. St. Augustine wrote to him: "It was with grief that I read your letter to Rufinus, to see two persons, once so united, now so animated against each other, although it is clear that you do not render injury for injury,—to see you, at your advanced age, engaged in

such dissension. I conjure you not to publish writings in which there appears so much feeling against each other."

Our correspondent quotes also these words of a contemporary: "No one has ever persuaded another by addressing him in insulting language. It is not in the nature of the human mind to yield to the human mind. It must first deliberate with itself, and be convinced in secret, before being convinced in public."

The Eighteenth-Century English aristocrat speaks in two passages of the recently-published Grenville Diaries. The first is an account of Panshanger where "Lady Cowper and her daughters inspect personally the cottages and condition of the poor. They visit, inquire and give; they distribute flannel, medicines, money, and they talk to and are kind to them, so that the result is a perpetual stream flowing from a real fountain of benevolence, which waters all the country round." The second is the account of similar festivities at Belvoir in 1838:

I should like to bring the surly Radical here who scowls and snarls at "the selfish aristocracy who have no sympathies with the people," and when he has seen these hundreds feasting in the Castle, and heard their loud shouts of joy and congratulation, and then visited the villages around and listened to the bells chiming all about the vale, say whether "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" would be promoted by the destruction of all the feudality which belongs inseparably to this scene, and by the substitution of some abstract political rights for all the beef and ale and music and dancing with which they are made merry and glad.

Reviewing at length the valuable "Introduction to Philosophy," translated from the French of M. Jacques Maritain, the London *Times Literary Supplement* says that "it is both written and translated with lucidity and ease, and that not the least of its charm is to be found in the gentle, if firm, man-

ner in which M. Maritain rebukes and puts right the philosophers who have strayed from the narrow but orthodox way." The writer adds:

For M. Maritain there is only one philosophy, and it is the philosophy of the Roman Church. Briefly but decidedly the old monuments of thought are demolished: Buddha and Confucius, Zoroaster and Lao-Tse are laid in the dust, and only when we come to the Greeks does the true philosophy begin to appear. Seen as in a glass darkly by Socrates and Plato, raised to its highest human level by Aristotle, and crowned with divine wisdom by the blessed Thomas, it was founded by him four square and impregnable, never again to be assailed. So at least M. Maritain finds it; and we must confess that, as he presents it in his mild, dogmatic manner, it reads with an air of conviction which impresses the mind. Once achieved, moreover, this philosophy was a match for all comers, and is not dismayed by the efforts, often overweening, of modern science. For there is nothing new under the sun. Evolutionism was already taught by the Greek physicists of the Sixth and Fifth Centuries B. C., and long before Darwin Empedocles had sketched out a theory of the survival of the fittest.

It would be surprising to most of us to find how many of the descendants of famous Americans — statesmen, writers, professors — have come into the true Fold in the course of the last half century. Recently there was received into the Catholic Church a cousin of Abraham Lincoln, Charles Hanks, whose father was a brother of Lincoln's mother.

It is told that when a Protestant minister was recently explaining to a class of Sunday-school children the symbolism of white, saying that the bride at a wedding always wore a dress of this color, to express joy and happiness, an inquisitive little boy asked: "Why do the men wear black?" If the minister gave an answer to this question, it is not reported.



The Poplar.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

THE poplar tree is most polite,
It bends and bows from morn till night.
To every wind that comes this way,
The poplar bows and says, "Good day!"
The slightest breath from east or west
Will make the poplar nod his crest;
And all day long with grace he bends,
And bows a greeting to his friends.

Not so the oak. He stands and broods,
Acknowledged king of all the woods,
And is not sociable at all
To little winds that come to call.
He does not condescend a bit
To summer airs that faintly flit.
It takes a great big roaring storm
To bend the oak tree's haughty form.

I think I like the poplar best.
And when it towers against the west
At evening when the sun is red,
And I'm supposed to be in bed,
I like to think that through the night
'Twill swing and sway from left to right,
And bend and bow to every breeze,
The most polite of all the trees.

The Blossoming Thorn.

BY BLANCHE J. THOMPSON.

I.—IN WHICH BLOSSOMS ARE FOUND ON A THORN BUSH.

"THE wise people of this world,"
said Grandmother Brent, nodding
her head sagely, "are those who can
find blossoms on a thorn bush."

"O Granny!" wailed Shirley, "please
don't mention those thorns again. Even
Pollyanna herself couldn't find the least
bit of a bud on a thorn as big as this
one."

Shirley dropped on the floor at her

grandmother's feet with another dolorous groan.

"And to think that I had my clothes
all made, and the duckiest new hat to
travel in; and I've told all the girls that
I was going."

Poor Shirley hid her head in Gran-
ny's lap to conceal a plump tear that
just would insist upon spilling over.

Perhaps while she is recovering, this
would be a good time to explain a little.
Shirley Brent was seventeen (such a
dreadful Booth-Tarkington age as she
herself complained); an only child, gen-
erally conceded to be another handicap,
and now in the depths of woe because
a long-promised trip to England would
have to be cancelled, her father having
been called elsewhere on business.

Grandmother Brent had been mother
to Shirley as long as she could remem-
ber. Her favorite maxim, and one which
Shirley often found a little trying, was
the oft-quoted commendation of those
exasperating mortals who, like the little
rays of sunshine in the "glad" books,
piously find good in everything. Shir-
ley's was a sunny nature, and she usual-
ly found little difficulty in pretending
that she saw pink blossoms on the
prickly thorns of life, but this last dis-
appointment really was hard to bear.

Mr. Brent had promised that if Shir-
ley won her high-school diploma in
three years as seemed highly probable,
he would take her to England which
had always been her "Land o' Dreams,"
and on into Scotland and Ireland for
good measure. In June, therefore, a
highly elated Shirley went with her
father to the steamship office to pick up
the reservations which he had prudent-
ly made in February, feeling sure that
his daughter would not disappoint him.
Then out of a clear sky came the de-

vastating news that he would have to go to Chicago for six weeks at least, and Shirley's rainbow dream seemed shattered.

Grandmother Brent, however, like the shipwrecked mariner in the *Just-so Stories*, was a person of "infinite resource and sagacity." Just now she said severely to her granddaughter:

"Now Shirley Brent, you get right up from the floor and sit in a comfortable chair. Powder your nose first so that you will look less like the abused heroine of a cheap play, and then come back and listen to this letter. I want to know what you think of the person who wrote it."

While Shirley obediently sought a mirror and repaired the ravages of her recent woe, her grandmother opened a fat, typewritten letter the very sight of which caused a reminiscent twinkle to appear in her eyes. Shirley sat down eyeing the letter curiously but none too hopefully, and her grandmother began, still smiling.

"DEAR BARBARA:—I am just learning to use a typewriter. Do you mind if I practise a bit while I tell you of a recent experience which ought to appeal to your sense of humor if that quality still fits in with mine as it did in our Vassar days?

"*'A Horse! A Horse!'* King Richard's frantic appeal has always found an echo in my heart. I have always wanted to ride—always gazed enviously at the haughty mounted police on their handsome steeds, and yearned to know the joy of getting about on four legs instead of two. I am old enough to know better, as you well know, but when some of the 'sweet young things' whose lives I render miserable in the pursuit of pure English, launched a riding-club project and half-seriously invited me, I threw caution to the autumn breezes and accepted.

"There was some discussion as to the relative merits of the troop horses and

those of the riding academy, derisively designated as 'old plugs' by the more daring of our would-be equestriennes. The balance of opinion seemed to be in favor of a safe and sane program however; so the day of our initial lesson found nine of us, very late and very breathless after a rapid half-hour hike, turning in at the entrance of the riding academy. This rather impressive name had led us to visualize something quite stately, so our spirits were a bit quenched by the very muddy and not over-large stable yard and smelly stables. The riding master had departed, our unfortunate delay having led him to suppose that we were not coming, so we were met by one young groom and two diminutive stable boys whose disrespect was in inverse ratio to their size.

"I picked out a dependable-looking animal, solidly and squarely built, and most inappropriately named Peter Pan. His rear elevation looked reassuring, and my one fear was that some one else would get him. The first horse was saddled and led to the mounting block—a roan whose roving eye betokened an uncertain disposition. The girls backed away hastily, each urging the other politely to go first. When it became apparent that unless some one stepped forth, the 'Trump of Doom' would find us all still standing there, I advanced to the block much as Marie Antoinette must have advanced to the headsman's block, took a deep breath, a firm grip on something and scrambled aboard. The harassed groom also took a deep breath and disappeared.

"Suddenly I was confronted by various problems. I had never been introduced to this animal, I didn't know its name nor the mechanism of the steering gear. I didn't know the 'Stop' and 'Go' signals. Moreover, although in some respects my appearance was a success—for my costume, a symphonic poem in browns and tans, accorded well with the roan's garb,—I had an uneasy

feeling that there was something wrong with the stirrups. My knees were nearer my chin than seemed reasonable or desirable. I sent a desperate messenger to inquire the name of my fiery steed, and the answer came back, 'Saxon.' 'Come Saxon, nice Saxon,' I murmured seductively in the same conciliatory tone one employs in vamping a recalcitrant cow or a pussy cat—a 'Come kitty, kitty, kitty,—Co' boss, co' boss' sort of tone, but it had little effect upon Saxon's procedure.

"We led the procession out of that stable yard, and an hour and a half later, we led it back in again. In the meantime, having consigned myself to the special Providence reserved for the mentally deficient, and having breathed a brief but fervent prayer to my Guardian Angel, I applied myself to the task of going up and coming down at the same time Saxon did, dodging automobiles and looking wildly around to see where the groom was. Ever and anon, he waved cheerfully at me and shouted, 'Keep on going. Turn to the right.' I did. I kept on going, or rather Saxon did, until we trotted, five minutes ahead of anyone else, into a pitch-black stable yard and I coasted down the wrong side of that long-suffering beast onto two very wobbly and springless knees, and called it a day.

"The next week it snowed, so it was two weeks before we sallied forth again. This time a pretty brown mare took my eye. She was already saddled when I entered the stable, and we became quite friendly while I was waiting for the others. Her name was Macushla; she had beguiling Irish manners, and the groom eloquently assured me that she was as steady as the Rock of Gibraltar, or words to that effect. Subsequent events proved this testimonial to be slightly unreliable. If the Rock of Gibraltar ever behaves as Macushla did, it will be because it lies in the earthquake zone.

"The first thing she shied at was a hole in the pavement. She gave a three-foot sidewise leap that time and the groom called out to 'hold her with a firm rein—she depends so much on her rider.' This was not reassuring. However, all went reasonably well for a while and we jogged on, while I quoted to myself appropriate bits from Eugene Field's now infinitely meaningful lyric, 'The Ride to Bumpville,' although it was not until later that I murmured so feelingly.

With a snort she rears up on her hindermost
heels,
And executes jigs and Virginia reels,
Words fail to express how embarrassed one
feels,
Dancing so wildly to Bumpville.

"We dramatized this passage quite literally when a train whistle blew shrilly, and promptly on her cue, a hen pheasant shot across the road right under Macushla's astonished nose, hit a wire fence and flew insanely back again. Macushla then did a lovely bit of wild-west work. She gave another beautiful sidewise leap across the road and there reclined for a moment in a half-kneeling, half-sitting posture, graceful, no doubt, but precarious for me. Miraculously I remained with her during this performance, and in response to my frantic rein she sprang up again, doubled herself into a letter S and headed for home at a gallop. (This was unfair of Macushla—I had not yet learned to gallop.) The other horses, convinced that we were all going back to bed and oats, wheeled and followed. Just then, to add a final touch of comedy, a motor load of small boys dashed by shouting hilariously, 'Go it, Spark-plug!'

"Upon this brief but dramatic scene rode a breathless and irate groom to heap vituperations upon Macushla's still excited head. 'You'll excuse me, Miss,' said he, feelingly, 'but she's such a darn fool of a horse. She sees every-

thing.' I agreed. I hadn't seen that pheasant myself. We rode back in chastened silence. I dismounted on the right side with painful attention to technique, and bade a sorrowful farewell to Macushla the Steady. Next week I shall ride Peter Pan."

"Well, there!" said Grandmother. "There's a bit more, but I think that's enough. What do you think of the writer?"

"O Granny, if only all teachers were like that!" said Shirley, who by now was wiping tears of laughter from her eyes. "Who on earth is she, and where does she teach? Is she a friend of Aunt Barbara?"

"Yes, they were at Vassar together. You remember she referred to that in the letter. While Barbara was going through some old letters the other day, she came across this one. It was written more than a year ago, and she had not heard from Molly since then until she met her here in town yesterday."

"Molly!" murmured Shirley reflectively, "Just the right name for that sort of person."

"She told Barbara," continued Grandmother, "that she wanted to go to England this summer, but no one seemed ready to go with her, and she hates to travel alone—"

"Granny!" squealed Shirley, "do you suppose—"

"Shirley, sit down and don't anticipate. Your Aunt Barbara immediately had an inspiration. She called your father on the telephone and—"

"I'm going! I'm going! I'm going!" cried Shirley, as she precipitated herself upon her Grandmother with a bear-hug which nearly suffocated that long-suffering lady. "Oh, I know it! I am, I am!"

"You are!" said Grandmother, as she disengaged herself somewhat breathlessly from her grandchild's clutches. "That is, if I am able, after this, to go on with the necessary preparations."

"Excuse me, Granny darling! I could not help it truly; I am so excited that I could dance a Highland Fling right now. What is this Miss Molly like, and when shall I see her and when do we start?"

"One at a time, my dear,—one at a time. Miss Molly's name is Mary Morrow; she is coming here to dinner to-night, and you will sail on the boat which your father had selected. Fortunately, he had not yet given up his reservations, so a week from to-day if all goes well, you will be setting sail from Montreal on the good ship 'Mettadosa.'"

"Granny," said Shirley solemnly as she waved her hands in a dramatic gesture, "from henceforth, now and forever, my favorite flower is the thorn bush!"

(To be continued.)

The Painter and the Madonna.

It was a sad day for the world when the great Raphael was stricken down with a fatal fever. Over-wearied and heated, he was sent for to go to the Vatican in order to consult with the Pope about some alterations he desired made in certain paintings. The *loggia* was full of draughts, and the painter's frail body was not able to resist the illness which followed such exposure.

He seems to have known from its first approach that he could not survive, and made haste to put his affairs in order, bequeathing all his art treasures to his friends and pupils. His tomb had long been waiting for him in the Pantheon,—that famous building which, in ancient heathen days, was dedicated to the worship of all the gods, but which in later years, had been the last home of many Christians. He arranged for Masses for his soul, and then received the last Sacraments and patiently awaited death. He died on Good Friday—the day of all others, we think, that he would have chosen for the great change,—and, after thirty-seven beauti-

ful and useful years, saddened the world by leaving it.

Everywhere the sorrowful tidings spread that the Painter of the Madonna, as people loved to call him, was no more. The Pope, on hearing of it, ordered that everything possible should be done to honor his friend's memory.

For a number of days the delicate young face of Raphael, now more refined than ever, was viewed by throngs of people; while above it hung his wonderful unfinished "Transfiguration," the greatest picture in the world, still damp with the fresh colors placed there by the beloved painter himself. Never were greater crowds seen in the Eternal City than when the funeral cortège, the "Transfiguration" borne aloft in it, sadly wound its way to the Pantheon.

This painting had much wandering and many strange adventures, but was finally carried again to Rome, its home, where, in the Vatican, it remains to-day, the subject of reverent admiration.

And its painter? All that is mortal of him awaits the angel's trump under the altar of the chapel in the Pantheon, guarded by a beautiful statue of Our Lady, whom he loved so well.

A Cardinal's Letter.

The little daughter of a prominent physician in New York, while attending a convent school conceived the idea of writing to his Eminence, Cardinal Manning, and immediately put her thought into execution, sending an account of her father (a convert to the Church), her brothers and herself. Childlike, she omitted to sign her family name, and the letter was directed simply, "Cardinal Manning, England." The simplicity of the child touched the heart of the English prelate, who, notwithstanding his many cares and duties, and the fact that his correspondent had sent neither name nor address, sent an answer across the Atlantic to his unknown

little friend, in care of Cardinal Gibbons, whose name the child had mentioned, in telling of her three brothers at St. Charles' College, one of them a *protégé* of his Eminence. This afforded a clue, and the precious letter was soon re-mailed to its destination. A characteristically kind note from Cardinal Gibbons accompanied it. The letter read:

WHITSUNDAY.

MY DEAR CHILD:—You ask me whether I am glad to receive letters from little children. I am always glad; for they write kindly and give no trouble. I wish all my letters were like theirs.

Give my blessing to your father, and tell him that our good Master will reward him a hundredfold for all he has lost for the sake of his faith. Tell him that when he comes over to England he must come to see me. And mind you bring your violin; for I love music, but have seldom any time to hear it.

The next three or four years of your life are very precious. They are like the ploughing time and the sowing time in the year. You are learning to know God, the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation, the presence and voice of the Holy Ghost in the Church of Jesus Christ. Learn all these things solidly, and you will love the Blessed Sacrament and our Blessed Mother with all your heart.

And now you will pray for me that I may make a good end of a long life, which can not be far off. And may God guide you and guard you in innocence and in fidelity through this evil, evil world! And may His blessing be on your home and all belonging to you!

Believe me always a true friend,

HENRY EDWARD,

Card. Abp. of Westminster.

A Wonderful Clock.

A clock made for the cathedral of Cambrai in 1397 showed the hour, day and year, also the course of the sun and the moon; and when it struck it produced bronze figures representing a part of Our Lord's passion.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—There is no doubt that "Diwan," a volume of verses by Rev. Gerald W. E. Dunn, Litt. D., will be welcomed by the many admirers of the author. There are some fifty titles in the book. Published by the Toledo Artcraft Company. Price, \$2.50.

—New light on "The Reformation in Ireland, 1558-1580," is afforded by a recent book, thus entitled, from the pen of Mr. Myles V. Ronan (Longmans). It is calculated to correct some erroneous views widely held. But it must be admitted that Mr. Ronan is somewhat captious now and then.

—Mr. Samuel Hoffenstein is to be classed with poets who are cynical. In his new book, entitled "Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing," he writes:

I seldom mean a single thing
I say, or (as the phrase goes) sing;
But if it sounds both right and true,
I like to think I think I do.

—Two new series, which ought to be added to all larger Catholic libraries, are "Treasury of the Faith Series," edited by the Rev. George Smith; and "The Calvert Series," edited by Hilaire Belloc. The first is designed for the layman and the inquirer; the second contains much of the finest thought in the Catholic world of to-day. These books, and numerous others of especial interest to Catholic readers, are published by the Macmillan Co.

—The name of Father John Nicholas Grou on any volume that deals with prayer is assurance of a work that is thorough, scholarly and profoundly spiritual. "The Christian Sanctified by the Lord's Prayer" is a translation from the French of an unpublished manuscript by this master of spiritual life. Father Grou takes up the several petitions of the "Our Father" and shows the depths of devotion that lie under the surface of its simple words. It is published by Benziger Brothers. Price, 45c.

—"The Franciscan Order," by the Rev. Dominic Devas, O. F. M., is meant to be a popular account of the Franciscans. It is hardly that. Rather it is a technical gen-

eral view which assumes that the reader is already acquainted with St. Francis, his collaborators and the work of their successors. Yet, in spite of the summary arrangement of facts, the spirit animating and unifying the branches of the Order is well set forth. The price, \$1.70, we think is too high for a little over a hundred pages of reading matter. Publisher, Benziger.

—Well-written history assures fascinating reading. Some historians, however, have sacrificed facts for the sake of style, while others have neglected style to state dry facts. The Rev. Charles Hart, in "The Student's Church History," does state the facts in an interesting way. This first volume of a forthcoming series starts with the Ascension of Our Lord, and briefly sketches the early days of the Church to the Edict of Milan, A. D. 313. The work of the Apostles, the fruitful persecutions, and the trying problems of the Church in the first three centuries are traced with simple clearness and sufficient completeness. Publisher, Benziger. Price, \$1.25 net.

—Two pamphlets from the Paulist Press are (1) "Prohibition," by Dr. John A. Ryan, an exposition of the Catholic principles that bear on the problem, and the full text of Dr. Ryan's statement before the Committee of the House of Representatives last February. (2) St. Catherine of Siena, the life-story of the saintly virgin whose influence was felt in the papal palace and the homes of the nobility as well as in the hovels of the poor. Price, each, 5c. From our Sunday Visitor Press comes "Catholic Children of the Public Schools," by the Rev. Joseph J. Mereto, an exposition of the dangers to faith of 2,000,000 Catholic children, and some practical suggestions for remedying the evil. Price, 10c.

—The lives of saints are sources of inspiration. But, since we know so little of the life of St. Joseph, we must look elsewhere for that which would attract us to him. A small book, by the Rev. P. J. Chandlery, S. J., seeks to make better known and loved the Saint

whose name is the title—"St. Joseph." It should be of service for private rather than public spiritual reading, offering, as it does, much thought for reflection and affective prayer, besides supplying ideas for conferences and sermons. Compiled from the writings of the Saints, and showing, as it does, the cult to St. Joseph in different nations and by particular religious Orders, there is hope that this work will foster love and promote devotion to this Saint who has been so highly honored by God. Published by Herder. Price, 75c.

—We cannot praise too highly the work of the Benedictine Fathers who conduct the Liturgical Press at Collegeville, Minnesota. There is hardly a week that they do not issue some booklet explaining the beauty and the dramatic action of the Catholic liturgy. The work is always simple, clear, intelligible to the people for whom it is intended, and yet always the fruit of genuine scholarship. The most recent brochure is "The Mass-Drama," by William Busch, Professor of Church History in the St. Paul Seminary. "The Mass is an interchange of gifts; we give to God and God gives to us." This is the basic motive running through the drama of the Mass which is divided into its two large parts, the Mass of the Catechumens and the Mass of the Faithful. The author describes and explains these two divisions, showing the essential unity of the whole liturgical service. There is no doubt that the faithful reading this brief treatment of the Mass will see the sacrifice in a new light and will find abundant aid for their devotion. Pastors, too, using this pamphlet could give interesting talks to their people, and do much to bring home the essential majesty and beauty of this central action of Catholic liturgy.

—One of the essential aims in every system of education is the development of character. It is a complex problem, involving all the activities of the child life. It must, therefore, come home to the teacher and director of the school as a subject of first interest, and anything that will suggest successful method for such training must supply a real need for all

who are concerned with educational problems. "Introduction to the Study of Human Conduct and Character," by John M. Wolfe, Ph. D., is an effort to analyze the problem of character training, and to suggest methods for the teacher. Dr. Wolfe reviews various systems of ethics, and points out their fallacies, correcting them by enunciating the principles of Catholic ethics. The discussion is carried on by means of a group conversation, the members of which present different views on the various questions. The language of the discussions aims to avoid as much as possible technical terms, but the introduction will be lost to the ordinary reader because of the very prevalence of these. Here is a paragraph, for example, that will challenge the tyro:

In the antithesis of child creativeness and adult control there is the sad dilemma, that parents and teachers who have grown up through the processes of a conforming program cannot usually understand the other aspect of child development, simply because they lack the background of experiences, and the consequent true and adequate consciousness of its real meaning, or the ability to project themselves through the study of expert knowledge into the full appreciation of the healthy and normal functioning of a new idea: it is a result of the phenomenon that the individual's thinking is linked to his own emotional history, and his interpretation of others has much of self-analysis in it.

Published by Benziger Brothers. Price, \$2.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEE., xiii, 3.

Right Reverend Msgr. F. T. Moran, diocese of Cleveland; Very Reverend Eugene J. Fee-ney, Diocese of Lincoln; Reverend Peter Vague, S. M. M.

Sister M. Rosalie (Dailey) and Sister M. Esperie, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Virginia, Sisters of Providence; and Sister M. Pia, Sisters of St. Dominic.

Mr. John McCann, Mrs. T. F. Farrell, Mr. Timothy Donahue, Mary C. Kennedy, Miss Jane Mullen, Mr. Thomas Leader, Mrs. Elizabeth Levens, Mr. Charles Roser, Mr. Michael Murray, Mr. Joseph Sandbothe, Miss Julia Hallinan, Mr. John Healy, and Mr. James Heller.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)



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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 26.—St. Anne, Mother of the B. V. M.
 SUNDAY, 27.—SEVENTH AFTER PENTECOST. St. Pantaleon, M.
 MONDAY, 28.—SS. Nazarius and Comp's, MM.
 TUESDAY, 29.—St. Martha, V.
 WEDNESDAY, 30.—SS. Abdon and Sennen, MM.

THURSDAY, 31.—St. Ignatius of Loyola, C.
 AUGUST.
 FRIDAY, 1.—St. Peter's Chains. The Holy Machabees, MM.
 SATURDAY, 2.—Our Lady of the Angels. St. Alphonsus de Liguori, B. C. D.

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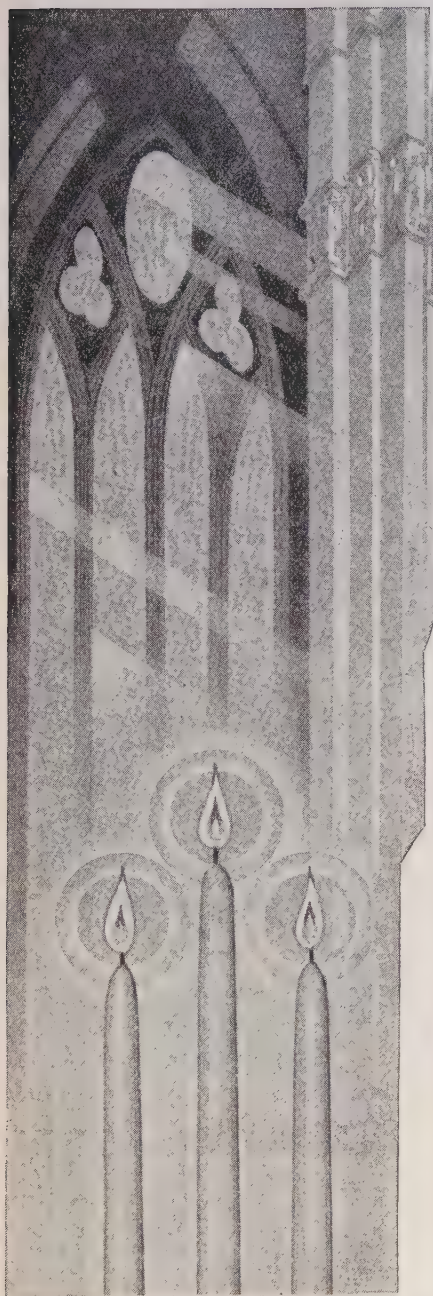
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A CITY OF CONFUSION.

It is of advantage at times to look over into the lives of others in order to properly value our own blessings. That is so in religion as well as in life. Catholics will do well occasionally, therefore, to run their eyes over the history of Protestant development and into the present confusion into which they have fallen. Such a glimpse will deepen our appreciation for what we have. The Rev. Henry G. Ganss enables us to do so quickly and effectively in a little pamphlet entitled "A City of Confusion, The Case of Dr. Briggs." Through the medium of a famous heresy case against a really sincere clergyman, the Rev. author takes us over the historical grounds upon which the title of this interesting essay is based. A reading thereof will strengthen the faith of the weak Catholic and confirm that of the strong.

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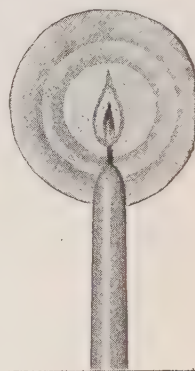
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No. 15—Surplice



No. 13-14—Surplice

CAPES

| | |
|---|--------|
| Poplin, Plain, without fringe..... | \$.75 |
| Poplin, with Silk Fringe..... | 1.50 |
| Poplin, with Gold Fringe..... | 2.25 |
| Serge, All Wool, Plain without, Fringe..... | 1.00 |
| Serge, All Wool, with Silk Fringe..... | 1.75 |
| Serge, All Wool, with Gold Fringe..... | 2.50 |

SASHES

| | |
|---|--------|
| Poplin, Plain, without Fringe..... | \$.60 |
| Poplin, with Silk Fringe..... | 1.00 |
| Poplin, with Gold Fringe..... | 1.50 |
| Serge, All Wool, Plain, without Fringe..... | 1.10 |
| Serge, All Wool, with Silk Fringe..... | 1.50 |
| Serge, All Wool, with Gold Fringe..... | 2.00 |

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WHEN preference exists for the 7-day candle, we offer the best light obtainable and give a Ruby 8-Day Glass and Brass Protector gratis with each case.

This candle takes the place of oil and is VERY SATISFACTORY

One case Seven-day Sanctuary Candles. Fifty candles—1 year's supply\$25.00
Eight-day Ruby Glass... 1.25
Brass Protector......45
Total value.....\$26.70
All for.....

ALL FOR
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SPECIAL OFFER!

A \$4.50 solid brass, gold lacquered standing lamp, No. 7008 as illustrated, may be procured for \$1.00 extra, if ordered with a case of 7-day candles. Both for \$26.00.

One case Seven-day Sanctuary Candles. Fifty candles—1 year's supply\$25.00

One solid brass standing Sanctuary Lamp with Ruby Glass..... 4.50
One Brass Protector......45
Total value.....\$29.95

All for.....\$26.00

No. 7008 solid brass, gold lacquered, Standing Lamp, with eight-day ruby glass, Each \$4.50



Take the Guess Work out of Candles

Order Hansen's Full weight guaranteed 51% stamped 16 oz. to a lb. Beeswax Candles

Illustration shows contrast between a "set" (14 oz.) and a Full-Weight Candle—approximately 15% difference.

RUBRICA BRAND

Full Weight, Stamped 51% Pure Beeswax Candles, in all sizes, 16 oz. to lb. 58½¢
2 case Lots, per lb.....
Less than 2 cases, 65¢ per lb.

Composition Beeswax Candles
Composition Brand Beeswax Molded Candles, 16 oz. to a lb. 2 CASE LOTS, 27¢ PER POUND
Less than 2 cases, per lb. 30¢
All sizes 48 lbs. to a case.

Stearic Acid Candles
Snow white, extra hard, hydraulic pressed, 16 oz. to a lb. 2 CASE LOTS 24½¢ PER POUND
Less than 2 cases, per lb. 27¢
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Hansen's Votive Lights are the best Votive Lights on the market. They are extra hard and burn clean; do not smoke and are guaranteed to give satisfaction.

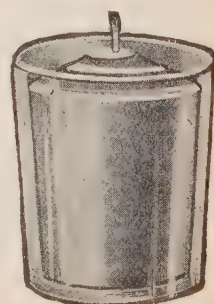
| | The 10 and 6 hour lights fit the regular 15 hour glasses | |
|--------------------|--|---------|
| per gross | 15 hour | 10 hour |
| 1 Gross Lots..... | \$3.50 | \$2.75 |
| 5 Gross Lots..... | 3.25 | 2.55 |
| 10 Gross Lots..... | 3.15 | 2.45 |
| 25 Gross Lots..... | 3.05 | 2.35 |
| 50 Gross Lots..... | 2.95 | 2.25 |

Votive Light Glasses

Our ten and fifteen-hour assorted colored glasses are highly tempered which makes them more heat resisting than the ordinary glass. Ten or fifteen-hour, ruby, green, blue, opal, amber, and crystal colors:

Per dozen \$1.20 Per gross \$12.96

When ordering the above be sure and specify whether ten or fifteen hour glasses are wanted.



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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 26, 1930.

No. 4.

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Evening Angelus.

BY ALICE PORTER.

GOD made the world with care and skill,
Each thing conforming to His will:
The sun, the moon, the leafy trees,
The sky, the mountains and the seas.

And then exulting in His art
He made one thing for His own heart,
The lovely dusk, the twilight hour—
For Mary a perpetual flower.

The taut wonder, aching, stark,
Brooding upon the dreaming dark;
The ghostly silence, mystic spell—
The background for a silver bell.

He made this hour, because He knew
The beauty of the mellowed blue
Would be for all and everywhere
A strange, insistent call to prayer.

He made this twilight interlude
That thoughts of Mary might intrude
The busy, careless hearts of men,
And call them to herself again.

The Jesuit Martyrs of Canada.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

I.

THE eight martyrs who, on June 29, 1930, were canonized by Pope Pius XI., were Frenchmen by birth, but they shed their blood for God on American soil, and for this reason have a special claim on the veneration of the American people. Moreover, they were, one and all, remarkable men. The six who were priests belonged to cultured families of

Old France, whose members filled important posts in the government of their country; but these martyrs were impelled by an irresistible vocation to volunteer for the Indian missions, and this at a time when the mission fields of Canada were almost unexplored. The two laymen, who worked and died with them, were no less heroic in their fidelity than the priests, whose sufferings they once shared and with whose glorious canonization they were associated on June 29.

"New France" was discovered in 1534 by Jacques Cartier, and was organized as a French colony when Samuel Champlain founded the city of Quebec. But the territory known as "New France" included, not only what is now Canada, but also Newfoundland and immense territories watered by the St. Lawrence, and extending far South. Through these forests and prairies roamed many Indian tribes, making up a population of some 200,000 souls. The most important of these tribes were the Hurons and the Iroquois; they were generally at war with each other, but the Hurons, who traded in furs with the French settlers, were, on the whole, more easy to deal with than the ferocious Iroquois.

The people among whom our martyrs worked were absolute savages: immoral, cruel, superstitious, greedy, and in their habits dirty beyond belief. No wonder that the superior of the mission warned his brethren that "in seeking to convert these people you will find Jesus Christ and His cross; you will meet only suf-

fering of mind and body." The men who come here, he added, "must be dead to themselves, must love the cross." It was, therefore, with full knowledge of the life that awaited them that the Jesuits volunteered for the Indian mission. The only common standpoint between them and the savages was the latter's belief in the immortality of the soul, a belief that helped their missionaries to plant the faith among them.

Under Henry IV. of France, the Society of Jesus, then governed by Claude Aquaviva, had offered its subjects to the missions of Canada, but the plan was opposed by the rivalry of the French and British traders. From the first, the founders and organizers of the colony openly stated that their object was to "bring the people to a knowledge of the true God," commercial and political interests were certainly not forgotten, but an apostolic spirit existed among the leaders of the colony.

Among the eight volunteers whose sacrifice was eventually crowned by martyrdom, stands out with distinctive clearness Jean de Brébeuf, whose family belonged to the old *noblesse* of lower Normandy. Born in 1593 in the diocese of Bayeux, even if he had not won a martyr's crown, Jean de Brébeuf would have ranked as a saint; his companions looked upon him as such. Of a splendid physique, a mystic, favored by visions, yet the humblest of men, he was a born leader, possessing decision, wisdom, indomitable courage. His companion, Antoine Daniel, was also a Norman, trained by the celebrated Father Lalemant, one of the spiritual forces of his day.

Born in 1601, he had developed from his youth upward a missionary spirit that the *Relations* sent home by the first Jesuits in Canada had kindled among the younger members of the Society. Father Charles Garnier, another martyr, became a Jesuit when only eighteen, and in 1636 was allowed to satisfy his

long-standing desire to work in Canada. The same year, 1636, Father Isaac Jogues, the best known of the holy company, after Jean de Brébeuf, started on the mission. He was a native of Orleans, belonged to an excellent family, and his professor, the celebrated Father Lalemant, had foretold that he would die in Canada.

Father Jogues' sufferings extended over weeks and months; grievously mutilated, he was sent to Europe, whence he hastened to return as soon as possible to the battlefield where, in 1647, he finally won his crown.

Gabriel Lalemant was so frail in appearance that for sixteen years his superiors turned a deaf ear to his pleadings to be sent to Canada, where two of his uncles were on the mission. His mother became a nun when she was left a widow, and of her six children, five entered religion, the one who remained in the world, a distinguished magistrate, rendered good service to his country. Noël Chabanel, the youngest of the six priests, was born in 1613, and in 1643, at his request, started for Canada. Evidently, the roughness, difficulties and many disappointments of those early days tried him sorely, and to defend himself against possible temptation, he bound himself by a solemn vow never to leave the mission.

To these six priests must be added two laymen: René Goupil, who, before his death, was admitted as lay-brother into the Society of Jesus, and Jean de la Lande, whom the accounts from which we borrow these details, describe as a *donné*. These *donnés* were men bound by no vow, but who acted as the missionaries' helpers on all occasions: they hunted and fished when food was scarce; could build wooden huts and, when necessary, baptize Indian babies and instruct adults. They exercised, we are told, great influence; these two having shared the priests' labors and sufferings, are now raised with them to

the altar of the Church. Like the priests, they were men of unusual holiness, and were gifted with perseverance, courage and resourcefulness, that, supernaturalized by grace, fitted them for their heroic vocation.

Jean de Brébeuf, whose striking personality stands out with peculiar vividness, had no illusions as to the extreme difficulty of the task that lay before him. He knew that "it meant to live and die on the cross," and he often expressed his conviction that the conversion of the Indians must be bought by the blood of their apostles; and so indeed it came to pass.

From motives of policy, Champlain, the Governor of Quebec, was anxious that the missionaries should get into touch with the Hurons—more amenable than the ferocious Iroquois, and whose alliance might promote the cause of civilization. In an incredibly short time Jean de Brébeuf assimilated the Huron dialect, and when, according to custom, in July, 1633, the Huron traders came in their boats to sell their furs, Champlain in person, introduced the Jesuits to the Indian chiefs. "These religious," he said, "have not come here from interested motives. In France they are very much loved; they have left their families and their country in order to show you the way that leads to the Master of life."—"Yes," added Father de Brébeuf, "we mean to live and die among you." These preliminaries promised well. "Echon," as the Indians called Jean de Brébeuf, had made a deep impression on the savages; but the latter are open to any influences that happen to appeal to them, and they were soon persuaded by the jealous members of another tribe that the "Black Robes" were dangerous visitors. A whole year passed before the traders returned: Jean de Brébeuf employed it in visiting the Indians near Quebec. During six months, he acted as superior to the Jesuit community in that city, and

a letter written by one of his brethren says that under his government "all was peace."

At last, he and one companion, Father Daniel, a future martyr, were allowed to pursue their journey into the very heart of the Huron country. The travellers carried the boats that served to cross the many rivers on the way. "We have to row nearly all day," writes Jean de Brébeuf, "our Indians being ill and unable to work the boats." After thirty days, the travellers reached a Huron village, where "Echon" was gladly welcomed. The missionaries began by building a wooden house, divided into three parts, one of which became their oratory; the savages looked on in wonder. These tribes are essentially wanderers, and the Jesuits realized that to win any influence, they must create a religious centre however primitive. They immediately began to make friends with the Indians; they gave them small presents, taught them to sing and to pray. Besides having classes for the children, they assembled the elders of the tribe and explained the chief points of the Christian religion. These people's minds were an utter blank; they had never heard the name of Christ; but their ignorance might be enlightened, whereas their indifference was disheartening. "All you say is all right for French people," repeated the Indians; "our customs are different." And they showed no wish to learn what their visitors were so eager to impart. The first year only five or six adults were baptized, besides many dying babies. It was out of proportion, humanly speaking, with the strenuous efforts expended to get into touch with the Hurons.

We shall have occasion to marvel at the heroic fortitude with which Jean de Brébeuf endured tortures lasting many hours; but no less admirable is the patience with which his ardent spirit bore delays, disappointments and apparent failures. He once said that the Indians

would be converted only when their apostles shed their blood for their sakes; and this prophetic utterance was fulfilled after his martyrdom. An epidemic having broken out among the Indians, the missionaries helped to nurse them, and those who had accused the "Black Robes" of spreading disease were filled with gratitude. In May, 1637, Jean de Brébeuf wrote to the Father General: "All the calumnies spread against us seem now at an end. This year, we baptized more than two hundred persons. . . . The people understand that we did not come here to buy furs, but to instruct them, to unite them to our Lord, and by so doing, give them a future life of eternal happiness."

Another wave of hostility broke out a little later among these superstitious and childish people. The Jesuits were accused of sorcery and declared dangerous guests. The chiefs of the tribe assembled to deliberate, and Jean de Brébeuf, secretly warned that his fate and that of his brethren was to be decided, went to the meeting. He spoke so firmly, so wisely, with such fearlessness, that for the present it was decided not to kill the "Black Robes," but knowing that their death might at any moment be decided, Father de Brébeuf wrote to the Superior of the Missions to bid him adieu. The letter was signed by his companions, of whom he says: "They are waiting for the results of this business with great peace and content. . . . If Our Lord wishes that we should die, what happiness for us! If He keeps us here to continue our work, may He be blessed. It is for Him that we wish to live and die."

A curious custom existed among the Hurons: Prisoners condemned to die gave a farewell banquet to their friends; Jean de Brébeuf, knowing that the Huron chiefs had secretly resolved to execute the Jesuits, observed this custom. The Hurons came to the banquet in large numbers, and the Father took

the opportunity of developing Christian doctrine, the perfections of God, the future of the soul, etc.

The savages listened attentively, gradually their attitude became less hostile, so much so that the Fathers built a second wooden house in a neighboring village. "Echon's" perseverance in an apparently ungrateful task never wavered, and though he was perpetually reminded that his life hung on a thread, his quiet dignity made an impression on the savages: "I am here to do you good," he constantly repeated; "to teach you how to serve God in this life and to be happy in the next."

When crossing a frozen lake, Father de Brébeuf fell and broke his ankle. He was summoned to Quebec by the Superior of the Missions, and he divided his time between the Hurons of the neighborhood and the French communities of Quebec till a new duty claimed his services.

During this time, two other missionaries: Fathers Garnier and Jogues, were sent to the Petun tribe, who had lately allied themselves to the Hurons; it was thought that a Christian centre might be founded among them. The journey was a dangerous one, and with much difficulty the missionaries reached their object. The people they tried to evangelize adored the devil, and though it seemed at first that no visible impression was made upon them by the Black Robes, it was afterwards discovered that good seed had been sown: again and again in this history apparent failure prepared success.

Father Isaac Jogues, the humblest of men, was in 1642, sent by his superior to Quebec; he had been praying that Our Lord would find him a share in His Passion; and a secret voice responded that his petition was heard. The journey to Quebec, where he spent the feast of St. Ignatius, did not seem at first sight, a perilous one, but on their return the party were attacked by the Iroquois, the

mortal enemies of the Hurons. Father Jogues was made a prisoner, having left a safe hiding place rather than be parted from the Christian Hurons who escorted him. He baptized some of these neophytes, encouraged the others, and, in his account of his adventures, is more impressed by the sufferings of his faithful converts than by his own tortures. These were terrible. After beating him so cruelly that he was covered with blood, the savages cut off one of his fingers, tore the others with their teeth and applied burning bark to his sides! Similar torments were inflicted on a Christian Huron named Eustace, and the Jesuit, who suffered in silence when alone, was deeply moved when he witnessed the martyrdom of his faithful companion. The latter fearing that the Father's emotion might excite the savages' contempt explained to them that it was from charity and compassion for his follower that the Black Robe shed tears: "He never wept for himself and was always cheerful even when he suffered; his love for me, and your cruelty towards me, have made him shed tears."

René Goupil, the first of the eight martyrs to win his crown, kept close to Father Jogues, and made his vows as a Jesuit lay-brother, during the tragic journey, when the two travelled with their tyrants through the forests. On arriving at an Iroquois village, René Goupil was killed; the name of Jesus on his lips. Father Jogues expected a similar fate, but from some caprice he was spared for the time being. He was now absolutely alone among the Iroquois; his neophytes and followers were dead, but the news of his survival had spread, and negotiations were started for his deliverance. It is characteristic of Father Jogues that when answering the letter written to him by the Governor of Quebec, he speaks little of himself, and repeats that he will "seek no opportunity for recovering his free-

dom." He could baptize and absolve some of his captors, and considered it his duty to remain with them. Finally, after many months, during which Queen Anne of Austria and the States General of Holland exerted themselves in his favor, Father Jogues had to give his consent to his friends' efforts. After much delay, he was put on board a ship bound for England, whence he was to return to France.

On January 5, 1644, a miserably clad traveller called at the Jesuit College of Rennes, and asked to see the rector, Father André de Bac. Hearing that the visitor came from Canada, the Father Rector hastened to greet him: "Do you know Father Jogues?" he asked. "Very well."—"Is he dead or alive?"—"He is alive and is now speaking to you," and, kneeling down, the traveller asked for the rector's blessing.

The outburst of veneration that followed his return gave the missionary no joy; the Queen of France asked to see him, and Pope Urban VIII. gladly gave him leave to say Mass in spite of his mutilated hands: "My sins made me unworthy to be martyred by the Iroquois," he used to say sadly; and his one wish was to return to Canada.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Living Voice.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

XXX.

THE little yellow burnet roses, with their scent of musk, were all in bloom, their thin, red, prickly branches making a network over the grass. The sea was blue with stiff little ripples like those in an old Italian picture. The land breeze blew to them the sweet fragrance of honeysuckle and wild thyme which hung in masses down the cliff.

Simon had been rowing Lord Derby about St. Patrick's islet that he might

satisfy himself that his new fortifications at Peel Castle were sufficient protection for the harbor. Presently he shipped his oars and spoke with an effort.

"Will you give me leave to return home, my lord?"

"Why, Simon, I hoped you looked upon my house as home," said Lord Derby. "And all my young people as your brothers and sisters."

His voice was full of meaning. Simon slid out his oars again, pulling mechanically first with one, then with the other, to hold the boat against the drift of the tide.

"My lady Ann Cottington is not my sister, my lord. I cannot think of her as such; and so I am best at home."

"Perhaps you are right, Simon. I trust, though, that you have not so far forgotten your duty as to speak of your feelings to my daughter-in-law?"

"No, my lord. But I could not be sure of myself if I stayed on here. My Lord Strange," he added formally, "is no hot wooer, neither."

"Row back to the islet," commanded Derby. "I shall miss you, Simon," he went on in a softer tone. "I would we were at one in religion."

"And so do I indeed, my lord—indeed I pray for it daily," cried Simon eagerly. He looked up greatly daring. "My dear, dear lord, why do you not lay your difficulties before the priest?"

"You know very well I expressed a hope that *you* should see your error," exclaimed the older man fretfully.

Simon swung to and fro, three or four times, dipping his oars with strong, measured strokes.

"And if I said that I would conform to-day to the Church of England—if I said that your arguments had convinced me—would you truly rejoice, my lord?"

A look of fear, almost of horror, sprang into his companion's face.

"You have no right to question me—you forget yourself," he cried sharply.

"If I consented to abandon my loving Saviour, who changes the substance of bread into His own substance, containing His own Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity, in order to be the food of my soul—if I should exchange this for good Archdeacon Rutter's approval, and for the common bread he distributes at the plain table—"

"Oh, hush, Simon! Be silent! How dare you so upbraid me! To sin against your convictions would be unforgivable—the sin against the Holy Ghost."

The boat rocked as Lord Derby buried his face in his hands.

"If you would but be guided by your own logic, my lord! But God knows how hard it is, especially for those who have great possessions. They call you the 'Protestant Champion,' do they not? Well, all our Catholic champions are martyrs."

"Do you think worldly considerations would hold me back from my duty to God?" inquired Derby in a hurt tone.

Simon rowed harder.

"I think you ought to be a Catholic, my lord," he answered bluntly—"you would find,"—he stammered a little in his shyness—"you would find that our Lord Jesus is rich to all that call upon Him."

He let the boat drift a little with the tide till Lord Derby ordered him curtly to row to the jetty. As Simon stretched out one sunburnt hand to draw the boat close to the quay, he hazarded one more observation.

"Master Martin, who dwells with Master Curran the schoolmaster, is a Catholic priest."

There was no reply, but a little later as they mounted the steps towards the Castle, Lord Derby turned round and laid his finger on his lip.

"Silence, you understand?"

"I promise," answered Simon.

He dared not reopen the subject—his promise seemed to bind him to silence with his Guardian as well as with others, but when presently Lord Derby announced that he was going to spend a few days in Castletown in order to inspect the new buildings, Simon was ordered to accompany him.

Castle Rushen felt cold even at midsummer. Icy winds shook the hangings by the doors and scattered the ashes in the wide chimneys. There was but just room for Lord Derby's bed and writing desk in that chamber known as "The King's Room." Simon slept in a yet smaller apartment on the same floor.

Various ghosts were supposed to haunt the stone stairs and banqueting hall—the famous "White Lady" being the chief, but they did not trouble Simon's sound slumbers. Yet one night, when he was suddenly roused by a hand upon his shoulder, he did start up, suspecting a supernatural visitant.

"Who is it?" he cried, hastily making the Sign of the Cross.

The voice which replied was so faint and shaking that he did not immediately recognize it as Derby's.

"'Tis I. The draught has extinguished the taper. Are you awake, Simon?"

"Who is it?" repeated the young man in a bewildered tone. "'Tis never you, my lord? Why, your hand is as cold as death."

"Hush!" cried the other violently. "Come to my room," he added.

Simon got up obediently and catching up a cloak followed Lord Derby barefooted. There was a bright fire burning on the hearth, and the lamp filled the small room with soft light.

"Saw you aught, my lord?" whispered the boy in awestruck tones.

Lord Derby stood by the hearth, his dark, furred bed-gown wrapped around him, his face was ghastly.

"No, lad, I saw no spectre. But as I sat there reading, blood fell upon my

book. 'Tis a sign, Simon,—'tis a sign."

"Nay, my lord. You must be ill!"

But even as he sprang towards his friend, Simon turned his head involuntarily and saw the fresh, bright drops upon the open page.

"I am not ill. Take heed you tell no one. 'Tis a sign," he repeated sternly, "that I am to die a bloody death—perhaps the assassin's knife is in store for me. But I shall be prepared," he added gravely. "My God, I accept of death—whatever death Thou designest for me. Let it not be dishonorable, O my God!"

"Have you private news, my lord? Surely there's no danger here—the people love you," cried Simon anxiously. "I must stay if you are in any peril."

"Nay, Simon, every man must meet his fate. I was startled for the moment. But tell no one. It is a warning, but I think the end will not be here."

Simon finished the night extended on a deer-skin on the hard stone floor, but after a while he slept. Next morning Lord Derby made no allusion to the incident of the night, and a day or two later, Simon left the island.

No young man of spirit could stay at home in these stirring times. Simon determined to offer his sword to Lord Molyneux, who was still in command of the King's army of the North. Letters to the General and sundry other noble persons serving under him were provided by Lord Derby, but when the smack in which Bradshaigh was making the voyage to Liverpool was overhauled by a Parliamentary brig and ordered to heave to, he thought it wiser to drop his credentials into the sea. This time he was out of luck. An officer came aboard, commanded the Master and Simon to return with him on board his own craft where Simon was retained a prisoner, while the poor Kerruish was shepherded into Liverpool, and there relieved of the cargo of island corn and sent home empty-handed.

Simon, after being briefly examined by the Governor, was thrown into prison. The mere fact of his coming from the Island of Man proved that he was an adherent of the Earl of Derby. He was offered the choice between joining Colonel Moore's brigade or going to prison, and laconically chose the latter.

There was plenty of good company in Liverpool fortress. Most of the prisoners were confined for connection with the royalist cause. There were no great rigors, and their friends visited them freely, but life was very expensive, and Simon parted from his little stock of money and was forced to pledge his fine holland shirts before his friends obtained his release through application to Sir Thomas Fairfax. Even then freedom carried with it a galling restriction—a pledge not to take up arms for two years. Old Richard Nevile, who concluded the negotiations, advised Simon to make no demur.

"Thou art but eighteen, lad, and there seems small likelihood of Prince Rupert's returning to these parts. You might lie in prison these five years, and your mother would be in sad straits to provide for you."

So Simon agreed and was duly liberated. It was an inglorious home-coming, and the sword was indeed transformed into a ploughshare. The joy of his family and the need for his presence on the farm were some compensation. There was, however, a secret cause for sadness which Simon felt unable to reveal even to his mother. The house was full of children. In spite of her narrow means, Mistress Bradshaigh had undertaken the care of sundry small cousins, while their parents were in trouble for their religion and for their allegiance to King Charles.

As Simon listened to the gay voices of his own little sisters, and the hammering of sturdy little shoes on the uncarpeted stairs, he reflected that no child of

his would ever be put to sleep in the old nursery, or roll and tumble on the green garden slopes. If only he could forget Ann! But he could not forget her.

Had the King's arms been successful perhaps Simon might not have felt his own inaction so bitter, but after the first brilliant successes of Rupert's campaign, defeat followed defeat. Hardly had Lancashire begun to rejoice in the news of his return to the North, when news came of the disaster of Marston Moor, soon to be followed by the utter rout of the King at Naseby on June 14, 1645. The heir to the Crown fled the country, and there were the wildest rumors about the King.

While the cavaliers quarrelled, fought duels and neglected the fortresses under their care, the Parliamentarians drilled and drilled. They had now a magnificent standing army which had been three years under arms, as opposed to the royalists' casual levies. Lancashire Catholics, rebuffed by the King's party and oppressed by his enemies, felt the danger of their position becoming hourly more acute. Prince Rupert's defeat was the signal for a great outburst of rejoicing on the part of the Cromwellians; and the country was fairly flooded with vainglorious broad sheets, describing in biblical terms their own merits and ascribing every possible and impossible iniquity to their opponents.

It was the signal also for a renewed attack on Lathom House. Five thousand men were marched against the stronghold which could shelter but five hundred. In vain did the garrison essay every kind of heroic feat—Captain Radcliffe alone led twelve sallies, bringing back his men each time in triumph. In vain did young heroes challenge the enemy to single combat, or to fight troop against troop. Each individual success was won by the gallant little garrison, but five hundred could not challenge five thousand. The King was in hiding,

abandoned even by his personal guard, Prince Charles had fled the country, Rupert was conducting a guerilla warfare with fluctuating results. The royal forces were scattered, the royal prestige was dead, already the King's cause was regarded as a forlorn hope, yet thousands of better men were ready to die for him, as they were for all the cold-hearted Stuarts. Lathom held out for two years.

By 1647, Charles had drawn his shattered forces together, the imminence of final catastrophe stilled personal jealousy for awhile, and he resolved—as always too late—to march into Lancashire and relieve the faithful house of Lathom. Both sides had now attached an almost superstitious value to the fate of the old Stanley stronghold. Cromwell had always an eye to effect, to the moral impression. Derby was held to be the very impersonation of Protestantism and the Bishops' Cause—well, Lathom must be shattered and Derby must die! The King's troops were defeated at Rowton Heath, and the starving garrison at Lathom House capitulated.

With a bursting heart Simon watched the dark columns of smoke rolling across the sky. The Eagle Tower, with its nine consorts, was blown up, the rebels worked night and day, until the solid stone walls, resisting to the last, were levelled,—the grim fortress was razed to the ground. The banners captured at Bolton had all been sent by Prince Rupert to the Countess of Derby—a gallant acknowledgment from one Commander to another. Perhaps Colonel Birch's fury was stimulated by these tokens of former victory. The fall of Lathom was compared to the fall of Babylon, and poor Lady Derby was gratuitously branded with all the terms of obloquy with which that sinful city was branded in ages past.

Bradshaw, the stern President of the Committee, thought no abuse too vile to hurl at the lady's name, though no

puritan of them all could be more impeccable in conduct. Bradshaw and Birch rejoiced; to Cromwell's vengeful nature the news was sweet indeed, but far away on his little green island, Lord Derby wept for the destruction of his home. He had always loved Lathom, the cradle of his race, and since his wife's triumph it had become doubly dear to him. The destruction of Lathom cast a black shadow upon the future. The times were changed indeed, the King's cause was low, when any dared to demolish the greatest peer in the three Kingdoms! It had been like a little town, full of treasures. Now the painted windows and rich hangings adorned the halls of his enemies—nothing remained of Lathom but a few scattered stones.

A few weeks previous to its downfall, Derby had actually approached the temporary Government, asking and obtaining leave for his eldest son and some of the other children to live at Knowsley, in order that they might advantageously continue their education. The ruins of Lathom were still smoking when they landed in England. Simon went to wait upon them directly he received news of their arrival. Lady Mary and the two younger boys had remained in Man. They were to follow later, should Lord Strange send word that it would be safe for them to do so. Lady Amelia and Lady Katharine welcomed Simon with open arms—to his relief Charles was not present.

"Old Mistress Kennington is with us here," announced Kitty, naming a worthy kinswoman of her father's, who had long filled the rôle of lady-in-waiting to the Countess. "But no one else save the chaplain and tutors. And yet Charles wants to be off on his travels again. Do not you think that very curious, Simon?"

"Indeed, you should be better protected," began Bradshaigh when Amelia interrupted.

"But you know how the land lies.

Whenever Charles gets tidings of that odious Dorothea, he is neither to hold nor to bind."

"Dorothea!" gasped Simon.

"Yes—the Queen of Bohemia's maid-of-honor, Dorothea von Kirkenhooven. A flat-faced Dutch woman without a fortune and of very inferior lineage—how could my father welcome such a match?"

"But Lord Strange is to wed my Lady Ann!" exclaimed Simon, and he felt as though every drop of blood in his body was surging into his head.

"Oh, will that ever be? You are sadly behind the times, my little Bradshaigh!" It was the young lady's playful habit thus affectionately to name six foot of stalwart young manhood. "'Tis our belief that poor Nanny has ruined her prospects with her perversity. My father still wishes it but Charles and she could come to no agreement, and then she left us and fell in with Lady Falkland and wants to turn Papist. They say her father will cast her off if she persists, just as Falkland cast off his wife."

"Lady Ann a Catholic!" gasped Simon.

"Oh, true, I forgot! But you were born one, Simon, and that is different. We cannot but think it very ill-done of Ann, but nevertheless if Charles is bent on going abroad, we'll have her here. Shall we not, Kitty?"

"Indeed we will, sister!" returned Kitty staunchly. "Stanleys must stand by their friends."

Simon rode home with his head in a whirl. Ann a Catholic, perhaps soon to be free of her engagement! Cast off by her kin! Life was full of promise again, and as he rode his sorry five-pound nag through the drenched autumnal ploughlands, Simon would not have changed places with anyone in the world.

(To be continued.)

LIGHT words may be weighty faults.
—Coventry Patmore.

Design.

BY SISTER M. EDWARDINE, O. M.

NOW God be praised, who strikes the cup
From parching lips,
Who keeps the essence of all things
At aching finger-tips.

Infinite love it were to make
Lines incomplete,
And then to curve their meaning clear
At His pierced and bleeding feet.

Recusants and Robert Hugh Benson.

BY PAULA KURTH.

INTEREST in the English martyrs has been reawakened recently through the raising of so many of their number to the Altars of the Church. Lives of some of these martyrs are easily available; of others we have only brief sketches. But for the reader who has no access to the biographies, or who is limited in time, an excellent idea of the lives and sufferings of "stubborn recusants," as the Catholics of Penal Times were called, can be gained by reading four of the historical novels of Robert Hugh Benson: "The King's Achievement," "By What Authority?" "Come Rack! Come Rope!" and "Oddsfish." The first concerns itself with the beginning of the persecution under Henry VIII., the next two portray the hardships of Catholics under Elizabeth, and the last covers the final years of the reign of Charles II.

Robert Hugh Benson wrote his novels at lightning speed, sometimes having two on the stocks at once. He threw himself into them whole-heartedly, and lived with his characters to an exceptional degree. It has often been noted how "intensely alive" his books are. One seems to be reading truth, not fiction, so robust is their vitality; and they are all good stories, full of high adventure and action. Although Monsignor Ben-

son wrote with such rapidity, he aimed at attaining that accuracy of detail which is so important in a novel of the past. A great amount of research was necessary, as well as endless verifying of dates and quotations. "One page of such a novel as 'By What Authority?'" wrote Olive Katharine Parr in an appreciation, "might easily represent several days of research. The description of even one costume might involve many hours of poring over details."

The pageantry of past ages enchanted Robert Hugh Benson: he had, as Mr. George Shuster says of him, an "appetite for magnificence." His crowd scenes are remarkable for their vividness and color, and his glimpses of royal personages, seen as through the eyes of one of his characters, are not easily forgotten. Thus from "Come Rack! Come Rope!": "A row of brightly-colored uniforms, moving four abreast, came first, visible above the tossing heads of horses. Then followed a group of guards, whose steel caps passed suddenly into the sunlight that caught them from between the houses, and went again into shadow; and then at last, Marjorie caught a glimpse of the carriage, followed by ladies on gray horses, and forgot all the rest. This way and that she craned her head, gripping the oak post by which she leaned, unconscious of all except that she was to see her in whom England itself seemed to have been incarnated—the woman who, as perhaps no other earthly sovereign in the world at that time, or before her, had her people in a grasp that was not one of merely regal power.

"Then on a sudden, as Elizabeth lifted her head, the girl saw her. She was sitting in a low carriage, raised on cushions, alone. Four tall horses drew her at a slow trot: the wheels of the carriage were deep in mud, since she had driven for an hour over the deep December roads; but this added rather to the splendor within. But of this,

Marjorie remembered no more than an uncertain glimpse. The air was thick with cries; from window after window waved hands; and, more than all, the loyalty was real, and filled the air like brave music. There, then, she sat, smiling. She was dressed in some splendid stuff; jewels sparkled beneath her throat.

"Once a hand in an embroidered glove rose to wave an answer to the roar of salute; and as the carriage came beneath, she raised her face. It was a thin face, sharply pear-shaped, ending in a pointed chin; a tight mouth smiled at the corners; above her narrow eyes and high brows rose a high forehead, surmounted by strands of auburn hair drawn back tightly beneath the little head-dress. It was a strangely peaked face, very clear-skinned, and resembled in some manner a mask. But the look of it was as sharp as steel; like a slender rapier, fragile and thin, yet keen enough to run a man through. The power of it, in a word, was out of all measure with the slightness of the face. . . . Then the face dropped; and Marjorie watched the back of the head bending this way and that, till the nodding heads that followed hid it from sight."

In these novels there are many pictures of striking historical characters. "The King's Achievement," dealing with Henry's infamous dissolution of the monastic houses of England, has Blessed Thomas More for one of its minor characters. He is introduced, in a delightful manner, at his home in Chelsea: "It was a wonderfully pleasant house, Ralph thought, as his wherry came up to the foot of the garden stairs that led down from the lawn to the river. It stood well back in its own grounds, divided from the river by a wall with a wicket gate in it. There was a little grove of trees on either side of it; a flock of pigeons were wheeling about the bell turret that rose into the clear blue sky, and from which came a

stroke or two, announcing the approach of dinner-time, as he went up the steps.

"There was a figure lying on its face in the shadow by the house as Ralph came up the path, and a small dog, that seemed to be trying to dig the head out from the hands in which it was buried, ceased his excavations and set up a shrill barking. The figure rolled over, and sat up; the pleasant brown face was all creased with laughter; small pieces of grass were clinging to the long hair, and Ralph, to his amazement, recognized the ex-Lord Chancellor of England. 'I beg your pardon, sir,' said More, rising and shaking himself. 'I had no idea—you take me at a disadvantage; it is scarcely dignified'—and he stopped, smiling and holding out one hand, while he stretched the other deprecatingly, to quiet that insistent barking."

Father Edmund Campion figures in both "Come Rack! Come Rope!" and "By What Authority?" but the latter book gives an account of his infamous mock trial and glorious martyrdom. Thus does Monsignor Benson describe the martyrs' *via dolorosa* to Tyburn: "There was a trampling from within, the bolts creaked, and the gate rolled back; a company of halberdiers emerged and in their midst the three priests in laymen's dress; behind, followed a few men on horseback, with a little company of ministers, Bible in hand; and then a rabble of officers and pursuivants.

"Anthony edged his horse in among the others as the crowd fell back, and took up his place in the second rank of riders. Then, once more he heard that ringing bass voice whose first sound silenced the murmurs of the surging, excited crowd. 'God save you all, gentlemen! God bless you and make you all good Catholics!' Then, as the priest turned to kneel toward the east, he saw his face, paler than ever now, after his long fast in preparation for death. The rain was still falling as Campion in his

frieze gown knelt in the mud. There was silence as he prayed, and he ended aloud by commending his soul to God: *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum*.

"The three were secured to the hurdles, Briant and Sherwin on the one, Campion on the other, all lying on their backs, with their feet towards the horses' heels. The word to start was given by Sir Owen Hopton who rode with Charke, the preacher of Gray's Inn, in the front rank. The lashed horses plunged forward, with jolting hurdles spattering mud behind them; and the dismal pageant began to move forward through the crowd on that way of sorrows. There was a ceaseless roar and babble of voices as they went. Charke, in his minister's dress, able now to declaim without fear of reply, was hardly silent for a moment from mocking and rebuking the prisoners, and making pompous speeches to the people. 'See here,' he cried, 'these roguing popish priests, laid by the heels—aye, by the heels—at last; in spite of their tricks and turns. See this fellow in his frieze gown, dead to the world as he brags; and know how he skulked and hid in his disguises till her Majesty's servants plucked him forth! We will disguise him, we will disguise him, ere we have done with him, that his own mother should not know him. Ha, now! Campion, do you hear me?'

"And so the harsh voice rang out over the crowd that tramped alongside, and up to the faces that filled every window; while the ministers below kept up a ceaseless murmur of adjuration and entreaty and threatening, with a turning of leaves of their Bibles, and bursts of prayer, over the three heads that jolted and rocked at their feet over the cobblestones and through the mud. The friends of the prisoners walked as near them as they dared, and their lips moved continually in prayer.

"Every now and then as Anthony

craned his head, he could see Campion's face, with closed eyes and moving lips that smiled again and again, all spattered and dripping with filth; and once he saw a gentleman walking beside him fearlessly stoop down and wipe the priest's face with a handkerchief. Presently they had passed up Cheapside and reached Newgate; in a niche in the archway itself stood a figure of the Mother of God looking compassionately down; and as Campion's hurdle passed beneath it her servant wrenched himself a few inches up in his bonds and bowed to his glorious Queen; and then laid himself down quietly again, as a chorus of lament rose from the ministers over his superstition and obstinate idolatry that seemed as if it would last even to death; and Charke too, who had become somewhat more silent, broke out again into revilings.

"The crowd at Tyburn was vast beyond all reckoning. Outside the gate it stretched on every side, under the elms, a few were even in the branches, along the sides of the stream; everywhere was a sea of heads, out of which, on a little eminence like another Calvary, rose up the tall posts of the three-cornered gallows, on which the martyrs were to suffer. As the hurdles came slowly under the gate, the sun broke out for the first time; and as the horses that drew the hurdles came around towards the carts that stood near the gallows and the platform on which the quartering block stood, a murmur began that ran through the crowd from those nearest the martyrs: 'But they are laughing, they are laughing.'"

The pitiful and romantic figure of Mary Stuart also appears in the Elizabethan books. Indeed it would be difficult to write of those days without introducing her; and Monsignor Benson, moreover, was eager to make her better understood. In "Come Rack! Come Rope!" a young priest, Robin Audrey, under the guise of a doctor, has gained

entrance to the imprisoned Queen in order to shrive and communicate her. "On a couch, with her feet swathed in draperies, with a woman standing over her and behind, as if she had just risen up from speaking in her ear, lay the Queen of Scots. A tall silver and ebony crucifix, with a couple of velvet-bound, silver-clasped little books, stood on the table within reach of her hand, and a folded handkerchief beside them.

"Mary was past her prime long ago; she was worn with sorrow and slanders and miseries, yet she appeared to the priest's eyes, even then, like a figure of a dream. It was partly, no doubt, the faintness of the light that came in through the half-shrouded windows that obliterated the lines and fallen patches that her face was beginning to bear; and she lay, too, with her back even to such light as there was; yet for all that, and even if he had not known who she was, Robin could not have taken his eyes from her face. She lay there like a fallen flower, pale as a lily, beaten down at last by the waves and storms that had gone over her; and she was more beautiful in her downfall and disgrace, a thousand times, than when she had first come to Holyrood, or danced in the Courts of France."

In "Oddsfish" there is a thrilling account of the deathbed conversion of Charles II. Although the dying King had asked for a priest, it seemed impossible that one should be got to him, guarded as he was by so many Protestant bishops and lords. But it was managed. A priest was smuggled in through a little door at the back of the great curtained bed, and Charles made his peace with God. After the absolution had been pronounced and the last anointing finished, the King received the King of Kings into his heart.

"The curtains on the other side of the bed had been drawn back just enough to admit the face of the Duke who kneeled there, yet not so much that any of the

three others at the further end of the chamber could see into the bed. The candlelight streamed in through the opening above the Duke's head; and in it, I saw his Majesty, all weak as he was, striving to rise, with his eyes fixed on That which the priest was holding in his right hand. I saw the priest's left hand go out to restrain him; but I heard the King's voice distinctly: 'Father,' he said very brokenly, 'let me receive my Heavenly Saviour in a better posture than lying on my bed.'

"'Sir,' said Mr. Huddleston with great firmness, 'lie down again, if you please. God Almighty who sees your heart will accept your good intentions' (But neither of them spoke loud enough to be heard at the further end of the great chamber). And so he was persuaded to lie down again. Then the priest repeated again, still holding the Blessed Sacrament before the King's eyes, the Act of Contrition of which I had heard a word or two a while ago; and his Majesty repeated it after him, word for word, very devoutly. Then, as the time was short, Mr. Huddleston omitted several of the proper prayers, and proceeded at once to the Communion, saying but the *Agnus Dei* three times, and then communicating him immediately. With my own eyes I saw that holy act which sealed all and admitted the dying man to sacramental union with his God. His eyes were closed throughout; and when it was done he lay as still as a stone, his poor wasted face all dark against the white pillows. I caught a glimpse too of the Duke: his face was bowed in his hands, and he was weeping so that his shoulders shook with it.

"Presently the priest was reading again as well as he could in a very low whisper the prayers for the Recommendation of a Departing Soul, down to the very end. His Majesty remained motionless throughout. At the end he opened his eyes. 'Father,' he whispered,

'the Act of Contrition once more, if you please. I have sinned, I have sinned very—' He could speak no more for weeping. Then, once more, very slowly and tenderly, the priest repeated it; down to 'Mercy, Sweet Jesus, Mercy!' My own eyes were all dim with tears, and as fast as I brushed them away, they came again. When at last I could see plainly once more, the priest was holding up a little crucifix before the King's eyes. . . . He bent lower, making a great sign of the cross with his right hand (and the King, too, tried to bless himself in response). 'In the Name,' said he, 'of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.'"

Among the other historical characters that appear in these books are Father Robert Southwell, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Francis Drake, and the informer Topcliffe.

The reader can not but be impressed by the fairness with which Monsignor Benson treats his characters. He paints them as human beings, not, as so easily might have been done in writing of martyrs and their persecutors, as angels or devils; and even his villains have some good qualities. Moreover, he always respects the honest convictions of others, as can be observed, for instance, in his representation of the Episcopalian Archbishop Grindal. As a rule, he does not excel in the drawing of woman characters, except in his old ladies where his tenderness and chivalry aided in the creation of such nice ones as Lady Maxwell and Mistress Margaret Torridon. Mary Corbet, lady-in-waiting to Elizabeth, in "By What Authority?" is an exception, for surely this magnificent young girl in her shining peacock gowns and laces, with her clouds of coal-black hair and dancing eyes, fascinates from the moment she enters the book until her noble death, in a vain effort to save a priest from the pursuivants. His men are frequently admirable. Robin, Anthony, Mr. Buxton and Sir

Nicholas Maxwell are welcome additions to a gallery of memorable pictures. In the portrayal of suffering, either physical or spiritual, Robert Hugh Benson was at his best. Keenly sensitive to pain himself, he could describe it unerringly. In writing of the tortures of the martyrs, it seems as if it is he himself who is suffering, so closely does he enter into them. On one occasion he remarked to a friend of feeling a definite pain in his fingers: he had just been doing a description of a man on the rack. Besides the actual physical torture of Penal days, he conveys a clear idea of the "pitiless storm of fines, suspicions and threats," as well as of the long, dull agony of confinement fitted to break down the stoutest hearts. And mental anguish became startlingly real under his pen.

In treating of recusants this faculty of awareness to pain served Robert Hugh Benson well. His historical novels give the reader a greater veneration for those brave men and women who dared to follow their consciences in the face of torture and death. And they deepen love and appreciation of that Faith for which they suffered.

"The Outlaw's Son."

BY W. E. FREEMAN.

"TELL us a story, Father," said Michael Leach, eldest son of Dr. Leach; "you nearly always do, you know, when you pay us a visit."

"I will," replied Father Singleton, "and a true one at that. One that actually happened to a very old friend of mine. He is dead now and during his life he was a missionary in Australia. He was a grand man, was Father Mackin, very hard-working and zealous. He would ride miles to visit a sick person, and beneath his hearty, jovial manner was hidden a heart as tender as a woman's.

"He gave up what might have been a brilliant career as a doctor to become a priest, but he told me he never once regretted it, for he found more joy and consolation in ministering to souls than in healing human ailments.

"But I must get on with my tale, otherwise I shall not finish it before you go to bed, and you know I return to my parish early to-morrow morning."

Father Singleton was paying a short visit to a very old friend of his, Dr. Leach. They were all sitting quietly talking after dinner—the priest, Dr. Leach, his wife and three children—when Michael made his request. He generally did this, and more often than not Father Singleton was able to think of something to satisfy him.

The priest continued his story.

"When I first met Father Mackin, he was well past middle age, and had already spent over twenty-five years in what was in those days a very rough country. A parish might mean anything from a few miles to as many hundred; in fact, it was a life practically spent on horse-back, and so it was with my friend. He told me most of his time was spent in the saddle. At times he was so tired that he slept while riding and let his horse take its own road. It never failed him, but always managed to bring him to some place where he could put up for the night.

"It was the custom for the Missioners to start as soon as possible in the New Year to visit as many of their people as possible before Easter, and thus they would be away from their headquarters for some months.

"Father Mackin started off. He knew he would have to be away some time, and would have to rely on the hospitality of the squatters or farmers during that period. He was not worried about this, for never once had he been refused a bed or somewhere to say Holy Mass. Most of the farmers had a few Catholics working for them, and were only

too pleased for them to see the priest and make their religious duties.

"He had been away some weeks, saying Mass here and there, as the opportunity arose, going from one house to another, sometimes never meeting a soul the whole day. At times he would engage a native tracker to guide him, but at others he had to trust to his own judgment or luck.

"He had left his last Station, where he had said Mass and heard confessions, besides preaching a short sermon, and was making his way to another farm. From the directions he had received, it appeared to be a long way off and through a part of the country which was infested with bushrangers. As you know, Michael, these people get their living by rounding up the farmers' horses and cattle, driving them to some secret place, altering the marks on them and selling them again as best they can. It was seldom they killed anyone, for if disturbed in their work, they generally rode off and returned at some other unexpected time.

"But the gang that operated in the district through which Father Mackin had to travel was notorious for the success of its exploits. So far not one of them had been caught. It was rumored that their Captain was a gentleman—a man of high birth from the Old Country, but as no one had ever seen him, it was impossible to say if this were true.

"All this my friend had learned from the last farm he visited, and rode off trusting to Providence to reach his next station that night in safety. It was a hot day, and the sun was shining with a brilliance seldom seen in this country. Father Mackin met no one; save for the gaily-feathered birds and a wild animal or two that went off at his approach, he was alone. He stopped during the day to give his horse a rest, had a snack himself, and started off again.

"It was getting towards evening, and, as far as he could judge, he was no-

where near the next station. He began to think he would have to spend the night in the open. The thought did not trouble him much, for he had often done this before, though naturally he preferred a roof over his head and a bed to lie on—who would not? It grew darker and darker, when quite suddenly in the dim light, he saw a small body of horsemen coming towards him.

II.

"Father Mackin urged his horse on and rode to meet them, hoping they would be able to direct him to the farm he was seeking. But before he could speak, the leader, or the one who appeared to be so, called to him, asking if he were Father Mackin.

"I am," the priest replied, "what do you want?"

"Good," said the other, "we heard you might be passing through the district and have watched for your coming. One of our comrades is seriously ill and requires the aid of a doctor."

"But I am not a doctor," replied my friend, "I am a priest."

"We know that, but you have been a doctor, that is, if our information is correct," said the stranger. "We were told you had given up that profession to become a priest."

"That is so," returned Father Mackin, "but I must tell you that I have not practised for many, many years, and feel scarcely competent to undertake a case now. If your comrade should die under my treatment, I might find myself involved with the law. Far better for you to ride on and get a proper medical man."

"Impossible," said the other, "we must ask you to come with us quietly; if not, we shall be obliged to use force."

"My friend was dumfounded. Such a thing had never happened to him before, nor to any other Missioner that he knew of. He saw that it was useless to refuse, so he agreed to go with the men and do the best he could. Wheeling

their horses around, the men galloped away with the priest in their midst.

"Gradually they left the beaten track, until they were quite in the wilds, that is, as far as Father Mackin could see. Then suddenly they stopped and my friend was asked to dismount.

"I'm sorry, Father,' said his captor quietly, 'but I must ask you to allow me to blindfold you, as we are near our camp, and we cannot risk a betrayal to the authorities when you leave us.'

"It was then that Father Mackin realized he must be in the hands of the gang of bushrangers. It was not a pleasant thought, but he did not feel unduly alarmed. Quickly a bandage was placed over his eyes, he was again mounted on his horse and led slowly forward.

"Now and again he heard a stone roll, by which he guessed that they were going through some gully, or maybe a dried-up river bed. This went on for about an hour when a halt was made and the bandage was removed from his eyes.

"In the uncertain light, he could see very little. Some buildings rose up in front of him and in silence his captor led him towards them. He knocked at one of the doors, which was immediately opened and Father Mackin saw before him a good-looking, upright, soldierly man, whom he rightly guessed to be the captain of the gang.

"'Father,' said the Captain, without any preliminary remarks, 'one of my young men is seriously ill and needs medical aid at once. Otherwise, I fear he will die. I know I have put you to great inconvenience by bringing you here and for that I apologize, but you will readily understand it is impossible to bring a practising doctor here. I can only ask you to do your best, after which I will instruct my men to see you safely to your destination.'

"All this was spoken in a quiet, scholarly voice.

"May I see the man at once?" asked Father Mackin.

"Quickly the Captain led him into an adjoining room, where a young man lay on a rough bed, groaning with pain. More lights were brought, and Father Mackin examined him. He saw that an operation was necessary, and that at once if the man's life was to be saved.

"On explaining this to the Captain, no time was lost, and, to his surprise, the surgical instruments he needed were forthcoming. Later he learned they had belonged to a doctor who had taken refuge with them years before, and had since died. The priest set to work, and the operation was successfully accomplished. After making his patient as comfortable as he could in the circumstances, he was taken to another room, where supper was awaiting him. Having refreshed himself with a meal he retired and slept soundly until the morning, for he was very tired.

"The first thing he did on rising was to visit his patient, whom he found sleeping peacefully. He knew it was impossible to leave that day, as several days must elapse before he could be sure that his patient was out of danger. Having had breakfast, he went outside the building, finding the door unlocked and found the Captain waiting for him. After inquiring as to the condition of the sick man, the Captain told the priest he was free to wander where he chose.

"Walking round the camp, Father Mackin saw many of the men busy at work. They all treated him with great respect, and readily answered the few questions he put to them. He particularly noticed that they all asked after their sick comrade, and came to the conclusion that he must be a favorite with them.

"From what he could make out of the position of the camp, it lay in an immense hollow, surrounded by hills. There was plenty of grass on which a number of horses were feeding, and plenty of water, but of an entrance

or an exit he could not see a sign.

"It was not until he had been there four days that he was able to hold much conversation with his patient, whom to his astonishment he found was the Captain's son. More surprising still was the discovery that the youth had been baptized a Catholic.

III.

"Father Mackin gently questioned him, and by degrees learned all there was to know. How his mother had been a Catholic and had married his father much against her parents' wishes, for he was a non-Catholic. He was a good husband and father, however, and had allowed the boy to be baptized when an infant, but unfortunately the mother had died when the child was still quite young. The father had then brought him to live in the camp and had educated him himself.

"It was easy to see that the memory of his mother was very dear to the boy, and the priest was not surprised when the lad began to ask questions about his mother's religion. During one of these talks, the youth took from under his pillow in a rather shamefaced manner an old 'Garden of the Soul.' It was much worn with use, and he explained that he had read it many times simply because it had belonged to his mother.

"The days passed—fruitful days, for at last with his father's consent and at the young man's own expressed wish, Father Mackin prepared him for his first confession and Communion.

"Surely such a thing had never happened before, Father Mackin thought. The Holy Sacrifice offered in an outlaw's camp and the leader's own son making his First Communion.

"Afterwards the Captain kept his promise, and as soon as his son was quite recovered, his men guided him to within a few miles of his destination, which he finally reached in safety. After some months he returned to his headquarters, where he told his superior of

his strange experience and, on his advice, said nothing more about it.

"Some two years passed, when one day Father Mackin received a letter from the young man upon whom he had operated in such peculiar circumstances. He wrote that his father was dead, having been mortally wounded in one of their raids; the gang was broken up, and he himself was going to England to visit his parents' relatives. He would most likely stay there, and begged Father Mackin to stay with him should he ever visit the Old Country.

"This, some years later, he did, and spent several weeks with his young friend, before returning to Australia, where he continued his missionary work until he died."

"But, Father," said Michael, "you have not told us the young man's name. What happened to him? Is he still alive?"

"Yes," replied Father Singleton, "he is, and, what's more, he is a priest."

"A priest!" his listeners exclaimed, and Mrs. Leach added, "Then you do know him, Father?"

The priest smiled.

"I do," he said, "it was myself. I owe my vocation to the prayers and advice I received from my dearest friend and benefactor, Father Mackin."

Only a Dog.

BY F. O'RAHILLY, L. L. A.

SARA, or rather Sally, as everyone called her, had gone up that hill every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning for nearly a whole year. The other three days she did "char" work in town if she could get it to do, but the Monday, Wednesday and Friday job was a certainty. Mrs. O'Neill was "terrible partikler" about her beautiful country house, and so Sally came out from town and polished and rubbed floors, furniture and mirrors—in fact, everything polishable—never sparing

the elbow-grease. It was an easy enough job, and there was always the good dinner and tea; for Mrs. O'Neill was young and generous, and had not yet learned the getting-the-value-of-your-money out of those she employed. She trusted Sally, and Sally did her best. Of course, the walk from the station was long and tiresome; up-hill all the way, and an ugly road into the bargain, with high walls on both sides. Sally sometimes thought there was not much use in cleaning shoes that were as bad as ever after the mile-and-a-half between Dundrum station and Hill View House.

Now, it was early summer, and things were brighter in every way, not only the weather, but there was Wendy—Wendy, the shabby, neglected-looking dog, who stood every morning outside the big gate at the cross-roads. This was about half-way up the hill. At first he used to bark as Sally passed by, but he had gradually got to know her, and to appreciate her little friendly pat and "Good morning." She had called him Wendy for some unknown reason, perhaps because it suited him. And now he took it for granted that he *was* Wendy. A funny-looking animal, too, he was; a mongrel certainly, with the head and frontage of an Airedale, and the shaggy legs of a sheep dog. Where he got his tail it would be hard to say. It was much too long, and when he raised it high in the air, and cocked his head to one side, he said as plainly as a dog could say: "Hullo, Sally! and how are you at all?"

No matter what kind the morning was he was there. And Sally looked forward to the meeting, for she was a lonely little creature, living in a tiny top room, doing her bit in a mild, unobtrusive way; but like all humans, crying out unconsciously for a little affection. Would anyone believe that a mere dog could make such a difference in one's life? Yet so it was. Only Sally felt ashamed somehow to tell anybody about

it—such a silly thing, getting fond of a dog, and a strange dog at that.

But was it so silly after all? For there was no doubt about it Wendy was fond of her too. She was quite sure he did not wag his tail so joyfully for every passer-by, and he certainly could not have managed that exceedingly wet licking many times a day; in fact, she liked to think that on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday he did not lick anybody. And it was not cupboard-love either, for there was never any food. Yes, Sally looked forward to meeting Wendy at the turn of the road—why, she thought to herself it was almost like meeting a lover! She wondered if that was how Jane (Mrs. O'Neill's maid) felt when she got a quiet little caress from the bread-man, who was head-over-ears in love with her, as everybody knew. That wasn't a bad idea, Wendy was her lover.

It was already July. The road was nice and shady, and though Sally's breakfast had been scanty—it always was—she felt in very good spirits. She had been thinking quite a long time of some excuse for going into the gate-lodge, to see exactly where Wendy lived. He did not look well-cared-for; she wondered what kind of people owned him? Perhaps—but dared she even think of such a thing?—they might give her a *loan* of the dog for a fortnight or so? She always got about a fortnight in the summer while Mrs. O'Neill was away. Holidays? How Sally hated those holidays, when she hardly made enough to pay her rent, and had to do with the smallest possible amount of food. It would be a comfort to have Wendy; she was quite sure he would settle down with her; lately he had been following her so far that she was generally obliged to "shoo" him gently home. Anyhow, she'd just go in and feel her way to-day. She had never seen the lodge people, all she knew was there were no children there; very likely she would find them

an old couple, nice and agreeable, and quite willing to listen to the proposal about the dog. No harm in trying, they could not do more than refuse, in any case.

She was nearing the corner. In a moment Wendy himself would come ambling along, blinking contentedly, opening his jaws wide as if to say, "There you are, old girl." But no, he was not there to-day. Had he not heard her? She'd just make an extra thud on the road, that would surely bring him. Still no sign. Sally's heart sank unaccountably. For a moment she stood, irresolutely, at the gate. Would she go in? He was probably up the woods, rabbit hunting. He should be good at that. Perhaps he had been locked in and would bark when he heard her step. She lifted the wicket-latch. The door of the lodge was open, and she could hear some one moving about inside. Sally stood in the open doorway, and the lodge-keeper, energetic and middle-aged, came forward, wiping her hands on her white apron. Forgetting everything save her anxiety about the dog; forgetting that this woman was a complete stranger, Sally burst out: "Wendy, where is he?"—"Wendy?" The surprise in the woman's voice reminded Sally that nobody else would know him by that name. "Wendy, what do you mean?"

"Your dog, he always came out as I passed, and I wondered—"

"Oh! yes; Tim was a good poor dog, but so deaf that we always knew he would get run over. And so he did—on Saturday. My good man was rather upset, as the poor dog was terribly mangled and— But aren't you well? Come in a minute, this hot weather is very trying. You won't sit down? Ah! well, I'll be off to my tub of clothes. Good morning!"

The sun looked suddenly dark, the road weary, the gentle swaying trees seemed to gaze down mockingly, and whisper: "But he was only a dog!"

Elements of Unbelief.

ONE does not know whether the will to believe is stronger than the will to disbelieve. The former is probably more deeply set and more vital, because we think it would be hard and even impossible for any man to live and not to believe in many things. At the same time, it is true that unbelief in religious matters is widespread enough among people with convictions; and we may be allowed to try to sketch the genesis of it.

Strange as it may seem, the famous Immanuel Kant, who wished to find firm footing for natural religion, did much to attack and discredit the very thing he set out to protect and defend. He succeeded David Hume who (as a Scotchman) was one of the most notable English philosophers of all time; he even wished to correct Hume, or the impression made by Hume's sceptical writings. He did not wholly succeed—unless in continuing the latter's work. What he did succeed at was in raising some doubt against certain of the important proofs for the existence of God and in substituting some of his own, not nearly so objective and sure, for them. That was toward a hundred and fifty years ago. Since then, Kant has suffered both from his friends and his enemies; and now, in this vital field of the basis of religion, a frequent use made of him consists in invoking his name as one who destroyed all proof, subjective and objective, for the existence of God. Of course, this is an easy way to 'prove' that there is no God—simply to say that Kant and Hume said there was not; but ineffective, because Kant did not so much as claim to disprove the existence of God; quite the contrary.

Remember that for a long time—for centuries and centuries,—men in our Western world, with the single exception of Catholics, had had no system of thought, no philosophy, no "summa," within which the obstinate facts of ex-

perience could find a natural setting and explanation. The very large group of questions which may be summed up in this one, "What is man's place in the universe?" were very seldom asked and scarcely if ever answered. People lived on capital inherited from the past. Or they clung to a Christian faith, excellent perhaps in itself, but lacking that reflective background without which a religion becomes a fideism—a faith without knowledge, ready for all kinds of excesses and fanaticism.

Then, in 1859, there broke in on negative and idle minds the theory of the illustrious Charles Darwin, which theory or hypothesis came, within the short space of ten years, one decade, to be interpreted as meaning that man evolved, body and soul, from the animal, and did not come from any divine home or Person. In 1869, Thomas Huxley coined the word "agnosticism," the view that man does not know and will never know anything about God. He preached this doctrine militantly (some of his progeny preach it and try to live it to this day); he seemed to have an inspired mission from an evolutionary holy ghost. When, two or three years later, poor Mivart tried to raise up a theistic voice—the voice of one who believes that the world process has a starter and guide, and yet said that he believed in evolution of everything up to and including man's body,—he was laughed at. A man, it was said, can not believe in evolution and in God; take your choice, but do not try to believe contradictories: evolution or God, but not evolution and God. At the end of the next decade, the learned A. R. Wallace, another great English scientist, tried to say, and did say well, what Mivart had said; but he was scarcely heard. We should note that in these last fifty years, "Darwinism" (the origin of species from other species by way of natural selection) has gotten squarely onto pointed rocks of its own; and for

the present we may leave it there; it is enough to say that the omnipotence of evolution has been deeply buried.

Meantime, the Biblical critics had had their word to say—to minds well nurtured on Hume's negations and Kant's hesitations. The minds did not need this word, for they scarcely believed now in their own existence. From a doubt of the literal interpretation of Genesis, the infection spread to a doubt of any interpretation, first, of Genesis, then of the Old Testament, then of the New. If anything could be questioned, some men unreasonably judged that the whole book was unsound. So, for many non-Catholic people, Christian faith died, after having tried to live without the fundamental convictions that God exists and can be known and that man comes from God and is more than animal.

In these times we are urged to believe, in place of religion, that science can provide, that we can work out in the laboratory the instruments of our own salvation. The methods and the instruments of science—these have become super-sacred words on the lips of men who are neither scientists nor religious leaders. John Dewey says we have the tools of control—only we have not yet begun to apply them (To be very practical, this last admission seems true enough: in the face of the War, the Mississippi floods, the drink and gang evils, traffic problems, the spread of new diseases, such as influenza and cancer).

All the same, we do not wish to say that in so much earnest study no light has been found. We only say, with one of the moderns, it is mainly a negative light. And men can not travel by a negative light alone. But we dare to think, in view of a few facts, that there begins to be some little willingness, not greatly marked but real, to examine the old lights to discover if by any chance they will show us down the road which as a matter of fact men must try to go.

Notes and Remarks.

There is no hero whose deeds so profoundly stir the hearts of men as he who can shut his ears to the applause of men, and keep his constant eye upon the reward which neither moth nor rust can consume. The current news tells us that Brother Joseph Dutton, after forty-four years spent in the service of the lepers of Molokai, has been removed to a hospital in Honolulu broken in body. He left America to assist Father Damien three years before that heroic missionary went to his reward, and for nearly half a century he has carried on the work of the saintly Belgian priest with a spirit, his letters would indicate, that was intensely joyful.

Another martyr to the cause of the lepers is Father Francis Xavier Nicouleau, of the Society of the Marists, who died a victim of leprosy a short time ago. This saintly missionary after thirty-six years of labor in the Fiji Islands offered himself in 1913 to replace the chaplain of the leper settlement in Makogai. After nine years of service, he found unmistakable signs of the dreadful malady on his own body, and when the doctors corroborated the fact he raised his voice and chanted the *Magnificat* in resignation.

It is the stories of lives like these, devoted to charity, that humble the hearts of the faithful and give them new courage to endure with patience the trials of life for the love of Christ.

The Sisters of Mercy at Charleston, S. C., who are celebrating this year the centenary of their foundation, may look back over a century of heroic labor with a pride that is shared by all American Catholics. Brought into being by the illustrious Bishop England to minister to a population ravaged by yellow fever, and to care for the children made orphans by that dread disease, they

began a work of Christian charity which has continued unto this day. During the siege of Charleston, the *Mercury* of that city described a picture of their devoted and unselfish care that must ever endear them to both the Catholic and Protestant Southerner. It reads:

There is probably no one in our midst whose eyes have not followed with interest the quiet and modest figure of some Sister of Our Lady of Mercy as she passed upon her rounds. It is to this gentle impersonation of Christian benevolence that our sick and wounded soldiers owe the tenderest of those ministrations which are better than medicine in their effect upon the languishing invalid. Nor is the large kindness of these ladies solely displayed in the personal care which they bestow upon the sufferer. They give generously from their limited means, and at the same time many a want is thus supplied which might otherwise have been left unsatisfied. Since the beginning of the siege of our city, their presence has disbursed its blessings in every hospital, and their unselfish attentions to the soldiers have done incalculable good.

His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell, addressing six hundred women converts in Boston last month, pointed out how the ideals of Christian womanhood had been weakened, as devotion to the Mother of God had disappeared among non-Catholic women. They had been robbed of that model, inspiration, and guide to womanly conduct by the unscrupulous fanatics who saw, said His Eminence, political and economic advantage for themselves in withdrawing men and women from the influence of the Church. This generation has lived to reap the whirlwind of that sowing. Without a love for Mary, the true model of Christian womanhood, or for the numerous saints who took her as their ideal, women have been at the mercy of every fad and fancy that men might devise. And not content with destroying the externals of modesty and decorum, professors in women's colleges would de-

stroy the fundamentals that are the safeguard of womanly virtue—a belief in God, in the divinity of Christ, in the obligations of Christian morals. Non-Catholics who see only too vividly today the trend of these teachings are making a tardy protest, though they may be slow to admit this fundamental reason for the lack of this high sense of virtue. The *Sunday School Times*, writing about the dangers of secular education, is alarmed at the religious breakdown in women's colleges. We quote from the *Bulletin of the Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia*:

"American women's colleges were founded chiefly by evangelical Christians in order to give a Christian atmosphere to women's education," the *Sunday School Times* is quoted as saying. "Dr. Leslie Glenn, secretary of the Educational Department of the Protestant Episcopal Church, has been investigating these colleges, and states that they are more harmful religiously than even the men's colleges. The faculties he declares to be definitely anti-Christian, especially in the departments of philosophy, applied psychology and sociology. Religious conditions are more alarming than most people suspect. In the New York *World* of December 30, 1928, Professor Knight Dunlap of Johns Hopkins accuses professors in four unspecified universities of corrupting girls with psychoanalysis."

Catholic parents may well be grateful for the convent school where their daughters may develop a strong and living faith, and a deep devotion to the Mother of God, the model and guardian of womanly virtue.

There is much truth in the remarks of the Rev. J. Hogan in an article on religious instruction, written for the *Catholic Times* of London. He points out that frequently when the child has finished school, about fifteen, and enjoys for the first time its freedom, there is a moral breakdown, and a falling away from the faith. It is not from lack of knowledge, he makes clear, but from

lack of virtue; and Father Hogan asks religious teachers to consider the fundamental aims of religious instruction. Here is a paragraph that will bear reflecting upon by teachers of religion:

Is religious instruction in school intended to be a course of lessons or lectures on the Faith, or a practical preparation for Christian warfare? A child may detect all the tricks of examiners, and satisfy all the demands of the syllabus. But what is the end in view? Some of us hold that if there is not too much "head" there is certainly too little "heart"; if knowledge is not overdone, practice is underdone. The purpose of Catholic schools is not just to teach right from wrong. They do not exist to declare orthodoxy and to prevent heresy. We do not spend millions of pounds to train theologians. We sacrifice to make saints. And a theologian and a saint are not synonymous terms. If the results and reports of examinations are taken as an indication of the stability of the Faith, the first years after school ought to be a time of universal joy. They are years of heartbreak.

"I could almost say," declares one who, for some time, was a patient in a hospital in charge of the Sisters of Charity, "that my idea of heaven while there was a place filled with Sisters." Victims of leprosy especially, in many parts of the world, must think the same. "Of all diseases," writes a medical authority, "this is the most dreadful. It is impossible to see a sufferer from it without feeling horror. The very smile of a leper is hideous." A strange fact is that lepers are exceptionally patient, pious and grateful. We know of one, who never complains, and, in return for a little favor done him, prays constantly for the intentions of his benefactor.

The wife of the distinguished Mr. Edison lately gave a radio talk asking the women of America to stay at home and to take as their normal work, not the carving of a professional or a business career, but the making of a home.

This may seem a little old-fashioned and dull, and to the sophisticated person and the 'advanced' woman it undoubtedly is so. But we think that the majority of our women, the very big majority of them, are still at home, and that a large sprinkling of those who are at work outside the home are there, like so many hundreds of thousands of men, for the purpose of helping to make or keep the home. Still, it is true that, due to the war and to woman suffrage, women have got into trade and into business more and more, and in plenty of instances too far in, and without economic or other human need. The place where nearly every woman is needed, is competent, happy and "at home," is in the great major industry of home-building; and one agrees with Mrs. Edison that for the woman's good, and everybody else's, we should like to see her stay there a big part of nearly every day and night. Nor need she be lost for want of something to do or for something to engage her best efforts and talent. She needs to develop executive ability, to know something of chemistry as well as of cooking, how and when and where and what to buy, how to be gracious and hospitable; and a very wide and deep educational background will serve her in all this womanly undertaking. Besides, the central problem in managing a home is the management of the people in it.

In line with the revival of interest in liturgy by the Catholic people, is a statement by the Rev. Edward Hawkes, pastor of St. Joan of Arc Church, Philadelphia. In an article in the *Brooklyn Tablet*, Father Hawkes, who for years had been an Anglican minister, makes it clear that the Anglican is satisfied with his Church so long as he finds sympathy and a devotional life that appeals to his emotions. "High Church Anglicanism is largely emotional. It is above all intensely parochial." He adds:

It is found in groups around certain men and certain places. It never becomes an organization. Parishes may affiliate, but the parochial spirit prevails. Laymen will go miles to attend the church that they love. They found religion not in a system, but in a holy spot, and in that spot their hearts rest. Looked upon as a whole, high-church Anglicanism is divided and subdivided into cliques and circles which give it an indefiniteness which is itself a difficulty to understand and to oppose. It jumps from one inconsistency to another. You can not corner it. It is a sentiment rather than a definite belief. It abounds with enthusiasm, interchanged with sudden and terrifying despairs. Perhaps it is best described as a movement; a movement that seems to get nowhere and yet does continue to move. Its attractiveness is undeniable.

This attachment, co-existent with numerous inconsistencies in doctrine, makes it difficult for mere argument to disturb the sense of satisfaction and surety which the Anglican feels. "They will come to us," writes Father Hawkes, "if we make them feel at home."

The Catholic Church in England has made its services attractive, and it wins converts at a rate that leaves us far behind. To adopt the attitude that a convert is an outsider who ought to be glad to get into the Church and save his soul, does not seem to me to be the way of the Good Shepherd, who left the ninety and nine in the desert in order to go after the one sheep that was lost. A revival of liturgical worship in accordance with the desire of the Popes would bring a harvest of Anglican converts.

Concluding an interesting account of the recent Eucharistic Congress at Carthage in the *Commonweal*, Dr. James J. Walsh remarks:

The supreme note of the Congress was the number of men of widely different nationalities encountered among the crowd, many of them in the picturesque garbs of their peoples. Chesterton, in the first sentence of his Introduction to the Life of the Curé d'Ars,

said: "The Catholic Church is much too universal to be called international, for she is older than the nations." Perhaps never was that expression better exemplified than in this Thirtieth International Eucharistic Congress at Carthage. The wisdom of Pope Pius XI. in selecting the African city for this Congress was eminently justified by the event. It is a thing of the past, but it will be remembered forever by those who had part in it.

A charming feature of the Congress was the procession of the children, dressed in white, with a red cross on their breasts. "They made a very picturesque scene at the Benediction when, during the blessing, they stood and waved the palms which they carried, and which seemed so appropriate in this place of martyrdom. For it has been brought home to all the foreign visitors, in a way they never appreciated properly before, that Carthage enjoyed the privilege in the persecutions of having almost as many martyrs as Rome."

A striking statement made by Mr. G. K. Chesterton in his new book, elsewhere referred to, can not be gainsaid: "If Protestantism is a positive thing, there is no doubt whatever that it is dead. In so far as it really was a set of special spiritual beliefs, it is no longer believed. The genuine Protestant creed is now hardly held by anybody—least of all by Protestants. So completely have they lost faith in it, that they have mostly forgotten what it was."

The influence of the home in the forming of character far outweighs, as a rule, any other influence that bears upon the development of youth. Right or wrong habits take their beginnings there; and one may almost say that the parents have the moral making of the child wholly in their hands. A Catholic mother, through the pages of the *South-ern Cross*, makes this suggestion:

The creating of a right environment for her children should be the mother's first care. And

chief amongst the things needful for this right environment which children need are *Order* and *Routine*. From these, good habits spring almost automatically; and these are the chief constituents of the soil which make for the growth of *character*.

If the home is orderly, well regulated, and there is a rigid, strict daily routine to be observed, good habits follow automatically, and the children grow up calm, methodical, self-controlled and diligent. They learn also one of the greatest of life's lessons—the sense of being responsible to those in authority.

The mother who allows her children to be untidy, to leave toys and clothing about, who gives them meals and snacks at odd times, and allows them to be undisciplined in eating and playing and living generally, is going to find it very hard to enforce the deeper lessons of life in adolescence, where lack of self-control, discipline, neglect of authority, and self-indulgence may lead to very grave dangers.

It may be fairly questioned, if we moderns are better educated than our forefathers. Theirs was assimilated knowledge—under their caps; ours is rather the knowledge where knowledge is to be found—in our libraries, where the dust accumulates, and many of the best books are seldom disturbed. A spiritual writer, who can be satirical when he wishes, says that if it were not for the daily newspaper, many persons nowadays would forget how to read.

Recent archæological discoveries in Rome have added to the evidence of St. Peter's stay there. They show that his body, as well as that of St. Paul, was buried for a time on the Via Appia, proving that he died in Rome, according to tradition. In a valuable series of paintings and sculptures, ranging from the Second to the Fifth Century, St. Peter is identified with Moses, the legislator and ruler of the Jewish nation; and thus the Apostle is solemnly declared to be the lawgiver and ruler of the whole Christian world.



Lines to a Kitten.

BY SISTER M. JOHN FREDERICK, C. S. C.

LITTLE tawny yellow ball,
Fluffy, green-eyed kitten;
Had I seen you in the hall,
Little tawny yellow ball,
When I was young and not so tall,
I would have kissed each soft white mitten;
Little tawny yellow ball,
Fluffy, green-eyed kitten.

The Blossoming Thorn.

BY BLANCHE J. THOMPSON.

II.—IN WHICH SHIRLEY FARES FORTH WITH
MISS MOLLY. SHEILA AND SHAWN APPEAR.

THE days flew by on magic wings. Miss Molly had much to do in so short a time, and Shirley was equally busy. The two had become fast friends at dinner that first evening. Daddy had found Aunt Barbara's friend a person of much fascination, and felt that his problem was beautifully solved. Aunt Barbara rejoiced in the rebuilding of a pleasant friendship; Granny was pleased, and as for Shirley, she fairly walked on air in her satisfaction at the turn events had taken.

The long-awaited sailing day at last arrived, and Shirley and Miss Molly found themselves standing at the rail of the "Mettadosa" holding the ends of the many-colored confetti streamers which they had thrown down to their friends on the deck. When the boat began to move and the fragile ribbons broke, Shirley felt a little lump in her throat. It was hard to see the strip of water widening and the figures of her darling Daddy and Granny and Aunt Barbara getting smaller and smaller

until nothing was left but a tiny speck of white which must be Granny's handkerchief still bravely waving. Wise Miss Molly hurried her below to attend to interesting details.

They had to find the deck steward and arrange for chairs and steamer rugs; the saloon steward must be asked where they would sit for meals (Shirley privately hoped that she *would* be sitting there for meals) and the bath steward had to be consulted about hours for baths. It was all very exciting. Shirley wondered how it would feel to sleep on those funny narrow shelves, but she didn't want to waste much time in their cabin. She wanted to see the rest of the boat and what her fellow passengers were like.

As they stood in line in the dining saloon waiting to have seats assigned to them, Shirley noticed a boy and a girl of about her own age. They were rather a striking-looking pair with clear white skin, copper-colored hair and brown eyes. A handsome woman with them, quite evidently their mother, addressed them as Shawn and Sheila. Shirley was much attracted to the two. She decided that they were twins and hoped that she would learn to know them.

By the time Miss Molly had found the library steward and helped Shirley to pick out one or two books, it was nearly luncheon time, and soon a bugle call announced the first table.

"Well, these will do for the present," said Miss Molly. "Let's go below."

Shirley had "A Thread of English Road," by Charles S. Brooks and "Among English Hedgerows," by Clifton Johnston. Miss Molly had Karel Kapek's "Letters from England" and "Lift-luck on Southern Roads," by

Tichnor Edwardes. All the books looked so enticing that they could hardly wait to get at them, but luncheon sounded inviting, too, so down they went with a good appetite.

Shirley's good fairies had not deserted her, for there at the table before them were the twins and their mother, together with a pretty younger child. The ship's doctor, a pleasant bearded man, was already seated. He rose as Miss Molly and her charge were led to the table, and after asking for their names introduced Mrs. Sheridan and the twins.

Shirley couldn't help smiling. "I don't know what you will say when you hear my name—it's Shirley."

The twins chuckled gleefully. "Another! But that's not the worst—this is our sister Shasta." As Sheila finished speaking, all the young people burst into a peal of laughter which drew all eyes to their table. At that moment the last comer arrived—a nervous, fidgety, disapproving-looking woman, who looked as if she had made up her mind in advance to dislike all her shipmates.

Dr. Bennett gravely began again, "Miss Blodgett, let me present Mrs. Sheridan and Miss Morrow. The others," he said slowly and with a dramatic pause after each name, "are Shawn, Sheila, Shasta and Shirley."

Miss Blodgett fairly bristled with righteous indignation. "People who fasten such names upon children are guilty of very poor taste, if nothing worse," she remarked in acid tones.

"And what is your given name, may I ask?" said Mrs. Sheridan with an amused glance at Miss Molly.

"My parents were pious people, and I bear the good old Bible name of Hepsibah," was the withering reply.

As symptoms of hysteria became apparent among the younger members of the group, Mrs. Sheridan hastily changed the subject, and the meal proceeded in comparative calm. Before leaving the table, the twins urged Shir-

ley to meet them for tea in the lounge at four o'clock, which she happily promised to do.

After arranging things in their cabin, Miss Molly and Shirley found their deck chairs and sat down to read up a bit on England, for they both felt that they would enjoy things much more if they informed themselves a little in advance. The books they had drawn from the ship's library looked much more inviting than the rather formidable Bædeker, with its fine print and business-like information. As Shirley said, "Alice would certainly not have enjoyed a Bædeker," and Miss Molly, who also knew her "Alice in Wonderland," agreed. In spite of their good intentions, however, they did not get much reading done for the first day or two as the lovely scenery of the St. Lawrence unfolded itself before their eyes. Quebec, with its castled rocks, the Newfoundland coast, a tempting glimpse up the Saguenay, the narrow Straits of Belle Isle, and other charms engaged much of their attention before they finally reached the open sea.

Let us, however, go back to tea-time on that first day. It was then that the "Sh" Club was formed which gladdened their stay on shipboard and rendered Miss Blodgett's days hideous with repetitions of the password which quite obviously had to be "Sh." She was heard to remark that the ridiculous "shushing" going on all the time made her positively ill, but whether it was that or the gentle but persistent roll of the "Mettadosa" (known to the crew as "The Mournful Mettie"), which confined her to her cabin for several days, no one lamented her enforced absence from the dining saloon.

"Everyone thinks our names are funny," giggled Sheila, "but they seem quite reasonable to us. You see, Shawn and I were born in Ireland while Dad was on a long business trip to Dublin, so Mother named us Shawn and Sheila."

"Sheridan is an Irish name anyway," put in Shawn.

"Well, then," Sheila took up the table, "we happened to be living in California when Shasta was born. We could see the snowy crown of Mt. Shasta from our windows. Dad said, just for a joke, 'We ought to name the baby Shasta,' and Mother said, 'That's a splendid idea,' so the baby was named Shasta, and that's that."

"It's a good thing you weren't born near Pike's Peak, Shasta," said Shirley amid an appreciative chuckle.

"Speaking of names, Miss Molly," continued Shirley a little hesitantly, "don't you suppose I could call you Aunt Molly? You are what Dad calls *in loco parentis*, a sort of substitute aunt, anyway, and Miss Molly sounds—well, not very friendly somehow."

"A splendid idea," agreed the substitute aunt.

"Could we call you Aunt Molly too?" asked little Shasta, trying to look mournful. "We haven't a single solitary aunt to our names."

"Dear, dear, such poverty!" laughed Miss Molly. "Well, Aunt Molly it shall be for all of you. Now let's go below and dress for dinner."

On the third day out they were skirting the Labrador coast. As they gazed upon those barren shores, rocky, wave-drenched and cold, with here and there the bleached bones of a wrecked schooner or fishing smack, Shirley registered a mental resolve to read Dr. Grenfell's books again. She particularly remembered "Adrift on an Icepan," which she thought she would now appreciate much more than when she found it on the high-school list.

Great gaps began to appear at the tables in the dining saloon. Dr. Bennett said that many began to feel sick as soon as they struck the open sea just from a sense of duty. The children were as spry as ever, but Aunt Molly had to admit that her head ached a little.

Very soon the look-out sighted icebergs, and the obliging captain turned the boat a bit out of her course that the passengers might have a close-up. By now the Captain had been initiated into the "Sh" Club, and proved a willing purveyor of information. Shawn, fascinated by the contents of the Captain's cabin, had determined to become a navigator himself. He listened earnestly as Captain Baird explained that two-thirds of the giant bergs were submerged, and told how dangerous are the smaller bergs which can so easily tear great gashes in the ship's side.

Thousands of gulls followed the boat, wheeling, dipping, screaming, and circling on tireless wings about the great icebergs.

And all I ask is a windy day, with the white clouds flying,

And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the seagull's crying,

the captain was murmuring to himself, but Shawn's quick ears caught his favorite words.

"Masefield?" he said.

The Captain nodded. "Knows what he's talking about, that chap—you like him too?"

"I should say so—the Dauber, you know—he *is* a poet, isn't he?" and the two nodded at each other understandingly.

The Sheridans were a bookish family, likely to burst into prose or verse "at the drop of the hat," as Shawn said. They had found Shirley a most cherishable addition to their own circle, for she was one of those fortunates with a sure instinct for beauty, a good memory and a well stocked library to browse in. Now she added,

The gulls' way and the whales' way where the wind's like a whetted knife.

"That's too realistic for me. Here it is July and I'm shivering in my winter coat."

"Speaking of whales," said the Captain, "if you take the glasses you can

see a whale far over there on the port bow."

Shirley looked, but try as she would, she couldn't feel properly impressed. The whale was too far away, so she contented herself with watching a school of porpoises which she thought a bit inappropriate for vacation. The silver leap of the flying fish was more satisfactory and the pageant of the stars at night was an unfailing joy. One night when she came down to her cabin she shyly showed Aunt Molly a bit of poetry she had written. Aunt Molly said it had real charm and urged her to send it to her father, so Shirley wrote it down in her diary to be copied in her next home letter,

The moon makes a lake of silver
On a sea of deepest green,
There's nothing at all in the world with me
But the moon and the sea between.
A flash of foam on a wave crest,
And a mermaid's frail white hand—
She blows a kiss to a moon maid,
And sinks to her distant land.

The next day was stormy. The decks were wet and ship life was beginning to pall a bit. Mrs. Sheridan suggested a poetry contest. Aunt Molly had told her about Shirley's little poem, and her own children had written little birthday plays and verses ever since they could hold a pen. The young folks were charmed with the idea; and much chewing of pencils and thoughtful scowling ensued, each one retiring to his favorite corner to struggle with the muse, while Mrs. Sheridan promised a prize to the best. She and Aunt Molly agreed to act as judges, and all entries were to be in at dinner that night.

After dinner they all trooped up to the lounge and found a quiet corner. Aunt Molly and Mrs. Sheridan seated themselves solemnly, each one wearing a paper badge labelled "Judge."

"Shasta first," said Shirley, "because she is the youngest."

"Mine's about the seagulls," said Shasta.

The seagulls are crying and calling to me,
"Follow us, follow us far out to sea,
Out where the great winds are shouting
with glee,
Out where the great waves are rolling so
free."

That's what the seagulls are calling to me.

"Pretty good for a kid," said Shawn, condescendingly. "Now yours, Sheila."

"The name of mine is 'Water Lilies,'" began Sheila. "It isn't very long."

Oh, the marigolds are golden
And the moonflower's white as snow,
But the starry water lily
Is the sweetest flower I know.
It's not had for the asking;
On the pool it drifts apart,
But the flower that's hard of winning
Is the dearest to my heart.

"Very good, indeed, Sheila," smiled her mother approvingly. "That is one of the best things you have done."

"Bully for you, old girl," said her twin, "we'll be proud of you yet!"

"Well, Shawn, what is your contribution?" asked Aunt Molly.

"No sentimental stuff about birds and flowers for me," replied Shawn. "Mine's a funny one. Here goes.":

OL' MAN TROUBLE.

When Ol' Man Trouble come along
An' 'low he'll stay a year,
An' bring his wife an' chillun on,
I jes' say: "Look-a-here!
You ugly Ol' Man Trouble,
I never fotched you here;
An' I ain' gwine entertain you,
So jes' git out! You hear?"

But when Ol' Missus Happiness
Come streakin' down the lane,
I jes' fergits my rheumatiz
An' draps my hickory cane;
An' I says, "Howdy, Missus;
You look quite peart to-day.
Lay down yer hat an' umberell;
I hope yer gwine to stay."

"You never wrote that, Shawn Sheridan!" exclaimed Shirley, astonished.

"I did too," said Shawn, indignantly. "You don't know it, of course; but among other places, we lived in Virginia a year, and I didn't listen to those Darkies for nothing."

"Take it all back, Shawn. I think you are a wonder," said Shirley. "I'm ashamed to read mine after all these gems, but I suppose I must. I called mine '*Whither.*'"

There are twelve winds calling, calling low;
Twelve winds to blow,
Twelve ways to go,
And who shall tell us,
Who shall know,

If the winds that blow be good or no,
If the ways we go be right or no?

The twelve winds blow
And the twelve winds blow,
And each of the twelve winds whispers low,—
Which I shall follow, I do not know,
I do not know,
I do not know.

"My word, Shirley," said Shawn generously, "you *are* a poet. Why, you'll be a second Sara Teasdale yet."

Little Shasta was thoughtful. "There are twelve winds, aren't there? I have always thought of only four. Isn't that funny?"

"Now, Mother, the prize," said Sheila. "I think Shirley ought to have it."

"Oh, no, Sheila, yours is much better than mine."

"Well, I like your taste! What about *my* lyric gem?" demanded Shawn, but he was looking admiringly at Shirley as he spoke.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Sheridan, "this is very difficult. Even such wise judges as we, find ourselves at a loss. I think we'd all better vote. Let each one of you write your choice on a piece of paper; the one with the greatest number of votes wins."

They all agreed to this, and when the votes were counted it was found that Shirley had won. There was loud and generous applause from the others, and Mrs. Sheridan solemnly presented the prize, a box of candy bought at the tiny ship's store. Shirley passed it around, and as they munched contentedly, they planned another contest.

"You girls wait," hinted Shawn darkly. "Not all the prizes are for

poetry. What do you want to bet that I get the next one?"

"What *are* you talking about Shawn?" asked Sheila. "Young man, are you keeping any secrets from me?"

"Just you wait!" was all the girls could get out of him, and with that they had to be content.

(To be continued.)

The Pretender.

In reading English history, one meets with frequent reference to the Old Pretender, the Young Pretender, or, most often perhaps, simply the Pretender. The term means a claimant to the English throne, and is applied to the son and grandson of King James II., who was dethroned in 1688. The son, James Francis Edward Stuart, was the Old Pretender, or just "the Pretender" without qualification; the grandson, Charles Edward Louis Philip Casimir, was the Young Pretender. The former was engaged in a Jacobite rising in Scotland in 1715, and the latter in another similar revolution in the same country thirty years later.

When party spirit ran high in England, and especially in Scotland, it was not always prudent to declare one's allegiance to the reigning king of the Hanoverian dynasty. The poet, Byron, once composed a quatrain which obviated any danger of offending either side:

God bless the King,—I mean the faith's defender!

God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender!
But the Pretender is, or who is King,—

God bless us all!—that's quite another thing.

A Canadian lecturer, during the Boer War, rather displeased an ultra-loyal audience one evening by paraphrasing the foregoing lines in this fashion:

God bless our Queen! Choice graces on her fall!
God bless—no harm in blessing—old Oom Paul!
But about this war, just who is right or wrong,—

God bless us all!—that's quite another song.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The study of Mediæval history in this country will be promoted by "The Life of St. Boniface," by Willibald, translated into English, with Introduction and notes, by Mr. George W. Robinson (Mediæval Studies. Harvard University Press). This is the first translation into English.

—An English publisher has in preparation a book entitled "A Pilgrim's Way," which has been translated from the Russian by the Rev. R. M. French. The original manuscript was discovered by the Abbot of St. Michael's Monastery at Kazan in the possession of one of the monks at Mount Athos. He made a copy of it, and this was printed at Kazan in the year following his death in 1884. The author, whose name is unknown was a Russian pilgrim, whose book is the record of his own experiences.

—The praise bestowed upon "Generally Speaking," by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, is merited in equal measure by his new book, "The Thing, Why I am a Catholic." On every page there is evidence of his prodigious exuberance of mental energy—rich in good sense, wit, and plain truth. Throughout, he is militantly in defence of the Church. His subject is very near to his heart, and he has produced a book which no one interested in contemporary philosophical and religious thought can afford to leave unread.

—Father Owen Francis Dudley, author of "Will Men be Like Gods?" "The Shadow on the Earth," etc., in a note to his latest book, "The Masterful Monk," says that the first of these volumes is an answer to the slanderers of religion, the second, an answer to the slanderers of God, and the present volume "an endeavor to meet the modern attack upon man and his moral nature launched by those who would degrade him to the level of an animal." Three superexcellent books. They are published by the Longmans.

—Reviewing at length the new Life of Cardinal Newman, by J. Lewis Day, in the *Commonweal*, Mr. Joseph J. Reilly remarks that,

though not a Catholic, the biographer "has made Newman an appealing and vital figure, paid a fine tribute to his mastery of the written word, and put before the reader either in Newman's eloquent words, or in his own, some of the utterances which were electric with significance to his own generation, and are no less meaningful to ours,"—utterances like this: "There are but two alternatives, the way to Rome, and the way to atheism." How true it is that "the great cardinal has seized upon the imaginations, the intellects and the hearts of men!"

—A journal called *New York* went out of business a few weeks ago, and we regret its going; for if it was unable to persist at the high level which was its aim it deserves a record and a lasting place in the history of journalism just because of its high purpose. We take leave to reprint its ideals from the *New York Times*, and find ourselves wondering whether for the most part they are not as noble as any to which any editors have ever tried to give practical expression.

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To contend that economic world leadership is a means, not an end.

To suggest standards to which aspiring youth can rally.

To be at once critical and constructive.

—Those desirous of following the Master more closely, will find rich help in the "Meditations of a Hermit." Though these are not formal meditations, being excerpts from the writings of the French missionary-martyr, the Rev. Charles de Foucauld (a hermit of the Sahara, and apostle of the Tuaregs), nevertheless they offer abundant thought for reflection and pious affections. They are deeply spirit-

ual, revealing as they do the soul of a contemplative, who was convinced that if he became a saint, the saving of many of his flock would thereby be accomplished. Much that he wrote was intended for his own use and evidently there was no surmise that others would see his heart-thoughts. Hence there is a personal tone,—the way he prayed, meditated and resolved—which gives a charm that otherwise might have been lacking; and he was saving souls. His writings, judiciously compiled and translated by Charlotte Balfour, will undoubtedly prompt others to seek more zealously for personal holiness and the salvation of others. An informative preface on the life of Father Foucauld is written by René Bazin. Publisher, Benziger. Price, \$2.25 net.

—"The Life of Bishop Hedley," by J. Anselm Wilson, D. D., as the foreword makes clear, "is in no sense a history of the times. . . . It deals primarily with the personality of the Bishop in the various phases of his career, and endeavors to show the conception that he formed of the vocation to which God had called him and the response that he made to that call." That response was stated briefly by the Bishop himself when he was fifty years a priest: "I have tried to render service to the utmost of my power." Certainly his zeal, his ability to organize and carry on any work successfully, and his faithfulness to responsibility were evident at Ampleforth as boy and teacher; and later on at Belmont his riper judgment marked definitely the road to the goal for which he was striving: spiritual and intellectual culture,—a scholarship based on philosophy and theology, literature and science and history, and a study of the Fathers. Consequently his training for the episcopacy was sound; and to judge how fundamentally sound it was, we need only look to those full years when he became known to the world as the Bishop of Newport and Menevia.

His days at Ampleforth and Belmont were almost slothful in comparison to the busy life that follows. As Bishop he took care of the spiritual and temporal matters of the diocese; he made the diocesan visitations, confirmed, ordained, gave occasional addresses, lectured, wrote letters, taught catechism, wrote sermons

for festivals, and articles for magazines, edited *The Dublin Review*, and even took the places of priests who were sick or on vacation; "in his spare time," he preached retreats to seculars and religious. If his spirit was untiring, it was because of his conviction that the Faith must be explained, that the soul of Catholic life must be elevated and broadened to real leadership, so that Catholic culture might leaven the ranks of the Catholic faithful. Seemingly he must have had little time for his own spiritual life. Yet we know that the inner life was a part of his being; and the habits of regularity and holiness which were formed at Ampleforth and Belmont not only never left him, but grew with grace.

"His name," as Wilfred Ward declared, "will stand alongside of those of Newman, Wiseman, and Manning." Certainly the estimate of his capable biographer is just: "He was a true monk, possessed of learning and sanctity; a great and good bishop who ruled his diocese with wisdom and justice and kindness; whose life was pure and earnest and full of good works; who wrought with patience and labor, fusing the thoughts of his mind in the furnace of love and the glow of beauty." We believe that the Bishop himself would have said, "I recognized my limitations, so I worked hard; pray for me 'unto the end and after the end.'" Publisher, P. J. Kenedy and Sons. Price, \$5.65 postpaid.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Joseph Wessel, diocese of Paderborn.

Sister M. Joseph, of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart; Sister M. Eileen, Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Columkille, Sisters of St. Dominic.

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May they rest in peace!



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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

| | |
|---|---|
| SATURDAY, 2.—Our Lady of the Angels. St. Alphonsus de Liguori, B. C. D. | WEDNESDAY, 6.—Transfiguration of Our Lord. SS. Xystus and Comp's, MM. |
| SUNDAY, 3.—EIGHTH AFTER PENTECOST. Finding of the Relics of St. Stephen, Protomartyr. | THURSDAY, 7.—St. Cajetan, C. St. Donatus, B. M. |
| MONDAY, 4.—St. Dominic, C. | FRIDAY, 8.—SS. Cyriacus and Largus, MM. |
| TUESDAY, 5.—Our Lady of the Snow. St. Oswald, K. M. | SATURDAY, 9.—St. John Vianney, C. St. Romanus, M. |

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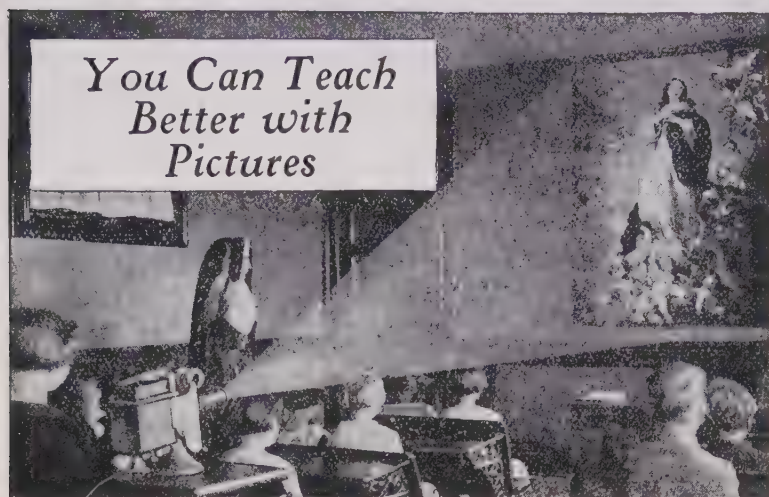
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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 2, 1930.

No. 5.

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Mary, in the Old Garden.

(*Ante Assumptionem.*)

BY ALICE PAULINE CLARK.

MY thoughts cast lonely shadows in this place;

And little wistful winds of memory

Go sighing up the paths that knew His Face.

A dream keeps pace with shadows, winds,
and me,—

A dream that reaches for His Hand in vain.
The wistful winds search each nook where He
came;

And now the patient, low voice of the rain
Has come to whisper tearfully His Name.

So long ago I last looked in His Eyes!

So many weary years of waiting, done!

The time draws near (oh, heart bowed down,
arise!)

When I shall see His Face again: my Son!

And in a Garden of that Heavenly Land
Again, my Jesus, I shall hold Your Hand.

Father Tabb.

BY JOHN M. COONEY.

THE distinctive charm of Father Tabb's verse has not fallen unheeded on the literary world. Indeed, the meed of appreciation given him by lovers of poetry may even be thought adequate; for his poems have been admirably received wherever the English language is spoken. Critics, however, seem more accurate in judging his writing than do biographers in divining his character. This is regrettable, for

Father Tabb was, to those who knew him, as admirable a man as he was priest or poet.

Father Tabb's niece, Miss Jennie Masters Tabb, shows, in her "Life" of her uncle, a fuller understanding of his strong and lovable personality than do others who have written of him; and this, despite the fact that she never once saw him. Her unerring divination suggests close spiritual kinship in addition to relationship of blood. To her, the characteristic wit or the little quips and occasional pranks through which Father Tabb brightened the way, were as natural as the foam on a busy stream, and not more significant. So, too, were certain little personal preferences, such as his avoidance of the pain of formal farewells to very dear friends.

Persons of sentiment and of some of the saving sense of humor easily recognized in Father Tabb a great soul, like that of Douglas 'tender and true,' a brave, proud soul—humble, indeed, before his God—and infinitely fine. Of the things innate in Father Tabb, the most obvious to his friends was his gentility, a trait which seems mysteriously to have eluded, or bewildered, or offended some of those who have written of him; for they distort his delightful humor into a sort of clowning, and his retiring self-respect and sincerity into a silly coyness; to them, his countenance seemed "ugly," and "coarse" his voice, which was characteristically high and clear. Naturally enough the Gauls plucked at the Senatorial beards.

Father Tabb belongs among the honorable and brave. During the war, as is rather well known, he served on a blockade-runner. Having slipped through the lines safely one night, he was discovered and captured at daylight, his "old tub," as he described the vessel he was on, being too slow a sailor to pass beyond the range of vision before dawn had broken. For eighteen months thereafter, he was held a prisoner at Point Lookout, Maryland. Were it not for the companionship of a fellow-prisoner, Sidney Lanier, his life at Point Lookout would have been utterly wretched. Among other evils, he suffered hemorrhages of the lungs until, in the extremity of his disease, he was discharged from the prison. The order setting him free was given with curses, and with the mocking assurance that he would be dead before he could reach home. But he did not attempt to go home; he started out to trudge nearly two hundred miles, to join General Lee's army on its last retreat, and to be with his comrades-in-defeat at the end.

After the war, he fell desperately ill in Baltimore, and his mother was summoned from Virginia to his bedside. The slender body had become so swollen as to be almost unrecognizable as his. With the tenderest solicitude, the mother inquired if there were anything he should like. "Yes, there is," he replied mischievously, "I should like to see my feet!" His conduct, a few days later, seemed even more outrageous. He had grown much weaker, and had not spoken for a long period, but lay in a torpor as though unconscious. The physician in attendance thought well to inform the mother that there was no hope; and explained that his patient suffered from a complication of disorders so serious that, if one should not prove fatal, another must. The mother heard in silent misery; but the son, who had been thought past hearing, spoke up,

saying: "Doctor, I enjoy an extraordinary privilege; I can die of almost anything I have a mind to!" In later life the recollection of how this apparent levity shocked his mother, still gave him amusement.

Of Father Tabb, in his social intercourse, some writers would give a false, even a grotesque impression. The truth is that, if Father Tabb differed in this matter from the ordinary American, it was in his being more affable, more sociable and possessed of superior manners. These were easy and elegant, and enhanced the attractiveness of his native friendliness. A Russian count and he found much of common interest between them during an hour or two at the home of Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnson, in Baltimore. "I see, you play," Father Tabb had said to the foreign prince, thus simply opening a conversation that soon became animated and absorbing. Later in the evening, a friend inquired of Father Tabb how he knew that the Russian could play; and he replied: "I knew by his hands."

At Hot Springs, Va., one summer's night, a burst of piano music evoked by skilled hands came from one of the hotel parlors, and reached the ears of Father Tabb, who sat outside on a portico. He listened for a few moments; then he arose and entered the parlor. Within a few minutes he and the performer, a charming young lady, were in animated conversation. Soon they were exchanging places at the piano, playing selections for each other, exchanging criticisms, and altogether good friends, though neither had seen nor heard of the other until a few moments before.

Going home to Virginia one summer by boat from Baltimore to Norfolk, Father Tabb found himself at table with a party of "sports" and good liveries bound for a duck-hunt on the lower Bay. They made quite a contrast with

the ascetic priest, and were momentarily ill at ease, until Father Tabb broke the ice tactfully with a quiet remark. At once they became communicative, even familiar; and notice was made of Father Tabb's high, bald head. One good-natured hunter, coming to Father Tabb's aid, said: "Anyhow, Father, you have that much less hair to comb."—"True," replied Father Tabb, "but I have so much more face to wash." He was soon the party's center of attraction; and it was interesting and pleasant to note how respect and confidence showed themselves more and more in the voices and glances of these "good fellows" as the dinner progressed.

Returning every summer to Virginia must have been painful in some ways to Father Tabb, the attraction that drew him being no doubt his sister Harriet, who, though much of an invalid, kept up and dwelt at "The Forest," the family home. From his other relatives and friends, his conversion to Rome had, in varying measure, set him apart. Nevertheless, in Norfolk and Pittsburgh and Richmond, he paid his respects punctiliously as he passed through, his bearing always admirable.

So far as Father Tabb knew, he and an "old lady at the Courthouse" constituted the Catholic population of his native county during late June, July and August, his vacation period, which he always spent with his sister, the "old lady at the Courthouse" alone representing Rome in Amelia County for the remainder of the year. Whatever embarrassment, amusement, contempt, possibly admiration, his relatives and his friends of other years felt when he came into their midst, they gave no sign whatever. To those of his own age, he was always "Johnny"; to those younger than he, "Uncle Johnny" or "Cousin Johnny"; to all the Negroes, he was still "Marse Johnny"; to no one was he "Father Tabb."

Years and a new generation would change that, no doubt, as certain little boys gave promise, one June sunset, when they and Father Tabb happened to be swimming in the same millpond. "Good evening, young gentlemen," Father Tabb had greeted them when he had first come; and the boys had returned the greeting with becoming manliness and respect. By degrees, however, they withdrew farther and farther until directly across the wide pond. Here under the shadow of a wooded bank they grew very quiet. Presently, from their direction, sputtered a low-uttered call, then silence. The call was repeated. Then it came from another part of the bank. It came, now from here, now from there, and it certainly was no other than "Father Tabb! Father Tabb!" The Gaul certainly would pluck at the Senator's beard could he have seen Father Tabb then; for his eyes were misty, and amusement and affection strove for mastery on his countenance as he said to his companion: "Listen to the boys; they sound like so many frogs!" His sister's cook, 'Ginny, would readily have understood that Father Tabb loved these "young gentlemen." 'Ginny had a baby of her own, a woolly-headed, crooked-legged boy, just walking, the apple of 'Ginny's eye. 'Ginny melted with delight at a word of kindness to, or about, this boy of hers, although her acknowledgment ordinarily took this form: "Shuh! He looks lak a possum!"

To deny that Father Tabb was proud would be untruthful; to say with the next breath that so also was St. Paul, would be not to the purpose, which is here to deny the mistaken implications of *vanity* made by certain writers, who, having rushed in, proceed to act in the dim temple as though they were in a chautauqua tent. Walking on the Baltimore-Frederick pike, Father Tabb passed, one afternoon, a trap in which

a very distinguished party were driving. In the party was a lady of Father Tabb's acquaintance, a member of a family justly proud of its long and honorable history. Father Tabb raised his hat and bowed politely as the carriage passed. Whether the courtesy was ignored or simply unobserved, the apparent affront produced in him a furious indignation, and he said icily: "Miss — shall hear further from this. I will let her know that her mother could not be rude as she has been; her mother was a *Virginia lady*."

Father Tabb's sympathetic insight has at least been suggested in some of the incidents previously mentioned. An odd instance may illustrate it. Walking into Ellicott City one day, he paused before a cottage set in a small garden, and said to his companion: "I'm sure a *character* lives there."

When asked why he thought so, he pointed to the variety and arrangement of the numerous plants and shrubs; —that was all. Several years later, this same companion inquired of him whether he had ever met the occupant of the cottage, and whether he had found him to be, as he had expected, an interesting character. He had made the acquaintance, he said, and had discovered him to be, like himself, an *unreconstructed Rebel*!

(To be continued.)

QUAINT and trite, but wise and true were the words which an old-time ghostly father addressed to one who busied himself about the shortcomings of others: "What is it to you whether such a person be this or that, says this or that? I wot not. You will never have to answer for your neighbor. Commit all to God, who sees and knows all. You know little. Send away the agitator, to agitate where and as much as he wishes. He will tire sometime; do you bridle your tongue at all times."

The Living Voice.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

XXXI.

THERE was a spell of hot weather that autumn. Day after day dawned with blue skies against which the great beeches at Knowsley held up boughs laden with beaten gold. The light morning frosts soon dried off the smooth lawns, the gardens were full of roses; sweeter blooms, Ann declared, than their earlier sisters.

No word of religion could pass between Simon and the girl, for he never saw her but in the company of her friends. It seemed to him that she was a shade more thoughtful and even more beautiful than of old. She was as gay, as witty as ever, but took care that her sallies should hurt no one. She neither avoided him, nor sought him out; and Simon on his part dared make no advance. His spirits fluctuated day by day, as he toiled in the fields, or worked at the mill which he had taken back into his own hands to eke out the family livelihood. Roger and Peter were persevering in their vocation, and sums for their maintenance had to be sent abroad when occasion offered. It was not often that Simon was able to ride over to Knowsley, but the memory of that golden September and the scanty hours in the sweet-smelling rose-garden stayed with him all his life.

The Covenanters' Army was now supreme and Cromwell its undisputed master, though Lord Fairfax was ostensibly Commander-in-Chief. The Houses of Parliament found their powers suddenly shrunk, their decrees disdained and neglected.

Misfortunes thronged upon the King. The loyal city of Oxford had surrendered in the previous year, and now he knew not where to turn. The growing power of Cromwell's force, its fierce, vindictive

proclamation of him as "a traitor to the Commonwealth of England," filled him with apprehension. He thought anything preferable to capture by Cromwell's forces, and in his effort to avoid such a contingency, he made his last and fatal error.

It was some time before the truth leaked out in Lancashire. The Queen had fled to Exeter which still held out for the crown. The King, finding himself beset on all sides, and dreading the English Puritans above all other enemies, delivered himself up to the Scottish Presbyterian army which had marched South against him. The Scottish army sold their royal prisoner to Cromwell for two hundred thousand pounds.

In after years Scotland may be said to have washed the stain from her honor by all the blood she poured forth for the Stuarts' hopeless cause. The Presbyterians, who were guilty of the base deed, marched home in triumph with their spoils, and the bitterness of the vanquished Cavaliers was completed by the knowledge that the money, wrung from them by sequestrations and forced sales, had been used as blood money by Cromwell to buy their beloved sovereign.

The country at large, though overawed by military forces, had never been inimical to the King, and the loyal faction had as yet no fear of the enemy proceeding to extremities. The King was closely guarded at Holmby Castle, and the utmost evil his adherents anticipated was that concessions would be wrung from him which would in future place the governing power in the hands of any turbulent demagogue who should secure ascendancy in the House of Commons.

Meanwhile hope was placed in Ormonde, and plans were laid for the landing of an Irish army. Charles himself confidently expected that his intrigues with the Irish leaders would bear fruit.

Perhaps neither Herbert nor Ormonde were given full enough powers to treat with the sister country, hitherto so shamefully used by King and Commonwealth alike. Charles could never adhere to any given policy, and would disavow his own specific instructions to his agents when occasion demanded.

The beautiful, melancholy, obstinate King was loved almost to idolatry by many, but trusted by no one except his faithful, unhappy wife.

Henrietta-Maria left her new-born baby princess at Exeter and fled to France, where her sons had preceded her. She strained every nerve to obtain help of men and money from the French King.

No doubt the fresh blow which fell upon the Stanleys was the result of the rumors which reached Cromwell's ears. He made up his mind that the Isle of Man—so long talked of as a place of assembly for Irish and French armies—must be reduced immediately. The means he took to this end were quite unexpected, and caused widespread indignation. The Governor of Liverpool, Master Bird, suddenly appeared at Knowsley with an armed force, and carried off the three young girls prisoners.

Master Richard Nevile on his mule and Simon on the old mare hurried to the city together as soon as the news reached them and found matters even more grave than they had anticipated. The three young ladies—the youngest was not yet eighteen—had been separated from all their friends, and were not allowed the ministrations of even one servant.

"And that is not the worst, neither," whispered Ann, as she drew Simon aside by the sleeve. "They will not so much as even allow us maintenance! No, not a morsel of bread, the Governor said, except what our friends send in for us."

As Simon stood speechless with indignation, little Amelia burst into tears.

"Sister said I was not to tell," she sobbed out, "but I'm hungry! We had no breakfast!"

Simon rushed out to obtain provisions, while Neville demanded permission to wait upon the Governor. In vain Master Richard urged that the Ladies Katherine and Amelia Stanley had come to England upon an order and permit from the Committee of the Houses of Parliament, it being expressly stated that they were to be free to pursue their education and enjoy a moiety of their father's estate. Mr. Bird merely replied that he had received fresh orders. The Squire then pleaded that Lady Ann, a minor and no relative of the Stanleys, might at least be set at liberty.

"You waste your time and mine," returned the Governor insolently. "The wench is the daughter of the delinquent Cottington, who has borne arms in the service of Charles Stuart."

Neville could not trust himself to answer.

"I'll appeal to Tom Fairfax," he told Simon, as he rejoined him in the street. "He is a gentleman at least. He knows how to fight with his sword and not by the petty oppression of three poor little maidens."

"You must contrive their release at all costs, dear Master Richard," urged Simon. "You know how it is with all our friends just now. I ran round to three Catholic houses before I could get a loaf of bread—the folks were willing enough, God knows, but they all have soldiers billeted on them. My cousin Massey tells me the Protestant royalists are not much better off, for this new brand of puritan hates the Church of England only second to us."

"Lord Derby must make a protest," said Neville, but he sighed.

Neither the old man nor the young dare speak of their inward conviction

that the young Stanleys were held as hostages to be exchanged for the Island of Man.

"I'll get a message through to Ireland," murmured Neville as they came to the point where their roads forked.

"There's one thing," said Simon proudly, "my lord will put duty first."

"Duty? Which duty, Simon?"

"Oh, Sir, duty to the King, of course!" cried the boy. "Has he not been stripped to the bone for the King's most sacred Majesty? His home laid waste, his lands ruined, his fortune poured out, until now he is almost penniless, and his servants they say, in rags."

"God help him," said the Squire compassionately. "The worst is yet to come."

Simon rode home, and related the events of the day to his indignant family. Rich and poor alike brought in their quotas of food to provide for the young prisoners' necessities. Simon so far buried the bitterness of past indignity as to present Ann with a basket of Fanny's turkey eggs.

The girls were badly lodged with no one to wait upon them, and were most churlishly treated by the Governor, in the hope that they would be frightened into appealing to Lord Derby to release them at all costs. For Master Richard's fears had been well founded.

Sir Thomas Fairfax, after allowing a few weeks to elapse so that the young prisoners could communicate their distress to their father, commanded General Ireland to write to Lord Derby, requiring him to give up the island, and promising the release of his daughters in exchange.

Sir Thomas had hitherto appeared in a more or less friendly light. He had protected the Knowsley property, received the ladies with all courtesy, and had given orders that they should suffer no disturbance at Knowsley. But now all was changed.

Lord Derby could not keep all bitterness out of his answer. He was grieved for his children's sufferings, he wrote. "But it is not the course of great and noble minds to punish innocent children for their father's offences." He implored Sir Thomas either to allow them to return to Man or to send them abroad to their friends in France and Holland. If he could do none of these, his children must submit to the mercy of God Almighty: they should never be redeemed by his disloyalty."

When Simon waited upon the ladies a few days later, Kitty informed him that Colonel Birch had told them of their father's answer.

"And of course his lordship is right!" exclaimed Ann. "He could not do otherwise; and we are proud to suffer for the King. Only, indeed, it does seem monstrous silly. Have you seen the broadsheets, Simon! I vow they make as great a to-do about our capture and that of half-a-dozen poor ladies in the North as though we were a battalion of infantry armed to the teeth."

"We can only walk in the court an hour a day, you know, Simon," chimed in Amelia, who did not wish their discomforts to be too much depreciated. "And this chamber! The threadbare hangings scarce cover the cold red sandstone walls."

"Oh, we do not care for that!" cried Kitty quickly. "You will write, will you not, Simon, and tell my father we are well and merry, and that our friends let us wait for nothing."

"He must hold the island at all costs," declared Ann. "Why, I believe that Man and brave little Denbigh Castle are all the sovereignty the King can call his own."

"The folk are overawed by the Army, but there's many a loyal heart for Charles, if we had but a leader," returned Simon. "Oh, if you had but seen my lord leading his men at Bolton!"

On the following Sunday, Mass was said in the loft of a small white-washed farmhouse in a little village between Greenhalgh and Moor Grange.

After service the gentlemen foregathered in the barn to discuss the alarming news which the newly arrived priest, the son of Master Clifford of Lytham, had brought them. Father Cuthbert Clifford went by the name of Norris. It was customary for every priest to take an alias when on the English mission lest he should fall into the clutches of the law and his family be involved.

The King had hitherto been held prisoner by the Parliamentarians, but Cromwell, by a sudden *coup-de-main*, had obtained possession of the royal person. He had sent a strong force and two troop of horse and had removed the King to the Army headquarters, a small village near the puritan stronghold, Cambridge. What could this news portend? Fairfax, it was thought, would never encourage an act of violence, but would he dare oppose Cromwell? History has proved that he was content to absent himself when the vote was cast, cynically standing apart, so that he might not be held to blame no matter which side obtained the final victory.

Meanwhile Simon and such of his friends and the Catholic neighbors who had returned from the wars, either to nurse wounds or in the endeavor to mend their shattered fortunes, went in a body to offer their services to General Lord Byron. His lordship, though he spoke fair, made it plain that popish swords were not to be bared in his Majesty's service.

"All our hope now," he said, "is in some accommodation with the Presbyterians. They are like to be hardly treated by this new sect that has risen up in the rebel army—the 'Levellers' they call themselves."

"Why, my lord, you said awhile ago that all our hope was in an invasion from Ireland," cried Master Townley. His father had passed forty years dragged from prison to prison for his faith, but the family was not for this one whit less loyal to the King. "It is poor encouragement to our co-religionists in Ireland and France to treat us thus."

"I have my orders, Sir; I have no choice," returned the other uneasily. "With his Majesty's affairs at this pass, we dare not risk any move which might stir up envious tongues."

Master Townley bowed ceremoniously and withdrew, followed by his friends. It was a bitter mortification and one they felt to the quick.

"We want a Derby here," cried Simon irrepressibly, as they were shown out. "A man without fear or favor."

"These quibbles and jealousies have wrecked the King's cause," declared one of the Masseys.

The crestfallen company repaired to Greenhalgh to tell the news. Master Richard Nevile was as grieved as they, and exceedingly indignant also. He wrote a letter that night to a good friend of his in London, who was to pass on a message in it to Lord Hatton, who in his turn was urged to make its purport known in Royal circles.

Early next morning, the Squire's messenger jogged forth on his way. The letters he carried would seem to be from one honest cloth-merchant to another. If they fell into enemy hands they could incriminate no one.

The letter started on its journey, but before it reached its final destination the whole country was stunned with horror. After a trial before a packed court, a travesty of justice, the unhappy King of England had been condemned to death as a traitor against his own people, and on January 30, he was publicly beheaded.

The best and most unhappy of the Stuarts perished nobly.

"Remember!" he cried sternly to Doctor Juxon, the deprived Bishop of London, who attended him on the scaffold. He divested himself of his "George," that magnificent Order, blazing with forty-two matchless diamonds, and placed it in his hands.

The bishop was later violently assailed and ordered to reveal the meaning of the last imperative command of the man, Charles Stuart.

The answer came readily, and to the hard-hearted puritans it was disconcerting. They had expected Charles' last words to be a plea that his friends might avenge him.

But the Churchman had his triumph.

"His gracious Majesty bid me carry his George to his eldest son and heir," he returned. "And to urge him and all the King's friends to forgive his enemies as he did."

Cromwell would have exulted in a last taunt—a message of scorn and rancor. The dead King's forgiveness found a chink in his armor of ambition and self-righteousness: it pierced like an arrow to the very core of the man; and though he remorselessly pursued his way, his soul was never more at peace.

(To be continued.)

The Beech Wood.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

SO like a vast cathedral wide it seems,
Sentient with beauty in the slant sunbeams,
And clothed with grandeur which is all its own;
Made musical by many a forest tone.

I stand enchanted as the sun swings down
Below the hills, and green shades turn to
brown.

And by the gentle rustling overhead,
I know I stand where Nature's prayers are
said.

The Jesuit Martyrs of Canada.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

II.

IN June, 1644, Father Jogues had his wish, and arrived at Quebec to put himself at the disposal of his superiors. The French authorities had lately entered into negotiations with many Indian tribes, the Iroquois among others, with a view of putting an end to continual attacks and massacres, by a treaty of peace that would contribute to the prosperity of the colony. It was thought that a Jesuit, well known and much esteemed, might act as ambassador, and Father Lalemant, superior of the Canadian mission, was requested to send Father Jogues to fill this responsible post. The letter in which Father Jogues accepts the task, though he owns that his "poor nature" trembles, is that of a saint. "I wish all that Our Lord wishes," he repeats, and he goes on with an experience dearly bought, to inform his superior of the dangers and difficulties of the task, of the small trust that might be placed in the Iroquois, whose inconstancy he knew, but who officially approved of him as ambassador. At first, all went well, the Iroquois accepted the presents sent by the French authorities, and vowed that they were forever the friends of France. Probably encouraged by these good dispositions, Father Jogues proposed to spend the following winter with the tribe, no longer as an ambassador, but as an apostle. He never ceased to pray for their conversion, and at Quebec, when offering himself to suffer for God, he again heard prophetic words of warning: "*Exaudita est oratio tua, fiat tibi sicut a me petisti, confortare et esto robustus.*"—Thy prayer is heard, what thou hast asked for thou shalt have. Be strong and brave."

He started in September, 1646, accompanied by a young Frenchman, a

native of Dieppe, Jean de la Lande, who, without belonging to the Society, was devoted to the service of the Jesuits. He was full of resource, could build boats and huts; and, better still, he desired to die for Christ, and went forward in a spirit of martyrdom. On reaching the Iroquois country, Father Jogues found that the peaceful dispositions that were supposed to exist, had changed; an epidemic among the people and the failure of the maize crop that year were put down to Jesuit sorcery. On October 17, Father Jogues, La Lande and their Huron servant were attacked by the Iroquois, and taken to a village where the Jesuit had once spent many months as a prisoner. In vain, Father Jogues tried to show them that, by breaking their word, they exposed themselves to the revenge of the French, who, in good faith had signed the treaty of peace. The wisest among them agreed that he was right, and spared no efforts to save the prisoners' lives, the others, ignorant and violent, believing blindly in Jesuit sorcery, decided to kill the three captives. Father Jogues was stabbed and his head cut off and exposed on a wooden pole; the next day, La Lande and a faithful Huron met with the same fate.

The murder of Father Jogues and his companions was not known for many months, the Dutch governor of Manhattan was first informed; then the governor of Quebec, M. de Montmagny, heard the news. Father Charles Garnier, himself a future martyr, wrote to one of his brethren: "They were martyrs of charity and obedience"; and among Father Jogues' companions, many, instead of praying for the repose of his soul, celebrated Mass in thanksgiving for the graces bestowed on one whom they revered as a saint.

If for the time being nothing could be expected from the ferocious Iroquois, the missionaries' patience and perseverance were impressing the Hurons: "The Black Robes believe what they teach;

after suffering so much among us they willingly return to teach us." And, alluding to Father Jogues' wounded hands, another exclaimed that the mere sight of these mutilated hands proved the truth of the doctrine that the Father taught.

In the village of St. Ignatius, organized and governed by Father de Brébeuf, the Huron converts practised humility, penance and charity with great fervor, but they were continually exposed to the sudden attacks of the Iroquois; and the Jesuits finally endeavored to obtain from the governor of Quebec some protection for these allies of France. Unfortunately the governor, M. de Montmagny, could only dispose of a few men and no ammunition.

In July, 1648, the mission of St. Mary, directed by Father Daniel, was suddenly attacked by the enemy. The Father encouraged his flock to defend their homes; but, at the same time, he reminded them of the teaching he had given them, and proposed to baptize those who were under instruction. "My children, we shall be in heaven to-day," he said; and the Indians, who loved him, obediently knelt to be baptized. The Jesuit might have escaped, but he considered it his duty to die in his church: "Try and escape, my children, and remain true to your faith. I must die here, where I may still win souls to heaven;" and, true to his word he fell pierced by arrows, after which the savages set fire to the church and threw his dead body into the flames. Father Daniel's superior, after praising his devotedness, adds that his kindness won the hearts of all those who knew him—"even the heathens cherished his memory."

Father de Brébeuf, after many delays and disappointments, was beginning to reap the fruits of his persevering labor. That year, eighteen hundred neophytes were baptized; and his superior, writing to the General of the Society, mar-

vels "at the piety, even the holiness, existing in missions that are founded in the midst of pagan surroundings." When the Huron converts suffered the loss of their possessions, even of their children, they thanked God: "Thou art my Father, my God! As long as Thou lovest me, I shall rejoice at the trials that come upon me."

The missions of Canada, founded among difficulties that seemed hopeless, were now on a solid foundation; but a heavy trial was at hand. The Iroquois in the month of March, 1649, came in large numbers to attack the village of St. Louis, one of the five missions worked by Father de Brébeuf; their expedition had been kept secret, and they made many prisoners, among whom were Jean de Brébeuf and his companion, Father Gabriel Lalemant. Their sufferings began immediately. The Father was cruelly beaten, his finger nails torn out; but he was busy encouraging his fellow captives: "My children," he said, "remember that God sees our sufferings; He will soon be our reward. Let us die in this faith, trusting to His promises."

Father de Brébeuf's passion lasted three hours. His hands were cut off, belts smeared with pitch, to which the Indians set fire, burned his flesh; and at last, irritated at his words of encouragement to his converts, the savages cut off his nose and lips. Finally, over the two Jesuits, they poured boiling water in mockery of baptism, and tore out their hearts while they were still alive. The witnesses of the scene report that except to exhort his Huron converts, Father de Brébeuf uttered no word; Father Gabriel Lalemant's sufferings lasted till the next morning. During this fearful ordeal he never ceased to pray aloud. The two had been taken prisoners on March 16; four days later, the Iroquois, having fled in a sudden panic, eight Frenchmen, among whom were three members of the Society, went to seek the remains of the mar-

tyrs. They found the mutilated bodies of both, and with due reverence removed them to Quebec. Father de Brébeuf had the physique of an athlete; his companion was very different in appearance. Delicate and fragile, he had to struggle against constant ill health; but in the supreme ordeal that won their crown, both showed a courage and endurance that remained legendary in the history of the mission.

His brethren knew that Father de Brébeuf was favored by apparitions of Our Lord, that he read the secret of souls, and led an interior life of extraordinary fervor. But he never spoke of these things, and, fearing delusions, he kept strictly to the practice of obedience in the merest details. In a paper written for the guidance of future missionaries he unconsciously describes himself. It is marked by much practical good sense, and a knowledge founded on experience of the Huron mentality. He believed that to win souls to God, the missionaries must "possess a gentleness that nothing can weary and a patience that endures anything," these virtues being more useful than the exercise of authority.

The next Jesuit to win his crown was Father Charles Garnier, the founder of an important mission among the Petuns, a tribe less ferocious than the Iroquois, but who, after welcoming the missionaries, expelled them from their country and now recalled them. With Father Garnier worked Father Chabanel; the two lived apart in different Christian settlements; but every two or three weeks they met and were able to exchange their views and plans. The savages they evangelized were inconstant and prompt to believe false reports. Among them were a number of Hurons who had fled from their foes, the Iroquois, and the fate of these fugitives was a source of some anxiety to the Fathers. Father Garnier had the conviction that his life was drawing to a

close, but his letters are full of joyful courage, and he never ceases to express his close union with Our Lord. On December 7, 1649, when the dreaded Iroquois appeared, Father Garnier went straight to the church.

"Try and fly, my children," he said to his people. "Keep your faith, and if you are to die, remember God." The Christians pressed him to fly with them, but he refused, and when the enemy set fire to the village, he continued to exhort and baptize the remaining Christians. He was severely wounded by a gunshot, but dragged himself to a dying savage, whom he wished to assist, and breathed his last in this supreme act of charity. A Jesuit, Father Garreau, who had lived on the mission with Father Garnier, wrote that during four years of close companionship, he never observed in the future martyr even an imperfection. He was always cheerful and patient, his will being absolutely one with that of God. The death of Father Chabanel, his companion, soon followed; he was with a group of Christian Hurons, surprised in the woods by the victorious Iroquois, killed by an apostate, and his body thrown into the river.

Father Chabanel, who in the Jesuit colleges of France had been a professor of distinction, had the greatest difficulty to assimilate the Indian dialect; moreover, the hardships of a mission that he had desired were a trial to a nature exquisitely sensitive. To resist a temptation suggesting that he might be more useful at another post, he bound himself by a vow never to leave the mission; God gave him as the reward of his generosity, a grace that brightened the last days of his life. "I who was so fearful, am now quite changed. This does not come from me. I believe that I am going to meet death, but I am no longer afraid," he said when he took leave of a friend. Peace and joy possessed his soul on the eve of martyrdom.

The eight martyrs of Canada were never forgotten, and immediately after their glorious end, the French Jesuits published detailed accounts of their labors and sufferings, extracts from their letters, etc. The unsettled state of the Church in Rome; the temporary suppression of the Society in 1773, the loss of Canada as a French province—all these events contributed to efface apparently the memory of our Jesuit missionaries; but early in the Nineteenth Century, the lives of several of them were published, and the *Relations* sent home by them in the Seventeenth Century were reprinted by the Canadian government.

In 1884 the Council of Baltimore and in 1886 that of Quebec entered into a correspondence with Rome concerning the beatification of God's servants. The process was started according to the wise methods of the Church; in 1924 the necessary documents had been collected, and the Pope personally pressed the beatification of the eight martyrs. The final decree was read in 1925 on June 21; the glorious eight were solemnly declared *Beati*, and their relics publicly venerated by the faithful.

A great wave of faith and prayer, followed by many miracles, increased popular devotion. Many cures took place in Ontario, at Auriesville, in the State of New York, and around Montreal. At Montreal itself, in January, 1928, more than twenty-six persons were completely cured, some of their names are given in the book from which we borrow these particulars.* It tells us too that since the martyrs' death, the seeds sown by them brought forth abundant harvests. The Hurons remained staunch in their faith and practised with great fervor the lessons taught by the Fathers. Even the ferocious Iroquois ended by giving many converts to the Church; they formed a Christian colony, that at Sault St. Louis

near Montreal, is still remarkable for its fervor.

The pastoral letter issued on May 12, 1925, by the archbishops and bishops of Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa, after praising the devoted service of the Jesuit missionaries of the Seventeenth Century expresses the thought so often spoken by Father de Brébeuf that suffering and death do even more for the salvation of souls than active ministry. "God gave our country a great grace when He gave it His martyrs; and these martyrs, who shed their blood in a supreme holocaust have fixed our destiny as a Christian people." Then taking the martyrs one by one, the letter describes them with their special characteristics: Jean de Brébeuf, a hero, and a saint; Gabriel Lalemant, who, during hours was tortured and never ceased to pray; Antoine Daniel, who refused to save his life by flight and remained with his people; Charles Garnier, whose angelic life was crowned by a supreme act of charity; Noël Chabanel, who bound himself by a vow to remain "on the cross"; and Isaac Jogues, "one of the most glorious martyrs of the Holy Church, of whom we may say that he was twice martyred."

The letter just quoted is a magnificent homage to the Canadian martyrs; and while celebrating the virtues of the six priests, it has warm words of admiration for their devoted companions, Jean de la Lande and René Goupil, associated in suffering with the priests. They are now the sharers of the honors paid to them by the Holy Church.

(The End)

Mary, to a Lamb.

¶ E saw you and loved you; His hand stroked your head.

I will make you a bed near His own little bed.
So young and so weak! Rest you here for His sake;

Watch, and run close again when He shall awake.

A. P. C.

* Martyrs du Canada, par le P. Henri Touqueray, S. J.

Literal Rastus Turns Professional.

BY GERTRUDE McNALLY.

“**B**ROTHER” was dead! And what seemed so particularly unbelievable was that it had taken only a moment for this big catastrophe to happen.

One minute, the cat, which, to all appearances, had been sleeping upon the curbstone, just seemed to rise in air on all fours, and aim directly for that place in the road where chirping sparrows gathered. The next, he went flying (still gracefully) through the air, but this time senseless, for he had been hit by a passing auto.

Hysterical with grief, Rastus picked up the limp body of “Brother” and ran sobbing to his mother. Mrs. White, after a long morning of futile sympathy, said: “Look yere, honey, maybe ’tain’t so, dat yo’ won’ see him no mo’e. Maybe ’tain’t so, dat he’s sho’ ’nuff dead.”

“Says which?”

“Don’ yo-all knows, dat a cat has nine diff’ent lives?”

“Has it, mammy, huh? Huh, mammy?” hopefully.

“Dat’s what eberybody says.”

“Den if ah keeps watchin’ fuh it, will ah gets one of dem o’her lives back again to play wif?”

“A cat, accordin’ to what eberybody says, has nine diff’ent lives,” was the nearest Rastus could get his truthful mother to promise.

“Come now,” she urged, “jes dry dem tears, an’ we’ll put ‘Bro’her’ in dis yere shoe-box an’ gibs him one fine, decent bu’ial. Yes, Suh!”

“In de back yard?”

But the mother, feeling that such close association during future days would not be best for her lonely boy, shook her head. “No—yo’ jest takes ‘Bro’her’ all tied up dis way, an’ lebs him in his nice white coffin on de unde’taker’s steps; den he sho’ gets proper burin’.”

“An’ from dere,” she added, “yo’

goes on to grocery store an’ brings home ten cents wo’th yams. Tell de grocer man to put it on de book.”

“De book am crowded already,” demurred Rastus as he took the shoe-box with great reluctance and edged crabwise from the room.

“Yere is penny,” his mother called after him, “foh to go from dere, on to candy store an’ gets yo’self stick of pep-mint, maybe!”

A little later with a sack of yams on one arm and a tightly wrapped shoe-box in the other (for he had decided to postpone parting with “Brother” until on way home), Rastus entered the candy store. Laying his two bundles upon the counter, he strutted with a starched, though pardonable air (for having a penny to spend was a most pompous occasion in Rastus’ life), to the candy case.

After almost half an hour of deep deliberation, he decided in favor of a shining green sucker, because its gleam and shade resembled “Brother’s” eyes. Then turning at last to the counter where he had left the two bundles, he discovered that somebody by accident or otherwise, had taken the shoe-box coffin.

“O Mistuh Candy-Man, somebody dun goes off wif mah ‘Bro’her!”

“Your brother?” perplexed. “Why! you were alone when you came in.”

“No, Suh, mah ‘Bro’her’ dun wus wif me in de shoe-box; now he won’ get no decent bu’ial.”

“Your brother—in a shoe-box—dead?” turning pale.

“Yes, an’ he wus such a nice cat,” wailed Rastus.

“O-O-O,” breathed the relieved clerk. “Now, I’m beginning to understand. Well, don’t feel so bad over just losing a dead cat. It has eight other lives, you know.”

There it was again. The same thing mammy had told him. Rastus determined to get this straight.

"Yo' means ah'll get one ob his o'her lives back to play wif 'gain?"

Customers were waiting. "Why not?" answered the clerk, hastily shoving a marshmallow between quivering baby lips, and opening the door suggestively.

On the way home, Rastus met his latest friend, Policeman Donoughue, who was strolling his beat and whistling softly in his usual fashion. "Faith, if it isn't me young pupil!" greeted the officer, "and can ye be after rememberin' the song ye learned yesterday?"

Rastus nodded. Glad yesterday—when he had proudly proven his ability to sing the whole of his friend's favorite song to him—how long ago it seemed. Sorrowfully, he told him about "Brother."

"Shure now, and ye wouldn't be after takin' so hard the death of a cat—and a *black* one at that,—when the fortunate beast is blessed with nine lives, would ye?"

"N-n-n-no, Suh, reckons not, but yo' see *dis* cat wus mah 'Bro'her' an'—"

"Shure, and by the saints above, 'tis not aisy to lose one's brother! Ah dear, and don't I know!" sighed the buxom Donoughue, who was an only child.

Black paddy crept into big red palm. "Let's cry together," it seemed to say. But with a rather delightful flourish, Rastus was swung just then on top of a passing fence.

"List!" commanded Officer Donoughue with a melting smile, "now, losing a brother is bad, awful bad (again, little black hand crept into big red one), but blessed if I can see anything a-tall, a-tall, in losing the life of even me brother, if he's lucky enough to have nine lives to me one!"

It did sound reasonable, but the trouble was, as soon as Rastus got alone, then the heart ache all kept creeping back again.

Evening came and time for Mrs. White to leave for the theater, where she was janitress. Worried, she looked

at Rastus, gently removing his shoes preparatory for bed. To-night, she had been tried with no pleas of "Please take me wif yuh, mammy huh, huh mammy?" Or—"Sings me song fust, foh yo' goes?"

Yes, to-night, it did seem extra hard, to leave her lonely little boy minus "Brother," with whom he had been wont to hold, one-sided conversations; but what else could she do?

Mr. Goldberg, her employer at the theater, would not wish a pickaninny hanging around back stage, and that is where she would be working until the audience had left. After that, of course it wouldn't matter, because she would be mopping under upturned seats, alone in the big and silent place—alone, save for mice, whose scurrying sounds shook her limbs, and quailed her spirit.

Rastus was coming towards her now for evening prayers.

"Ah'd take yo' with me 'night, honey, but Mr. Goldberg dun am startin' new —'xperiment—ah thinks he calls it. Anyways, he dun has added fancy acts to what used to wus jest picture show. An' his disposition, it's turned all sickly-like, 'cause he had to raise de admission prices foh to pay de advertisin' bills. Leastways, dat's what ah hears him tell 'nother white man."

"Ah wasn't 'spectin' to be taken wif yuh, mammy," answered Rastus, as he rubbed his wet cheek against the same worn skirt to which "Brother" used to rub its slat-sided body.

"O Lawsy," thought the mother, "it's his not 'spectin' to be taken, dat makes leavin' him so ha'd!"

Ever since the Christmas Eve when Mrs. White, accompanied by her persistent pickaninny, had set out to find their Christ-Child-Guest, she had been in the habit of calling upon the Mother of that other Infant Son in all hours of trial. So she asked now, "O Mary, deah, who am eberybody's mo'her an' mah only woman friend, will yo' helps me,

please, wif what to do wif pickaninny heah?"

Five minutes later: "Hurry an' gets dressed chile, ah's decided to takes yo' wif me aft' all!"

Mrs. White, with Rastus, hastened towards the place of amusement, which to her spelled only livelihood. Mr. Goldberg, with alternate attacks of what resembled chills and fever, was talking to his faithful pet Isaacs.

Now Isaacs was more than just another black cat. He was the only thing in the world loved by Mr. Goldberg better than the highly regarded eagle upon the American dollar. True, Mr. Goldberg had hosts of relatives, but no friend of whom he approved as much as Isaacs. Isaacs was the perfect listener, the faithful stand-by, and the only being in this new, strange land of America not credited with grasping motives. In short, Isaacs was his mascot—as he was assuring him now.

"Ach! Mitout you here to-night, und the goot luck you haf always to me brought, mine show would fizzle. Und that, it mustn't do, Isaacs! The voik it ain't so much, but all mine moneys into this show I put, for to make the peoples laugh. That is what they like best to do—these strange Americans. Always when by them comes laughs, goes moneys. Yes, Isaacs, to-night they must be made to laugh, else mad by mè the law vill get, for not paying vages to mine dumb performers!"

Hearing the outer stage door open, Mr. Goldberg made haste to shoo Isaacs away; not for worlds would the "so goot business man" allow the one soft spot in his armor to become known. And so worried was he to-night over the outcome of his vaudeville venture that Rastus' presence was scarcely noticed and his mother's lateness not at all!

Mrs. White put on her apron. Mr. Goldberg's twitching hands went to the vest of his rented dress suit. It was a most important looking vest, fairly daz-

zling in its white abundance, for its owner hoped to be called upon this night to make an opening speech. A few men and women began strolling out from dressing rooms.

So tense was Mr. Goldberg's excitement that it seemed to fuse itself into the others' consciousness. Many of these "second raters" were planning on paying back board-bills from this week's engagement. Too well they realized that the future rise or fall of this type of show was dependent upon its first night's reception.

The picture now over, lights flashed on, the orchestra struck up, and red velvet curtains (not yet paid for) swung together with majestic swagger; then parted to admit act one.

Its reception was some overly loud handclasps from a few of Mr. Goldberg's female relatives spotted about the audience, but the performance failed somehow to produce the slightest response from those not having a promised share in the box-office receipts. Act two and three, received the same response, and, what was becoming noticeable, from the same quarters. Act four was a comedian who punctuated his temperance lecture with hiccups.

"O whatever can be the matter with that audierce?" groaned several huddled watchers behind scenes. "To-day at rehearsal, this act clicked great; all kinds of laughs in it—and now, there isn't one!"

"Oie! Oie!" chorused Mr. Goldberg. "All mine goot moneys gone, unless to laugh, someone makes quick that audience."

"Or pulls their hands out from under them," another answered. "Applause, is as good as a laugh, but they won't do either!"

"Und do you think you're telling me somethings?" almost sobbed Mr. Goldberg. "Avay mit you!"

A black woman, broom in one hand, in the other a child's trusting paddy,

edged her way to Mr. Goldberg's side.

"Scuse me, Mistuh Boss-Man, but ah jest reckons dat mah lil' Rastus heah, might help yo' show. Dis lil' pickaninny jest loves to tap-dance, an' he sho' am most pow'ful good at it."

Pensively, Mr. Goldberg looked at Rastus. "Und can you make goes gloom, und comes laughter?"

"No-no, Suh!" backing away. "Ah don' wan' make no one laugh nohow, an' ah don' reckons ah wants to tap dance neither. Yo' see, Mistuh White Man, mah black cat 'Bro'her,' jest died to-day!"

"Ach!" roared the distraught Mr. Goldberg, "mine show it die now und you stand there und say your cat died to-day. Vould you let a cat mit nine lives keeps you from safing mine poor show mit only half a life?" Mr. Goldberg reached for Mrs. White's coat and hat, hanging up on a nearby hook. "Look! if you vill be a goot poy und out there go on stage, you and your mammy can go home right after act is over, und not till to-morrow night vill she has to come back here und voik."

Tears brimmed and rolled down Rastus' face. "Yo' am so nice," answered pickaninny gratefully, "but it am some-thin' more den dat ah wants, please."

Mr. Goldberg's waving hand descended to his pocket. It was ever thus, with everyone but Isaacs! He drew forth a five-dollar bill, and handed it to Mrs. White for safe-keeping. "Now that you gets vat you vants," he roared at the black boy, "vill you go und safe mine show, quick?"

"Put one of dem dere nine lives back, is what ah wants," pleaded Rastus wistfully, "like yo' and eberybody dun tells me 'bout!"

"All right, that, I'll gives you, too. I vill give you anythings if you safe mine show!" perspired Mr. Goldberg.

Now wasn't that wonderful—a promise—and Rastus' belief in promises was profound.

Out upon the stage, the man with the light-house nose had finished his temperance lecture and was singing a song he called: "Asleep in the Ditch." There was not a sound from the audience. No, not even from Mr. Goldberg's female relatives; for they, too, had fallen asleep.

With a fleeting kiss from mammy and a "Strut your stuff" from one of the actors, Rastus ran beaming upon the stage. He loved to tap; always had, ever since he could remember. Upon seeing the shabby pickaninny with his pattering feet and coronet of kinky braids the audience straightened in their seats, and a look of interest replaced the one of boredom.

Their movement made a rustling noise. Rastus turned, and for the first time faced them. His feet moved slower, then stopped altogether. Why! he had not known there were so many faces in the world!

"Go on! Go on!" hissed voices from the wings, but Rastus didn't hear them. As though stricken with paralysis he just stood and stared at the sea of blurring faces.

"Oie! Oie!" now openly sobbed Mr. Goldberg. "I sends the poy to safe mine show; instead, he goes und has afraid over it." Wild were the gesticulations of Mr. Goldberg, and his hair, which he had oiled in luxurious profusion, no longer shone in unruffled dignity, but rose in sticky tufts of protest about his head.

"Where is Isaacs?" he cried aloud, unashamed. "Like a mother I've been to him, und now I need the goot luck he brings, he's not here."

The audience, resentful from the first of the raised admission price, waited now like hungry guests. Rastus saw their glinting eyes, he heard their shuffling feet, but seemed incapable of making move or uttering sound.

"O Blessed Mother," mammy prayed from the wings, "please comes he'ps dat po'r scared lil' chile."

Suddenly, one face separated itself from a sea of faces. It was Policeman Donoughue, and though no sound came forth, his lips were puckered in their familiar whistling style. The Irishman's eyes smiled, his head nodded encouragement.

Rastus' gaze did not wander from the one familiar countenance. Instead, it seemed to anchor itself there with a grip so tight, one could almost hear its fastening click. Then Rastus began to sing. Clearly, the song rose to every corner of the house—the song that Policeman Donoughue had had him memorize:

Sho' and Ireland must be Heaven—
'Cause, mah mammy came from dere!"

People roared; they shook; they clapped. They stamped the floor. Still, Rastus' gaze did not leave Policeman Donoughue, not until he saw approving Irish eyes dart suddenly towards another part of the stage, and then his own followed. What he saw made him rub his eyes in startled, thrilling wonderment, for there upon the stage sauntered Isaacs, cool and dignified, as if impervious to the audience's utter lack of self-control.

"Mah 'Bro'her!" Then facing a crowd that he no longer knew existed, Rastus beamed tremulously upon Policeman Donoughue. "Jest dis mawnin', dead like eberything, an' now, one of dem dere nine lives back 'gain, dat eberbody dun tells me 'bout!" Light, such as only the sight of a miracle can leave, shone from Rastus' popping eyes. The simple, unaffected pickaninny, who could no more act upon the stage than off, was holding the great audience spellbound, and afraid to move lest they lose a word of this "talented child's entertainment."

Hungrily, he held the cat to him. "Yes, Suh! Back again, jest like Mistuh Goldberg promised me!" Then suddenly, like a snapped violin string, Rastus' voice broke. "O-O-o-o-o, ah dun wants

to thank him hard, dat so nice promise-keeper-man, fuh dis one life back, of 'Bro'her's' nine."

Mr. Goldberg, possessor of dramatic as well as money-sense, appeared instantly from the wings. Rastus turned, and while the audience looked upon Mr. Goldberg's exultant countenance, Rastus looked beyond it to his mother standing in the shadows, her own and Rastus' wraps upon her arm.

"Mammy!" called the pickaninny with much feeling.

The approaching Mr. Goldberg suddenly stopped. Looked around. A roar went up from the crowd.

"Ach, not me, he don't mean!" remonstrated the show man, hastily pulling the black woman into view. "See, this is the mammy. Me, I'm Mr. Goldberg, owner und manager of this so goot show."

"De nice promise-keeper-man, ah jest tells yo' 'bout," further explained the grateful Rastus to Policeman Donoughue. Again, the crowd shook with laughter. Their presence was beginning to be felt.

"Quick, mammy, please, ah wants to go home," tugging at her skirts with the hand not clutching "Brother."

As the black trio made their departure down the tiny stage steps and long theater aisle, the audience, very appreciative for the realistically acted show believed to have been staged for their particular benefit, gave thunderous applause.

While back stage, with no Isaacs now to talk to, Mr. Goldberg scratched his head, and gasped: "First time this is, I ever see a Nigger-Jew poy. Und he says from Ireland comes his mammy. Oie! Oie! this America sure makes by me surprises!"

THE symbol of a ship, occurring so often in the inscriptions of the Catacombs, stood for the "Bark of Peter," and represented the voyage of life.

The Harp of Life.

BY ANNETTE S. DRISCOLL.

THE appearance of a new volume of poems by Denis A. McCarthy, LL. D., is always a source of pleasure to his many admirers, and this, his sixth volume, will be no exception. Some of his previous volumes are now out of print, and so Dr. McCarthy has selected from them the poems which make up the present volume, adding some others which have appeared only in magazines, and some which here make their first bow to the public. He has divided the contents of the book into "Life and Love," "The Land of Remembrance," "Where Dreams Come True," "The Substance of Things to be Hoped For," "Occasional Poems," "Mainly about Children," and "Random Rimes."

The first poem in the book, "When all the World Goes Wrong," is the lover's tender declaration that when all the world goes wrong, all that is looked for is "love and cheer from you, my dear"; and that

The gladsome gleams of golden dreams
Are fairer in my sight,
If you are near to share, my dear,
When all the world goes right,
summing it all up in a burst of contentment:

With you to share my joy and care,
My toil, my smile, my song,
I will not fret, but freely let
The world go right or wrong.

Here is a touching little tribute to Mother, in "A Memory":

As I walked home one stormy day
My mother met me on the way,
And with her mantle's ample fold
She drew me in from storm and cold.
That day, that deed I can't forget;
Through all the years it haunts me yet,
And when the wintry world I see,
That memory still comes back to me.

Again the poet's tender heart is manifest in

A winsome wife and baby
Can make a heav'n of home.

"Love and Marriage" deserves special mention, because, in the minds of so many moderns, the two no longer seem to be compatible; but only the last four lines can be given here:

Sweet though the dreams of love be, we may
call

His work in our affairs preparatory;
He writes the opening chapters. After all,
'Tis Marriage still which finishes the story.

Coming to America from Ireland at a very early age, the many trials and discouragements he encountered in making his way to his present high position, no doubt were the inspiration for the ringing lines of "The Fellow Who Fights Alone," and the stirring injunction in "Help a Fellow Forward":

Whene'er you see another
Losing hope,—well, he's a brother,
And a word, a deed is due
To that brother man from you.
Help him—it is God's own plan!
Help a fellow all you can.

Those who have deeply loved will appreciate his saying that

The sorrow of love is sweeter
Than joy where love is not.

Would that more writers of the day would sing for a space of the beauty that gladdens the gray old earth, as he conjures in "A Song of Beauty." While we know all too well that

The sweetest music breathes a minor strain,
And life would not be perfect without pain,

we need songs of beauty to help us bear the pain.

From the lyrical standpoint, perhaps our poet has never yet surpassed "Ah, Sweet is Tipperary," "The Fields of Ballinderry," or "The Fields of Ballyclare." These have been set to music by more than one composer, but they seem to be too musical in themselves to be really enhanced by the settings which have thus far appeared.

In this section are very many notable tributes to his native Erin. "Where Dreams Come True," contains the noble tributes to that America to which this

volume is dedicated. "The Land Where Hate Should Die" was widely taught in Grammar and High Schools after the great War, both as a recitation and a song. "America First," is a splendid watchword; and no poet, native or adopted, has surpassed "A Song for the Flag." "The Song of the Foreign-Born" is another splendid tribute to the "land of all lands first and best."

The next division consists of religious poems, full of Catholic thought and devotion. It is interesting to recall that the critic of no less a paper than the *Boston Transcript* once said that Dr. McCarthy's best work is in the religious vein, and suggested that he should publish a volume of religious verse. The lovely Feast of Christmas has brought out many fine poems, notably one which was set to beautiful music in cantata form, by one of Boston's best-known composers, and sung even in Unitarian services. Of course, tributes to Mary are not wanting. One especially tender one is "When Mary Went Walking."

Among the "Occasional Poems" are two that many would consider his best, as most noble and dignified: "The Dream of Columbus" and "The Sowers," the latter having been written for the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the beginning of the American Revolution, and read at the re-dedication of historic Faneuil Hall. These are followed by the poems of or for childhood, and the "Occasional Rimes," many of them amusing—as "Shakespeare's Limitations and Ours." "Don'ts for Girls" contains much needed but seldom heeded advice. The "Oft-Rejected Manuscript," will be appreciated by writers, even the best of whom have probably had such manuscripts.

Following is a sample of the combined wit and wisdom of "Styles":

Womankind will go where fashion leads them
And do whatever fashion bids them;
And all man's wrath or fond affection
Can't stop the trend in that direction.

and the intimation that after God has made her,

Woman adds, as is well known,
Some marked improvements of her own.

God has certainly placed a singing bird in Denis McCarthy's breast. May he long continue to teach, inspire and cheer us with his song!

Let Russia Abolish Poetry.

BY WM. DOYLE HENNESSY.

MR. H. MENCKEN, in his "Treatise on the Gods," thinks that Christianity has survived because "it alone among the modern world religions has an opulent esthetic content" and is "full of lush and lovely poetry." Mr. Mencken calls religion "a machine for scaring," and thinks that in the long run both religion and poetry are bound to go. Poetry he despises. Being a logical pessimist, he discerns the importance of poetry to religion. For what after all, is poetry but the expression in a noble form of the religious sentiment in man? If it be not in some degree an affirmation of faith, hope or love, it is invariably a lament for the loss of these virtues. The poet's "sad, sweet song" is pervaded, consciously or unconsciously, with the sense of a lost Eden, or a belief or hope in immortality. Poetry can not breed in negation, despair or hate.

Men can live and die without religion thinks Mr. Mencken, though he finds that "capacity for proud imperturbability" rare in the human race. The rulers of Russia not only agree that man can live without religion, but are determined to see that man shall live without it. However, while they are trying to convince the "great unwashed," they would do well to consider what Francis Thompson so acutely pointed out when he wrote: "There is no recorded age in which men did not use poetry; but for some odd thousand years the world got on tolerably well without soap."

Let Russia, then, abolish poetry.

"For," as Thompson further stated, "poetry is the teacher of beauty; and without beauty men would soon lose the conception of a God, and exchange God for the devil; as indeed happens at this day among many savages where the worships of ugliness and of the devil flourish together."

Let Russia see to it, that no poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolls from earth to heaven and from heaven to earth and back again, but rather see that the poet's eye is closed. Then but the frenzy will remain; but all that was fine shall have fled from it, and the frantic fanaticism of hell will claim its place.

But the task that the rulers of Russia have set for themselves we know to be impossible. Prohibit the outward practise of religion and its spirit will survive in the arts. Prohibit poetry, the handmaid of religion, and music will throb with its sacred story. Muffle the melody of music and the hand will paint what the heart remembers and shape what the eye still sees. Prohibit painting and sculpture when beauty shines forth from their works, yet will the flowers bloom and the heavens show forth their splendor; little children will smile and the heart of man will hope.

St. Anselm's Admonition to the Dying.

Question. Do you believe the articles of the Christian faith, as they have been determined by the Church?

Answer. I do believe them.

Q. Do you rejoice that you die in the Christian faith?

A. I do.

Q. Do you acknowledge that you have grievously offended God?

A. I do.

Q. Are you sorry that you have offended your Creator?

A. I am.

Q. Are you resolved that, if God should prolong your life, you will carefully avoid offending Him?

A. I am.

Q. Do you hope and believe that you will attain eternal salvation, not through your own merits, but through the merits of the Passion of Jesus Christ?

A. Thus I hope.

Priest. Come, then, while life remains, place all thy confidence in this death alone. Trust in nothing else. And if the Lord God will enter into judgment with thee, say: "Lord, I place the death of Jesus Christ between me and Thy judgment; otherwise I cannot contend against Thee." And if He say to thee that thou art a sinner, reply: "Lord, I place the death of Jesus Christ between Thee and my sins." If He shall say to thee that thou hast merited damnation, say: "Lord, I place the death of Jesus Christ between Thee and my evil deserts, and I offer His merits for those which I ought to have, but have not." If He shall say that He is wroth with thee, answer: "Lord, I oppose the death of Jesus Christ between Thee and Thy anger."

"ST. DENIS, the Carthusian, asserts that every year, on Christmas and Easter, the Blessed Virgin descends to Purgatory accompanied by a multitude of Angels, and delivers many of the souls confined there; St. Peter Damian thinks that the same also happens on all the feasts of the Blessed Virgin. Well known is the promise which the holy Virgin made to Pope John XXII. that she would deliver all those who wore the Scapular of Mount Carmel, from Purgatory the first Saturday after their death, and was declared by him in his Bull, which was confirmed by Alexander V., Clement VII., St. Pious V., Gregory XIII. and Paul V. Innumerable are the instances of the souls of the dead appearing to the living and testifying that they were delivered from Purgatory by the intercession of the Most Holy Virgin."—*Love of Mary.*

Pious Burglars.

WE know a decent Catholic man who was robbed one night by an excellent Catholic burglar. The hold-up man took whatever bit of cash our friend had, but when he came upon a rosary in a handful of coins, he stopped and said: "Oh, I see you are a Catholic! Well, I won't rob you, because I also am a Catholic and make it a point never to pick one of my own." We think that if all the pious frauds that are perpetually at work could be got to show the spirit of this honorable thief, the Catholic public would be less pestered and less often relieved of honest money in the name of religion.

Archbishop McNicholas of Cincinnati, a prelate noted for the sense and timeliness of his letters to the people, has written openly to his diocese asking priests and people everywhere to be well forewarned against every type of dishonest rascal who represents himself as armed with the authority of the Church and laden with spiritual blessings for anyone who will subscribe to his scheme. The Archbishop is aware that fraud takes every kind of guise, and is versatile in dressing up in the vestments of the altar, if need be, to make an impression and take away a heavy loot. "Priests" who are not priests in good standing, and perhaps never were priests, get abroad and make raids on a credulous and good-natured Catholic public. Not so long ago, one of them ransacked Chicago, proclaiming himself by name and profession, and giving himself a home at a well-known Catholic school. This scalawag managed to pick up donations and money for Masses at the rate of a big wage every day for some weeks before he was caught at the business of trying to hear confessions at a convent, as a means to getting more Mass intentions. It seems that he was a little strange and out of place in the confessional, and so gave himself away.

The last we heard of him, he was in jail; and we do not know whether it has yet been made out whether he ever was a priest.

"The faithful," says Archbishop McNicholas, "are warned against lay solicitors who promise Masses for subscriptions to publications." An exceedingly bad business, the offering of Masses as premiums for long subscription lists; and the reasonable doubt is whether the Masses are ever said.

"It is advisable to decline to subscribe to any Catholic publication which attempts to build up its subscription list by such methods." Not only the Mass, but every and any Catholic devotion or custom is thus turned to commercial purposes. Publishers become, overnight, alarmingly devout to the Little Flower, or St. Francis, or the Child Jesus. They know the names and causes that sell, and they capitalize them. And the very worst feature of their irreligious practice is that they impose, and quite knowingly impose, on the good will and honest piety of the people. Naturally, such men are swindlers and deserve a high place in jail. They worm their way into one's confidence with a holy picture, which turns out to be the wrapper of a holy fraud. "Beautiful devotions to our Blessed Mother, to St. Teresa of the Infant Jesus, prayers for the souls of the faithful departed, which appeal to the whole Catholic world, are by certain agencies given a commercial aspect that merits the strongest condemnation. By all means let the faithful practice the devotion that appeals to them, provided it be approved by the Church; but we warn them to be suspicious of every appeal in which it seems manifest that it is addressed to them chiefly for financial assistance."

Anyone who is at all alive to the malpractice that is carried on, in the name of religion and often on a national scale, is well aware that the Archbishop knows what he is talking about.

Notes and Remarks.

The reports of Crime Commissions are emphatic in describing the variety and the extent of evil doing, but are rather helpless in their recommendations for curing the evil. They suggest a law for this and a law for that: but criminals are not much impressed by law when they know so many instances where the lawmakers are working hand in glove with their underworld leaders. After all the experiments of psychologists and psychiatrists have been tried, there is still the old-fashioned method of teaching children to grow up in the fear and love of God. Religion in education is a necessity, if we are to look for a generation who love justice and reverence the rights of their fellowmen as they cherish their own. "If you teach a child," says an editorial writer in *Columbia*, "that he is nothing more than a chemical formula, that there is no God, no Hell, no Heaven, no soul, no happiness except the pleasure he can grasp from the things he sees around him, you cannot expect him to be fussy about what or how he grasps." And when he reads of those who have the interests of the community in trust, convicted of flagrant injustice toward the people they are elected to serve, the godless youth is not much impressed by the majesty of Law. "By what doth a young man correct his ways?" asks the inspired Psalmist, and answers, "By observing Thy words."

Interest in the Middle Ages is evidently on the increase. Many scholarly books about them are now appearing, the writers of which for the most part, by the way, are non-Catholics. We notice that seven are included in "Mediæval Studies," emanating from the Harvard University Press. The author of one of them remarks: "It is generally recognized, at last, that the

Middle Ages were not a period of barbaric ignorance, but one of notable human achievement on which in many ways our modern civilization depends." We have a Mediæval Academy of America, with a thriving membership of over a thousand, drawn from the most widely separated States and from various lands across the seas.

It seems that three out of every ten of all the adult church-goers in the United States are Catholics. And this is said to be a low estimate. Our population is quoted as 13,300,000, "thirteen years of age and over." Most of the religious denominations in this country are small, fifty of them having only 1000 adult members each. More than half have fewer than 7000.

We are pleased to record the establishment of a new Catholic weekly to be published at Portland, Maine, for the people of that diocese. The new publication begins its career with the ambition of placing a weekly copy in the hands of practically every adult parishioner in the state. Such an accomplishment would insure a circulation of at least 100,000, would more than finance the project, and would undoubtedly bring a new appreciation of things Catholic to many times that number of souls both Catholic and non-Catholic. Unfortunately Catholic publications seldom travel the paths that seem so smooth in anticipation. They have problems of reader apathy that never trouble our secular magazines and newspapers, and they dare not use any of those headline methods that prove so effective in removing such apathy. They must strive to present in a dignified way religious truths and ecclesiastical happenings to a world that hasn't much active interest in either. That decorum doesn't fit in easily with the blare of modern living. Catholic reader interest

still remains low in spite of the really remarkable advancements that have been made in the presentation of religious news.

The normal Catholic is not apt to hesitate long between the allurements of a popular magazine and the offerings of a religious publication. The sponsors of this new venture undoubtedly realize that fact. Experience has wiped their eyes of illusions. Their ambition for the salvation of souls bids them hope and strive for a circulation coverage of every Catholic home in the state. Actually they know that it will be a hard and exacting undertaking to get and hold a fair percentage of that number. For that reason we heartily commend all those engaged in the new venture. Theirs is an unselfish embarking. Men do not usually go into Catholic journalism for the financial rewards of that work. The chief allurements in that field is the salvation of souls. The *Church World*, as the new publication is called, appears to be well fitted for the hard but heroic task that confronts it. It is a fine healthy youngster in its first appearance, and it starts with a sturdy stride. The Catholic people of the State of Maine owe the allegiance of their united subscriptions to this new Catholic paper which will be devoted entirely to their interests. The AVE MARIA offers its congratulations and good wishes to the Rt. Rev. John Gregory Murray and to all those associated in any way with this fine new publication so recently launched in the field of Catholic journalism.

Lloyd George is hardly expected to be in sympathy with the policies of the English Government so long as he is not its head; yet he has a homely way of putting his objections that lends them a good deal of force for the man in the street. Speaking of pacts and covenants to end war, he is quoted by

The *Witness*, of Dubuque, as follows:

We have got covenants against war, we have got pacts, which we have all signed, that there shall be no more war, and we are spending more preparing for things that we have determined should never happen again. If a drunkard signed a pledge that he would take no more drinks, and you heard he was filling up his cellars with the choicest and most expensive wines, and that he was occasionally taking a nip to taste them, you would know he was preparing for another spree. This is the case of armaments in the world. I do not believe in pledges signed in a full cellar.

In accordance with the wish of Cardinal Cerejeira, Patriarch of Lisbon, special ceremonies were held in all the churches of the Portuguese capital at which these churches were consecrated to the Blessed Virgin. It is an augury of increased faith and devotion toward our Blessed Lord, to be thus dedicated to His Blessed Mother.

For several weeks now the papers have been carrying the news of a hundred-and-some year old teetotaler to be paraded in this country as a sample of the longevity to which a practising dry can hope to attain, provided he escapes being run down by one of our twenty million automobiles, and provided in addition that he avoids being bitten by some one of the ten thousand varieties of germs that are continually on the lookout for victims with no special respect for politics or religion or prohibition. The big fly in this particular ointment seems to be, according to one newspaper report, that this hundred-and-some year old teetotaler is said to be an incorrigible liar. Some of his best friends and neighbors admit it. They say that when the old fellow gets upon the subject of age he isn't satisfied with his true record of one hundred and thirty-five years, but runs it up to over

one hundred and fifty without turning a hair. A man who will fib about his age before friends and neighbors will probably take a flyer or two with the truth when he gets before new and strange audiences speaking upon such a subject as prohibition, which, to say the least, is rather conducive to mendacity. Who knows, perhaps the old fellow has had his private bootlegger all along. And another thing, we are acquainted with a hardy octogenarian who shovels coal sixteen hours a day with a vigor that would challenge the admiration of a college athlete. He is not, however, a teetotaler. On the contrary—

At a time when trim beards and stubby mustaches are so much in vogue, it is of curious interest to find in an old ritual a formula of benediction for hair-cutting (*ad capillos tondendos*). It reads: "O Almighty Saviour, lover of innocence, meek and humble, who, laying Thy hands upon children, didst say that of such is the kingdom of heaven, bless this Thy servant whose superfluous hair we cut off in Thy Name; grant him understanding with the increase of age, that he may fear Thee, know Thee, and keep Thy commandments, and that by Thy assistance he may attain with the utmost soundness to the years of old age, etc."

Perhaps we can fairly summarize the thought of the Commencement speakers of this year by saying that they were agreed that science, or scientific training, is good, as far as it goes, but that it does not go far enough. It just comes to the human world, which it does not enter, and much less does it solve its problems. Science will do very well, said one noted churchman, but by itself it is incomplete and unsatisfactory. "Wise living," said an educator, "is not to be attained by following the dictates of a physical law unless we first know the completion of that law's working is

wise and good. Whether the scientific results are good or bad for us is a matter on which science has nothing to say." A chief work before us, said a popular writer, is "the great task of establishing once more some central and controlling ideals of human living." This is interesting in view of the fact that only a few years ago, physical science, with its rigid methodology, was supposed to handle all problems, or to be on the verge of doing so; and now we are let down with the admission that in the most vital of human fields, that of furnishing ideals and achieving them and that of judging good and bad, we are as far along as we were before the scientific age, really so great in its own place, appeared above the horizon seventy-five or a hundred, or, if you choose, three hundred years ago.

To the recent writer who gratuitously asserts that the monkish practice of reading at table was intended to keep the monks from quarrelling and backbiting, St. Jerome would have replied: "You have the will, good sir, but not the skill to lie."

The suggestion of certain anti-Catholic writers that the doctrines of the Church will not stand the scrutiny of intelligent men is so absurd that it is its own best answer. Probably no organization on earth has been subjected to so deep and so sharp and so constant and so critical an examination as the Catholic Church. Her doctrines and her religious practices have been searched with scrupulous animosity, and every shred of evidence which, by fair means or foul, could in any way be used against her has been openly paraded before the world. In spite of this never-ending attack, hardly a week passes but from somewhere in the world comes the news of a distinguished convert. Now it is a professor in one of our leading universities, now a Churchman of note,

now a scientist of distinction, now a poet or novelist of national or international renown. This growing list of scholarly converts is a rather complete answer to the suggestion that the doctrines of the Church will not stand the scrutiny of thinking men. The following N. C. W. C. report gives some indication of the mental calibre of probably the most recent in a long line of mentally prominent converts:

Prof. Edmund Taylor Whittaker, M. A., D.Sc., D.Litt., LL.D., a former president of the Mathematical association and a former royal astronomer of Ireland, who is now professor of mathematics and dean of the faculty of arts at Edinburgh University, was received into the Catholic Church at Edinburgh this week by the Rev. Albert Gille, S. J.

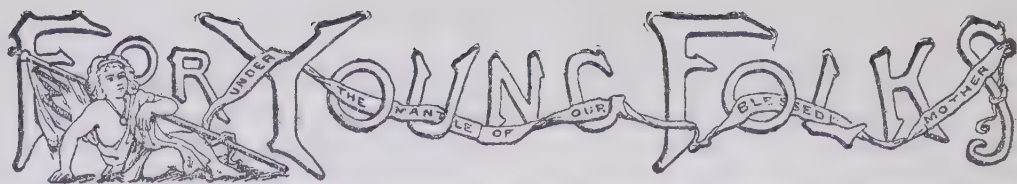
Professor Whittaker's list of attainments is imposing, including Second Wrangler and First Smith's Prizeman at Cambridge University, Fellow of Trinity, Royal college, Cambridge, secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society, vice-president of the Royal Irish Academy, vice-president of the Society of Edinburgh, president of the London Mathematical society, president of a section of the British association, and Fellow of the Royal society.

"Do a husband and a wife make a family?" asks a rural census-taker. "I find a large number of such 'families,' where there are no children,—never have been any; and it appears as if none are wanted."

We have the recurrence, in one of the big dailies, of the untrue assertion that America is over-populated. "There," says the uninformed, "is what is meant by saying we are in the grip of a rural depression and of unemployment: we simply have too many people." The inference is that we have not food and other vital necessities for our whole people. And this is true in a sense, but stupidly untrue in another. If it means that many do not get enough to eat, this is the case, but if it is stretched to

mean that there is not enough for them to eat, it shows an ignorance of present conditions. If the people had power to buy—ah! there is the point. The people have not got the buying power. If they had, they could eat up what we now call the great surplus of farm products; they could set every factory wheel turning; they could put every unemployed man to work. But the fact is that they have not the backing, the security and safety, which lie in the possession of a little personal property and capital of one's own; and without these they are unable to buy when they are unemployed. We shall repeat this, and we hope others will repeat it often: the people have the consuming power but not the buying power; or to put it in another way: those who could buy our over-supplied goods do not need them, and those who need them cannot buy them. Remember that people are really suffering for goods which are now produced and practically thrown away as a "surplus," and that others are suffering because they are producing these goods which can only be thrown away. We are not over-peopled, nor do we over-produce; we merely cannot get the people and the products together. This means an uneven and unworkable distribution of buying power; and when we correct that, or when it corrects itself, we shall see that we have neither too many people nor too many products. Says a sane journalist: "The country is not therefore overstocked with things that people want and need. Give the people wages, income, money to buy them, and there would be a rush of orders for every producing institution in the country."

At least one good thing can be said for the recent heat wave. It had a discouraging effect upon appetites, thereby giving another lease upon life to many a depleted pocketbook, and giving a bit of popularity even to old-time buttermilk.



The Sparrow.

BY W. D. H.

HE owns no throbbing, thrilling voice,
Melodious and sweet,
But yet he chirps a cheerful tune,—
A trilling little tweet.

He boasts no plumage to admire,
Yet with the birth of Spring,
To children of the city streets
He seems a wondrous thing.
Why shouldn't he be proud and gay?
For though he's very small,
He knows the Lord's concern for him
If He should ever fall.

The Blossoming Thorn.

BY BLANCHE J. THOMPSON.

III.—IN WHICH SHIRLEY REACHES LONDON
AND FINDS HER DREAMS COME TRUE.

SHAWN'S secret weighed heavily on the girls' minds. Repeated questioning produced no results, and feminine curiosity was at its height, when Shirley, scanning the bulletin board before she went down to bed discovered, sandwiched between the day's radio news and the Lost and Found list, a notice asking all to be present at the fancy-dress ball to be given on the following evening. Guests were urged to come to dinner in costume.

"Oho, so that's Shawn's secret!" muttered Shirley to herself, as she read, 'Prizes will be given for the prettiest and the funniest costumes.' Captain Baird must have told him."

On her way down, Shirley called Sheila out of her cabin mysteriously, and much whispering and giggling went on, as they planned elaborate costumes

which should dazzle Shawn's unworthy eyes, to say nothing of one or two other young gentlemen with whom they had danced once or twice on the deck in the evening.

The next day was the Fourth of July, and although the "Mettadosa" was a British ship, the courteous Captain did everything in his power to help his American passengers to celebrate. There were deck sports in the morning, during which Shasta distinguished herself by winning the potato race. In the afternoon rockets were sent off from the bridge. The Captain explained that this could not be done in the evening of course lest they be mistaken for signals of distress.

All day there were feverish preparations for the big event of the evening. Every square inch of crepe paper in the little store was sold before noon. Draperies disappeared from the lounge. Grinning stewards carried mysterious packages to cabin doors. Shawn had taken his mother into his confidence, but the girls could learn nothing of his plans. Even Miss Blodgett wore a small American flag when she came to luncheon. This was so unusually festive for her that Sheila was emboldened to ask if she were going to dress up for dinner.

"You have formed a very mistaken idea of me, young lady, if you think I would so demean myself as to dress up like an actor. The theatre and the ball-rooms are the Devil's workshops," was the awful rejoinder.

Sheila, who sometimes had dreams of becoming a great actress, subsided. She tried to think how Miss Blodgett would look in any kind of fancy dress, and gave it up.

At length dinner time arrived, and

gales of laughter rang out, as one by one the guests arrived. Mrs. Sheridan had borrowed one of the bell-boy's uniforms for Shasta who made a delightful little "Buttons" with the tiny round hat cocked jauntily on one side. Aunt Molly and Mrs. Sheridan, both of whose kimono's happened to be Japanese in style, had made chrysanthemums for their hair, and appeared as very presentable Geishas. Sheila was a flower girl, and Shirley, who was dark, with the aid of Aunt Molly's scarf and comb, became a lovely Spanish lady, but it was Shawn who was the gem of the party.

He came in a little late and shrieks of merriment greeted his entrance. A braw Scotch laddie was he, clad entirely in bath towels, with a huge rubber bath sponge on his shoulder, a large brush broom dangling from his waist and an astonishing bonnet made of wash cloths with a cake of soap for a buckle. The girls were immensely proud of him.

A grand parade before the judges began after dinner and to the intense delight of everyone, Shawn won the prize for the funniest costume.

"What did I tell you?" said he. "Am I or am I not the best brother you ever had? Come on and dance, Shirley," and off they went to mingle with the pirates and sheiks and other strange figures which thronged the deck.

The following day was Sunday, and Shirley, who had wondered what Sunday would be like at sea, enjoyed it thoroughly. Early in the morning she went with the Sheridans to Mass which was held in the lounge. A tiny, portable altar was set up, and Shawn assisted the French-Canadian priest who read the service. It was all very lovely, with the flickering candles, the white and gold of the priest's robes and the rapt expression of the kneeling worshippers. Shirley felt that the day had begun well. After breakfast she attended with Aunt

Molly the Church of England service which was conducted by the Captain in the dining saloon. Miss Blodgett characterized them both as "pagan rites," and stayed as far away from their contaminating influence as possible.

"If she's a Christian, I'm all for being a pagan," said Shawn disgustedly, and the rest agreed with him.

Shirley's father had made plans to go directly from Southampton, where the boats land, to the lovely little town of Lynmouth on the English coast. He had therefore engaged rooms at the Tors Hotel for their first week-end. Now Aunt Molly was in a quandary, for the boat having proceeded slowly for a day or two on account of fog, it was found that they would be a day late at Southampton. Moreover, upon consulting train schedules at the purser's office it was discovered that trams ran only three times a week from Southampton to Lynmouth, and that they could not possibly get there on time.

"Why don't you go right up to London?" asked Mrs. Sheridan. "You can cancel your accommodations at Lynmouth by radio and wire them later from London."

"Of course, they aren't expecting us in London until Monday," said Aunt Molly doubtfully, "but we are going to one of those residential hotels in Whitehall, and I suppose they could take care of us even if we arrived early."

Shirley thought it was quite thrilling to be able to walk up to the little radio station on the boat deck, write out a radiogram, and after handing it to the smiling young officer, hear a few taps which meant that their message was being carried across the miles of ocean to England.

"It's just like magic, isn't it?" she said to Shawn, who was an interested spectator. "I get a new thrill every day."

"Wait until you kiss the Blarney

stone," said Shawn. "That's where you'll get your thrill."

They were all looking forward to meeting again at Killarney where the Sheridans would be living for the summer, and the twins who had been there before could hardly wait to show the delights of Ireland to their new friends.

The end of the voyage was now drawing near. The days seemed to grow shorter, although at first they had seemed interminable. Shirley and Sheila walked their two miles briskly around the promenade deck every morning, exchanging confidences about their schools, their teachers, the kind of boy they liked best and their plans for college. Shirley was to enter Vassar in the fall, and Sheila was to go for a "finishing" year at a convent in Paris. Her mother would take her there before the rest of the family sailed back in September.

"And Shawn?" questioned Sheila, "Shall you be separated?"

"Yes, we shall. We don't even want to talk about it. Shawn is going to Harvard, and beyond that we don't dare to think. We've never been separated before. Let's talk about something else."

The two girls joined a merry group at shuffleboard, and when they tired of that, went to play the victrola in the music room. As they passed the dining saloon they were arrested by a funny sight. Among the passengers were two young women members of a vaudeville "sister" act. They were not an especially prepossessing pair, and they always dressed alike in rather stagey-looking clothes. Just now they were engaged in a curious occupation. They were solemnly rehearsing, without any music, the intricate steps of a dance, counting in unison to keep the time and at the same time munching, each on a large red apple.

"For goodness' sake!" ejaculated

Shirley. "What *do* you suppose they are doing?"

"I'll bet I know," inelegantly returned Sheila. "To-night is the Concert for the Seamen's Orphans. They are probably on the program."

"Let's be there good and early. I want a front seat, if this is a part of the show," said Shirley.

The concert was scheduled for eight o'clock, and the "Sh" Club was out in full force. "I never could see how the Seamen manage to keep up the supply of orphans," commented Shawn. "They must commit suicide or something."

"Hush up, Shawn," said his twin, with an admonitory poke, "the Captain is going to make a speech."

After a few explanatory words, the Captain announced the first number. A stocky, spectacled little woman in an extraordinary lace blouse arose and sang in a high, quavering soprano, "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms." She sat down amid perfunctory applause, while Sheila whispered, "Poor thing! Lots of them volunteer. They think they are doing their bit for the orphans, but they certainly are rather ghastly, aren't they?"

The rest of the numbers proved more entertaining. Two little girls in costume danced a Highland Fling; a group of college boys sang songs and performed a ridiculous dance, and one of their numbers, in extempore ballet costume pleased the audience very much. It was announced that the De Courcy sisters would be unable to perform as it had been impossible to get their costume trunks out of the hold. The girls were vastly disappointed, but consoled themselves with the fact that they had at least seen the rehearsal.

Several vocal and piano selections followed, but the hit of the evening was the last number. A famous writer of popular songs gave several pianologues which convulsed his audience, and fin-

ished his act with a solemn sermon from the text, "Little Bopeep has lost her sheep." After the concert the silver trays were piled high with money, and the audience, still laughing, dispersed for the night.

Shirley was fairly quivering with anticipation for the very next night they would be in London. Aunt Molly advised immediate bed, for they were due at Cherbourg early in the morning; but Shirley was too excited to sleep, and rattled on about what they should do in London, until Aunt Molly's gentle breathing warned her that she had no audience, whereupon she too, closed her eyes reluctantly.

The steward called them very early, and when they reached the deck in record time, the French coast greeted their eyes. It did seem good to see land again after the vast monotony of sea and sky. Little boats with brightly colored sails rocked gently on the bluest of water. The French fleet lay in the harbor, and the great liner "Majestic" was just steaming out like a huge sea-monster. A fussy little tender with its name, "L'Avenir," in very black letters on the bow, came alongside to take off the passengers for Cherbourg. There was much waving and shouting of good-byes, and then the "Mettadosa" got under way again.

Luncheon was a hurried and excited meal, for they were due to reach Southampton in the early afternoon. They said good-bye to the kind Captain, and to the Sheridans, who were to remain in Southampton over night. The leave-taking was sweetened by the thought that they would see each other again in a few weeks. "Wait till you kiss the Blarney stone," was Shawn's last message, and with a final wave they were off. The little port was a disappointing place for one's first sight of England, but they did not have to linger there long. Going through the customs, which

Shirley had rather dreaded, took only a few minutes, and in almost no time they found themselves on the boat train for London.

The queer little compartments were fascinating at first, although Shirley later learned to appreciate the comfort of a Pullman, through the lack of it. The people sat facing each other in what Shirley thought might easily become a much-too intimate fashion. Luckily she and Aunt Molly, being the first ones in were able to take the window seats opposite each other. Only two other people entered their compartment, a guard locked the door, the whistle tooted, and they were off.

Their way led through the lovely Devonshire country, and every few yards Shirley drew long breaths of satisfaction. Quaint old thatched cottages set in the midst of colorful gardens flew past; rooks and starlings darted and chattered; old half-timbered houses set in patches of scarlet poppies and blue flax charmed their senses. Everything looked so exactly right that Shirley was enchanted.

"Doesn't it seem like a dream, Aunt Molly?" said she. "I am so afraid that I shall wake up and find everything vanished."

"Tea, ladies?" interrupted the guard.

"Oh, do let's have some, Aunt Molly," begged Shirley, who couldn't gather impressions fast enough. "Imagine having tea on a train!"

Aunt Molly felt that it would at least serve to pass the time on what, in spite of the scenery, would probably be a rather tiresome journey, so she ordered tea to be brought in half an hour.

The guard appeared punctually bearing a most fascinating-looking teabasket. Upon opening it they found delicious home-made bread and butter, the jam, which Shirley later found to be inevitable, cheese, and steaming pots of tea. Everything fitted neatly into its

proper compartment in the basket, so that repacking it was almost as much fun as taking the things out.

It was dark long before they reached London, the compartment grew stuffy and cramped, and it was with a sigh of relief that Shirley heard the guard call out "Waterloo Station!" They were in London at last!

(To be continued.)

An Episode of the Revolution of 1830.

The revolution of 1830 divided Lyons into two parties. *Les Voraces*, as the rebels were called, occupied the heights of Fouviers, and their headquarters were fixed in the favorite sanctuary of the Lyonnese. A continued and fierce fusilade was kept up between Fouviers and Bellecour, which was occupied by the regular army.

The Abbé Rey learned that the Blessed Sacrament still remained in the chapel of Fouviers, which had been lately abandoned by the chaplains.

"Well," said the brave priest, "I shall go after it."

"What are you thinking of? with all this fury!"

In spite of all remonstrance, he set forth and arrived safe and sound at the chapel.

"Hello!" shouted the rebels on seeing the intruder at the chapel door, "here is a priest who is not afraid of us. What are you after, Citizen Curé?"

"I want to see the commanding officer," was the reply. And whilst speaking, the Abbé Rey entered into the sanctuary. Several soldiers that were gathered around their chief, on seeing the priest, assailed him with a volley of rude jokes, to which, however, he gave as little heed as he had done to the bullets of their *confrères* outside.

"You will not prevent me," he said, calmly, "from removing the Blessed Sacrament."

"No, Citizen Curé," said the chief, un-

covering, "do what you wish—only be quick."

The priest opened the tabernacle, made a few moments' adoration, and then placed the ciborium under his coat. He was about to depart when a beholder exclaimed:

"You need not carry the Blessed Sacrament in that way; we will accompany you with drum and trumpet." "Bravo!" shouted all the rest.

"But," said Abbé Rey, "you will have me killed; as soon as they see this crowd they will fire on us."

"No, we shall stop the firing. Come! let us go. Take this cross and banner," said the abbé, "so that we may be better known."

"A good idea!" they cried. And at once two young men seized a cross lying near and a banner. Then the good priest, in spite of himself, was placed in the centre of a dense group of rebels and conducted towards the convent below. At the unusual spectacle, the firing ceased on both sides. On arriving at the convent, the rebels accompanied the Blessed Sacrament to the chapel, and with drums beating and trumpets sounding, it was reverently placed in the tabernacle.

NOTHING that lives is, or can be, rigidly perfect: part of it is decaying, part nascent. The foxglove blossom—a third part bud, a third part past, a third part in full bloom—is a type of the life of this world. And in all things that live there are certain irregularities and deficiencies, which are not only signs of life but sources of beauty. All admit irregularity as they imply change; and to banish imperfection is to destroy expression, to check exertion, to paralyze vitality. All things are literally better, lovelier and more beloved for the imperfections which have been divinely appointed; that the law of human life may be Effort, and the law of human judgment Mercy.—*Ruskin*.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Noting that some of the publishers have reduced the price of certain novels from \$2.50 to \$1, the *Southern Lumberman* remarks: "A good many of these books are thus left overpriced by about ninety-five cents."

—The inquirer in search of a convenient account of Christian-Latin poetry, with bibliographies, may find it in "A History of Christian-Latin Poetry from the Beginnings to the Close of the Middle Ages," Oxford, 1927.

—Among new books which will be read with wide and sustained interest is "Some Notes on the Petrine Claims," by Baron Friedrich Von Hügel, a hitherto unpublished manuscript in the form of a letter to a friend.

—A unique work undertaken by the Catholic University of Peking is the publication in Chinese of the Roman Missal and Breviary. Neither of these works, so far as is known, has ever been published in book form, though there are extant rare manuscript copies.

—In his Introduction to "Men and Deeds, the Xaverian Brothers in America," by Brother Julian, C. F. X., Archbishop Curley facetiously remarks that the successful work for Christian education done by this community "began on an episcopal blessing and a charitable old woman's gift of a watermelon."

—We learn that when Matthew Arnold, no mean judge of good literature, pondered on the best five-foot shelf of books with which to pass his life in solitude, he decided upon the "Patrologia Latina" of the Abbé Migne. It is rather a five-fathom than a five-foot shelf, and comprehensive enough to hold St. Jerome's translation of the Holy Scriptures.

—Among interesting books offered at second hand by Wm. Brough (16 Court St., Leamington Spa, England) is a full set of Charles Lamb's works in six volumes, including his Letters, and illustrated with fifty portraits of Lamb and his friends, at the cut rate of twenty shillings. Thomas Baker (72 Newman St., London), famous for his collections of Catholic books, advertises, at fifteen shillings, a

copy of the "Following of Christ" done into Gaelic one hundred years ago under the title "Scarè Leanmain Crisd."

—A recent non-Catholic writer mentions Cassian, who flourished in the last quarter of the Fourth Century, among the standard authors of antiquity. His treatise on "The Organization of Cœnobitic Monasteries and the Cure of the Eight Cardinal Vices" is in twelve volumes. "Books of value for the student of ethics, of Mediæval poetry, and of Dante."

—From the new Life of St. Jerome it is easy to see that he must have been among the foremost letter writers of his age. It is to be regretted, however, that many of his letters, notable more for their pungent satire than anything else, had not been withheld in favor of the account of Christianity from the earliest ages which he planned. It would cause him to be known as one of the great historians.

—The Confraternity of Christian Doctrine of Los Angeles has added another way to teach catechism to children. This method, already employed with success, has for its basis the use of pictures as helps to impart knowledge concerning prayers, the Mass, the Sacraments, etc. The child learns by doing. The pupil with the teacher's aid makes a book, puts in the pictures, and writes explanations. Because this system has been of benefit in vacation schools, there is no doubt that it will find more general adoption.

—"Devotions for the Sick" contains prayers that could be used profitably by convalescents in public as well as private devotions. Yet, it is undoubtedly true that prayer-books are most needed by those who are not well enough to attend any common service. The sick ordinarily have much spare time; they yearn for peace of mind and heart; and they search for something to make the weary hours a little less burdensome. Surely suitable prayers would bring solace. Those selected for this booklet are well chosen, have a spirit of cheer and resignation, and above all turn the heart of the reader to seek all from Him who is the

source of grace and health. We regret that this work is not larger. Publisher, Bruce Co. Price, 20c.

—Priests know that there are many reasons why the Way of the Cross should be a faithful and fervent devotion. They realize that this spiritual exercise, which is so richly indulged, is an incentive to forget self, to think of the Souls in Purgatory, and to love God. If at times the making of the exercise lacks its usual unction, help could be found in "The Way of the Cross for Priests," by the Rev. Wendelin Meyer, O. F. M., translated by the Rev. Bertrand F. Kraus, S. T. B., M. A. It has a practical appeal. Priests who prefer even though occasionally, formal prayer to personal meditation at each station, will welcome this booklet. The Bruce Publishing Co. Price, 20c.

—Those interested in collecting rare copies of books may be pleased to know that Dobell and Dobell (77 Charing Cross Road, London) make a business of supplying first editions; their present circular lists works by English literary men and women, such as Jane Austen, Browning, Hardy, Dickens, Conrad, Barrie, and Padraic Colum. Just at this time, many readers also may be anxious to know at first hand about the new American saints; they can learn about them in "The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents," sold in one second-hand volume by Charles Higham and Sons (13 Charterhouse Street, London) for fifteen shillings. This is a digest of the famous work, by the same name, in seventy-three volumes.

—Studious readers of "The Evidence of the Catacombs," by Prof. Orazio Marucchi; and "The Mediæval Inquisition," by M. Jean Guiraud (Benziger Brothers), will regret that these learned, important works are not provided with an index or a full table of contents,—as all such books should be. The former affords abundant evidence for the doctrines and organization of the primitive Church, and the author of it is a high authority on Christian archæology. The latter work refutes many of the more serious errors of Dr. Lea's learned but prejudiced "History of the

Inquisition in the Middle Ages." It is interesting and gratifying to learn that by order of Pope Alexander V. a Jew was introduced among the *probi viri* in Inquisitorial cases. This marked a decided moderating of that maligned institution. How much history there is of which ignorance is general and all but complete!

—The Sacrifice of the Mass is the central act of Catholic worship. Hence the Church, as a means of keeping the Sabbath holy, places the obligation of assisting at Mass on Sundays and holydays. That duty implies knowledge of how to assist; mere bodily presence is not sufficient; there must be attendance of the mind. Common aids to attention are: prayer books, the recitation of the Rosary, the saying of acts of adoration and thanksgiving and petition and sorrow, or meditation on the sacrifice itself. But these by their very nature are not commonly as helpful as a missal for the avoidance of distractions and the rousing of fervor. To follow the missal is to say the prayers with the heart, that is with a spirit of piety. In a word it is "to pray the Mass," and not merely "to pray at the Mass." A very attractive "Missal for Sundays and Principal Feasts of the Year" has just been published by the Wildermann Co. It is legibly printed, and it is not bulky. Besides, it contains the services for Benediction, Vespers, Compline, and a collection of prayers for morning and evening, confession and communion.

Obituary.

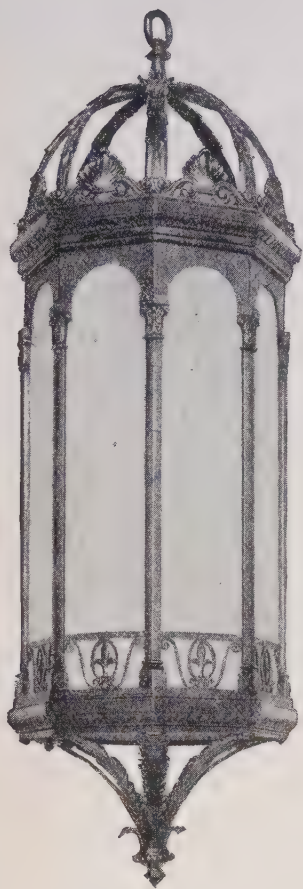
Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.
Sister Mary Philip.

Mr. Joseph Drexler, Mrs. Bernard Shevlin, Miss Margaret A. Griffin, John Henry Martin, Mrs. Florence Toole, Mrs. E. M. Coffey, Miss Cissy Lonergan and Dr. P. J. Byrne.

May they rest in peace!

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

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| SATURDAY, 9.—St. John Vianney, C. | Cassian, Martyrs. |
| SUNDAY, 10.—NINTH AFTER PENTECOST. St. Lawrence, M. | THURSDAY, 14.—St. Eusebius, C. |
| MONDAY, 11.—SS. Tiburtius and Susanna, MM. | FRIDAY, 15.—ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY. |
| TUESDAY, 12.—St. Clare, V. St. Muredach, B. | SATURDAY, 16.—St. Joachim, Father of † |
| WEDNESDAY, 13.—St. Hippolytus and St. | B. V. M. |

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OUR LADY OF DELIVERANCE



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

Vol. XXXII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 9, 1930.

No. 6.

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The Assumption.

BY MARIE SCHULTE KALLENBACH.

BEYOND all things that come and go—
Limits of time, of sphere, of space,—
The meekest mother now may know,
The glory of His Dwelling Place.

Within no sepulchered cold bed,
Her final crypt—His Great White Throne,
A radiant nimbus for that head
Once bent and lowly as His own.

Substance and Shadow.

BY STANLEY B. JAMES.

IN his contribution on "The Catholic Church and Art" to the Calvert Series,* Ralph Adams Cram makes some disturbing criticisms as to the neglect of art by the Church. He thinks things are improving in America and England. But we are heavily handicapped by the traditions of our immediate past. The Nineteenth Century was in this respect a dark age. Of that period he declares: "It is true to say that Catholic art, particularly in the United States and Canada, reached the lowest point achieved by any art, religious or secular, within the historic period." Those are strong words, all the more so as they come from one who is an acknowledged authority on the subject. Indeed, a good deal of this little book is depressing. It is depressing not only on account of such assertions as that quoted, but also because it re-

vives memories which only too vividly confirm the author's painful criticisms. Unmeaning architecture, tasteless music, cheap and gaudy decorations—these are a few of the things which come to mind as we read these pages.

Mr. Cram's remedy for this state of things is a bold one. He dismisses the idea that we have anything to learn from contemporary art. To attempt to express Christian truth in the forms created by the pagan spirit of to-day is not only futile; it is also sacrilegious. Spirit and form must be in closest correspondence. If the Catholic Faith is to find adequate artistic expression, it must create its own art-forms as it did in the earlier centuries of its existence. He would have the Church establish schools where a truly Catholic art could be evolved. "It is easy," he declares, "to envisage such a school. It would be established in no great capital of modernism such as Rome, Madrid, Paris, Berlin, London or New York, but in some small city still redolent of old art and environed in beauty—Siena, Segovia, Rouen, Ulm, Oxford. It would be a Catholic school under a very simple semi-monastic Rule. All the arts would be united, major arts including music and minor arts down to the simplest handicrafts. . . ."

We have seen recently in America the giving of five million dollars for the establishment in a great university of a "School of Business Administration" and other millions each year—un-

* Published by Macmillan Company.

counted millions—are expended on innumerable other schools of applied science. A tithe of these vast sums would build, equip and maintain a school of Christian art in every country in Europe and in the United States and Canada. Attempts, he affirms, have been made already. "The Academie de Saint-Luc in Belgium, conducted by the Christian Brothers and Notre Dame University in America," are mentioned, though, it is added, they deal with architecture only. He might have included the Ditchling Community in Sussex, England, where a number of Dominican Tertiaries are engaged in various crafts, and have managed to put their enterprise on a paying basis.

But this is not the end of his suggestions. There is a revolutionary ring, which will startle some, in his concluding proposal: "It is, I conceive, the duty of the Church to see that this feature is added to the curriculum of institutions of higher learning, and that seminarians are given adequate instructions in the history and philosophy of art, and if possible some training in taste and in the discriminating between good art and bad."

Drastic, however, as are these ideas, they do not go to the root of the matter. Elsewhere in his book, Mr. Cram says: "This is the difference between creative and created art. The former, the great art, that for example, of Greece, Byzantium and the Middle Ages, comes because it has to, without theorizing and without a definite objective on the part of the artist. The latter, the lesser art, as of the Renaissance and modernism, is personal and self-conscious, the work of men who have evolved a theory on *a priori* grounds and set to work to produce a predetermined result by perfectly logical methods."

Such a school as he has described could, under present circumstances, produce only work of this secondary char-

acter. Unless there were some stronger and deeper impulse than is indicated in his pages, a Catholic art deliberately cultivated would fail to reach the highest standard. For a movement of the kind required we need to go to sources of creative energy not obviously recognizable as artistic at all. Nothing was further from the mind of St. Francis of Assisi than the founding of schools of pictorial art and poetry. Yet both Giotto and Jacopone da Todi owed their inspiration to him.

The great revival of Catholic art in the Thirteenth Century took place exactly as Mr. Cram declares creative art should be born. It came because it had to, "without theorizing and without a definite objective on the part of the artist." Giotto painted and Jacopone sang because Francis had kindled in their hearts a new flame of devotion which found a natural outlet in painting and poetry. The saint was himself both artist and poet, differing from those who were actual craftsmen only in the fact that the medium in which he worked was that of his own personality.

But it is impossible to procure a St. Francis to order. The dollars required by Mr. Cram for his school would be powerless here. Indeed it is conceivable that a too-great abundance of them might frighten away the Poverello.

How is it that a Counter-Reformation, which did so much to restore the Church's spiritual and moral prestige, exercised no creative influence in the direction of art? We may say if we like that Catholic energies were concentrated on the defence of dogma, and could not be spared for the cultivation of the æsthetic sense. Or we may assert that the atmosphere of theological controversy is uncongenial to the artist. Or we might, with some truth, declare that the Church was unconsciously affected by the Protestant civilization by which it was now surrounded—a civilization that is better symbolized by factory

chimneys than by church steeples, and which has ten thousand able journalists, but not one Dante. St. Francis cut himself free from his commercially-minded father, but the heroic temper necessary to liberate the entire Catholic community from the blight of Nineteenth Century commercialism is, if the phrase may be permitted, "a tall order." The consequence is that we, no less than our opponents, have suffered from the uglification of life which has resulted from the predominance of the critical over the creative powers.

But the suggestive fact is noted by Mr. Cram that the revival of religious art in recent years originated outside the Church. Here are his words: "The start was made in England, back in the middle of the last century, when the Catholic movement in the Established Church first began definitely to break away from the Protestant inheritance." Speaking chiefly of architecture, he goes on to say that there arose a number of gifted men who raised church building in England "to a higher point than it had known in three centuries," but their influence has extended far beyond the Anglican Communion where it originated, until it has found its way into many of the Protestant denominations, *and has at last been accepted by the Catholic Church in England and America*, and has seemingly turned the tide, so far at least as these countries are concerned." The italics are mine.

So the situation, according to this authority, is that not only is the Church, which built the cathedrals and enlisted the services of the greatest masters in sculpture, painting and poetry during the Medieval Age now, as regards art, barren, but that such revived interest in beauty as she is able to show is reflected from others. It is they and not we who first discovered and utilized the artistic treasures of the Catholic centuries. The fact may be regarded as disquieting, but it must not for that

reason be blinked at. Our duty is to face it honestly and endeavor to discover its value.

And, really, when we come to consider it, the situation, instead of being disquieting, turns out to supply the answer to an argument in frequent use by the modern critics of the Church. The argument is this: "Undoubtedly the Catholic Church exercises a curious power over a certain type of mind. In spite of her obscurantism, she attracts an increasing number of thinking men and women. But it is easy to account for their 'conversions.' They are lured by Rome's appeal to the senses. Their minds are lulled by picturesque ceremonial. The spell of music and architecture holds their critical powers in check. They succumb to the supremely clever allurements of an ancient institution versed in all the arts of stage management."

A century ago or less that line of reasoning was plausible. It is true that converts at that time were few and far between. But for such as did "go over to Rome" it seemed a fair inference. Only a few months ago a writer in the *Times* used it to account for the conversion of Mrs. Meynell and her sister, Lady Butler.

But, in the light of the undeniable fact stated by Mr. Cram, this familiar argument looks ridiculous; and it looks ridiculous at a time when converts from Episcopalianism are increasing. Those converts, in many cases, have to exchange a richly ornate service, in which every device that art can suggest is used to enhance the dignity and beauty of worship, for churches where poverty reigns, and where æsthetic taste is conspicuous by its absence. They have to choose between the substance and the shadow, where the substance is discerned only by faith, while the shadow displays every conceivable grace. On the one hand, disguised and disfigured, or at least poorly clad, are the essen-

tials of Christian worship—apostolic authority, a valid priesthood, the true Sacrifice; on the other hand, a rich and attractive display of the outer garb of that worship.

The favorite charge against the Church has been that of "externalism." Its ceremonies were characterized as "play-acting," its sacraments were described as "magical rites." But that charge must now be dropped. Let one individual who, before he became a Catholic, had grown familiar with Catholic ritual and had clothed himself in her vestments, bear his testimony. That which drove him out of the particular form of Protestantism in which he had ministered was that very characteristic described by critics of the Church as "play-acting." It was the sense of unreality in what he was doing that compelled him to inquire into the claims of the "priesthood" he professed. A hunger for the Reality shadowed forth by the forms he was using—a hunger which those forms were powerless to satisfy—induced him, against every inherited instinct and all the traditions of his upbringing, to look to that Community whose services were supposed to be the very type of empty ceremonial. He worships to-day in a little provincial church, which has neither antiquity nor beauty to recommend it, but where, in humblest guise, abides our Sacramental Lord.

Is it not well that this distinction of substance and shadow should be so effectively made? Is not our comparatively poor artistry a blessing in disguise, refuting, as it does, one of the falsest slanders against our converts and the Church to which they have been led? The test operates all the time. It leaves untouched those who are content with the semblance of Catholic worship. It picks out from the crowd with unerring discrimination those who are in earnest, those who "judge not by appearances," but seek the Truth itself.

And the operation of this test, working silently through the years to come, will bring into the Fold those picked men and women fitted to be the nucleus of that rebuilding of Catholicism in the modern world to which we look forward.

This line of argument has its bearing on the problem propounded by Mr. Cram and the solution he suggests. It seems to indicate that, when a true Catholic art arrives, it must be the product of no artificially forced attempt to compete with others, but must arise, as did the art-movement initiated by St. Francis, as the genuine expression of a fresh spiritual vitality. There is something in our author's plan which might seem to give color to the assertions of our adversaries that the production of theatrical effects is a part of the business of priest-craft. At least it is possible that a disproportionate attention to such things would be misinterpreted. But a renewal of spiritual life, expressing itself in creative arts native to the Church and congenial to her purpose, would run no such risk.

The Living Voice.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

XXXII.

NO one knew of Squire Nevile's letter except his wife, Dame Julian, and though he never spoke of it in after years, she was convinced that it was the first cause of the events which followed. To be sure, a year elapsed before the young King made his move—a year in which the subjection of Ireland became complete, and the English royalists lay crushed and helpless. Cromwell was determined that Scotland also should feel his iron hand, and be reduced to a mere province of the Commonwealth. His army seemed invincible. His policy in Ireland had been admittedly one of

annihilation. France had her hands full of her own affairs, and had no intention of embroiling herself with the Commonwealth until the moment arrived when it would be obviously to her own advantage. She harbored her own daughter, but looked without favor upon the two young princes.

But England was not going to abandon the monarchy without another struggle. The royalists firmly named Prince Charles their king, and after a year of inaction it seemed Squire Nevile's little seed was to bear fruit after all.

Charles the Second held his court in Jersey, and conferred upon his well-beloved cousin, Lord Derby, the Order of the Garter, in acknowledgment of his faithful and loyal service.

James received the news with almost inordinate joy. His sensitive nature craved affection and recognition. He had felt to the quick the rebuffs and ingratitude of Charles I., though no disloyal comment had ever passed his lips. Now hard upon this honor came the news that the Scots Presbyterians were in arms, and had invited the young King to land in Scotland.

Lord Derby had not been idle during the period of his exile. He had not only fortified the land at every point, but had built or adapted a little fleet of ships to replace those captured by the enemy. The Government's privateers harried the coasts from time to time, and on one occasion fired without warning at the sloop in which James himself was sailing. The cannon ball narrowly missed his head, and slew two of his companions. In June, 1650, he had his revenge, for his long-boats captured an enemy vessel, and made its commander prisoner. She was proved to be sailing under false colors, and was laden with cloth in order to appear a harmless merchantman.

There was great rejoicing at the capture, and the confiscated bales of material gave work to twenty-four Manx

tailors, who were immediately summoned to the Castle to make clothes for the children and servants.

About the same time, Lord Derby received news from another quarter which shocked and grieved him to the heart. Lord Strange had married, against his parents' wish and without their consent, the lady of his choice: Dorothea de Rupa, daughter of an obscure Baron Kirkhoven. He who was godson of the late murdered King, and should in all things have respected his wishes—he who was practically affianced to the only child and heiress of Lord Cottington by his royal godfather's express desire.

Lord Derby had never taken the young people's petulance seriously, and invariably alluded to Ann as his daughter-in-law. This was bitter enough, but there was worse behind. More than one informant declared that Lord Strange, not content with flouting his father's authority, was actually making common cause with his enemies. Later accounts seem to intimate that the young man was maligned in some measure. It is certain that he was quite determined not to draw his sword on the King's side, and it is to be feared that he was of that Erastian cast of thought which declares it unnecessary to resist the unrighteous unto blood, or even to any deprivation of property. Perhaps he had met with Master John Evelyn in his travels, and had absorbed his prudent point of view. Nothing could be more foreign to Lord Derby's frank and selfless loyalty, or more repugnant to his mother's ardent partisanship.

The young King was now in Scotland, and found himself forced to comply with much that was profoundly distasteful. He signed the Covenant, declared himself deeply afflicted before God for his late father's opposition to the said solemn League and Covenant, and denounced his mother's "idolatry."

Lord Derby immediately sent his sec-

retary, George Browne to wait upon his Majesty with a letter expressing his dutiful allegiance and desire to serve him when and wherever he desired. He had also sent letters to the Duke of Hamilton and other friends to beg them to purchase a good provision of fire locks and other arms, that he might be ready to take the field.

Charles met with a reverse at Fife in July, but by a bold manœuvre he evaded Cromwell and his main army, and marched rapidly into England where he summoned Derby to join him.

Lancashire was aflame with excitement. Everywhere horses were being bought up and the young squires forsook their fathers' fields and labored at the horse-block, scouring old arms and rubbing up rusty breastplates and hauberks.

Simon was as busy as the rest. Master Browne had called at the Grange on his way North, and had delivered a note, in his lordship's own large, slanting hand, to bid him be in readiness. The country people were all for the royal cause. Provisions poured in, without having to be requisitioned—a great relief to any military commander of that period.

The King arrived in Lancashire on August 12, 1651, and marched straight through the country without encountering any opposition. He stayed the night at Sir Thomas Tyldesley's home, Myerscough Lodge, and from thence dispatched urgent messages to Lord Derby to hasten to his side.

The new galleot, the "John" and others of the little fleet, were all in readiness in Douglas harbor, waiting for a fair wind. Meanwhile the King hurried on into Cheshire, and issued his first royal summons from Higher Wintley on August 16.

Lord Derby, Sir Thomas Tyldesley, Sir Philip Musgrave and the troop of Manxmen, arrived with seven sail on the previous day, and anchored on the river Wyre. They marched to Weeton

the same night, and the following evening reached Preston, where Simon joined them.

The Catholics were all in the highest spirits. The enterprise had begun on the Feast of our Blessed Lady, a true-hearted Catholic was second-in-command; and who knew but the King, after the years abroad under his mother's influence, might not be favorably inclined towards members of the old Faith?

Simon was surprised to find Lord Derby's mood quite at variance with the general feeling of enthusiasm. He embraced the young man warmly, and led him into his private room, regardless of the many old neighbors who were waiting to greet him.

"There's a rock in the way, Simon," he murmured earnestly. "Have you forgot the blood upon the book?"

"Nay, my dear lord, think no more of that!" urged Bradshaigh. "You were never one to be swayed by omens. Here you are once again in Lancashire with all loyal hearts about you. And the young King has better counsellors, please God, than his father."

"Aye, but you do not know the task they have put upon me, Simon. My Master, the late Saint and Martyr, was destroyed by it. The League and Covenant, I mean. Do you not understand, Simon, that they wish me to make terms with the Presbyterians? They refuse to assist his Majesty unless I subscribe to the Covenant."

"Then we must win back the realm without them," declared Simon.

"Ah, if it were possible! But they are very strong in all parts of the Kingdom, let alone those who have marched with the King from Scotland. I have no trust in them, Simon, none! What if they should abandon our brave young King as they did his father? Simon, he has trusted his life in our hands."

"We can but die for him, Sir," returned the other quietly.

Lord Derby's emotion broke out afresh.

"Die!" he exclaimed, walking feverishly about. "It is easy for youth to die! But if I die now, all dies with me; my wife and children will be ruined—utterly ruined—my noble house will be in the dust forever."

He tore off his beaver, and wrenched the steel helmet from his brow.

"My poor children—Moll and Billy and little Ned—how they wept to part with me! My poor, poor little children!"

"But, my lord, everyone says we are assured of victory!" exclaimed Simon. "Just look from the window and see all the good folks that have gathered to ride with you—Neviles, Townleys, Irelands, Masseys, Tempests—"

"All Catholic recusants, Simon," interrupted Derby. "And the Presbyterians hate them worse than the Commonwealth. But I'll deal justly—I will not stoop; I will not temporize! Oh, Lord, protect the right! Deal just judgment, oh, my God!"

"Would, my lord, that you were yourself a Catholic."

The words rang boldly through the room, though it cost Simon a good deal to speak them; but they received no answer. After a long silence, Lord Derby laid his hand affectionately on Simon's shoulder.

"I am glad to have you by me—sturdy, single-hearted Simon. I have the King's royal commission to raise troops here once more. He is to go forward by easy stages towards Worcester."

The difficulties which Lord Derby foresaw increased rather than diminished on nearer approach. He issued a circular letter couched in the most conciliatory terms, and had several meetings with the Presbyterian ministers who were the spokesmen of their party.

Volunteers flocked to Derby's standard, and were enrolled as quickly as they could be clothed and armed. They were

young, in high spirits and full of gaiety. Presbyterians looked askance at the dashing cavaliers, but though the Camp was noisy and brilliant enough, and echoed with whistling, laughter and song, discipline was excellent; and it was said that a flock of geese could feed all night in the lines without as much as one feather being missed in the morning.

The Presbyterian creed was a dark and gloomy one, including many of Calvin's harsh tenets. It unhesitatingly decreed that infants dying unbaptized must suffer eternally in hell, and made small distinction between a peccadillo and a grave offence. All was included under sin, and its ministers dealt continually with the doctrine of eternal punishment, and seldom touched on the Redemption, or Christ's most merciful love of man.

There was an element of jealousy in the case as well, for it was galling to see men flock from all parts to join Lord Derby, after his long absence, while the Presbyterians were unable to obtain a single fresh adherent in the country.

Simon accompanied his friend to the final interview, and stood behind his lordship's chair with his wallet of papers while it was in progress. It took place in Warrington, and Major-General Massey was present by the King's special wish. He had certain relations with the Presbyterian party, and was universally respected and liked—no better go-between could have been found.

Massey introduced the Presbyterians full of hope, and Lord Derby greeted them most courteously, and explained his own position as tactfully as he could.

"I have come to do his most gracious Majesty all the service in my power," he said in conclusion. "His Majesty has bidden me receive in his name all gentlemen of whatsoever persuasion who should be pleased to come to him—nay, here is the assurance of it in his Majesty's own hand."

Simon had the paper ready, and Lord Derby took it from him, holding it out to the assembly with that sweet, kind smile of his.

There was a pause, and the Ministers whispered together, then one moved forward. His harsh, abrupt utterance, his dark visage contrasted strangely with those of the great cavalier.

"I hope, and so do all the gentlemen with me, that your lordship will put away all the papists you have brought with you from the Isle of Man," he said uncompromisingly. "And that you yourself will take the Covenant, and then we will all join with you."

Lord Derby grew pale, but he answered gently.

"Sir, I hope this is only your own opinion, and therefore I trust that the gentlemen present will be pleased to deliver their own sentiments."

There was another unfriendly pause, and Simon felt as though his heart was turned to stone.

"O my God," he prayed in his heart, "do not let him throw over the Catholics again! It will bring no blessing on his cause!"

"We are all of the same mind," returned the Presbyterians at length. "The King has taken the Covenant, and thereby has given encouragement to all his subjects to do the same; and if your lordship will not put away all papists we cannot join you."

"Why, upon these terms I could have regained my whole estate long ago," exclaimed Derby with a flash of anger. "Aye, and that blessed martyr, Charles I., could have regained his kingdom. I come not here to dispute but rather to fight for our present King's restoration. I have undertaken to refuse none of any persuasion that come in cheerfully to serve the King. I am well assured, moreover, that all these gentlemen whom I have brought with me are sincere and honest friends to his Majesty's person and interests."

Major-General Massey added his warm exhortations, but all the time he was eagerly speaking, Simon felt the cold eyes of the ministers fixed vindictively upon himself. There was more at stake than the personal adherence of the Presbyterians, for they had in their custody a vast supply of arms in the Manchester arsenal, and Derby had counted on these to supply his men.

"Disband all papists or we will not join you," they reiterated as Massey paused for breath.

Derby made one last effort, and though he spoke with calm dignity, Simon marked how restlessly his fingers played with his sword knot, twisting and tearing the silken strings.

"Gentlemen, if you will be persuaded to join with me, I make no doubt but in a few days to raise as good an army to follow the King as that he has now with him, and by God's blessing to shake off that yoke of bondage resting upon both you and us. If not," he gave an uncontrollable sigh—"if not I can not hope to effect much. I may have men enough at my command, but all the arms are in your possession, without which I shall only lead naked men to slaughter. However, I am determined to do what I can with the handful of gentlemen now with me, for his Majesty's service." He stood looking sternly at them for a moment ere he added: If I perish, I perish; but if my master suffer, the blood of another prince and all the ensuing miseries of this nation will lie at your door."

The ominous words died away on the air unanswered.

Lord Derby took horse a few minutes later and rode away, followed only by his faithful adherents from the Isle of Man, and some few Lancashire Squires who had ridden with him to the meeting.

"We have failed, Simon," he said bitterly.

(To be continued.)

A Robin's Hymn at Dawn.

BY ALICE PAULINE CLARK.

§ORD, dear Maker, loving Keeper!
 The glad dawn is breaking.
 Bless my joy as I fling it
 Abroad in my song!
 Let it lift to the sunrise
 Each soul that is waking,
 And on waves of my worshipping
 Bear it along.
 Rapture rushes and thrills
 From my heart to my throat,
 And gushes and spills
 Into many a note
 Which I fling to the air
 In a shower of thanksgiving
 For the sweetness of living,
 Of living! and gladness of giving
 Back to my Maker jubilee,
 Jubilee! Happily,
 Over and over again.
 Lord,

Dear Maker,
 Loving Keeper!
 Amen.

Father Tabb.

BY JOHN M. COONEY.

II.

FATHER TABB'S home in Virginia was known as "The Forest." It was in Amelia County, some thirty-five miles west-southwest of Richmond, in what is known as the Piedmont region, up from the sea, where the streams flow and the tide does not reach. It was eight miles from the nearest railway station, Mattoax, where the Richmond and Danville railroad crosses the Appomattox River, here a swift-running, reddish stream. The plantation covered eighteen hundred acres, and was one of three equal parts into which his grandfather's place had been divided. The greater portion of this place was in woodland, much of it virgin forest, but more of it pine woods which seem, in that region, to re-

place the hardwood forests, after clearing and cultivation and abandonment.

The pine woods crept in upon the tilled lands everywhere. Little pines, inches in height, bordered many a field. Ranged behind them were pines a foot, a yard, in height; behind them, taller and taller pines, their tops rising higher in the distance, and leading back to the ancient, uncut forests of hardwood. The desolation of this region consequent upon the war was not soon relieved, if ever; rather, it seems to have increased. In the Nineties, even bears were seen again, thirty-five miles from Richmond, in a neighborhood where the gravestones standing up about the little brick Episcopalian church told that white men had been buried on the spot for two centuries and a half.

The house stood back perhaps a hundred yards from a very quiet road, and across from a great pinewood. This road ran north and south, and as the house itself faced the noonday sun, it presented its left side to the public highway. It was a rambling, picturesque, weather-boarded, weather-beaten house that fitted perfectly into the landscape. Across the front ran a wide porch, which afforded family and guests great comfort in hot or in rainy weather. This porch looked out across the wide lawn to an orchard beyond a rail fence, near which, to the right, stood up the gabled roof of the old-fashioned, sunken ice-house.

The lawn was studded with great oaks, which splotched the grass with their shade by day and harbored the lonely whippoorwill by night. To the rear and left of the house was the kitchen. It stood on rather high foundation-pillars, and was the home of 'Ginny' and her family. 'Ginny's' husband was William Thompson, who cut something of a figure locally as preacher, and who was a sort of tenant-overseer on the place. On the opposite side of the house, farther removed than was

the kitchen, and strung along the shallow valley of a tiny stream, were several "quarters," still occupied by antebellum servants and their children.

At least two of these Negroes were very old—William Booker, named from the Booker family of that neighborhood, and William Lockerty, or Logerty, so named by the other Negroes because he had been born in, or at one time had lived in, a log house among the quarters. One other very old servant was Joe, who lived alone in a cabin perhaps a mile from the house. Joe, who was well past eighty, gave no sign of his years until he opened his mouth to laugh, when it could be seen that all his teeth were gone. Joe must have laughed easily, for he was certainly cheerfully disposed. When Father Tabb inquired of him one day how he had come out with his wheat crop, Joe replied: "Mighty well, thank God, Marse Johnny! I sowed fo' bushels and got fo' bushels back; yas, suh!"

The house consisted of seven large rooms, two stairways and three hallways. The ground floor was on different levels, and the stair landings were larger than many modern bed chambers, and were often used for such when there was much 'company.' Every room had its fireplace. Father Tabb occupied the same room he had had in boyhood. It was at the rear of the house, upstairs over his sister's. In a closet, still hung the white, calf-skin riding breeches of his younger brother, Yelverton. They had hung there undisturbed ever since the war. "The War" was an ever-present something still.

One day Father Tabb was asked why the house had not been built farther forward on a slightly rising ground; and he explained that his father had built this house for a kitchen, and was about to erect the house proper on this low knoll out in front when the war came. The house at Osmore, two miles

away, where lived his kinsmen and friends, the Barksdales—descendants, incidentally, of Pocahontas,—was stopped, half-way of its growth, by the war, and never completed. A guest seated in the lower hall, and turning his gaze up the stair discovered the lath-work of the upper hall grinning at him uncovered. The plastering was never completed; a formal garden, the outlines of the beds and walks still traceable, was only a range for a few rooting hogs, and a tree at least ten inches in diameter had pushed its way through the glassless frames of the conservatory, whose artificially enriched soil nurtured only a jungle of briars and weeds.

Such wrecks in this particular neighborhood were results of the financial ruin, not of the pillage of war. Miss Hallie often said that she had not seen a soldier on the place until the retreat from Richmond and Petersburg, when a few hungry stragglers crossed near the house, moving wearily westward.

Father Tabb's sojourns at home were made by Miss Hallie the occasion for visits from favorite relatives and nearer friends. Those in the vicinity would come to spend the day; those from farther away, to spend weeks. Among the neighbors who thus visited were many bearing names distinguished in Virginia history, such as Lee, Berkeley, Meade, Mason, Barksdale, Booker and Taylor. "The Wigwam," the home of the Harrisons, from whom came William Henry, of Tippecanoe fame, was but a short distance away. The Harrisons, it seems, were Methodists, however; and Episcopalians, like the families mentioned, appeared to form a different social circle. Once in a while Father Tabb would have as guest in the summer a student or professor from the college.

A charming French priest, Father Chapuis, whom Father Tabb greatly admired, was a frequent and very wel-

come visitor. Father Chapuis, who was advancing in years, had become a disciple of Father Kneipp; and, while at "The Forest," would rise with the dawn to brush 'with eager feet the dews away'; and, as Father Kneipp prescribed that the feet in the grass should be bare, so Father Chapuis' were, much to the amazement of the Negro children, who peeped at him from all available ambushes, and reported to their mam-mies the amazing doings of the strange white gentleman. An elderly neighbor, a Mr. Eggleston, was also impressed by Father Chapuis. "I like Father Chapuis," he declared; "but I have to watch out when I talk to him. Sometimes, when I say 'yes,' he flies at me so that I say: 'No, Father'; and that seems to make him madder. We don't always understand each other. But I love Father Chapuis."

Father Tabb had the consent of the Bishop of Richmond to say Mass in the house during his summer visits, and for this purpose an altar was set up on the parlor hearth, the mantel serving as an ornamental background. There were no steps leading to the altar; and only a rug spread before it substituted for the customary platform. Father Tabb arose early to say Mass, as did also his server on those rare occasions when he had one. A young lady guest, a non-Catholic, once asked his consent to attend his Mass; but coming downstairs late next morning, she entered the parlor only after the Mass was well advanced. Just inside the door she hesitated, not knowing what to do; but, receiving no attention from celebrant or server—it being the solemn part of the Mass—she solved her difficulty by kneeling on the corner of the rug opposite to that on which the server knelt. It was probably the only time that Father Tabb had two acolytes in his domestic chapel. Another summer, a charming lady of the old school with fine features

and beautiful, snowy hair, a guest from Richmond, attended, all during her visit, this early morning Mass, kneeling throughout, on a *priedieu*, and reading devoutly her Episcopalian prayer-book.

One morning of this same summer, Father Tabb and his young Catholic guest, out walking in the woods, came to a strange open space. It was not a natural glade; it was too regular in contour for that, and moreover in the open a perfectly regular double row of well-grown trees indicated an avenue, and gave the impression that surely a house had stood at the avenue's end. At once the visitor inquired: "What house stood there?"—"There was no house there," replied Father Tabb. "But surely that is an avenue, and there must have been a house."—"No, there was no house; . . . there was going to be a house." After a silence he added: "It was to have been my house. . . . I was to have been married, and my father had given me this place, and was preparing to build when the war came. . . . You saw the lady at Mass this morning."

It is an arresting thought for a heedless and unspiritual age that Father Tabb could have been called to the Church from this Protestant of Protestant regions. Even at the time of which we are writing, the intelligent people of this community—and they were of superior intelligence,—knew nothing almost of the faith that was once their fathers', and we may believe they cared less. An incident will illustrate.

After "tea," which Miss Hallie served at about eight in the evening, Father Tabb, leaving the ladies on the porch, would stroll out for a while upon the lawn to say his Rosary and to make a meditation. On one such evening, having recited the beads with his young Catholic pupil and friend, he moved off toward the orchard to make his meditation alone, while the young man sat down in the grass beside the driveway

at some distance from the house to wait for him. Here he whistled quietly to pass the time till Father Tabb's return, when he heard a footstep, and, looking, saw one of the ladies, a visitor from Richmond, approaching. He arose and asked to be permitted to join in her stroll. "I've been walking some time," she said, "but was afraid to come nearer lest I disturb you in your devotions."—"But I was *whistling*," he informed her, astonished. "Yes, I heard you," she said simply. He could hardly believe his ears. Nevertheless, he explained: "I was whistling 'Annie Laurie'!"—"Yes, I recognized the air," she replied with unbelievable simplicity, "but I thought that was part of the service."

Father Tabb says that from childhood he was drawn to the Church. More than once, as a small boy, he accompanied his father to Richmond, and in the freedom that was his during his father's occupation with the affairs of his visit, he felt every time irresistibly drawn into St. Peter's Cathedral, now St. Peter's Church. On his first visit, even, he knelt before the altar just outside the communion rail, and throughout his life could identify the very spot.

St. Peter's is on a northeast corner, and St. Paul's, Episcopal—his own church then,—stands at the east end of the same square, occupying a southwest corner. He never visited St. Paul's, as a boy, on his own initiative. This St. Paul's is just outside Richmond's historic Capitol Square. On one occasion, Father Tabb told, Capitol Square and the street as far as St. Peter's were packed with people waiting to catch a glimpse of General Lee at the end of a service at St. Paul's. When the General came out upon the portico, Father Tabb narrated, every head was bared, and every man stood in reverent silence.

Naturally, the "Oxford Movement" later caught his interest, and proved another important stepping-stone in his

approach to the Catholic Church. It gave him much thought during the trying years following the war; years of financial stress and of precarious health, but still of great intellectual and spiritual activity and growth. He formed the acquaintance of Bishop Curtis, then the Reverend Mr. Curtis, pastor of one of the high Episcopal churches of Baltimore; and these two earnest and gifted men discussed seriously—in conversation and through correspondence—their religious doubts and hopes and fears.

Father Tabb told in later years that Mr. Curtis, in one of his letters, warned him: "Look out, Tabb. If you don't, you will find yourself on the other side of the fence. Reverent as he was in matters religious, he found amusement in telling that, after this warning, it was Curtis that was over the fence first. Of Bishop Curtis it has been said that, although he was called upon frequently to speak in public, he was never heard to repeat himself. Perhaps the four hours it was his custom to spend daily in the sanctuary help explain this remarkable fact.

It is said, too, that he had a great weakness for walnut candy and, *mirabile dictu*, for a certain oft-reprehended form of the use of tobacco. Like Father Tabb, he was a simple, sincere, gifted and great character; and there is nothing strange in the strong, manly friendship that united them till death.

The thing, however, which, in a human way, did most in Father Tabb's conversion was the certitude in the Catholic Church as to the Real Presence. With the uncertainties, differences and denials encountered in Episcopalianism, he could not rest secure. He said: "I wanted to be *where my Lord is*."

(To be continued.)

THE chains of a habit are often too small to be felt until they are too strong to be broken.

The Irish Fireside.

BY W. J. BRASSIL.

MRS. CASEY'S house was situated in a very isolated part of the country. A large bog lay to the west where the old people used to say there was once a wood so thick that the light of day never passed through it. Now it was a wind-swept waste: harboring only the wild snipe and curlew in winter, and yielding toward the end of autumn some peat and bogdeal. On the other side lay a strip of arable land, and a tiresome, lonesome, boreen divided the good from the bad.

This particular night Mrs. Casey and family were sitting around their turf fire, and the bogdeal glowed so warmly and comfortably that it kept the servant boy and girl from going to the cross-road.

Although it was nearing Christmas, the weather was not what hardy school-boys would like it to be: trees drooping and hedges capped with snow, and icicles hanging from everywhere. The sky, on the other hand, was sullen, and dark, hungry-looking clouds chased each other through the firmament. It was growing dark, and Mrs. Casey told her younger daughter Mary Anne not to put any more turf on the fire, but to light the lamp and close the door. This in country places is an indication to the "good people" that they are at liberty to move about, once night and darkness are shut out; and moreover, they will not be stumbling over ditches and hedges in the dark, for they can make straight for the lighted lamp, and remain close around the house and naturally enter it the moment the people retire to bed.

Casey's house was not haunted, but it was lonesome as most country houses are. I remember sleeping there on a few occasions, but I always chose the

summer time as I knew that the "good people" then kept to the shady headlands of cornfields and meadows; but even then, there was always that feeling that something was going to happen sooner or later. Sometimes I'd stay awake at night "listening to the silence," and the only sound to break the stillness of the night was the echo of the bellow of a bull in the distance, or the twit-twit of the bat outside my window. Suddenly I'd jump with a start in my bed thinking that some unearthly creature had hurled something at me, only to discover that the thrush in his cage had hopped to the other perch, or the cat had knocked another jug, or a mouse had missed his step on the ceiling.

But there was always something.

On this December night there was a feeling in the air that there was more about the place than ourselves, and the subject of the other world gradually came into being. I was the only one who argued against the telling of any fairy tales, as I did not want to make the children nervous; but, moreover, I do believe that the continuous recital of ghost stories brings the "good people" around us, and they may actually appear on the spot, especially when the teller enters into the spirit and full belief of his story as I always do. It is another form of spiritualism. The family knew that I had some communication with the other world—not, of course, as these silly spiritualists have—but in so far as I had seen a few people from the Great Beyond; and I hope nobody will ever have my experience. So I let them carry on with their own stories.

"Wisha, I dunno," says Mary Anne, "are there such things as ghosts?"

"Faith if it is asking me you are," says Jack, the servant boy, "I think that there are."

At this Mrs. Casey threw a searching eye at Jack over her glasses, adding that he ought to be ashamed of

himself to be frightening the children like that. But Mrs. Casey was looking more to her own safety than to that of the children, as she just remembered she had brought no candles from the village that evening and would have to retire in the dark.

Little Willie, the youngest of the family, began to pout, complaining that he would not go to bed for anybody until he had heard what Jack had to say.

"Probably," said Jack, "when you hear it you won't go at all."

"Well, what is it?" queried Big Mike, Mrs. Casey's husband, a strong, burly-looking man—the prop of the whole household.

"You know that road," began Jack, "leading over to Moyderwell Cross?"

There was no need for this introduction, for they all knew, not only the road but the whole neighborhood. It was a weird, aery district, where tall, lean, skeletal trees moaned throughout the night, and in summer were unable to put forth sufficient foliage to hide the churchyard beside the road.

"Well," continued Jack, "my brother Tim—the Lord have mercy on him!—was goin' over that road one night. And ye all know old Paddy Regan, of course, who is dead now about two years?"

"Why wouldn't we?" said Big Mike, as if it were an insult to his knowledge of his next-door neighbor to be asked such a question.

"As my brother was passing the churchyard," went on the servant boy, "old Paddy, who had been buried about a fortnight, then, came out the churchyard gate and walked side by side with my brother for a solid two miles, wearing the brown habit he had when he was laid out. He never spoke a word, but there was a great stand in his eyes. I tell you when my brother came home he was sweating, and he had to remain in bed three days after the fright."

"Go on," says Bridget, the eldest

daughter, "and don't be tryin' to frighten us with yer yarns."

"That I mightn't stir, 'pon my —" replied Jack, "if I am telling you a word of a lie. Shure I wouldn't belie the dead, and my own brother, at that?"

"Your brother died soon after," said Big Mike. "Probably 'twas a stroke he got. Didn't he complain of a pain in his leg?"

"The dead never did any harm to no one," moaned old Granny from the corner.

"Faith and I dunno about that," answered Big Mike. "What about that caretaker that was living up in the big house? I believe that a black dog as big as a calf used to come around there every night, and when he used to shake his ears he could be heard two miles away. A stranger thing still, he could get under that little gate opposite the great house which wasn't three inches from the ground."

"This caretaker," proceeded Mike, "was a bad boyo: he never went to Mass or anything like that; in fact, he had no religion at all. Well, he went out one evening with his gun, and shot the black dog just as he was going under the gate. He had a habit of sleeping in the kitchen, and that same night he was choked against the corner of the fireplace—the Lord between us and harm!—and the print of the five fingers in blood are still to be seen on the wall. But they say they got the priests to say Masses since, and the marks have disappeared."

At this stage you couldn't put a sixpence between those who were huddled around the front of the fire. I was getting rather nervous myself, because no matter how you try to discredit these stories your imagination gets the better of you. To make things worse I had seen the five bloody prints myself.

"What's that behind you, Mary

Anne? Look at the face at the window? I think I heard the cock crowing." These were the remarks that were passed around when we heard footsteps in the yard, and without any preliminary knock the latch of the door was lifted and a man introduced himself with: "God bless all here!" Everybody jumped, and the words "You likewise," stuck in Big Mike's throat.

The old man sat in the corner and soon entered into the spirit of things.

"Talkin' about ghosts, is it ye are? Faith 'en I can tell ye somethin', and somethin' I've never told any before."

That was sufficient, and the man also spoke with the greatest earnestness. But none of us knew him, and I certainly did not like to look a second time at him.

"Well," he continued, "I dunno whether I belong to this world or the next. All I remember is that I was a well-off man one time in my life and I woke up one morning in a churchyard, and saw my tombstone beside me with my own name on it. I could not go home to my wife, even if I remembered where she lived, as she would die of fright."

"Tell him he was drunk," whispered Mrs. Casey to Mike, "and that he fell asleep beside the tombstone; and there are several people with his name."

"Faith I won't," said Big Mike, "tell him yourself."

Now I saw that things could not be worse, and that we had a pseudo-ghost in our midst.

"Of course, there are ghosts," I said. "I believe there are ghosts, and there are ghosts in this house. When we walk along a lonely road and see something near the hedge, in every five cases out of ten it is a spirit from the other world, but we have not the courage to examine it."

"Most of you remember Old Andy who used to live down the boreen," I

went on. "He was always fighting and quarrelling with my father about a passage or right of way, because my father used to keep the gate locked. He is dead now, I think, two years. The first night I met him was in the lonesome part of the boreen, and I noticed he wanted to drive me towards the bog. I got inside the ditch and thought to go by the arable field toward the east. I then went through the middle of the field, but when I got to the fence at the end and was just about to mount it Old Andy jumped up from the other side with a stick in his hand. I felt like one that stands on the teeth of a rake and gets the handle in the face. Back I went by Leary's meadow, up Halloran's field and across the boreen again, with Old Andy after me. I made for the bog to come around by a circuit to the house. I could see that he was trying to make me cross the narrow stream that divided this farm from Connor's. Eventually I took my courage in both feet and I made a spring that I thought would cover about twenty feet, and where did I land do you think—into the stream?—no, but well on the other side with Old Andy on top of me. That was about a fortnight before he died."

"But I'm Old Andy," shouted the man in the corner.

"Heaven save us!" they all screamed, as they rushed for the doors and every possible exit.

"You're not Old Andy Costello?" I exclaimed.

"No, Old Andy Shea," the old man answered.

Assumption.

BY A. P. C.

WHEN you first looked into His Eyes
And knew God in your Baby Son,—
Or when you met Him in the skies:
Oh, which joy was the greater one?

Memories of Chelsea.

BY M. BARRY O'DELANY.

PILGRIMAGES to those places hal-
lowed by the footsteps of Blessed
Thomas More, who died for the Faith
on the 5th of July, 1535, are naturally
most numerous in that month. Chelsea
in particular will be forever associated
with his name; and it was in the course
of a stay there that I found the mate-
rial for this brief sketch. In Beaufort
Street stands the church now dedicated
to his memory, and adjoining it is the
convent of the nuns of the Order of
Perpetual Adoration. More's house is
said to have been built right across
where Beaufort Street now runs, while
an old mulberry tree in the convent
grounds is supposed to date from the
time when Henry the Eighth delighted
to visit there and roam the garden with
his then favored Chancellor.

"King Henry," says his son-in-law,
Roper, "finding still more and more
sufficiencie in Sir Thomas, used him
with particular affection for the space
of twentie years together; during a
good part whereof the king's custom
was upon holidais, when he had done
his devotions, to send for Sir Thomas
into his traverse, and there, sometimes
in matters of astronomie, geometrie, and
divinitie, and such other sciences to sitt
and conferre with him: other whiles
also in the clear nights he would walk
with him on the leads, there to dis-
course of the diversitie of the courses,
motions, and operations of the starres,
as well fixed as the planetts; and be-
cause he was of a verie pleasant dispo-
sition it pleased his majestie and the
queene at supper-time, commonly to call
him to heare his pleasant jests.

"But when Sir Thomas perceaved his
wittie conceipt so much to delight him,
that he could scarce once in a month
get leave to go home to his wife and
children, whom he had now placed at

Chelsey, three miles from London, by
the water-side; and that he could not
be two daies absent from Court, but he
must be sent for again; he much mis-
liking this restraunte on his libertie,
began thereupon to dissemble his mirth,
and so by little and little to disuse him-
self, that he from thenceforth at such
seasons was no more ordinarillie sent
for. . . . The King used also for a par-
ticular love, to come on a sudden to
Chelsey, where Sir Thomas now lived,
and leaning upon his shoulder, to talke
with him of secrett counsell in his
gardin, yea, and to dine with him upon
no inviting," and when the meal was
over, "walk with him the space of an
hower, holding his arms about his necke
most lovingly in the gardin.

"When his majestie was gone, my
uncle Roper rejoiced therat, and tolde
his father how happie he was, for that
the king had showed him such extraor-
dinarie signes of love as he had never
seen him doe to aine other, except the
cardinal, whome he saw with the king
once walke arme-in-arme. Whereto, Sir
Thomas answering said: 'I thank our
Lord God, I finde his grace my verie
good lord indeed; and I believe he does
as singularly favour me as anie subject
within this realme; howbeit, sonne Ro-
per, I have no cause to be proude there-
of; for if my head would win him a
castle in France (for there was arres
between France and us), it should not
fail to go off."

Alluding to this rejoinder Lord Camp-
bell said that it showed how early More
had penetrated "the intense selfishness,
levity, heartlessness, and insensibility to
remorse, which constituted the charac-
ter of the king, while these bad quali-
ties were yet disguised by a covering of
affability, hilarity, and apparent good
humor, and before they had shed the
blood of a wife or friend." The world
could little anticipate that Henry would
actually one day cut off More's head,
even without any such substantial ad-

vantage as the winning of a castle.

Sir Thomas More's refusal to be present at King Henry's marriage with Anne Boleyn cast a cloud over the sunshine of the royal favor which his equally resolute attitude with regard to the question of the royal supremacy, finally obscured completely. When the news of the Chancellor's execution was brought to the king he was playing a game of draughts with Anne Boleyn. He sprang to his feet, and, hurrying from the room, exclaimed as he glared at her: "Thou art the cause of this man's death!"

Elsewhere we find more glimpses of More's home life at Chelsea. Ulrich von Hutton wrote to his friend, Erasmus: "More hath built neare London, upon the Thames side (to witt at Chelsey, that which my lord Lincolne bought of Sir Robert Cecile) a commodious house, neither meane nor subject to envie, yet magnificent enough; there he converseth affably with his family, his wife, his son and daughter-in-lawe, his three daughters and their husbands, with eleven grand-children; there is not any man living so loving to his children as he, and he loveth his old wife as if she were a young mayde, and such is the excellence of his temper, that whatsoever happene that could not be helped, he loveth it as if nothing could happen more happily.

"You would say there were in that place Plato's academie; but I do the house injury in comparing it to Plato's academie, wherein there was only disputation of numbers, and geometrical figures, and sometimes of morals and virtues. I should rather call his house a school, or universitie of Christian religion, for there is none therein but readeth or studieth liberal sciences; there special care is pietie and virtue, there is no quarrelling or intemperate words heard, none seen idle, which household discipline that worthy gentleman doth not governe by proude and loftie words

but with all kind and courteous benevolence; everybody performing his duitie; yet is there always alacritie, neither is sober mirth anie thing wanting. . . . If you should hear them (More's daughters) playing skillfully upon various instruments of music, or watch them pouring over every kind of Latin or Greek author, like little busy bees, here noting something to copy, here culling something to be used as a maxim, here learning of heart some little story to repeat to their friends, you would say that they were muses toying sweetly in the loveliest paths of Aonia, collecting flowerets of sweet marjoram to weave their chaplets."

The following is from the pen of Ellis Heywood: "The gentlemen of whom I spoke being one day at dinner with Sir Thomas More, afterwards descended about two stones' throws into the garden, walking on a little lawn in the middle, and up a green hillock, where they halted to look round them. It was an enchanting spot, as well from the convenience of the situation—from one side almost all the noble city of London being visible, and from the other the lovely Thames, surrounded with green fields and wooded hills—as for its own beauty, being crowned with an almost perpetual verdure and covered with lovely flowers and the sprays of fruit trees, so admirably placed and interwoven that, looking at them, they appeared like a veritable piece of living tapestry made by nature herself, so much more noble than the works of art, and she gives fuller satisfaction than that imitation of beautiful things, which leaves the mind more dissatisfied than content."

Indeed, all things considered, and howsoever much one would wish that his wife had proved herself as good a Catholic as her saintly husband, it is not altogether surprising that she was keenly alive to the contrast between More's home at Chelsea and the prison

where she eventually visited him. But to all her importunities that he would speak the word that would set him free he answered gently but firmly that he preferred death to freedom on such terms.

"Don't you think, Mistress Alice, that this place is as near to Heaven as Chelsea?" he observed on one occasion.

"Tilly valley!" her favorite expression when in a huff, was his wife's rejoinder.

"Suppose I were to go back to my house in Chelsea, how long do you think we would live to enjoy it?"

"Possibly twenty years."

"Twenty years! Why, if you had said a thousand years it would have been something, and yet he would be a very bad merchant that would put himself into danger to lose eternity for a thousand years; how much the rather as we are not sure of it for one day."

But, I think, what visitors find the most interesting at Chelsea, as I certainly found it myself, is the old riverside church, known in More's time as All Saints, and now in Protestant hands. Here, Sir Thomas might be seen carrying the cross in the Sunday procession, singing in the choir, or joining in the responses, to the surprise and disgust of His Grace, the Duke of Norfolk, who declared that the Chancellor was dishonoring both the king and his own office by doing duty as a parish clerk. But to his remonstrances More gave but one answer: "Your Grace may not think that the King, your master and mine, will be offended with me for serving God, his Master, or thereby account his office dishonoured."

Curiously enough, it was in the choir of this old church that John Oliver, D. D., produced Henry the Eighth's commission to the bishop of London to act as proctor in connection with that monarch's proceedings to rid himself of his first wife, and it was within its walls that the royal bigamist was married to

Jane Seymour. We read in *Wrothesley's Chronicle*: "The 20th daie of May, the king was married secretlie at Chelsea in Middlesex, to one Jane Seymour, daughter of Sir John Seymour, Knight in the countie of Wiltshire."

The altar-tomb erected by More in 1532 is set against the wall in the chapel that bears his name. The epitaph was composed by himself, but has been twice re-cut. When Sir John Laurence had it repaired he caused the word *hæreticisque* to be effaced, with the result that an unmeaning blank now occupies the space it formerly filled. Sir Thomas, who had classed heretics with thieves and murderers, exclaimed: "He is loth to say these be heretics, but he sayeth: 'These be they that men call heretics.' Wherein he speaketh much like as if he would point with his finger to a flock of fat wethers, and say: 'These be such beasts as men call sheep.'"

The old church is famous for the number of its monuments. One of these is said to be the smallest in the world. It is that of Humphrey Peshall, who died in 1650, and is about the size of an ordinary visiting card. A memorial on the outer walls bears the punning inscription: *Novem liberes genuit, sex libes composuit*, and was erected to the memory of "Dr. Chamberlayne, so studious and good to all men, and especially to posterity, that he ordered some of his books, covered with wax, to be buried with him so that they might be of use in time to come."

When the vault containing the remains of this would-be benefactor to posterity was opened in 1791, not a trace of the volumes remained. Rats are not usually supposed to have a taste for literature, it is true, but when it comes to wax—they may have their little weaknesses. In the days of More, books were still costly, and the oaken bookcase in the old church at Chelsea contains six volumes, each of which is

secured in its place by a stout chain. It is certain that More's first wife was buried in this place, but the tradition that his head was also kept there for some time does not seem to rest on a very solid foundation.

Stapleton tells us that More's daughter, Margaret Roper, preserved it in aromatic spices till her death, and that the very box in which she kept it is still treasured at Baynard's Park, Surrey. The Rev. J. B. Bruce says that he was present when the vault in St. Dunstan's was opened in 1835, on which occasion he saw Sir Thomas More's head in a niche in the wall; that it was in a beehive-shaped box, and could be distinctly seen through an iron grating in front. The Rev. J. G. Hoare, who saw it still later, describes it as "fast decaying."

The destruction of old Chelsea began in the Eighteenth Century. But even as late as 1840 it retained something of its rural character, traces of which, to use the words of Leigh Hunt, who lived there at that date, were still visible "like daisies in a bit of surviving field."

Writing in 1811, a French visitor tells us that the poor Catholics of Chelsea, who were usually Irish (*La plupart Irlandaise*), were allowed to die without the sacraments because there was no priest to administer them. But we may trust that these poor exiles were assisted in their last moments by the prayers of their glorious compatriot, for although the family records were seized at the time of More's attainder, and apparently destroyed, we know that he came of the same stock as the O'Mores, or O'Moores, Princes of Leix in Ireland, as is stated by his great-grandson.

WE hear of a son of St. Patrick, who expressed the strange wish to be buried in a Jewish graveyard. He explained that it would be "the last place where the Old Boy would go looking for an Irishman."

Daisy Waits.

BY JOHN DE ROULET.

THE boys would come at three-thirty to see about the room. Daisy Measel was already losing her courage, but she wasn't a-goin' to let the boys think she was afraid, or they would just run over her—stay out till all hours, and drop cigarette ashes on the new hook rugs. Mrs. Brown had told her how students would smoke in the bathroom—even leave cigarettes burning on the white enamel medicine cabinet. She'd have to lay down the law to the boys, or the house might be burned over her head.

Her fingers picked nervously at the black, pleated skirt. No! she mustn't let herself get nervous or afraid. Carefully she pressed her cold, damp palms together and locked her thin, blue fingers in her lap. Her bony figure swayed tautly back and forth in the old Boston rocker by the window. The sun had blistered the varnish, and Dad had promised to fix it just before the stroke took him. He'd always been good to her, Daisy thought, always helpful and willin' to mend things around the house. The rocking went on quietly.

It was hard to have to take roomers, especially now that Dad Measel was dead. But a widow couldn't go out and work for a livin' like she was used to it all her life. Anyway there was something sort of genteel about takin' in roomers—even some of the professors' wives did! And then, she could tell the neighbors that she didn't have to let her rooms—only she got so lonesome now that Dad was gone.

She brushed a dry string of gray hair from her forehead and pinned it back firmly. She never could keep a hair pin in her head. She'd have to get some up town to-morrow, she thought, and went on rocking.

How nice the antimacassars looked—clean and fresh and old-fashioned. It

wouldn't be long before the boys would be sprawling all over the chairs, putting their feet up on the seats, and getting everything muddy. And she had just put clean covers in the parlor! Well, she'd make them pay for the washing if they did! But the boys couldn't pay for all the knick-knacks they broke; and boys always broke everything.

"My goodness," she muttered, "if I don't stop pickin' at my dress, I'll make myself nervous as a cat!" Well, she wasn't nervous now. She'd let those boys know right off she wouldn't stand for any noise.

She looks tearfully at the blue and white porcelain stein on the mantelpiece. It was one Dad Measel liked so much. It held a full quart. She remembered how he used to run his blunt, calloused fingers over the buxom, blue bar-maid decorating the bowl. He had brought it from Germany the time he went back to see the old folks. Maybe it would be better to put it up in the attic where the boys couldn't get at it. The big vase she and Dad had gotten at the World's Fair in Chicago had better be put away too. She'd always liked the gold dragon curled around its stem. So real-like it almost made you shudder! But it was kind of cute the way it was fixed so's the dragon's jaws formed the handle on one side, and his scaly, gold tail on the other. There was no telling what the boys might break, once they got to wrestling. Hadn't she had a good time at the World's Fair though! They'd just been married—she and Dad—and had gone to Chicago for their wedding trip. He'd bought her the little brooch with the blue forget-me-nots then, and the man had told them it came right from Paris.

Daisy started to weep softly. She wouldn't have enjoyed it so much if Dad Measel hadn't been with her. And now he would never be with her again! He wouldn't be coming home from the store at five o'clock, and lying down on the

over-stuffed, mahogany couch before dinner. Nor would she be covering him up so as he wouldn't take cold with the draught from the window. She wished Dad were here now, with the students coming in just a minute or two.

She dabbed futilely at her eyes with a wadded, gray handkerchief. She replaced it carefully in the bosom of her dress. You could always tell a lady by the way she kept her handkerchief, she thought.

Maybe if she told the boys not to go near the mantelpiece, they wouldn't be knocking things off and breaking them all the time. She looked at the mantel as though to reassure herself that everything was still intact. The green marble clock caught her eye. It was such a comfort, that clock, ticking cheerfully away, and chiming thin, treble notes on the hour. Good heavens! It was three-thirty now! It was lucky that she always set the clock ten minutes ahead—ever since she missed the train to Chicago for her sister's funeral. But she'd better be stirring if she was going to put that vase away. There would just be time. There was room for it on the pantry shelf next to the crinkled yellow tea set.

Daisy stood up impatiently. She reached over and straightened the cheap, lace curtains which were just turning yellow. Her blue-veined hand trembled, and she had difficulty adjusting the shade. She walked jerkily across the room, and stopped suddenly. Wasn't that the doorbell jangling out in the kitchen? She might have known the boys would come early. Seemed like they just wouldn't give a body time to straighten up the house! A worried frown drew her thin gray brows together, and with quick, patting motions she smoothed an imaginary wrinkle from her black silk skirt.

TAKE the Sunday with you through the week, and sweeten with it all the other days.—*Longfellow.*

Religious Dieticians.

THE unexpert are frequently re-strained when they talk about science or literature or art. There is something complicated about these subjects; something that they feel that the specialist alone can explain; and something, too, in the explanation that only the expert can understand. But when it is a question of religion, of the supernatural, of revelation and its mysteries, the loungee on the park bench will wax monosyllabic, and dismiss dogma or the careful deductions of the theologian or the philosopher with a grimy gesture. It is a subject that he quite naturally takes to be within his province; that is all men's business to discuss, and all men's business to uphold or denounce. For even the loungee feels that religion of some sort has been a part of his life for a short or a long time. He has lived by it during some period, and if he has retained its practice only as a memory, he nevertheless feels free and competent to argue its merits or defects from his past experience. He might maintain a chagrined silence if one told him he knew nothing of art, and less of science; but one dare not accuse him of ignorance about religion. Did he not sit in his youth to hear the minister from his pulpit; and did he not endure the long half-hours of the Sunday school?

What the man in the street does in his blustering, ungrammatical way, certain men of letters feel free to do with color and apt illustration and epigram; but with a more pronounced accent of authority. Many of them have long ago given up the religion of their youth, but they have not been able to get rid of the need of religion any more than the need of food; and they have become religious dieticians, supplying, from their own interpretations of religious experience, this need with what they feel to

be the most palatable dish. They are not careful, however, to count their calories; and in most cases they set out a menu that neutralizes itself. They are illogical; they are often self-contradictory. For all that, they write smoothly and attractively for the newspapers; and the great mass of their readers consume their offerings, and smack their lips with pleasurable approval. For these men are important in their profession; they have written this novel and that play, and the critics have applauded them. But they are not theologians; and their logic is as slipshod at times as the grammar of the park loungee.

The Reverend Ronald Knox, who can write a detective story with the best of them, and turn a sentence as rhythmically, is also a trained theologian and a relentless logician. He has recently written a volume* in which he brings the religious journalists to book. He has gone through the files of the London newspapers in which these writers have expounded their views on religion with almost dogmatic assurance, and has examined them critically in the white light of logic.

Father Knox has the discomfiting habit of looking at things as a whole and as related in their various parts. Unlike the common reader of the news, he does not forget paragraph number six when he is reading number twenty-six; and when a writer lays down premises, however much they may be concealed by parentheses or modifying clauses, he removes the clustered verbiage, and follows the premises to their strict logical conclusion.

This book should be disconcerting to the writers who are discussed in its pages, and a rude shock to the bland satisfaction with which they have made their pronouncements. To the admiring readers of their books it will be nothing short of lese-majesty. But to

* "Caliban in Grub Street." E. P. Dutton Co., Inc.

those who have respect for the laws of correct thinking, it shows rather pointedly, we think, that an author who turns out a story with a good plot, or a play that moves logically to a climax, may often talk but high nonsense when he attempts to discuss God and religion.

Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. A. C. Benson, Mr. Augustine Birrell, Mr. Drinkwater and Miss Rebecca West are a few of the writers who have given their names and their views to the symposia of the London dailies, and Father Knox crosses swords with them, and finds their corslets full of vulnerable openings. It is a book that everyone can read with interest and pleasure. It holds up the self-made theologians to the sunlight as Harvey Wickham has held up the Unrealists and the modern Impuritans. And Father Knox is delightfully good-natured in his fencing; a sort of Cyrano, who makes a poem, or hums a tune, or at least smiles a friendly smile, the while he plunges home.

The Name of Mary.

After the names of God and Jesus Christ, that of Mary is the most sacred, the most venerated by the Angels and men, the most dreaded by the powers of hell; and certain theologians of approved merit have not hesitated to affirm that the pious invocation of the name, selected by God himself, produces the most salutary effects not only on account of the disposition of the person pronouncing it, or *ex opere operantis*, as the Schoolmen have it, but *ex opere operato*, that is by its own proper and inherent virtue. However this may be, it is certain that the most beautiful of names given by divine ordinance to the most august of all creatures, ought to have an exceptional efficacy for Christians; and the experience of the ages shows us that it has never been invoked in vain.

Notes and Remarks.

This is the age of the pamphlet and the magazine article that can be read at a sitting. The masses who get their fiction from the screen without effort, are unwilling to spend many hours in reading fiction, much less the more serious sort of books. But they will read the short article and the small pamphlet. The evidence of this, so far as Catholic pamphlets are concerned, is found in the report of the Catholic Truth Society of London. Last year its publications reached nearly 1,240,000 copies sold, an increase of 70,000 over the previous year's output. A considerable part of this increase is due to the increasingly large orders from the United States. An interesting aspect of these sales is the changing character of the pamphlets that are popular. In the early days of the organization, the demand was for controversial pamphlets—answers to the typical anti-Catholic calumnies of that time. To-day the call is largely for devotional pamphlets,—the Simple Prayer Book sold nearly 80,000 copies during the past year. The demand for these booklets was so large during the last twelve months that it necessitated the printing of a new pamphlet every week, and reprints on an average of every three days throughout the year.

"Organized crime of a repeated nature can't exist in any city unless there is a partnership, political or financial, between the criminal and the local government." So spoke Daniel Webster Hoan, Irish Mayor of German Milwaukee, in a special interview given to a Chicago *Tribune* reporter recently. Mr. Hoan has ripped the mask from the face of conditions in the few words just quoted. The political crook is perhaps more respectable in his methods than the common criminal, but that is the best we can say for him. Ordinarily his protection is so necessary to the con-

tinued activity of the professional criminal that it is a question whether his influence and his external respectability do not make him the more vicious of the two. Under the mask of civic virtue and of patriotism he kills the suspicions of the common voter, at the same time that he is taking the filthy and often bloody bribes of the racketeer and the gangster. His very presence is both a protection and an encouragement to organized crime. And that is not a mere big-city situation. There are probably few cities, or villages, for that matter, in the country which can afford to laugh at Chicago. Every community with its bootlegger and its gambling house has its public officials somewhere who are getting a return of the proceeds. So long as these officials can live in security and honor, the men who hide behind their respectability will be hard to dislodge. We believe that it would be a good thing to forget the gangster and the bootlegger for a time, and give our entire attention to their lily-white protectors. We have a suspicion that a determined examination into the back-door activities of our present-day politicians would cause more than a flurry among the criminal inhabitants in our cities, and in our villages also, if you please.

The spirit of intolerance towards things Catholic is not confined to the uneducated, as we sometimes believe, but is decidedly active in those who, one would think, were above it by reason of their superior knowledge. We quoted a note from Father Owen Francis Dudley last week which said that his first story of a trilogy, "Will Men be Like Gods," is an answer to the slanderers of religion, the second, "The Shadow on the Earth," an answer to the slanderers of God, and the last "The Masterful Monk," an endeavor to meet the modern attacks upon man and his moral nature launched by those who

would degrade him to the level of an animal. An admirable purpose, one would suppose, and lessons sadly needed in these days, distinguish these volumes. Yet a Baltimore citizen in a letter to *America* tells us that the last two volumes have been barred from the Enoch Pratt Free library there. We wonder if the works of the distinguished Baltimore citizen, Henry Mencken, that have a sneer for religion on almost every page, are kept on the shelves of the Enoch Pratt Library for the enlightenment of its patrons?

Speaking of operations and many other things, there is wisdom in recalling Dr. Johnson's rule of conversation: "A man should not talk of himself, nor much of any particular person. He should take care not to be made a proverb; and, therefore, should avoid having any one topick of which people can say, 'We shall hear him upon it.'"

The opinion of the famous Catholic ex-Chancellor of the German Empire, Wilhelm Marx, on the victory of Max Schmeling in the prize ring, will give Americans cause for thought, if not, perhaps, for acclamation. Dr. Marx draws a line at once between boxing and other sports, and seems to approve only the latter. If prize-fighting had anything to do with the proper prowess of a nation, he says, he would shout for the Schmeling victory; if it made for cultural development, he would be for it. And he says that at one time, so recent as just before the War, it did so. But now, "in the face of this mass enthusiasm for an over-rated physical performance," he cannot love the turn of fortune has given his country in this major sport. The current zeal for boxing is not healthy; he says "it marks a decline in intellectual development." He could see a German victory in the Olympic Games as a feather in the German hat; and thinks and wishes that

his people should contend for such honors. He is no pagan, however, for he concludes: "I see the highest development in the people when they work for the betterment of humanity and the spread of Christian peace among the peoples of the world."

A Methodist clergyman came to Chicago from Manila, P. I., a couple of weeks ago to attend a religious camp meeting. He hardly got on the grounds before he gave out the statement that only forty per cent of Chicago's high-school population approve of petting—which, he said, is thirty per cent better than in his own day. We hardly know what to marvel at most: the rapidity with which the reverend gentleman builds up his averages, the extensiveness of his past and present acquaintance with youngsters of petting proclivities, or the particular surroundings in the midst of which he arrived at his clerical calling. The prospect of making the headlines has probably played hob in this case with the veracity of an otherwise honest man.

They say that one of the effective ways that wet-dryness teaches disrespect for law consists in a kind of turning inside out of the old legal maxim that big offences are to be punished, but that little ones may be let slip: *de minimis non curat lex*. The law used to read, in theory and practice, that the little fish should be thrown back, as not worth bothering about, and that only the big ones be let go to the frying pan. The practice of the wet-dry agents, so we are told, is to pick up an insignificant offender now and then, so as to frighten the small fry, but to let the fellows with the heavy artillery slip through. However, not all accept this left-handed show at law and righteousness. In the case of one Gust Mulkis, a decision recently given in North Dakota, said that Mulkis should go free, precisely be-

cause he was a petty offender; any success in enforcing Prohibition, said the Judge, must lie in catching the big fish, though he has no fond and idle hopes that such a road to success is at all open:

It is a conservative estimate that this law is transgressed a million times a day. The Federal courts are clogged with prosecutions based thereon, though in number only 60,000 a year—immeasurably less than one-half of 1 per cent. Tinker the machinery as you will, it cannot be made adequate for all.

"I can't live with a man who is unable to provide the luxuries I crave. If you can't provide for me the way I want, I'll get some one else who can." Such was the ultimatum given to her recently acquired husband by a twenty-two-year-old musical comedy star now appearing in New York, according to the divorce proceedings going on in that city. What an exalted idea of marriage that young lassie has acquired in her comparatively few short years of living! Without any idea of the causes contributing to her rather pitiful view of marriage, it does not require a prophetic gift to sketch the future of this flippant young lady. We can see several ruined homes and a score of broken hearts lying in the wake of her flying heels. And the end? A loose-lipped vixen in a fourth-rate boarding-house staring with frightened eyes at the haunting spectre of a pauper's grave waiting for her just on the other side of to-morrow.

The Motion Picture Advertisers have, like so many American groups, "adopted a code." This is a habit with us, and with no disparagement of the present high aims, we may say that it is easier to adopt a code, even an excellent one, than to enforce it. The Advertisers' diatribe against "untruthful, misleading, or suggestive advertising," is a strong admission; if it is truthful, it is sugges-

tive in its own way. It leaves us asking: Were they so bad as that? and are they going to be so good now? We pass no judgment on either the code or the motives. We only say, let them be better, at any rate, in practice. We may repeat the view of the *Southern Messenger* (San Antonio):

The line of demarcation between so-called "artistic" nudity and nudity which is "meretricious" or "salacious" is one that depends on so many factors that no barrier, except a wholesome-minded public opinion, will ever hold art within proper bounds. . . .

The motion-picture producers naturally feel proud of themselves; for the "industry" is paying enormous dividends. But when we use such statistics as a means of gauging the spiritual and intellectual qualities of the American people, the result is far from flattering. There is no way of denying successfully that a sex-minded public is an unhealthy-minded public; and in just that proportion in which the appeal of the movies, so thoroughly saturated with sex, continues to increase, is the decline of the spiritual and mental health of the nation measurable.

We have drawn attention more than once to the rapid growth of the Catholic Church in Scotland especially in recent years. A century ago Catholics formed but three per cent of the population of Scotland, while to-day statistics show they constitute fourteen per cent. At Glasgow the Catholic population is as high as twenty-three per cent. Two reasons are given for this increase by Dr. John White, the Moderator of the Church of Scotland: the influx of Irish labor during the war period and the high birth-rate among Catholics.

The Catholic who has an appreciation of his faith knows that "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." We shall never know in this world how many events that seem to be the issue of mere natural circumstances, have been brought about by the

unseen power of prayer. Public processions with the Eucharistic Host are by law forbidden in most localities in Holland; but wherever the people have preserved the old Faith, despite long centuries of Calvinistic persecution, they make up for this privation by marching in ranks, silently praying, over the ground covered in pre-Reformation days by the Sacramental processions. Recently in Breda, twenty thousand worshippers, at the suggestion of their bishop, marched through the streets praying for the preservation of the Faith.

The death of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle as an apostate recalls the fact that he drifted away from the faith of a distinguished Catholic family. One of his brothers was a priest. His two uncles were both artists, and notable figures in the Catholic life of the Victorian age. One of these artists, "Dicky" Doyle, well known to the leaders of the Catholic revival in England, says a note in the *London Universe*, was the designer of the cover of *Punch*, from the staff of which he resigned in protest against a cartoon by Tenniel which was supposed to represent Father Faber attempting to proselytize the servant girls of London. One of his serious drawings is a picture of the future Cardinal Manning saying his first Mass in Farm Street. The picture is now in the possession of His Eminence, Cardinal Bourne.

If one were to judge by the number of tree-sitters and flag-pole acrobats now performing before the American public, one would be almost justified in concluding that we are slowly reverting to the monkey beginnings that certain scientists have been endeavoring to thrust upon us. In fact, with young America taking to tree-top roosting and grown-up America swaying to jungle music, it becomes doubly difficult for the minority of us to successfully argue a respectable race ancestry.



Dream Ship.

BY LILLIAN M. HOWARD.

Oh, my bed's the tiniest ship a-sail
On the sea of the nursery floor,
And it's rigged to weather the fiercest gale
That could lash at the nursery door.
I have fixed the sail to the bedpost rail,
And I'm ready to start away.
By the moonlight pale I shall set a-sail
To return at the break of day.
With the wind a-whip and the sails a-dip,
I shall glide through the Land of Dreams.
When the night is gone and there comes the dawn
I shall anchor in Wide-a-Wake Streams.
Oh, my bed's the tiniest ship a-sail
On the sea of the nursery floor,
And it's rigged to weather the fiercest gale
That could lash at the nursery door.

The Blossoming Thorn.

BY BLANCHE J. THOMPSON.

IV.—IN WHICH SHIRLEY LEARNS TO LOVE LONDON AND GOES TO BANBURY CROSS.

EARLY in the morning, Shirley was up and ready for adventure. Aunt Molly thought that adventure had really begun the night before, when, having gone to the bathroom to remove the marks of travel, she had found the faucets all taken away. This was done, she discovered, to prevent people from taking baths after ten o'clock.

"Shall I knock you up in the morning?" said the trim little maid, after she had opened their beds and made them comfortable for the night. This sounded like rather a violent method of rousing a person. Aunt Molly smiled as

she asked the girl if she would bring hot water at seven. She and Shirley were already discovering that their English was not the English of London.

Promptly at seven the little maid came staggering under the weight of two great copper ewers. Beautiful they were to look at, but certainly not very efficient, and Shirley decided that she preferred American plumbing at any rate.

British cooking was soon to display serious differences too. Getting sufficient water to drink seemed a problem. Nobody but Americans appeared to demand water. Everyone else seemed satisfied with unlimited quantities of tea. Butter too was scarce. Shirley said laughingly to Aunt Molly, "Well, I know now just how the King felt when he said so pathetically, 'I do want a little bit of butter to my bread.'"

She found it hard to remember to call crackers biscuits, and desserts proved a sad disappointment. "Hot or Cold sweets?" the waitress would say. When Shirley tried the "hot sweets," it turned out to be a heavy, soggy Christmassy kind of pudding. The next time she tried cold and that was a thin bluish-white junket with a spoonful of sour stewed gooseberries at one side. Shirley sighed as she recalled visions of chocolate pies and cocoanut cakes, but she thought to herself philosophically, "What's the use of travelling if you get just what you get at home?"

They did not know all these things, however, when they fared forth gaily for their first day in London.

"Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air," quoted Shirley. "How old and grey and strong the buildings look, don't they?"

"I suppose it is because everything is

built of stone," replied Aunt Molly. "I haven't seen a wooden building yet."

Shirley bought some English lavender from an old flower vender, the minute she saw one. She was fascinated by the flower and fruit stalls, the ancient fish markets, the two-wheeled hansom cabs and all the quaint sights of the London streets. She gave a penny (such a large penny!) to a man who was playing a barrel-organ.

"Just to think that I'm right here in London, listening to a barrel-organ!" she said.

Come down to Kew in lilac time, lilac time,
in lilac time,

Come down to Kew in lilac time—it isn't
far from London.

"Aunt Molly, we *must* go out to Kew, even if it isn't lilac time."

"Indeed we must," Aunt Molly agreed. "Perhaps we shall even hear a cuckoo—but we must hurry on to-day, there is so much to see. I wish we could stay here a year."

As they went on that day, Shirley thought that indeed a year would be a short time in which to enjoy the wonderful things to see and do. Westminster Abbey! Shirley caught her breath in awe as she stepped inside. They had just come from the great Houses of Parliament, so majestic and impressive; had heard Big Ben, the great clock on the tower boom out the time of day, and now, if that were not enough, here they were walking straight into the heart of history.

On every side Shirley saw something which brought a little thrill of recognition. Here was the Poet's Corner where great granite slabs in the pavement indicated the tombs of Tennyson and Browning, while marble busts above recalled the names of others of the immortals. Here was the tomb of Good Queen Bess, and there lay Edward the Confessor. Here was the "Babys' Corner," where the two little princes of the tower are buried. Shirley almost wept

at that. Here too, in a vast, open space was the tomb of the Unknown Soldier where countless thousands stopped with bowed heads to remember the gallant lads who died in the Great War. More than anything else in London that solemn place seemed to link the past with the present.

Out of the historic gloom of Westminster and into the sunshine of Kensington Gardens they went, "to look for Peter Pan," as Shirley said. Tired after their morning in the Abbey—for sight-seeing is strenuous work,—they seated themselves upon some convenient chairs to rest, when to their astonishment they were accosted by a man who demanded tuppence for the privilege. They discovered later that there were free benches, but they had happened to sit down in the more aristocratic chairs.

"We have a lot to learn yet," observed Shirley. In the afternoon they watched a game of cricket on Hampstead Heath for a while. They didn't think it was as exciting as baseball, but then they didn't understand it very well, so they amused themselves by watching the nurses as they wheeled their young charges about in prams and glanced interestedly at the handsome bobbies who stalked grandly up and down.

On Sunday they went to St. Paul's Cathedral. Shirley as well as Aunt Molly had looked forward to seeing St. Paul's with its many associations in history and literature, but they were grievously disappointed. It did not fulfil their expectations at all, although they could not exactly tell why. The great dome was boarded off while repairs were going on, which had something to do with it; but that wasn't all—it was something quite inexplicable, and they didn't try to analyze the feeling.

Outside, thousands of pigeons circled and filled the air with soft sounds. It was a pretty sight to see the children feeding them—grey pigeons, grey old church, grey skies. The two travellers

decided that the outside of the church was the best picture for their gallery of memories, so they looked back again and again as they went on their way.

Every day brought new experiences and new excitements. The British Museum was full of marvels, and the picture galleries afforded hours of delight. One day they went to the Coliseum to see the Russian Ballet. Between the acts, tea baskets were brought in, and everybody sociably consumed tea or ices while discussing the dancing of Vera Remtchinova and the genius of the brilliant young conductor, Eugene Goossens. Shirley had heard him conduct a great symphony orchestra back at home, and felt quite a proprietary interest in the whole performance.

Almost every day they rode on the busses which took them to all parts of the city, out to the Tower of London and to London Bridge, where Shirley felt as if she really must get down and play "London Bridge is Falling Down" with some of the dirty little urchins playing near by. When the bus rolled through Piccadilly Circus she remembered "It's a long, long way to Tipperary," and tried to think how the troops must have looked as they tramped along singing, "Good-bye Piccadilly, farewell Leicester Square." Every stick and stone in London seemed to have its own association, from the Old Curiosity Shop to the Changing of the Guards at Buckingham Palace,—

Christopher Robin went down with Alice.

"A soldier's life is terribly hard,"

Says Alice.

One day they motored to some places of interest outside of London. Shirley felt as if she were riding right through Mother Goose Land as she rode to Banbury Cross, not on a Cock-horse, but in a big automobile. Another exciting place was the little village of Coventry where the Lady Godiva rode through the streets clad only in her long golden hair in order to obtain mercy for

the villagers from her cruel husband.

"I can't believe it's really true," said Shirley as they drove right over an ancient drawbridge and under the portcullis into Kenilworth. There was the picturesque ruin of the old castle given by Queen Elizabeth to Lord Leicester. Shirley vowed that she would read Sir Walter Scott's "Kenilworth" as soon as ever she reached home. She took several pictures, and they climbed again into the *char-a-banc*.

The *char-a-banc* was a great touring car which carried tourists about to places of interest. The English people call such tourists "trippers," and as Shirley came to see more of her own countrymen abroad, the more she came to believe that we are a nation of no manners.

"It is no wonder that the English speak with such contempt of the 'trippers,'" said Aunt Molly. "Such people are no credit to their native land."

They talked loudly and irreverently in old and sacred places; they carried off for souvenirs anything which they could pinch or pry off, and they criticised in no uncertain terms everything which didn't meet with their approval. Of course, not all American travellers were in this rude class, but there was a sufficiently large number to create a most unfavorable impression.

The next stop was Warwick Castle, a huge Medieval pile set in the midst of vast gardens and filled with the most fascinating collection of armor, paintings and furniture. As she looked at the great state bedrooms, with their rich brocades, their tapestried walls and gorgeous furniture, Shirley couldn't help being glad that she had not been born a lady of those troublous times. She felt that not all the luxury and romance could make up for the danger and discomfort of those far-off days.

From Warwick Castle the car sped on to a little town which had long been the Mecca of Shirley's dreams, to say noth-

ing of Aunt Molly's. Between thick green hedges overarched by trees, through byways which young Will himself must have trod, the two rode into Stratford-upon-Avon where Shakespeare lived and loved. There they saw the little house where he was born, the well-worn desk whereon he wrote, the school where he must have idled away many an hour while vagrant dreams filled his head. Over to Trinity Church they wandered and read the inscriptions on the tombs and on the ancient windows. The lovely linden walk which leads up to the church fascinated Shirley, but the thing she liked best was the old Sanctuary ring fastened into the door. The guide explained that in the olden days, a hunted man if he could reach this ring and touch it, might claim sanctuary, and was given time in which to make his escape.

Over to Shottery they went next to see the lovely little cottage in which lived Anne Hathaway when Shakespeare courted her, and the very wooden settle by the fire on which they sat in the long winter evenings. Everything was just as it had been then—the quaint low rooms on different levels, the canopied bed with its mattress of rushes, the warming pans which must have been sorely needed on bitter nights, and all the curious utensils which housekeepers used then.

The garden was enchanting with its rows of old-fashioned flowers; larkspur, monkshood, phlox, sweet William, lavender, mignonette and Canterbury bells. Outside the fence several children held up bunches of flowers to sell, and Shirley took a picture of the garden with a group of tiny flower-vendors posing willingly.

"If I ever have to write another theme on Shakespeare, I ought to get an A," said Shirley, and Aunt Molly thought so too.

Another long-to-be-remembered day was spent in the lovely old town of Ox-

ford. Shirley's grandfather had been educated there, and many a tale of his came back to her now as she stood within the quadrangle of Magdalen College rejoicing in the beauty of the grey old cloisters and the velvety green turf, in the sound of Big Tom, the great bell, and the black-gowned students hurrying to and fro.

She and Aunt Molly wandered over to Christ College where they admired the lovely stained glass and rejoiced in the portrait of Lewis Carroll hanging in the gallery with such noble company as Gladstone, for the well-loved author of "Alice" was a fellow of Christ College.

The great kitchens would have delighted any housewife's eye. There were enormous brick ovens with spits upon which to turn a whole sheep. There was a huge mortar holding two gallons, in which to mix mayonnaise, and great teakwood tables upon which to carve roasts and joints. Everything was spotless.

It was quite a flight in spirit from those enchanting kitchens to the Bodleian Library. They could have wandered there for hours if time had permitted. Shirley lingered over a baby shoe of Shelley's, while Aunt Molly exclaimed over the original "Rubaiyat"; but they had to hurry on.

New College was next with its lovely painted glass by Reynolds, its Ruben windows, lacestone work and delicately carved choir stalls. Then they drove out to Blenheim, the great estate of the Dukes of Marlborough, and home again, passing through Woodstock, the home of Chaucer.

"No matter how tiny the hamlet, somebody famous seems to have lived in every one of them," said Shirley. "It's just like living in a history book."

The next day they drove out to Windsor Castle. There was so much to see that they felt quite overwhelmed.

"I shall never get all this into my diary to-night," said poor Shirley, and

I haven't written to Grandmother for three days. How shall I ever catch up!"

There were indeed, literally thousands of wonders; the great carved bedsteads; the tortoise-shell cabinet of Mary Stuart; vases of jade, malachite and chrysoprase; a room full of pictures by Rubens and another full of Van Dycks; jewelled peacocks, ivory chairs and rooms filled with ancient armor. There was a rug made at Agra in India for Queen Victoria. It was eighty yards long and forty yards wide, and weighed two tons, and was made, every inch, by hand. Shirley felt tired just to look at it. She and Aunt Molly lunched at the White Hart tavern, where Shakespeare wrote "The Merry Wives of Windsor." They had seen in the morning the little Elizabethan theatre where it was first produced.

After luncheon they drove to Stoke Poges, the home of William Penn's family. There was a beautiful old churchyard, where Gray wrote his "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." Shirley almost held her breath as she stood under the very yew tree of which he had written, a tree said to be a thousand years old.

Leaving the lovely old place reluctantly they went on to Eton College, which they found as interesting as anything they had seen yet. About the campus hurried lads in broad collars, Eton jackets and top hats. "How do they ever run in them?" thought Shirley, but the boys were quite at ease, and not one seemed in danger of losing his uncomfortable-looking headgear.

In the dark old classrooms with pillars made from ships of the Spanish "Armada," the greatest marvel was the number of carved initials placed there by boys of countless generations. On one staircase alone were 7000. There were 11,000 in another room, and many great names were represented there. A curious sight was the old birching-bench with the birches hanging over it.

Shirley decided that she must read Kipling's "Stalky and Co." again to help her understand English schoolboys.

She and Aunt Molly made the trip back to London by boat, for they felt that they must have at least a little trip on the Thames before leaving London. As they went through the locks, the two regaled each other with choice bits from "Three Men in a Boat."

"All we need is Montmorency," remarked Shirley.

(To be continued.)

Two Honorable Kings.

The Black Prince, so-called from the color of his armor, the son of Edward III. of England, at one time was engaged in a war against the French. At the battle of Poitiers he added fame to an already honorable career, when the French King John advanced with an army of some sixty thousand men. The forces of the Black Prince did not number more than sixteen thousand men. However, after a fierce encounter, the French were decisively defeated, and their King was taken captive to London. The treatment of the prisoner of war by the Black Prince was one of mercy and justice. The latter saw that all courtesy was paid to the vanquished warrior, and every mark of respect due to a ruler and nobleman was shown him. At length the French monarch was allowed to return home, having promised that he would pay one million five hundred thousand pounds sterling as the price for his freedom. However, he found it impossible to collect such a sum, so he returned to England, saying, "If honor were banished from every other place, it should find an asylum in the breasts of kings." Though in reality a prisoner of war, he was regarded and respected as a King, being allowed almost unlimited freedom, and having for his home, Savoy Palace, where, shortly after, death came for him.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The waning popularity of Carlyle is not surprising. It was his habit to allow the milk of human kindness to sour on the stomach.

—"Pudsy Kelley's Gang" is a book of rollicking verses about regular boys who have an eye for the adventure and the brave sacrifice of the Foreign Missionary. The volume, which is published by the society of St. Columbans (Nebraska) in the interest of their China missions, has a number of excellent pen drawings by Ernest C. Wilbur. The author, Nanky Poo, is Chinese, of course; but he has taken on delightfully Irish ways, and has a sincere love and admiration for the Caseys and the Kelleys. Price, \$1.

—The opening poem, from which a new volume by Father John D. Walshe, S. J., takes its name, "Lanterns of the Blue and Other Poems," is a poetic illustration of the Psalmist's cry, "The Heavens show forth the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the work of His hands." It is an excursion into the spinning worlds in space, that suggests Milton; and the form is blank verse. Father Walshe, too, is familiar with mythology and weaves it gracefully into the story of his dream. The other poems are shorter, and include a great variety of subjects. Published by the author (San Francisco).

—To those who may be looking for a means of varying the Gregorian Requiem Mass while still preserving much of the authentic chant, the two-part Mass for soprano and alto or tenor and bass, by Geremia M. Fabrizi, should be of considerable interest. The harmonized parts alternate with the original Gregorian phrases in the Introit, Sequence, Offertory, Communion and Absolution. The Graduale and Tract are arranged by N. A. Montani, and chord suggestions are added for the accompaniment of these parts when given *recto tono*. The Kyrie, Sanctus, Benedictus and Agnus Dei are harmonized throughout. Theodore Presser Co. Price, 80c.

—The second number of the *Catholic Periodical Index* continues to justify the hopes of its

founders. Even a summary perusal of the two issues already published will convince the most skeptical of the vast amount of Catholic periodical literature which is now being made available for the first time to the inquiring reader. By means of this new library service, the average reader can find his way quickly and surely to various treatments of whatever material he may happen to be seeking. Catholic institutions of learning should feel it a privilege to contribute according to their capacity to the furthering of this work which will eventually mean so much towards a better understanding of things Catholic both in and out of the Church. We offer our congratulations to the Rev. Paul J. Foik, C. S. C., who initiated the work, to the Library Section of the National Catholic Educational Association which furthered it, and to Francis E. Fitzgerald and his helpers who have carried it on so actively and so well.

—Any work of Mr. Hilaire Belloc's deserves attentive reading. He is a serious student, a philosopher, who, from the mass of historical data, can draw profound generalizations, and a writer who can present his conclusions in a style that is eminently pleasing. Belloc's "Richelieu" is hardly a biography; it is not intended to be that primarily. It is rather the study of a problem presented and solved by the distinguished minister and Cardinal. Since the Cardinal is the moving force of the great achievement—the triumph of French nationalism—the details of his life and character come in for discussion and explanation. To us, the whole book appears like a great drama, with Richelieu the hero and the principal protagonist. He has his problem clearly in mind—to make France supreme in Europe; and to achieve this, he sets about to overthrow the Hapsburgs, even though in their fall the ascendancy of Catholic culture goes with them. There are many antagonists, too, within and without the Court. Mr. Belloc shows us these in fine character drawing, as they find a place in the plot of the drama. There are the King, the Queen Mother, by whose patronage

the Cardinal came into power, and who passed out of the picture when she opposed the statesman's plans; her younger son, Gaston, and the leaders of the Huguenot revolt—the Duke of Bouillon and Rohan. There is history, there is stirring drama, there is romance in this volume; and there is Mr. Belloc's answer to the question, Why has the Christian culture of Europe been broken into two great divisions that are antagonistic? The book has several illustrations that add greatly to the interest of the volume. Published by Lippincott. Price, \$5.

—Recent discussion has emphasized the fact that religion classes need competent teachers, good text-books and co-ordination of subject-matter. If the texts and correlation are what they should be, there is reason to believe that the teaching problem will be more easily solved. It is gratifying, therefore, to receive and a pleasure to recommend books that have been used successfully in the classroom. The Archdiocese of San Francisco has two such texts: "The Mass," by the late Rev. Peter C. Yorke, S. T. D.; and "Apologetics," by the Rev. Robert I. Falvey. The former, a compact and yet thorough treatment of the Mass, offers a historical, liturgical and dogmatic explanation which should enable the laity to understand and therefore to pray the Mass intelligently; the latter was prepared for high-school students in the face of the belief that the study of apologetics was usually considered too difficult for them. Nevertheless, this text has been used with effective results, and the average pupil has grasped the essentials. Text Book Co., San Francisco. Price, \$1.00.

—The most recent volumes (X. and XI.) of the Catholic Library of Knowledge series are: "St. Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles," by the Abbé Tricot, translated by the Rev. W. Rees; and "Holiness in the Church," by the Rev. Raoul Plus, S. J., translated by Mother Mary St. Thomas. True, both subjects have been treated time and again, but there is sufficient distinction in each volume to make its publication worth while. The first is a life of St. Paul, yet not an exegetical or theological treatise thereof, for these are to be taken up

in later volumes. The history is simple and direct, and, though no new sources of information about the Apostle have been discovered, this is not a mere relation of old facts. The Apostle and his times are given new life and color in an interesting way, so that one follows the action accurately and clearly.—"Holiness in the Church," first explains that the Church is holy because Our Lord was its founder, because its dogmas, morals, worship and discipline lead to the practice of virtue, so that those who have kept the commandments have become virtuous, and those who have followed the counsels have reached sanctity. Then the second part of the book answers the question, "Have saints lived and do saints live in modern times?" The fact is that the Church has placed her official seal of canonization on some, for there have been perfect souls in religious and secular life. However, it is clear that the author is using the word "saint" in a broad sense so as to mean eminent goodness of life. The Church has not spoken officially about hidden saints, and "we must avoid canonizing before the time, over-estimating virtues, and being too ready or too emphatic in extolling a generosity . . . not above the average." Certainly some of the persons and acts described herein to prove that saints live in modern times are "not above the average." Publisher, Herder. Price, each, \$1.35.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Sister Mary Ferdinand, Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister Anna Vincent, Sisters of Charity; and Sister Mary Carmela, Sisters of Mercy.

Miss Annie Colman, Ehrntrude Kowalski, Mr. Joseph Steinhauser, Mrs. M. Weber, Mr. John Peters, Miss Ellen Tobin, Miss Delia R. McManus, Mrs. Mary Tillman Mattas, Miss Jennie T. Kelly, Mrs. Johanna Moloney, Mr. Patrick Lynch, Mrs. Margaret O'Dwyer, and Mr. Edward J. Tormey.

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

| | |
|---|--|
| SATURDAY, 16.—St. Joachim, Father of the B. V. M. | WEDNESDAY, 20.—St. Bernard, Ab. St. Oswin, K. M. |
| SUNDAY, 17.—TENTH AFTER PENTECOST. St. Hyacinth, C. | THURSDAY, 21.—St. Jane Frances de Chantal, W. |
| MONDAY, 18.—St. Agapitus, M. St. Helen, W. | FRIDAY, 22.—SS. Timothy and Comp's, MM. |
| TUESDAY, 19.—St. John Eudes. | SATURDAY, 23.—St. Philip Benizi, C. |

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During his long career as priest and as prelate Pope Leo XIII was known for his ability to see a situation and to present it with vigor. His keenness of intellect and his power of presentation and his appreciation of the spiritual made him particularly effective on those happy occasions when he addressed those under him upon their opportunities and obligations as Christians. As Archbishop of Perugia he wrote a pastoral letter which has become a classic. This "Instruction on the Christian Life" is at the same time an inspiration and a guide and even an effective reproach if one has been neglecting one's duties. The reader who obtains this little pamphlet and follows its brief instruction carefully will find himself the fortunate possessor of a very safe guide to the Heavenly Jerusalem.

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 16, 1930.

No. 7.

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Sillery Mission.

BY MARY F. NIXON DE ROULET.

BESIDE a hillside decked with maple trees,
In Autumn sunshine brave in red and gold,
A rowan tree its crimson berries flaunts
Above the musty, moss-grown walls of old.
About the doorway, deeply set in stone,
Sweet blossoms lift their cheerful heads in air,
And orioles and thrushes gaily sing
Their lilting notes of happy praise and prayer.
Here others sang the praise of Christ their Lord,
Père Masse said his Mass in days gone by,
Brébeuf and Lalemant and Jogues the brave
Offered their all to God—to live or die.
And here the dark-skinned Hurons learned of God,
And here priests taught them how to live and die,
Their lives a sermon, till through tortuous ways,
Through martyrdom they reached their home on high.
Ah, dear old house! What memories do you bring
Of faith and courage man could not surpass;
Old Sillery Mission of the days long gone,
Where martyred Black Robes said the holy Mass.

WE are bound to be always climbing towards what is better, working "in the place which He hath set," that is, where Providence has placed us.

Children of a Privy Councillor.*

BY SOPHIE MAUDE.

I.

I WAS the seventh child of a family of ten. I was born in London and christened at St. George's, Hanover Square. I was given the name of Katherine, to which was added Mary; but because I suffered desperately from unchecked passions, I shall always doubt the validity of my baptism, and I believe our Blessed Lady watched over me very specially.

My Mother was one of the Talbots. Though she was not of the Catholic branch of the family, she had Catholicism in her blood—a blessing to herself and all her children. My parents were strict Anglicans, rather inclined to "High Church."

Sundays were dreadful days to us. Besides two long services from eleven o'clock to half-past twelve, we had a whole hour of religion in the afternoon during which we—poor children—must not raise our eyes from our prayer-books under pain of committing sin. We were obliged to repeat all the church catechism (understanding scarcely anything of it), and to learn the Gospel and Collect of the day. No noisy games, no amusing books, not even pictures, unless sacred ones, and no music were allowed us. Yet we were happy because we passed Sunday with our parents away from the school-

* From the original memoirs.

room. We went a long walk with our father in the afternoon.

Our Father was a Privy Councillor and Member of Parliament. Busy all the week, we saw little of him, and so he always tried to keep Sunday for his children. Upright and "good all round," he loved us very dearly, but his grave and serious aspect repelled us, and, indeed, his whole character inspired us with respect rather than love. In his presence, we spoke in low tones, we went tiptoe. His favorite maxim was: "Children should be seen and not heard." My Mother—my sweet Mother—was tenderness itself, but she allowed us no familiarity. We had boundless confidence in her love, and we all felt her strong and gentle influence over us, my brothers especially, and it lasted till her death.

One of my sweetest remembrances is my Mother in her old age, surrounded by her six sons—Colonel, Captain, Magistrate, there they all were—one leaning over the back of her chair, one sitting on the arm, two at her feet; another holding her hand and the youngest, the Benjamin of the family, leaning his head on her shoulder, boyishly chattering all the time. This is the last picture of her, imprinted on my memory when I bade her farewell and entered the convent at Roehampton.

But to return to my childhood. This beloved Mother exacted utter obedience from us, not only to herself but to nurses and governesses, and she taught us to love and respect the poor. We were allowed to collect the remains of our meals and carry them to the poor, and it was our greatest punishment to be deprived of this privilege. We were encouraged to learn sewing by the promise that the pocket handkerchiefs that had cost us so much to hem, would be taken as presents to some poor person. At Christmas, our joy was at its height, when we were all packed into one of the farm carts, and, under the

guidance of our old coachman, a visit was made to all the cottages on my father's estate, giving as many pounds of beef as there were members of the family; blankets, waistcoats and shirts, in addition. Our intentions were perhaps not the height of perfection, but I believe our Divine Lord blessed us and opened our hearts to love His poor.

Directly we reached seven years old, we were each of us given a village child of our own age to look after and help with our pocket money. We were to follow that child's career, and, later on, place him or her in a suitable situation. This was to teach us responsibility. I was given a poor little girl who was looked upon as disreputable, because her parents and all her family spent Sunday in bed, doors locked, never going to church or Sunday school and this, even in spite of my father's expressed wishes which nobody else ever thought of resisting. He said sometimes: "I can't understand the fellow! He works like twenty, all the six days of the week, the best laborer on the estate; if it wasn't for that, I would have given him the sack long ago."

Years afterwards, I heard this man was a Catholic—the only one in the neighborhood. There was no Catholic chapel. Mass was said once or twice a year by a priest who came and went in secret, passing through the country-side for baptisms and confessions. Fearing to lose the Faith on one side, or to be turned away on the other, the poor laborer, sooner than send his children to the Sunday school and Protestant church, betook himself to bed with his wife and little ones, twelve in number, behind locked doors. Years afterwards, the child who was my particular protégée told me with tears in her eyes, "how grateful poor father was to the young mistress for the interest she took in me. Father made us all say the Rosary for you, Miss, that God would bless you." Who knows that I do not

owe the grace of the Faith to the prayers of this poor family?

So passed autumn and winter in the mountains of our Welsh home. Spring and summer were spent in Belgrave Square in London, where Parliament and the Queen's Court kept my father hard at work. Belgrave Square and its garden instead of walks in the beautiful mountains of Wales—what a change for us!

My Mother never allowed us to play with strange children; she was always afraid of infection. Above all, she kept us from bad example, from everything that might sully the purity of our consciences. Our nurses, and indeed all the servants, looked upon us as their own children, and exacted rigorous attention when they were looking after us, dressing or undressing. I never heard a rude word from any of the maids, nor was any subject mentioned that could harm us. Though brought up in luxury and riches, our Mother would have us simple and childlike. I do not think a thought of pride or of our own importance ever crossed our minds.

We had the most beautiful toys, but we were made to take care of them and to put them away ourselves, in their proper places. If we broke our toys, we must mend them; and if it were suspected that we broke them on purpose, as children will when tired of playing with them, we were sharply reprimanded. Our dear Mother would have us understand at any cost, that money is not our own to waste, but to use according to our state of life in doing all possible good.

I was a joyous child, devoted to my brothers, especially to two, Iltid and Rice, who were my inseparable companions; one, a year, the other, two years younger than myself. We had a governess for the three of us, while my elder sisters had another governess to themselves, an extremely able and capable woman of Swiss nationality.

I do not remember any great sorrows in my childhood. The only one that stands out in my memory was that my father teased me one day, saying he could not believe I was his child because I was "so stupid and ugly!" (Mother Nicholl's calumny against herself from an intellectual point of view and even physically, is incorrect.) This half-joking remark of his made me very sad: I felt myself "the ugly duckling" of the family. I had at that time no taste for study, a bad memory; and yet, O my God, for me was reserved the great privilege of being one day a Spouse of Thy Sacred Heart; I had deep reverence for religion; but it was only for Sundays and special times set apart: my prayers in the morning by my Mother's bed and in the evening at my nurse's knee. For the rest of the day, I did not even know that I could pray, because I thought that prayer to God must always be made upon one's knees. I knew the great God only as my Creator and Judge. I feared Him; I did not love Him. I knew He always sees us, but it was in order to chastise us if we did wrong.

One day—I was nearly seven years old—I had been naughty at my lessons, and to punish me my governess would not let me play with my brothers; I went sorrowfully alone to dig in my little garden. Suddenly, a few drops of rain fell on me while I could see the sun still shining on my brothers at their play. In a great fright, fearing this was a sign of God's judgment, I sobbed bitterly. Another day, my Mother sent me to the kitchen garden to call the gardener who happened to be there. We were forbidden to touch the fruit, but a peach hung so temptingly just the right height for my little hand, that I took it, and that night I dreamed that the tree from which I picked the fruit, pursued me everywhere, running after me on its roots and holding out its branches to catch me. Just as it was

on the point of seizing me, I gave such a piercing scream that I woke my sister, Teresa, five years older than myself, who slept in a bed beside me. She asked what was the matter. She was always my confidant and I confessed everything to her. "Ah," said she, "it is the voice of your conscience made you dream that."

"What is my conscience?" I asked. It was the first time I had heard the word.

"It is the voice of God in your heart which warns you when you do wrong," she answered seriously. Oh, what a fright I was in, at her grave words! So the great God I feared so much was not only all round me but inside me and I could never escape Him! For a long time afterwards, this thought took such complete possession of me, that I had not a moment's peace. If I had been a Catholic then, and had had a priest to direct me; this strong impression mixed with love and confidence would have been a powerful incentive to good, but, alas! as it was, it only led me further away from God.

This is how spiritual matters stood with me until I was ten years old, when a new phase of existence began for all of us.

(To be continued.)

The Living Voice.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

XXXIII.

"**I** AM not a man of war, Simon. I have never studied these things."

Lord Derby was seated at a wooden table in the kitchen of the wretched cottage which he had made his headquarters. The rafters were low and smoke-blackened, the door stood open to admit the rain-sodden air.

Simon had unfurled a large map and was making a correction upon it in red ink.

"The whole country is rising for you,"

he said. "My Lord Widdrington declares that in every place he passed through, riding from Northumberland, the folk flocked to the sound of the drum."

"But that makes it the heavier charge. I am no strategist," insisted James.

"But you have a very penetrating mind, my lord, and the advice of experienced soldiers—"

"Aye—save that each man's advice differs! Well, we must shoulder the burden. But it grieves me that my two poor girls still tarry in prison—and Ann, who should have been my daughter,—poor child!"

His face became shadowed with that gloom which always fell upon him now at the remembrance of his eldest son. Simon answered cheerfully:

"It shows how much these rebels fear you, my lord. Colonel Birch was doubtless in terror that you would raid Liverpool to set the ladies at liberty. 'Tis a proof of his dread of you that he hurried them away to Chester."

"Perhaps you are right. We have, at any rate, good friends and tenants in that neighborhood. They will not forget me or mine, though all my estates are sequestered. What think you," he went on, turning with a sigh to another subject, "Paul Moreau insists on accompanying me to battle."

Lord Derby named his French valet who had been with him many years.

"Why, so he shall!" returned Simon heartily. "He is very brave and quick-witted, the little Frenchman! Let him lead your second horse, my lord! I'll engage he'll not lose sight of you."

"Do you see him properly provided, then. Ah, here is George Browne," he added, as the secretary's figure darkened the low doorway. "Now, Sir, have you wrote to Colonel Ashurst, as I desired?"

"Yes, my lord. I told him—as you commanded,—that a company of the enemy had come to Wigan; that 'twas said to be Colonel Lilburne, and that he

had expressed the determination to beat us up."

"Let him try!" cried Simon.

"I would we could get certain intelligence of his numbers, though," murmured Derby.

"Faith, you have a fine army of your own—two thousand men are on the rolls, and it is but the 22d of the month, and you arrived on the 15th."

"Fourteen hundred of them equipped at your lordship's own expense," added Browne.

Derby smiled, well pleased.

"I shall have to leave six hundred in Lancashire, though, to continue the recruiting. It is good news that some Presbyterians are coming in. They have confidence in Colonel Massey who used to be of their persuasion."

Simon was bending over the map again, and now looked up, shaking back his yellow mane impatiently. Lord Derby had made up his mind to occupy Wigan, and the troops were already on the move.

"See, my lord, besides the high road to the town there is this deep narrow lane. It is hardly fit for the passage of troops, but you might use it to send a few companies of horse into Wigan."

"We have but six hundred horse all told," returned his chief. "The road is bad after these heavy showers, and it would be as well to leave it clear for the infantry columns. How many do they number, Simon?"

"A thousand, my lord. You will need to wait at Wigan awhile until the musters come in from the North."

Lord Derby rose and came to the door, where he stood looking out at the heavy, straight downpour. There was a mutter of thunder every now and then, but in spite of the weather, the scene before him was one of great activity and gaiety.

The royalist army was striking camp. Tents were coming down, horse-lines being broken up. Every now and then a

column of men marched by, breaking into loud huzzas as they passed their leader's quarters. They were somewhat out of step and the dressing of the ranks might be irregular, but there was no doubt about their enthusiasm. They looked smart enough as they marched away, shouting in the rain in their fine new uniforms.

Lord Derby and his staff moved into Wigan that afternoon, and received a great reception, for the town was loyal and particularly devoted to Lord Derby. It was settled that they should wait there until the expected reinforcements arrived, before making an advance upon the enemy.

Lord Derby was still asleep, early on the following morning, when a messenger galloped into the town to announce that Lilburne was upon them with a vastly superior force—the Lancashire and Cheshire militia—trained troops, accompanied by a detachment of horse specially sent by Cromwell. Once again the redoubtable Oliver had contrived to surprise his adversary by the astonishing celerity with which he moved troops.

Lord Derby had no other thought than to attack immediately. The town rang with trumpet-blasts, the rolling of drums and the clattering of spirited horses. Simon made time to seek Lord Widdrington's chaplain and found his lordship kneeling in the narrow passage, waiting his turn, while stout Sir Thomas Tyldesley and some lads of his array were going to confession.

Lord Derby divided his cavalry into two troops, and decided to command the van himself and to confide the rear to Tyldesley.

Simon never forgot that day. The glorious charge into Wigan Lane, the prompt conviction that they were heavily outnumbered, the heat, the din, the dust—the horrible confusion, the screams of dying men and horses! He set his teeth hard, with the firm deter-

mination to stick close behind Lord Derby and his friend Widdrington, and to keep his horse under him. The air was thick with bullets—Lord Derby himself received thirteen upon his breastplate. Simon saw his horse killed under him, and sprang down in time to extricate his friend, who had a fearful gash on the brow. Moreau struggled up with the second horse, and in a second, James was in the saddle, dashing away the blood which streamed down his face and cheering on his men.

"Get my second horse, Paul," shouted Simon.

And then the fierce struggle began again. Lord Derby seemed to bear a charmed life, another horse was killed under him, and he was again remounted with Simon's aid. Just as they at length fought their way out of the dreadful confines of the lane, Lord Widdrington fell, covered with wounds and instantly expired. Lord Derby's third horse was shot, and he caught at the bridle of his friend's charger.

"Good-bye, brave Will! Come on, lads! Have at 'em!"

They gathered behind him and charged again—only half the original force emerging into the fields of trampled corn. But even though they passed clean through Colonel Lilburne's cavalry, it was clear at the end of the second hour's hot fighting, that the Parliamentarians were to win the day.

"We must get back to town," ordered Derby; "and rejoin the infantry!"

And turning, they charged back. But Lilburne's foot had now come up and lined the road and the banks of the lane from whence they rained down a hail of musket balls. The royalist infantry, which had marched out, were decimated; gallant Sir Thomas Tyldesley lay dead upon the field with four more commanders. By evening the town was in the hands of the enemy.

In a few short hours Lord Derby had lost all. His troops were scattered, and

he himself, exhausted with loss of blood, was obliged to take refuge in a friend's house, and have his wounds dressed in secret. Of all his train there remained only Simon and his faithful valet, Paul Moreau. His situation was precarious in the extreme, for long since a price had been set upon his head.

Simon felt stiff and sore all over. He was unwounded, but had sustained many stout blows from which his head was still ringing.

"What are we to do now, my lord?" he inquired, as he bathed the long, jagged cut down his friend's forearm.

"The good folk of the house must furnish some disguise," returned Derby, "and we will forthwith ride on to the King."

"You will risk a night's rest, surely?"

"Nay, not an hour," returned the other feverishly. "We must on to the King. Every moment we linger here brings danger on the friends who harbor us. And the new levies, Simon, how shall we warn them?"

Simon undertook to find some stout lads in the town who could be trusted to take word to the broken regiments and the bands of recruits, bidding them to avoid Wigan and hurry on to join the King's forces at Worcester. He had doffed his uniform and was dressed in the cloth jerkin, grey slops and square cap of a friendly apprentice. The town was loyal, though overawed by the squadrons of cavalry and the heavily armed pikemen who patrolled the streets. Catholics hung together in those hard times, and Simon knew where a priest lay in hiding and through him learned of trustworthy and willing messengers. He provided himself with a suit of civilian clothes for Lord Derby's disguise; they were such as a small shopkeeper might wear, and Lord Derby smiled a little sadly, as he put them on.

It was a wet, windy night, when they stole forth guided by their host, a worthy merchant of the town. Horses

were in readiness at a farm on the outskirts. Wigan was not fortified, and so many friendly spies had been posted that Lord Derby and his two companions were able to pass through back streets and by-ways until they were safely out of the town.

It was a melancholy party enough which rode away, weary in every limb. Friendly Lancashire was left behind. The broad flat plain of Cheshire, where sympathies were about equally divided, lay before them. Worcester and the young King were far ahead, and the wild adventure on which he had penetrated into England was of doubtful issue. Sometimes it seemed to Simon that the right *must* triumph, sometimes that all would go down in blood and disaster.

"I would I had died at Bolton breach," murmured Lord Derby, after some hours of rough travel with Simon leading his horse.

"You could do no more—you were heavily outnumbered, my lord! No one could have been a more gallant commander!"

Derby insisted on pressing on, only pausing for a few hours' rest at houses of undoubted loyalty. He was exhausted with fatigue and loss of blood, yet Simon had much difficulty in persuading him to lie for a day at Mr. Watson's in Shropshire, while he himself rode about the country and endeavored to find out where the King's adherents were gathering.

He had the good fortune to meet with one Mr. Ralph Sneyd of Keel, whom he had often seen in his lordship's company in happier times; they were indeed close personal friends.

"My lord is in the utmost danger here," said Simon. "I would we could find some secluded house where he could lie for a day or two. Riding makes the wound break forth afresh, and he has lost a great quantity of blood."

"My poor house is in the hands of the

rebels," returned Ralph, "else how gladly I would have received him."

"Once in my boyhood I travelled this way," said Simon thoughtfully. "And a sturdy yeoman gave us shelter for the night. He'll be true to the King, I warrant. Now what was the name? Pender—no Penderel."

"The Penderels! That is a good thought, young man! There are six brothers of that family, and each one more loyal than the other!"

"They were but plain folk though," said Simon anxiously, "and I would my lord could have a little comfort and care."

"I have it! I will myself ride with you, and we will conduct our good friends to Boscobel, the house of Master Giffard. He is with the Army, I believe; but one of the Penderels and his wife are servants there—they will receive us gladly."

"But where is Boscobel situated? Is it sufficiently retired?" inquired Simon, pushing his horse close to that of his companion as they passed down a narrow green lane. "You know,"—he dropped his voice to a whisper,—"*the rebels have set a price upon my lord's head—a thousand pounds it is. As long as we were in Lancashire he was safe—not a man would have touched him, rebels and roundheads though they might be.*"

"Boscobel is safe enough," repeated the other. "It is buried deep in oak woods, 'tis a most lonely spot, and all the folk about are honest."

The move was accomplished that very night. Ralph Sneyd went ahead to prepare for Lord Derby's reception, leaving his serving-man to act as guide. They dared not travel till after dusk, and it was grey dawn when the groom slid from his horse to knock at the door of the old stone manor. Simon's first care was to assist Lord Derby to bed, to dress his wound and administer the cordial prepared by buxom Mrs. Penderel. It was not until he had seen him fall

asleep that Bradshaigh tiptoed out of the room, and went down to the breakfast parlor where Master Sneyd was attacking a copious repast. Mistress Penderel was heartbroken that she had not had time to roast a fowl. There was a round of beef, however, and a pig's cheek, and a dish of smoking rashers, not to speak of a pasty of vast dimensions which Mistress Sally had brought out of her store. It was well seasoned with brandy, and she had intended to keep it until the return of her master, but she well knew that all she could do was too little for the entertainment of such honored guests.

When Penderel presently drew near with a foaming jug of home-brewed ale, Simon recalled himself to his memory.

"For I think," he said, "that you were present at Mass. I have a notion Master Richard mentioned that all his family were there."

Ralph Sneyd had finished his meal and was out on the terrace smoking a pipe.

The serving-man looked long and hard at Simon, then, apparently satisfied with his scrutiny, he bent over and whispered as he poured the beer:

"There is a gentleman upstairs now!"

"What! A priest in the house!" exclaimed Simon joyfully. "That is indeed good hearing."

"Yes. Good Father Huddleston passes as the young gentlemen's tutor. There are three lads under his guidance here, but they are not yet astir. And that is why my master will have no one in the house but myself and the missus. Wenches will talk, and a chance word might cost the good Father his head."

"Indeed you can trust me," said Bradshaigh earnestly. "And I thank you most heartily. But my friends are not of the true faith, though they would never betray a priest."

"Best say nought," returned the other. "They have their own apartments, and the boys can lie close for a

day or two while my lord is here. 'Tis no use rousing folks' curiosity, and once the scholars are seen, folk will begin to wonder about the tutor. But I'll take you up in private as soon as the priest is astir."

So while Lord Derby and Master Sneyd slept off the fatigues of the journey, Simon, heavy-eyed and sleepy, passed up a spiral stair and was introduced into that narrow, low-ceiled set of attic chambers which was to become famous in history.

(To be continued.)

Anent Owen Francis Dudley's "Battle Cry."

BY ANNETTE S. DRISCOLL.

A VOLUME might be written upon the suggestion contained in one chapter of Father Owen Francis Dudley's burning pamphlet, "Deathless Army—Advance!" Oh, that we had an army of writers imbued with his clear perception, not only of the evils of the day, but of their cause and of the remedy that lies in the hands of Catholics! Would that this feeble pen had the power to be of some service in this cause, and that it might act as a magnet to draw other pens into the service, so that like the Israelites of old, who upheld the arms of Moses at prayer, we could at least encourage and thus assist this priest, so capable of being, and so willing to be, a leader of the crusade which he suggests!

After pointing out in clear and vigorous though never intemperate language the crying evils of the times, which are appalling to every thinking man and woman, he asks the question: "How are we to set about the rescue of the masses?" and answers the question by saying we must start a crusade of writing and preaching; adding, "We shall need an army of writers—theologians to answer the Modernists; philosophers to

answer the Materialists." Of course, this is trite on the face of it; but the next sentence is most suggestive to the present writer: "Could we not also call upon our own big Catholic novelists to oppose the present degradation of the novel to a level of mere sexual appeal? Could we not even call upon all our novelists to write novels definitely for the faith?" And he adds, "Mgr. Benson set them a magnificent example, and some are not following it."

The temptation is strong to ask, "Who, among our really gifted novelists are following it? We might pass over the Catholic novelists, who having perhaps only a moderate talent, have not attracted much attention, and in the spirit of charity can excuse the really gifted ones who are still struggling for a hearing, from writing "definitely for the faith"; but can even direst poverty or any other reason excuse the prostitution of a God-given talent by the writing of the novel which is "a mere sexual appeal?" After reading of the conversion to the Catholic faith of the great Norwegian novelist who recently received the Nobel prize, we might naturally expect to find at least common decency in her future writings; for why should not the ablest of pens be able to portray virtue at least as attractively as vice? Of what merit is it to profess the faith if we do not follow its teachings? Has she done so? Ask Mary E. McGill, whose courageous and splendid article in a recent number of *The Sign* was in reality a strong indictment of a novel written after Miss Undset's reception into the Church—an indictment which surely must be approved by a sufficient number to constitute at least a respectable minority.

Naturally Father Dudley's first thought would be of novelists in his own country. There is a popular English novelist whose writings are much acclaimed, in spite of monotony of style

and of plot, who, while not favoring the loose ideas about marriage, divorce, annulment, etc., seems to be at least in danger of leaving either a wrong or, at most, a vague idea in the minds of her readers of the real teaching of the Church regarding these great questions.

Among present-day Catholic novelists in our own country, is there one equal in ability to Christian Reid or Mary Agnes Tincker, to mention only two of the gifted writers of earlier days? By ability is meant the power of plot construction, of character delineation, of fascinating description of the charms of nature in all its alluring appeal to eye and heart and mind,—all employed with the true Christian desire of leaving the reader ennobled rather than degraded or merely entertained. In this vale of tears, there is constant need of entertainment or recreation for weary hearts and minds, just as there is need of occasional delicacies of the table to counteract or to supplement the heavier and grosser forms of nourishment; but no sane person would advocate what is noxious or indigestible.

Christian Reid was criticized by one writer for having her characters dwell too continuously upon the heights. It was not meant that they were all saints, for some of them were great sinners; but it is true that the author was incapable of soiling one of her pages with a coarse or a suggestive word. On the contrary, in every page of her many books may be found the evidence of natural refinement and the culture which comes from the higher education, travel and association with the best types of manhood and womanhood—of those whose outlook upon life is from that higher viewpoint which is necessary in order to get the right perspective. While some of her novels, though breathing the highest culture and the practice of the loftiest virtues, still have no mention of Catholic faith or practice as such, some of the best of them were un-

mistakably written "definitely for the faith."

On the other hand, one of the most (if not the most) successful writers of to-day, with an enormous output of books to her credit (?), though it has almost accidentally been discovered that she belongs to the household of the faith, displays scarcely a trace of religion in any of her books, except in a few recent brief magazine articles.

Granted that there is no positive obligation for her to write "definitely for the faith," it is hard to understand her lack of desire to do so, since she has no shadow of the excuse of those who know there would be slight prospect of fame or fortune should they write from an avowedly Catholic standpoint. With an army of readers hanging upon her every word, what a tremendous amount of merit she might be storing up for her own soul's needs, if she would set up in their minds that higher standard of living which religion inculcates. Instead of that, what are her themes? The well-worn triangle and "sexual appeal" types, just such as daily fill the columns of our sensational newspapers.

What are her characters? Absolutely commonplace, incapable of talking upon any cultural subject, whose virtues are all of the natural order, seldom, if ever, tinged with the supernatural. Surely it is not unreasonable to ask a Catholic novelist to give us something higher and better than this. No one wants a novel to read like a catechism or prayer-book, but certainly it should not convey lessons and principles which explicitly or implicitly contradict their teachings.

Apparently the commonest topics of discussion to-day in real life and in fiction are those which St. Paul tells us should not so much as be mentioned among us. Since they are so continually discussed, however, would that we could have many books like Father Dudley's brilliant novel, "The Masterful Monk," which so clearly presents the Church's

attitude, without sacrificing any of the charm of a good novel. Our Lord's injunction, "So let your light shine before men that they will see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven," must apply to all the affairs of life. Just as many conversions to the faith have been brought about by the silent preaching of a good example, so if our novelists would only bring their books up to a higher moral level, there would be less need for them to write "definitely for the faith."

There is living in the City of Washington to-day Mrs. Mary T. Waggaman, a writer who might well serve as a model for fiction writers. Though most of her stories have been juveniles, it is probable that they have been read with absorbing interest by as many adults as children. In the beginning of her career she deliberately turned away from the "best-seller" type of writing, and has produced more than forty stories which contain good people, bad people, indifferent people, fairy stories, delightful parties, hair-breadth escapes, and all sorts of thrills a-plenty,—all related in a truly fascinating style, which gives evidence of keen knowledge of character and of life, and breathes of the splendid personality of the writer.

A bishop once said to her when she modestly disclaimed credit for her books: "But the sign of the Cross is over them all." None of her books could truthfully be called "dull," though Father Dudley says that many of our ordinary books are far too dull for a crusade, and so he urges: "Do let us break from text-book methods. Do let us use our imagination. Do let us present the Faith as the most thrilling thing in the world—which it is! You see then the kind of literature needed. There will be no difficulty in producing it if we set about the task in dead earnest. Is it too much to hope for a great conference of all our writers, theologians, essayists, novelists—a conference at which a

scheme could be drawn out for a huge literary campaign? How much longer shall we allow the enemy to carry the day in the battle of the books, and drown a nation's soul in lies and lust?"

Father Dudley also speaks of the need on the part of the Catholic public of co-operating with our writers in the matter of pushing our books by a constant demand for them, on our part, which would induce the dealers to carry a supply of them, and thus place them before the eyes of non-Catholic readers as well. This suggests also the thought that we Catholics could help to bring about the same result by a demand in public libraries for Catholic books. Alas! here we have to face the sad fact that as a class we know little about our own literature, as every Catholic editor and publisher knows only too well.

There may be bigotry among individual librarians, but most of those in a position to know of such matters will admit that most Public Libraries are willing to accept or to purchase Catholic books, were it not that they are so seldom called for even by Catholics, that there is little object in supplying them simply to further encumber shelves already over-crowded. Whose fault is this? I once said to a broad-minded librarian: "We know about your literature, but you know nothing of ours." Her answer was: "I wonder why we do not hear about your books?" Possibly that shifts some of the blame on to the Catholic publishers, for failure to push their publications. Personally, I have found it a simple matter to introduce Catholic books or to obtain the removal of objectionable ones.

Here then are a few hints for subjects to come before such a conference as Father Dudley calls for. If all our writers would read his "Battle Cry," *perhaps* there might be a chance of his dream of a conference coming true, "for the love of God and the faith and the souls Christ died to save."

In August.

BY ROSAMOND LIVINGSTONE McNAUGHT.

IN August the butterflies come,
Then sunshine is honey-bright;
Air filled with insects' hum
Is liquid of golden light.

Hollyhocks sway in the breeze,
Flaunting their colory bells;
Hearing the murmurous trees,
The heart with contentment swells.

Wings of deep gold on pink phlox,
Dancing of tiny white wings;
Blue splashes on hollyhocks,
Gray-and-rose flutterings.

All sunsets' burnished gleaming,
Opals of all sunrise,
Drift through the August dreaming,
Wingèd, as butterflies.

The Anchor.

BY ANNA CUFFE KUHNEN.

ALICE MEGHLEY yawned languidly, as the early morning noises of the country awakened her—the trilling of birds, the shrill crowing of a rooster, the barking of a dog. It was an impossibility to sleep at Comstock Inn after seven o'clock, but for a brief while she rested in the clean bedding of the best room upon the second floor, a room quite familiar to its occupant after ten consecutive summers. There, in the space between the two windows, stood the clumsy, square oak bureau, and in the corner opposite the carved bedstead, was the big, flat-top desk, installed during the Meghleys' stay for John's convenience. These massive pieces and three uncomfortable chairs comprised the furniture.

"How wonderful it would seem," Alice mused, "to spend one's vacation at some up-to-date resort! And to think that John is always satisfied to come to this place, just because it's near the

lake, and he considers the Comstocks such genuine people! Hm!" she blinked sleepily at the June sunlight, which had filtered through the lace curtains.

A little later, and a timid knock upon the door was followed by old Mrs. Comstock's cheerful voice:

"Mrs. Meghley, do I hear you stirring about?" she called.

"Yes, your birds and beasts woke me up, as usual. Have Mr. Meghley and Evelyn had their breakfast?"

"Oh, long ago!" came the prompt answer. "They went for a boat ride before five. I came up to tell you that Mr. Meghley had to go to the city. He left a note. Shall I leave it here on the threshold?"

"No, I'll come to the dining-room in a few minutes, thank you," Alice told her.

In the empty dining-room, Alice read her husband's short message, between sips of her steaming coffee:

"Alice dear: Wilson 'phoned me to come to the office at once. Don't know what's up, but decided not to disturb you. Shall return as soon as I can. Love, John."

"Don't they know that this is John's vacation?" she pouted, folding the sheet.

"Good morning, mother, you look marvellous in that peach-colored frock." Young Evelyn Meghley rushed into the dining-room and studied her mother's morning attire, with frank admiration in her clear blue eyes.

"Oh, mother, we were having the finest time this morning, daddy and I, when old Mr. Comstock came down to the lake and told daddy there was a long-distance 'phone call for him! We caught two big bass, each of them that long." Two slender arms measured a generous size, while the little girl prattled on. "'N please, mother, may I ask the cook to broil them for daddy's dinner to-night? You know how he likes fish from this lake!"

"Yes, yes, child," came the impatient answer; but Alice's fond gaze followed her lovely daughter until she disappeared in the direction of the Comstock kitchen.

Evelyn Meghley at eleven years old had much of her mother's rare beauty, but she was also endowed with some of her father's fine characteristics. The child loved the wholesome, simple life at Comstock Inn and the out-door companionship of her father, whom she accompanied upon morning tramps and fishing trips throughout their vacation.

It was a source of constant disappointment to Alice that her daughter did not care to cultivate the acquaintance of the young girls at Sylvian Shore, a fashionable camp in the near vicinity of Comstock Inn.

"Were any of the camp girls on the lake this morning?" she asked, as Evelyn thought for a moment.

"Yvonne Longley and Betty Carlton and several of the older girls had canoes."

"And were you talking with them?" Alice went on.

"No, I just waved was all. Daddy and I were too busy angling to talk to anybody."

"But, my dear," her mother insisted, "you know I want you to be very friendly with all the camp girls. It will help you to establish a social standing in years to come. Living on Bromeley Street, as we are forced to, there is no chance for you to meet any of those west-side children."

"I don't want to meet them, mother. Haven't I got Mary Grayson and Margaret Meehan for my chums? Besides there are the Hawley twins down on the corner."

Alice sighed. Evelyn was just like John. And what did his mediocrity get for him? She had made so many attempts for him to meet influential people, but he was entirely satisfied with the few friends they had made, when

they established their modest home in the second ward.

She cast an appealing look at Alice, who seemed wholly unconscious of its meaning.

"Good-bye, mother, I'm going up in the corn field with Mrs. Comstock. She's promised us some for to-night."

It was late that evening, when John Meghley arrived at Comstock Inn. He sank wearily into a hickory chair on the porch, where Alice sat waiting for him.

"I've been so lonely to-day! This is certainly a dead place to spend a vacation! If Evelyn weren't so blissfully content, I don't believe I could tolerate it," she complained, only to add abruptly:

"What did Wilson want of you?"

"Perry Harmon is ill," John gave the crisp information. Very ill. He's got to take a leave of absence. The boss thinks I'll be able to take his place."

"Take Perry Harmon's place?" Alice's tone was incredulous.

John nodded.

Perry Harmon held an enviable position with the Morris Construction Works, where for years John Meghley had been an accountant.

"Will it mean Harmon's salary for you?" she questioned after a pause.

"Yes, until he's able to return to the office."

"Well, I don't think he'll ever return there. He's been in poor health for a long time. This is probably the end," she said emphatically. What is his salary?" She glanced in John's direction.

"It amounts to something like three hundred a week, I believe," he calculated.

Alice made no reply. Instead she looked dreamily into the summer night. Three hundred dollars a week! Why, that was a fortune, under whose weight the Meghley shabbiness would be soon crushed into oblivion.

"Of course," he informed her, "my vacation ends at once. I'll have to report for business to-morrow morning. But I'll be able to spend the week ends here with you and Evelyn."

"Week-ends nothing, John Meghley!" Alice's face beamed under cover of the night. "I'm going back to town with you!"

He answered in a surprised way: "But how about Evelyn? She'll be disappointed to leave Comstock Inn!"

"Oh, I'll make arrangements for her! I'll place her at Sylvian Shore for the remainder of the season. I've wanted her to have this opportunity since she was nine years old."

He leaned anxiously towards her: "Are you positive she'll be contented there?"

"Yes, very positive, dear. And the physical program will do her so much good. Think of how frail the child looks."

The following day, Evelyn Meghley became a new addition to the little colony of children at Sylvian Shore, and her mother returned to the city to open the Bromeley Street house.

John's duties at the office were laden with responsibility, and he came home each night worn and listless; but Alice seemed imbued with new energy over her pursuits. She went on numerous shopping trips, during which she indulged her manifold whims for clothes; she kept semi-weekly appointments with Madame Fenwilz, the well-known beauty specialist; and she cherished fond hopes of being admitted to the town's most select woman's club at its opening session in October.

"Does it seem possible that school will be opening within a month?" Alice tactfully remarked one night as they were at dinner.

"No; the summer has gone by in a jiffy," John agreed, "Oh, by the way," he happened to remember, "as I drove

past St. Catherine's this morning, I noticed that the painting job is all finished. The building certainly looks splendid!"

"And that reminds me," Alice smiled charmingly, "I don't hardly think Evelyn should return to St. Catherine's this fall."

John looked up from his dessert.

"What's the idea?"

"Well, I've been making some inquiries about Lady Jane Tribly's school on the Grand Boulevard. Do you know, John, that's a wonderful institution?"

"No, I know nothing whatever about it, but I do know, emphatically, that Evelyn belongs at St. Catherine's. Besides, we're only a block from the school. That other place is three miles from here."

"But St. Catherine's might not be so near, if we ever moved from Bromeley Street."

"If we ever moved?" he echoed incredulously.

She shook her head. "You see, I've casually asked some realtors about property on the west side. There's a beautiful house on Avon Lane. It's such an ideal location! That would be right across the avenue from Lady Jane Tribly's."

"Better go easy, Alice, when you think about leaving Bromeley Street," he advised. "This home is all paid for and our neighbors are true friends. I'll never forget the time our little Jack died, and old Mrs. Carlton sat at his crib all night, saying her beads. And that's only one instance of their loyalty."

"But, John, we have our daughter to consider. Parents should be ambitious for the future of the children—"

"By guiding them through childhood," he added pointedly. And the subject was abruptly dropped.

August brought intense heat, but Alice did not complain of the withering days in town, knowing that Evelyn was at Sylvian Shore. Each day the little

girl's letter told them of the camp activities, in which she was taking part.

Alice arose on the fifteenth of the month with a drowsy realization that it was a holyday and that John had left to attend an early Mass at St. Catherine's. By hurrying she reached the church for a late service. As it happened to be his half holiday at the office, they motored that afternoon to Sylvian Shore.

Evelyn spied the car as they entered the grounds, and rushed from the tennis court to greet them.

"Oh, I'm so glad you came! Something dreadful's happened to-day!" she began breathlessly.

"Well, if you've torn your riding habit, or—" Alice settled in a canvas porch chair to await Evelyn's reply.

"No, it's not about a riding habit. It's about the habits—here. I mean rules," the child corrected herself, and went on: "You see, each weekday we have to swim from six till six-thirty, then at seven we have to be in the dining-room, and at seven-thirty—well, anyway, on Sundays, Miss Poole, our councillor has the driver take me over to the little country church, but this morning she forgot—"

"And you missed Mass!" her father broke in.

"Yes, daddy, and I cried all the morning, when I remembered what day it was; and Miss Poole said it was a very simple thing to cry about. I kept thinking Sister Lorraine told us this was the only holyday except Sundays during our vacation."

"Old Bill Comstock would have taken her to Mass, had she been at the Inn." John stared accusingly at Alice.

All at once, Evelyn's blue eyes searched Alice's guilt-stricken face.

"Oh, mother, please let daddy take me home to-night!" she pleaded.

They drove home that night through a gathering storm, but at last they reached the little house on Bromeley

Street, where Evelyn went to sleep, confidently whispering the prayer Sister Lorraine had taught her to repeat in times of danger. Gradually streaks of lightning illuminated the sky and thunder rumbled with increasing volume.

Alice's indignation resembled the fury of the elements, as she faced John in the living room:

"And you never knew till this morning that Perry Harmon was coming back?" she exclaimed in response to his calm announcement:

He shook his head: "The cablegram didn't reach the office till eleven. He leaves Bermuda to-day, so improved in health that he can resume his duties as soon as he arrives."

"Then you'll be an accountant again at your old salary?" She faltered the question.

"Yes."

"Well," came the grim reply, "I suppose that's my life and I'll have to endure it, the same as one has to endure thunder and lightning." She closed her small ears against the deafening roar.

But to John Meghley, who sat buried in deep thought until well into the night, there had come a strange feeling of peace and security.

He recognized, in his meager, wage-earning ability, an anchor thrown out by God Himself,—an anchor, which would save Alice and their child from the heartaches and vain disappointments of the world.

MONKS, who wrote and translated books in the old monasteries, were in the habit of suspending their work when the name of God occurred. One of them is represented by Longfellow as saying:

I come again to the name of the Lord,
Ere I that awful name record,
That is spoken so lightly among men,
Let me pause a while and wipe my pen;
Free from blemish and spot must it be,
When it writes that word of mystery.

Father Tabb.

BY JOHN M. COONEY.

III.

"THE Forest," the birthplace of Father Tabb, had grown more lonely with the years. From it no other human habitation was in view. From the public road came very seldom either clack of wheel or telltale wraith of dust; for hours would pass during which not a single vehicle went by. In winter, when rains and thaws rendered the roads difficult, the loneliness of "The Forest" was greater still. Miss Hallie told, one spring, that, for three months of the winter, she had not seen a white face save that of her niece who dwelt with her in the house. Black faces were numerous enough, and black faces on "The Forest" were familiar and friendly, and some of them much beloved. A great devotion existed between Miss Hallie and "Ginny." William Thompson, who had come from elsewhere and who, after all, had only married "Ginny," undertook one Sunday, when a number of Negroes were gathered about the kitchen, to tell them boastfully of his "Missus," when he was promptly bidden by "Ginny": "Oh, hush, yo' mouf! *You* ain't got no Missus!" "Ginny," on the contrary, spent many an hour in Miss Hallie's room, sitting on a hassock at her mistress' feet;—Miss Hallie, sweet, kindly, brave invalid, and "Ginny," poor, puzzled victim of the dread tuberculosis. To Father Tabb, their devotion was a thing sacred and revered.

In Father Tabb's boyhood, this loneliness had not been. Pointing, one quiet Sunday, to the fence out by the public road, he said: "I have seen that entire fence lined like a hitching-rack, on Sundays, with the carriages of people who came here from church to dinner." This length of fence must have stretched a hundred yards. The church he had in

mind was the lonely little Episcopal church standing in its old, old graveyard about two miles away.

As this region had become lonely, so it had become poor. Old Joe, who thanked God for raising four bushels of wheat to the acre, could remember the day when he had raised forty. The impoverishment of the soil, Father Tabb said, followed the war. Much of the land then fell under such care as the Negroes gave it; and this, in general, was not the best. On "The Forest," for instance, one gullied field, washed to the hard, white clay, adjoined a barn-lot buried for years beneath fertilizing material, feet in depth. Of course, William Thompson's call to preach withdrew him sometimes from such common, if urgent, problems as soil fertility; and, of the variety of other calls that would not let William alone, a summons to scientific farming seems never to have been loudest or best heeded. Neighboring farms, it is true, were little better, if any; excepting, of course, those of the two "Yankees," who had come recently from Illinois, and, having sold their valuable prairie farms, were able to improve their cheaply bought land in Virginia. One of these "Yankees" must have been an enterprising and likable fellow, for he had impressed himself upon the social consciousness, so that he was widely known by name thereabouts, and was addressed as "Mr. Brewer."

"The Forest" is no more now. Part by part, the land was sold off; Miss Hallie followed her brother after a few years to her rest; the house was burned down, and only a few bricks from chimneys and foundation remain to indicate where it had stood. These are discoverable in a cornfield into which the oak-studded lawn was converted by the new owner. Should it not be remembered, though, that one faithful heart returned here year after year until the end?

In Maryland, Father Tabb dwelt amid

scenes of delight. About his college home, which was but a few miles beyond the pretty suburbs of Baltimore, was a rolling country of well-dressed fields and woodland and clear streams, which never lost its charm for him. For miles around, every highway and byway and meadow and running water was known to him. Now and again he found among his students a kindred spirit for his walks abroad; but, for the most part, he sallied forth alone. Two spots of beauty drew him oftenest: the "old mill" and Carroll's Manor, more properly called Doughoregan. At the old mill, mossy foundation walls embedded in a bank and canopied with trees, solitude, and the singing waters of Little Patuxent, spoke more to him than any but few human voices. When his sanctuary here had been desecrated in later years by the removal of the foundation stones for some practical purpose, he would never see the place again. He could have wept, too, when the ax was laid to some of the great trees in Doughoregan Manor wood.

This lovely manor home, although without a view of broad water as at Mount Vernon, and of the uplifted mountains as at Monticello, surpasses both of these in size and in age and in the incomparable mellowness of its beauty. It has not become, like these, a shrine. It is still the home of the Carrolls descended from the grandfather of the Signer through the Signer himself. Of the original ten thousand acres, nine hundred still remain; the chapel in the north wing—the house faces the east—still serves the neighborhood as a parish church, and is still the Carroll burial place; the farm is actively operated; the house, which is of yellow English brick and is trimmed in white, is well preserved and well kept up; and the grounds, especially the gardens to the rear, are genuinely lovely; formal in a gentle way, but mellowed by time and

stamped with tradition and family and the charm of home.

There are ancient trees, one an over-leaning catalpa, under which Washington sat with Carroll as his guest; fish-ponds in terraces escalating down a shallow valley, and mirror-like in the moonlight; and greenhouses that are riots of scent and form and color. Father Tabb loved the greenhouses, and the oppressiveness of their humid warmth was, even in summer, forgotten by him as he moved entrancedly about in their profusion of beauty. He said once that, if he were not a priest, he should like to be a gardener. But he was just as fond of trees, and thought that, had he been a pagan of old, he might have been a Druid.

Two miles or so south of Carroll's Manor stood the "Folly House," or "Carroll's Folly," a very fine mansion of stone built by one of the Carrolls, on Middle Patuxent, in a lone and dreary spot, and for this among other reasons called "The Folly." It stood long unoccupied; and Father Tabb, who was much impressed with Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher," loved to visit the abandoned and lonely mansion. It is not lonely now; it is a house of study for a religious community; and, as a good road to Washington now passes the gate, its erection may not have been utter folly after all, though "Folly" it will probably remain, since even the nearby cross-roads is known officially as Folly Corners.

Summer and winter, almost every day saw Father Tabb abroad, at least for an hour. He seemed always to know his mind as to where he would go, and he never merely rambled or loitered. True, he would stop to observe anything of interest or beauty, or to pass a pleasant word with an acquaintance, or, indeed, with anyone that struck his fancy. He always walked with an energetic step; and, though slightly stooped in the shoulders, with head up. He walked

eagerly, turning his toes in slightly, as is the way with many who have ridden much while young. These walks were more than exercises; they were sometimes pilgrimages, often inspirations.

No inconsiderable number of his poems "came to" him, as he expressed it, on these excursions, and more than one was written on the way. "Hush up, son!" he one day ordered a chattering companion; and, stepping ahead a few paces, with his pencil worked out his verse on the back of an old envelope. This writing on old envelopes is one of Father Tabb's noted idiosyncrasies, and astonishes and delights some of his biographers, although his preference for old pens might be considered as amusing a peculiarity. However or wherever written, his verses were copied into convenient and well-bound note-books of unruled, white linen paper.

Summer and winter, the face of nature charmed him, and seldom in his walk did it leave him unmoved. He crossed Little Patuxent one winter's day when a light snow had fallen; and passing up a hill in a pine wood, came upon a crow fluttering on the ground, the bird's wing being broken. He eagerly captured it, and then hurried back to the stream, and put the maimed creature out of its suffering by drowning it. This he did without a word, and was for a while afterward, though silent, considerably agitated. Then, one sunny day during early autumn, he stood on the brow of a hill, where he had come out of the woods, looked over the host of goldenrod that filled the valley, and climbed the slope beyond, whispering slowly the words of Tennyson's "Tears, Idle Tears," and at the end his own eyes were wet. Well?

In weather too inclement for "taking a turn," as he often called a walk, he would many times spend hours at the piano, playing almost continuously and without notes. He was much more than a fair performer. At one time, it seems,

music had been chosen by him as a career. He had had good instructors; and, although he was left in severe financial straits from consequences of the war, he had a friend, possibly a relative, who would have been glad to pay the expense of completing his study in Europe. His health would not permit travel, however, and by the time it had improved, he had changed his whole purpose in life.

Anyone who did not recognize Father Tabb's musical gifts did not really know Father Tabb. During his long illness, when he suffered from almost daily hemorrhages, and was thought by all to be nearing his end, he would arise from his sick-bed to attend an opera. On one such occasion, he related, a gentleman occupying the seat immediately in front of him, turned and said with severe dignity: "Would you mind, sir, removing your hands from my neck?" Only then Father Tabb realized that, in his absorption, he had sat forward in his seat, and had thrust the fingers of both hands down the gentleman's collar. His sensitiveness to tone must have been great. His sister told that, as a little boy, he would run out of doors at the first sound from the piano, and would not return to the house until the music had ceased.

Mathematics, on the contrary, were to Father Tabb a bugaboo. Although he admired those who were proficient in in this science, it amused him to tell of the difficulty he had had in keeping ahead of his students when once obliged to conduct a class in arithmetic. In poking fun at himself he used to say that he could always see how two and two make four, but could never understand how twice two makes anything but two. His dislike for mathematics was only relative and did not come from lack of ability, and it showed itself in his attitude toward any business. When "Copeland and Day" brought out his first "Poems," and had sent him contracts to examine and sign, he was content to hand them

to one of his students, saying: "Son, read them, and see if they are all right; they are almost meaningless to me."

When this first volume came out, it was received with great favor, and Father Tabb's mail brought him many letters from persons of whom he had never heard. A little girl in London set his Fern Song to music—it was, of course, amateurish and inexpressive,—and sent him a copy accompanied with a letter. She had immediately a gracious reply. But to a lady whose letter indicated another type of person and who had gushingly requested his autograph, he simply wrote: "Madam: Don't bother me." But, even in so writing, he signed the brief epistle and gave the unadmired correspondent her wish.

Father Tabb was too great a man and too great a poet to be other than sincere. Insincerity in others he could not endure. He was utterly unlike those professionally literary folk who keep their acquaintances uneasy with their endless striving for *bons mots*. These could not understand Father Tabb, and they have not understood him. Their soundings of his deep character and their portraits of his lovable personality are alike untrustworthy. After all, was a Roman senator only a bearded, silent man that sat motionless?

(The End)

The Bitter Word.

BY CHARLES BALLARD.

SPEAK not the rash word.
 Set it not adrift
 Through the years,
 Over the horizon's futile wall
 To the wild of stars,
 To the rim of space,
 And back to the centre,
 Like a spirit cursed,
 Unhallowed form,
 Restless, malignant—
 Speak not the bitter word:
 Give it not being!

St. Dymphna of Old Eire. Her Work To-day.

BY N. TOURNEUR.

HUMAN interest and the Saints seem as far apart as the poles, yet in juxtaposition they are so near as to be in contact. And not many of them have evoked such an outpour of year-long human interest as St. Dymphna of Old Eire. For more than a thousand years she has brought light and contentment to victims of the saddest of human afflictions. To-day, all-too few in her own country know of her, yet for almost countless generations her benignity has rendered a certain town in Belgium as an oasis of kindness and mercy. And now it comes that the foremost medical authorities in Europe and North America unhesitatingly give commendation to the treatment accorded to her votaries.

St. Dymphna? How many in Ireland can recall her story? Was she not the only daughter of a king of Irishry, and, being a Christian, did she not flee to escape the lustful persecutions of the pagans? She found a refuge in the marshy wilds of the Belgian Campine—a sparse and arid region then as now. Here she found a chapel erected to St. Martin, and surrounded by a few thatched houses. It was the beginning of Gheel. In time, however, her pagan father heard of her hiding place, and, coming hither, himself struck off her head because she was of The Faith. And, so tradition tells, some poor lunatics beholding this martyrdom close at hand, came to their senses—and, possibly enough, by reason of the shock.

They and their folk in rapture of gratitude attributed their recovery to the good offices of the young martyr. Thenceforth she became the patron of the un-sensed and witless.

Gheel lies apart, far away in the heart of the vast moorland that spreads through much of Northern Belgium into

much of Southern Holland. The Campine is a sparse region of peat and poor soil, meres, and great uncultivated stretches of waste. But, it is mark-worthy, the ancient town of Gheel is surrounded by gardens and orchards, well-tilled fields, and farmsteads, whose folk have in some instances occupied them for more than three hundred years. And this remote inland town is the town of the witless. Gheel—the home of mad folks. What ought to be particularly kept in mind is that, here, the inhabitants, reinforced by the Church, have, century after century, put into practice toward the insane that which our celebrated pundits on lunacy now advocate as the most humane and efficacious. That is, the application of Catholic ideals and Twentieth-Century medical methods in alleviation of the afflicted are much in one with each other. And that which the Church has done at Gheel began with St. Dymphna in the dim opening years of the Middle Ages.

Following on the miracles wrought at her death, the witless and insane were brought to her tomb in the thatched chapel of St. Martin, and more astounding recoveries took place. Occasionally the afflicted were left in the care of those living hard by the chapel. As generations went on this custom became established, and the hamlet became a village, and then a town with farms and small hamlets around it, and in time it grew into a commune or parish, with its mayor, policemen, and clerk. Early in the Twelfth Century St. Martin's was pulled down, and the church on being rebuilt was dedicated to the Irish Saint; and, two hundred years later, the Holy Father, Eugenius IV., gave his sanction to the now old custom regarding the keeping of the lunatics.

Forthwith a stream of patients and pilgrims set in toward this lonely spot, which, owing to its rather isolated surroundings, escaped much of the rapine and savagery of the wars that swept

the Low Countries at times. Thus has Gheel existed as a sanatorium for the bemused, consisting of a peaceful and happy community, in which, for centuries there has been practised with the insane, that which now our leading alienists at home and abroad unhesitatingly recommend as treatment. And at bottom it is no more than the mercifulness of the Universal Creed as set forth by the Holy Father.

Although to-day the State exercises supervision over the unfortunates, the clergy of St. Dymphna, until Napoleon with his code erected much of the social fabric of Belgium, were largely responsible for them. The Church has for centuries given special attention and has been more considerate toward the witless than any secular authorities no matter of what State. Thus it came that even in Mediæval times something of our modern treatment was obtaining at Gheel. The lunatic there had a foster-parent as now, and liberty of action, though subject to a gentle discipline. The folks of Gheel have a firm belief in St. Dymphna; and this faith, together with traits arising out of the interest transmitted from generation to generation, has endued them with an intimate and tender skill in dealing with the afflicted. Indeed, their experience has been utilized by eminent alienists on behalf of their particular country.

At Gheel—this town so famous in its own way and yet so little known to the public at large—the lunatics work in the open, and are allowed to move around in house, garden, field, farm and street. The foster-parent, or *père nourricier*, is usually as proud of the healthy and well-fed appearance of his boarder as of his own family. And there is complete confidence between the two—neither mistrust nor dislike between the insane and their keepers. There are certainly lunatics whose freedom and work have to be restricted for safety's sake.

The mercifulness of Gheel has been and

is extended to sufferers of all conditions, nationalities, and religions. It is the mercifulness of the Church of Christ.

And St. Dymphna? Little-known is this Irish saint in her own land, but in Gheel, the flags that pave her chapel declare her doings. The hard stones are hollowed out by the knees of the afflicted and their folk seeking her intercession.

When walking through the town with its pleasant white-washed houses and picturesque gardens, quaint town hall and most romantic churches, you see nothing out-of-the-way except that the people appear to be very, very gentle, yet firm. Then you realize that daft folk are numerous. On Sunday, the Mayor, and others attend St. Amand's. You, being Irish, and all the queer folk, turn into the ancient church of St. Dymphna.

With her, miracles never cease.

A Swift Punishment.

A story inscribed on a very ancient tablet which hangs near Our Lady's altar, in the parish church of Gesecke, in Westphalia, reads as follows: "In the year 1633, on the 29th of October, a Hessian musketeer, named Louis Ladel, after having uttered blasphemies against a statue of the Mother of God, which was placed in a niche, shot at it from a house in Helwig Street. He hit the statue on the left shoulder, but was seized with a frenzy that lasted for three days, during which time he cried out: 'Heal the woman!' and after three days gave up his soul in dreadful torments."

The statue afterwards was carried to the parish church, and placed over Our Lady's altar. In remembrance of this event, an annual religious feast is kept at Gesecke, which the people call "Mary Shot." The votive tablet concludes with these words: "And the shot can still be seen, whereby you must acknowledge the Almighty Power of God. Fear and love Him, and reverence His loving Mother."

A Professor's Heaven on Earth.

In the last dozen years one learned from certain American thinkers, among them, one of some eminence teaching at Harvard, and another at Columbia, that man was not merely past the stage of subservience to an over-world, but that he had well begun to find heaven on earth. Now a series of untoward events, following each other in quick succession, says that, if this is not the nether world, it is yet a very earthy heaven. The age of the art of acceptance, one of these professors had reported, was about to pass away, to yield to the age of the art of control. This teacher thought that man had put up long enough with nature as a divine gift that could not but be accepted, and that now he was to remake nature after his own pattern.

We might pass these philosophers by except for the fact that they were generally thought to be the first radical empiricists, the uncompromising observers of what nature and society, as a part of nature, do. Their report of the situation was interesting, and the only unsatisfactory element in it was that it was so contrary to what, as a matter of fact, was going on in society. Our American people are undoubtedly enterprising, they are given credit and they take credit for this status; but it begins at once to appear that there are matters which even an entire American society cannot control. The coal mining industry was the first major casualty, then we had sporadic threats such as the fruit parasite or the Mississippi flood. Then the farmers began to complain a little more persistently than is their habit, and if they have in a way ceased to murmur, it is only because they are weary of the uselessness of it. Now stocks crash, banks merge and go down in groups, industry is paralyzed.

We are very far from wishing to scold any political party or any individ-

ual for the present crisis; we only think the situation should be reported as indeed real, as out and out the fact. What our friends the professors had in mind was that this sort of condition could never occur again, because man had ceased to moon over buried gods, and was perfecting the instruments of control for the things of this world. We say, Good for man; it is his business, as having a mind, to control, first himself, then, so far as he can, his environment. For it is the way of man that he is not wholly made by the environment, but that he more or less makes his environment. Yet the phrase "more or less" is crucial. Man has his limits, and might as well make up his mind to work within them.

He spans the earth and the air with trade routes, for instance. But he is not at all sure that the people will have the wherewithal to trade when the roads and the engines are ready for action. Perhaps men never had made trade boom as did Europeans and Americans during the last quarter century; and then right into the heart of industry and commerce comes an ugly blight. Who knows? Maybe health will return in a year or a decade. But our point is that man is so helpless, so little wise, even in the field of his great present achievement. Empty or waste motion was the bugbear of any industrial plant that wanted to remain standing in a competitive world. Now the plant itself is idle, its labor supply is hungry and unemployed. The famous question is, How are we to take up the slack?

A world war would do it, for the five or ten years it might last. But who wants a world war? This is another of the diseases of humanity that we have not yet under satisfactory control. It is our duty to right affairs so far as we can, but it is also a part of wisdom to acknowledge that the heaven on this earth of ours has, and is ever likely to have, a purgatorial touch in it.

Notes and Remarks.

A distinguished French engineer, whose wife died a few years ago, has just been ordained a Franciscan priest at the age of sixty-two. A variety of inconveniences ordinarily prompts the Church to discourage the reception of such late recruits into the ranks of the priesthood; but occasionally, as in the present instance, some good reason justifies an exception. There are many other opportunities, however, for the middle aged, and even for those beyond it, to enter directly into the service of God. Our Religious Brotherhoods perform such a variety of services in the saving of souls as to offer opportunity for almost every talent. Frequently a middle-aged man brings such a wealth of experience and skill into the Community which he joins that he becomes a most welcome and valued addition. Religiously disposed men of that type will ordinarily find somewhere in the Church the opportunity to follow their belated vocations in a way that will bring great glory to their Master and an abiding peace to themselves.

Many of our missionaries in pagan lands, if they have not actually suffered the pangs of physical torture, have at least faced that prospect at some time or other in their heroic careers. Reverend Christopher Brooks, C. S. C., has just returned from India after going through the experience of having a tigress standing over him gnawing at his forearm. The intrepid missionary, who had gone to the rescue of a stricken native with only a spear in his hand, was rescued by two of his fellow religious who came up in time to send a bullet through the head of the infuriated animal. The interesting part of it all is that Father Brooks doesn't even mention his adventure unless he is asked, and then he described his exploit with so much modesty that he hardly stirs

the echo of an adjective in his whole narration. Father Brooks will go back to India again. He may meet two tigers the next time instead of one, and he may not even have a spear handy as he did on this occasion, but even that handicap will not stop him from making his presence felt if one of his black-skinned Christians is in danger. Such is the stuff of which our missionaries are made.

What we have come to know as Catholic literature, or the lack of it, is brought forcibly to mind by an article in one of the Catholic weeklies. It reports a "Catholic literature campaign" as in full swing in one of the dioceses where (as everywhere else) it is probably needed. This is said to be a drive for "uplifting and worthy" literature. Then, however, one notices that it simmers down to an effort to get subscriptions for the "official organ" of the diocese, a laudable business, one supposes, but far removed from the promotion of Catholic or other literature. We read that "a fine organization of young ladies who were ready to assist in anyway that they could was on hand on Saturday and again on Sunday." This is also laudable and very likely true. People are ready enough to serve, if they just knew what to do. May we object to giving the name of literature to journalism, and to a kind of journalism that is bad for the eyes and worse for the finer life that literature is supposed to help to nourish?

Care of the young has become a great study and major industry with us. It should be so, but the care of the old should not therefore be neglected. Nor are the young the only ones that need and make a great deal of opportunity. The *Central Verein* reports something that is more than a tentative experiment as a harbor for aged men and women. The people of Augsburg with

their Fuggerei and the Dutch perhaps a good deal more with their Hofje, have provided homes for poor old people, not gratis, as a rule, but for a reasonably small sum. These houses are maintained by churches or charitable organizations or even as private business ventures; they are small, just large enough for an old couple with no very expansive desires; they are in colonies, so that the inhabitants always have neighbors with whom they may meet on fairly even terms, and they are away from the turmoil of industry and the noise of playing children. Yet the old people are not made paupers; they do not live on alms, but pay a small rent. In fact, the lightness of the rent is one of the most interesting features of the system: it is reported that a room for a single resident may be had, all meals included, for one hundred and fifty dollars a year. This is astonishing to us, for we have been told, on good enough authority, that some houses in this country charge nearly as much as that a month for the decent upkeep of an old person. We hope it is not generally so, as at that rate it is terrible to grow old, and as the houses in question should no longer bear the name of "Christian" or "charitable."

Anyone who will watch the passing of the crowds on a public thoroughfare must be impressed by its spirit of hurry. It is in the speed of the gait of men and women; it flames in the eagerness of their eyes, in the gallop of their talk. One would not associate with that spirit, reflection, study, or the stubborn purpose that will delay to remove an obstacle rather than go around it. There is accurate observation, and just criticism, if it deserves criticism, of this attitude, in the remarks of Mr. M. E. Tracey in the *N. Y. Telegram*. We quote him from the *Catholic World*:

Without realizing it, without knowing where we are headed for and without caring very

much, we are on the go. Intellectually, we have contracted the joy-riding habit. The thing that interests us most is motion, whether backward or forward. The thing we find it hardest to endure is fixity of purpose. Even going in the same direction for any length of time wearies us. Say what you will, but there is no other explanation for the curious somersaults we have turned, whether in style, social conventions or foreign policy.

One believes that the way to get around a mountain is to pray it away, and he is sure that whatever Hoover and Legge gods there be are at work these days reducing, not the acreage, but the rural product. This is direct action; however, the farmers will perhaps not greatly love those who give them cool and measured advice about a cut in acreage just when a blast from the southwest, with never a drop of rain, makes an effective cut in the harvest. Nor is this the first untimely thing Mr. Hoover has attempted. Some one of his friends suggests that he is likely to survive as the most unfortunate engineer that ever donned the prophet's mantle. He appoints on his wet committee a select group of men and women, and wet sentiment blows up from every corner of the nation; he appoints a representative lot for rural relief, and the rural situation goes from very bad to very much worse; he repeatedly prophesies fair weather in business, and each time the financial barometer registers by announcing a severe storm and continued distress. At any rate, the farmer may well be indifferent toward a plan to cut the acreage in two, as this does not seem to be the way around the mountain. What he needs is a bigger income. If the American farmer cuts a crop from three million bushels to two million, and gets only a corresponding rise in price, his income is the same and remains inadequate; his only possible benefit lies in such case in the lower cost of producing and handling the smaller

crop. The present recommendation is like asking a school to cut its enrollment from three thousand to two thousand students, but to charge more in order to make more; the financial gain would be only in a reduced cost of maintenance. And what then about the empty buildings? It would not be so intolerable if one were not asked to pay interest and taxes on them. What the farmer really seeks is a market, however and wherever this may be secured.

The *Catholic News* (Port-of-Spain) gives currency to this remarkable letter from a correspondent about an American sailor:

Last Saturday I had occasion to be in the Cathedral during the afternoon; the mission for the women of the parish had been preached during the week, and every confessional was besieged by them. Except for myself there was not a single other man in the sacred edifice. Suddenly a handsome young sailor rolled into the church through the southern entrance, genuflected at the high altar and looked around as if making up his mind to do something. Straightway, he made for one of the boxes, and dived into it. Father Maat was, I believe, presiding there. A few minutes elapsed and the sailor swaggered out as he had gone in, genuflected once more at the high altar; and at the holy water basin at the same southern door he blessed himself, knelt on both knees for a few moments, and disappeared into the street. . . . Honestly, I had never before fully realized what a manly thing confession could be until I saw that Catholic (I am tempted to write Irish) American sailor make his confession; and it must be remembered that the naval squadron had arrived in port only that day.

The newspapers have been carrying headlines to the effect that the South has come back to the organization, and that all is now well with the Democratic party. We do not know about that! Thousands of voters all over the coun-

try are not going to forget for a long time the venomous hatred towards everything Catholic shown by the Democratic voters of certain Southern States during the last Presidential election. On the other hand those same voters, if they have their wits about them, will not be driven into the Republican party, which has been even more anti-Catholic and on a much wider front. The Republican party hasn't shown any particular tendency toward mellowness either in entrusting its management to the gentleman named Fess. If Catholics would only refuse to be herded, if they would not allow themselves to be stampeded by cheap political tricks, they could pound a lot of respect into those who make every form of bigotry a means of getting votes. Our Catholics would do well to refuse to ally themselves to either of our major political organizations, neither of which has shown itself worthy of that kind of loyalty. Let them make an individual case out of each candidate, placing their votes in favor of the more conscientious and better-fitted applicant irrespective of his lodge pin or his religious affiliations. If our people would follow that procedure consistently, conscientiously, and intelligently, our united approval of responsible and conscientious office seekers would soon rid us of the professional political organizer who is generally in the business solely and entirely for his own selfish interests.

It is a coincidence that just when President Hoover names a new bureau to study the making of better American homes, the redoubtable Mr. Mcken, veteran theorizer against homes and Americans and presidents, takes unto himself an American bride and is reported as a practitioner of all the arts of hearth and home. This is the strongest appeal or, let us say, bid that Mr. Hoover has yet made, this movement

for better homes, even though they are to be given away on the installment plan. This drive strikes the note most likely to reach and please all ears. In spite of what theorists have said or wild young persons have done about marriage as an experiment and divorce as a result, about freedom and about maintenance in an hotel, it remains a fact that ninety-nine and one-half per cent of us are still in practice for the home. And now the strong and sufficient Mr. Mencken, who names home and love and marriage the refuge of the weak, as a suppliant for comfort grows wise when he is full half a hundred years old. Really, the only proper man to perform the ceremony for the hater of all the "booboisie" is the chosen leader of the same.

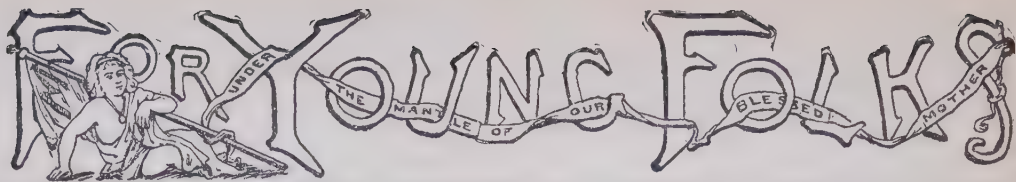
The Catholic might very well reflect on what a distinguished thing he does when he goes to church on Sunday. It is true that Catholics on every side of the world do just the same, but in America, at any rate, a Catholic has two or three neighbors who do not go to church for any one that does. Then his own services are so plebeian and so noble, so old and so new and durable, so human and so divine; they mean man and God working together at close range; however inadequate the preacher or the tax-gatherer, behold there is more than a preacher or tax-gatherer here. The Catholic also comes not as an experimenter, but in faith that the results are guaranteed. He is not religiously free to come or stay at home, for it is a good thing for men to worship God and an exceedingly good thing for them to worship God as a group or a common body, and on a common day. Then if he is a very real Catholic, he tries to see that his holidays do not include a "holiday" or two of missing Mass on Sunday. He looks out for places and times when he can go to church. As some one fore-

warns him: "Don't be a Catholic ostrich and stick your head in the ground, expecting some one to hit you with a pew." We repeat, that the Catholic, on vacation or at home, has, in going to church, a natural distinction, as well as a supernatural one, that cannot be matched on Sunday or any day of the week.

Indisputable is the fact (it is becoming more and more firmly established) that the Holy Scriptures were very widely read in the Middle Ages. In the religious houses especially, which are supposed to have been abodes of ignorance and superstition, the Bible was read continuously throughout the year. An abbot of Cluny, describing the order of study in that great monastery, says: "During the nights of Lent we read the exposition of St. Augustine on the Psalms; during which reading a Brother goes about with a lantern to see that no one perchance sleeps." Even the novices were required to learn the New Testament by heart; and they were obliged to devote half an hour every day to the study of it.

A writer in the *Nation* laments the decay of culture in America with the increase of our wealth and the speed that modern science has given to the activities of our lives. "We are the victims," he writes, "of wealth illy digested, which is unmaning us physically, ethically and morally. We wallow in luxuries and insane living. The simple life as an Emerson or Walt Whitman or Thoreau knew it is a lost art. . . . We are Don Quixotes, who imagine we can cure our social evils by idiotic thrusts (laws) which infringe upon individual liberty."

The lives of Emerson and Thoreau would be good "news" in these days, but they would have few followers or admirers among the hurrying multitudes of our time.



Fairy Tents.

BY A. P. C.

I DID not like the spiders very well,
Till Mother woke me up one day at dawn,
And took me in the garden just to tell
How the dainty webs were woven on the lawn.

On tips of grass the shining threads were caught,
And in and out the tiny weavers pass.
She said, "Nothing so delicately wrought
As a new spider's web upon the grass!"

No child could weave so wonderful a tent.
In a few hours God must have taught them how!

I know what patient work each bright web meant;

And I admire the little spiders now!

The Blossoming Thorn.

BY BLANCHE J. THOMPSON.

V.—IN WHICH SHIRLEY LEAVES LONDON
AND FEEDS UPON CLOTTED CREAM.

"SOME day," remarked Shirley, "I am going to spend a whole year in London. Don't you just hate to leave, Aunt Molly?"

"I do indeed," replied that lady from the depths of a suitcase into which she was vainly trying to cram twice as many things as it would hold.

"Goodness gracious, Aunt Molly, you can't possibly get one more thing into that suitcase!" protested Shirley. Then woefully she went on, "Mine's even worse. Why *do* we buy so many things?"

"Well," said Aunt Molly, "who, I ask you, could resist fur-lined kid gloves at ten shillings, for instance? Why, that's only about two dollars and a half."

"And I *did* think that this darling little umbrella would fit in my suitcase, but its half an inch too long. Now I shall have to carry two umbrellas everywhere I go."

"People will certainly think you are a pessimist," muttered Aunt Molly as with knitted brow she tried to solve her own problems.

A letter had come from the twins that very morning. They expatiated upon the wonderful greenness of the Irish country-side and the various other charms which they intimated were waiting almost on tiptoe for Shirley to come.

"It will be fun, won't it, to see them again?" Shirley was just saying when the taxi arrived.

It was an eight-hour journey to Lynmouth in Devonshire where they were to stay only for a day or two. Eight hours on an English train, they found quite a different thing from the same period of time in our own comfortable parlor coaches. How they did long for a movable chair, for an aisle in which to walk about and stretch their legs, but most of all for the omnipresent ice-water tank of the American coaches.

From the train they could see the spire of Salisbury cathedral. Shirley did wish that they could have gone there to see the old Druid remains at Stonehenge near Salisbury, but time and railway connections did not permit, so she made a note on her list of places she meant to see some other time. Other fascinating names flashed by—Axminster ("Rugs!" thought Shirley); Honiton—"Lace!" said Aunt Molly).

At the little town of Barnstaple, there was a wait of nearly two hours, so Aunt Molly and Shirley gladly got off and walked around a bit. "To the Pottery,"

said a sign, so they decided that they would walk in that direction, and glad indeed they were that they had done so.

The pottery was a fascinating place, and the workmen were most courteous and obliging. Shirley saw a real potter's wheel in operation, saw the shapeless lump of clay take shape under the potter's sensitive thumb as he kept the wheel moving with his foot, and saw how the designs were cut in the damp clay before it was fired in the huge ovens. Long rows of finished vessels stood about, no two alike, in every lovely color, shape and design. In spite of the overloaded suitcases they felt that they must have one tiny little souvenir each, so Shirley bought a charming little blue bowl with a design of tiny flowers, and Aunt Molly chose a small, slender candlestick. (It was broken long before she reached home, but she didn't know that then and was quite happy.)

"One more thing for my list of books to read again," said Shirley. "I shall enjoy the 'Rubaiyat' ever so much more after seeing this."

At four o'clock they reached Lynmouth which nestled down along the shore while its twin sister Lynton perched high above the sea. A curious little funicular railway connected the two. Shirley said later that she felt just like the old oaken bucket as she was drawn up those steep, green mossy rocks to Lynton. The air was damp and the breeze had a tang of the sea, but the hotel was most comfortable and the travellers were soon ready to explore.

They walked down the narrow, quaint old street into the village, which seemed almost to be asleep, lying lazily in its rocky cradle. They saw Shelley's cottage which seemed designed to foster any possible poetic tendencies, and stopped at a demure little inn to have tea with the famous Devonshire clotted cream. They found it delicious and quite indescribable. Only in Devon is this cream made, and Shirley vowed that she would eat

enough to last her for three months. Aunt Molly wrote something in her notebook.

"What are you writing, Aunt Molly?"

"Look up address of doctor," read Aunt Molly from the little book. Shirley giggled.

"I promise to stop just this side of the need for a doctor," she said.

As they walked home, they were charmed by the multitude of finches—chaffinches, goldfinches and bulfinches.

And the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England now;

murmured Aunt Molly. "The finches seem so truly English, don't they? We shall sleep well to-night, my dear."

And sleep well they did to the music of the great waves breaking in white foam on the black rocks below their windows. There was nothing flat about the Devonshire country. Stiff climbing met them everywhere. They tramped about all the morning enjoying the brisk air, the bird songs and the gay flowers which grew in such profusion everywhere.

"It is no wonder that they call Devon the garden spot of England," remarked Aunt Molly. "We really must see more than is possible just by walking. Let's hire a motor this afternoon and explore a bit. They tell me at the inn that we are right near the Doone country."

"Not Lorna Doone herself!" exclaimed Shirley excitedly. "Oh, Aunt Molly, you do think of the duckiest things to do!"

After luncheon they started forth in fine feather. As they rode through the moors the scenery became wild and rugged and the winds buffeted the car as if they resented their intrusion upon their bleak domain.

"You must read some of Thomas Hardy's books, Shirley," said Aunt Molly. "After this experience you will understand them much better than you could possibly do otherwise."

"I have already read 'The Return of the Native,'" replied Shirley; "and Aunt

Molly, look, do look!" Shirley broke off in great excitement. "See the red sheep! Do you remember the reddleman in 'The Return of the Native?' Do you remember how his clothes were all red and the sheep too, from the soil? Isn't this thrilling?"

They were to experience more thrills in the course of the afternoon. The lanes were sometimes so narrow that the car touched the hedges on either side and so steep that it seemed beyond human power to drive on them, but somehow they always pulled through miraculously, although Aunt Molly declared that she should never draw a full breath again. A terrific rainstorm began to beat upon them suddenly, although the sun was shining brilliantly. Great waves of rain assailed the car, and Shirley and Aunt Molly put up their umbrella inside to eke out the insufficient side curtains.

"It's a lucky thing that we never stir out without our raincoats and umbrellas," shouted Shirley, as well as she could above the roar of the storm. "It's too bad that I didn't bring both of mine."

They stopped at a little hamlet called Malmsmead, and splashed through the dripping courtyard to an old farmhouse. Pigs and chickens, wet and muddy, roamed in and out the open door or rested clucking and squealing under the table where they sat down for tea.

"It looks just like the Mad Hatter's tea party," said Shirley eyeing the long table laid for a number of people, with soiled dishes at many places. Evidently this was a paradise for "trippers." Nevertheless they thoroughly enjoyed the delicious clotted cream with berries and the home-made bread which Aunt Molly said was the best thing in England. They could always make a good meal on bread and tea and preserved fruits when fried sole and stringy mutton palled.

Their chauffeur pointed out the Doone

Valley and the farmhouse at the top of a steep hill. Shirley and Aunt Molly started to walk up, but as the lane grew narrower, steeper and muddier they felt less ambitious. A perspiring tripper on his way back reported that there was little to see in return for so long or uncomfortable a walk, so they contented themselves with viewing the romantic old place from afar. They picked their way through the mud to their own car where they found the thoroughly unthrilled chauffeur improving his time by taking a cat-nap. He was quite ready to go, and on the way back pointed out Brendon church where Lorna Doone was married and afterwards shot. He also showed them the ancient stone wall between the shires of Somerset and Devon, and then stopped his car excitedly.

"Royal Stags!" he exclaimed. "Got any glasses?"

Aunt Molly hurriedly fished hers out of her bag. They all peered in turn through the glasses and saw the graceful and stately animals, with their wide-spreading antlers, standing on the rocky hillside near the wood.

"Great luck!" said the chauffeur. "Mighty rare, those fellows! I know one chap who's been coming here every year for twenty years for a glimpse of them, and he's never seen one yet."

Shirley and Aunt Molly were overwhelmed at their marvellous good fortune, while snatches of old hunting songs began to seethe in their brains.

Waken lords and ladies gay,
began Aunt Molly, but Shirley cut in with

My heart's in the hielands, my heart is not here;

My heart's in the hielands achasing the deer.
When Shirley paused for breath, Aunt Molly began again:

The stag at eve had drunk his fill.

It was at this point that the driver looked around at them so curiously that they both laughed and gave up the contest.

"I suppose he thinks we're crazy," whispered Shirley.

That night in a little shop on the village street, she bought a tiny brass Dartmoor pixie for a souvenir, being solemnly assured by the shop keeper that the broad moors were fairly swarming with pixies. Aunt Molly bought a little Clovelly donkey, whose mission in life was to act as a paper cutter. They were to go to Clovelly on the morrow, but she did not know until later how much that little brass donkey would mean to her.

"Funny," remarked Shirley next morning, as they made preparations for the trip. "I never knew how to pronounce this word. I was surprised to find the accent on the second syllable, weren't you?"

"It's a delightful sounding word," said Aunt Molly, "and it's a place I've always longed to visit. I think we shall have an adventurous day."

The three grim, grey women who are said to weave the threads of destiny, must have relaxed their grimness and chuckled at that statement.

At ten o'clock, they began a wild drive over steep hills, through hair-breadth passes with a drop sometimes of eight hundred feet. They had thought the ride over the moors to the Doone Valley bad enough, but it paled into insignificance beside this one. It happened to be a market day, and often they were halted in the narrow lanes by droves of pigs and cattle being driven to market, whereupon they moved at a snail's pace until the animals turned up a side lane. Sheep dogs barked and leaped at their charges, and country squires in gaiters rode their stout cobs in a most leisurely manner, affording the visitors an intimate glimpse of English rural life.

When they were told that they had reached Clovelly at last, they naturally looked for the village. Apparently it had fallen into the sea, for all that was

visible was a cluster of houses perched on a jutting rock. The village, they discovered after leaning gingerly over to investigate, consists of a single street which clings precariously to the steep side of the cliff. If one wishes to go down to the sea which lies at the foot of the narrow, winding street in which each house stands at a lower level than its neighbor, he has no choice but to walk, and he will not soon forget the experience.

Shirley and Aunt Molly started down not without misgivings. The street is but a few feet wide (there are no sidewalks) and paved with the wettest, slipperiest cobblestones it had yet been their ill fortune to encounter. Having miraculously reached the bottom, Aunt Molly declared her intention of spending her declining years at the Red Lion Inn there at the foot rather than attempt the ascent to civilization again.

It appeared, however, that this would not be necessary. There were donkeys. Aunt Molly gazed upon the array of four-footed "lifts," and almost declined their assistance. Shirley, however, refreshed by the tea which they had consumed in the den of the Red Lion, picked out her animal and loudly urged Aunt Molly to follow. Now Aunt Molly was not exactly attired for riding astride which seemed the popular, nay, the only method. She wore a black frock embroidered in various pastel shades and a blue top coat brightened by narrow bands of gold braid. In addition, she was enveloped in one of those raincoats intended to liven up a dull day—a changeable effect shifting from blue to lavender and return (Shirley's was green). She carried moreover, being now pessimistic with regard to English weather, a blue umbrella, and in her neat Boston bag were her rubbers. Thus accoutred, she bestrode her unwilling steed.

"My word!" lamented Shirley, who was long of limb, "they will think this

donkey has six legs, when they see us coming."

Aunt Molly had no time for reply. At first she felt charitable toward the donkey—doubtless he did not purposely kneel on every other level, nearly sending her over his head each time. She pretended not to hear the truly dreadful things the boy was saying as he pushed and prodded from the rear, but she did feel distinctly indignant when, at a slight widening of the congested street, where a merry party of tourists had lined up their donkeys and assumed their happiest expressions preparatory to having their picture taken, they charged rudely into the very heart of things, upsetting camera, photographer and several equilibriums.

She did not dare to look back at the wreckage, indeed she could not for her erratic beast was now engaged in nipping the shoulder of a kindly old gentleman who had been gazing innocently at some postcards in a shop window. They leaped frantically on to the top of the hill, cheered vociferously by interested spectators who had managed to keep out of harm's way, and there Shirley, exhausted from laughing, helped Aunt Molly to dismount.

"Did I prophesy an adventurous day?" asked Aunt Molly when she could get her breath. "Well, at any rate," she continued philosophically as she gazed at the combined gorgeousness of their raiment,—“at any rate, we have added much to the picturesqueness of Clovelly this day."

(To be continued.)

The Flowers' Mission.

As in the wood I walked one day
 When light the shadow chases,
 The flowers along my lonely way
 Stand thick in truant spaces.
 "O tell me why your loneliness
 These forest byways graces?"
 They nodded back, "We grow to bless,
 And fill up empty spaces."

A Just King.

There is a story of a Persian King, who went hunting with several of his attendants. Among these was one who had recently been honored with the responsible position of courtier. He, being sent into a near-by town for certain provisions, returned with all that was required, yet the King over-hearing a chance remark of his, suspected a wrong had been committed. Upon investigation, the King discovered that this attendant had taken what was needed in the adjoining town, but did not pay for it, merely remarking, "This is for the King." Whereupon the latter decided to teach this follower a well-deserved lesson. When the day arrived for the payment of the courtiers, the King, in their presence, pointing to the offending attendant and taking his salary from him, said: "This is for the King."

The other courtiers looked at the King with amazement, for never before had he been aught but kind and just. Yet most surprised of all was he from whom the money had been taken. Noticing the intense looks of astonishment, the King, first walking away a few paces, as if leaving them to think over what had been said and done, turned quickly and said:

"It is not just to take what belongs to another and say merely, 'This is for the King.' I must always be just even to a detail, setting an example to my subjects. Poor people are happy, if the King is mindful of their welfare, never oppressing them, and even paying them liberally for the things they sell. Moreover, the rich must have an honest King. For me to be just, each one of my courtiers must be just." So saying, he returned the salary to the attendant from whom he had taken it. Then he added: "Go into the adjoining town and pay each debt twice from the royal treasury."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

4.—The Paulist Press has just issued two worth-while pamphlets under the titles "Why Be Moral?" by Rev. George Johnson, Ph. D., and "St. Thomas Aquinas," by a Dominican Father. The first is a presentation of the common-sense reasons back of the practice of Christian morality; the second is a short and very readable life of the great Doctor. Both pamphlets are nicely adapted in content and presentation to the lay mind for which they are intended.

—There is no saint whose life was more human in its frailty and more heroic in its repentance than was St. Augustine's. His biography is interestingly written by Katherine F. Mullany and published by Frederick Pustet under the title, "Augustine of Hippo." This great Father and Doctor of the Church, who fought so successfully the heretics of his day, had the longest and hardest battle with his own passions; but his victory, by the aid of grace, was the birthday of a love of God and His Son which grew more intense as the years passed, and made the man of flesh almost seraphic in the holy ardor of his charity. This will be helpful and quite delightful reading for the clergy and the laity. Price, \$1.75.

—A Religious of the Holy Child Jesus selects the principal saints of the Church year and writes an account of each in, "A Hundred Saints." Some notable names are missing: most of the Apostles, St. Joseph, St. Polycarp, St. John Chrysostom, etc.; and several Blessed are included: Thomas More, Bishop Fisher, and Imelda Lambertini. Those that are chosen have an average space of three pages, though the length assigned varies from nine pages to as low as one. Nevertheless, the main facts are stated concisely, and traditional stories used with effect. History and legend are not blended in such a way as to confuse the reader and make him wonder whether or not he is seeing facts or fiction. The author notes with nice discernment what is history, legend,

or pious revelation. As a result, each saint is pictured in a human, very often inspiring, and always in an interesting manner. Publisher, Herder. Price, \$2.

—The focalizing of youthful ambitions through the actual presentation of near-at-home successes is the purpose of a handy volume published by the Calvert Text-Book Co., of Baltimore, Maryland. This particular book is made up of over a hundred biographies of Maryland men and women who have made successes in almost every imaginable vocation. Naturally there is plenty of romance in the various careers unfolded, and occasionally a touch of adventure also to stir the imaginations of youthful readers. The high type of character presented, the prominence given to conscientious effort as an element of success, the wealth of opportunity uncovered, and the actual presence of so many of these successes in the every-day affairs of the community, should make of this book a stimulating influence upon the lives of the boys and girls of the State of Maryland.

—"Blessed Imelda Lambertini, Virgin of the Dominican Order," by Renée Zeller, though primarily intended for children, should be instructive and interesting for grown-ups. It records in an appealing way the life of this innocent and pious child, who at a very early age freely left her home to enter a convent, where she was most faithful to the rules of the community, and even performed penances which normally should be considered above a child's age. Her love for the Holy Eucharist was most intense, yet, because of her tender years and the custom of those days, she was delayed in making her First Communion, which finally she received in a miraculous manner, dying from the joy thereof. These facts are authenticated; some details are supplied as the preface notes, by the author's "devout and historic imagination." Publisher, Herder. Price, 90c.

—"St. Vincent de Paul," by Paul Renaudon, translated by Cecil Kerr, is the record of a

gentle soul, whose gracious charity has won for him the love of the world and especially of the poor. To be in his company through these pages is to catch the sweetness of his disposition, in truth the very heart of him; for we can follow with understanding and appreciation his growth from ordinary goodness to sanctity. Moreover, we can see that he followed uncertain paths in finding his life's work, for even some years after his ordination he had not settled to the happy task of serving God through his fellowmen. Fortunately, he was timid enough to want advice and wise enough to use it; having received direction, he began his apostolate,—the care of the needy, and particularly, the poor. Subsequent events proved that he had talent for organization, for he was a sympathetic and tactful leader with prudent self-reliance and ceaseless energy. No wonder that his own work for the betterment of mankind was so blessed, and no wonder the organizations he founded have carried on the work so successfully. Publisher, Herder. Price, \$1. net.

—"Catherine de Gardeville," by Bertha Radford Sutton, is a novel not merely Catholic in theme and spirit, but in fact. Something in Catherine's soul has been stirred by reading, and what seems to be a vain attraction to a French name, de Gardeville, is in reality the beginning of a search for the Faith which belonged to her by birth and which should have been hers through training and practice. There are tremendous obstacles to be overcome in that religious quest, however, particularly the obstinate opposition of a worldly mother whose hatred of Catholicism urges her to force Catherine, if possible, into an unprincipled social whirl. Catherine's fineness of soul, however, the choice company of a friend of her father's and her own acquired Catholic friends, eventually lead her to her First Communion and the faithful practice of the Faith. Some of the foregoing chapters possess charm and a few have real beauty, but those that follow have true dramatic action and portrayal of character. The struggle to retain her Faith and the resulting persecution, the clearing of her father's name (seemingly he had died an apostate), the bringing of an

understanding of religion to her crippled mother,—all unite to create a climax and ending that are strong and interesting. Publisher, Macmillan Co. Price, \$2.

—Professor John Cooney, whose article on Father Tabb is concluded in this issue of THE AVE MARIA, wrote the subjoined poem on the occasion of the death of his beloved poet-priest:

Thou'rt gone! No more thy steps shall be
Along the beauteous paths they trod
By glowing height and dim, low sea,—
Then, through the darkness, home to God.

O soldier with no heart for war!
Man-minded friend with heart of child;
O Poet, loved of stream and star!
O priest, amid God's creatures, mild!

The belching guns flung thee no fears;
Through night all dawnless thou couldst sing.
Ah, eyes, that welled with pity's tears
O'er one lone raven's broken wing!

Full many a morn shall mourn for thee,
And many a night sink sadly down,
And noonday haunt thy walks to see
If, ah, too truly, thou art flown.

There is a vale where waters meet;
They sang, confiding, to thine ear;
Now idly, idly they repeat
The mystic word none else may hear.

And in the dim, still chapel aisle,
Do guardian spirits wait for thee,
And think of thy bowed head, the while
Thy soul looked to eternity?

Great soul! A greater world's for thee
Than this thou heldst a paradise;
But we who loved thee humanly
May not yet dry our weeping eyes.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Sister Mary Gerard, Sisters of St. Dominic;
Sister Mary Ernest, Sisters of Nazareth.

Mr. John Maurice Callen, Mrs. Mary Tillman, Mr. Paul Byrne, Mrs. Catherine E. Snyder, Mrs. Mary T. O'Connor, Mrs. Mary Quinn, Mr. Charles Picard, Miss Elizabeth Tully, Mr. Joseph Dickman, Mr. Charles Lowe, Mrs. J. C. Miller, Mrs. Mary P. Harvey, Miss Kathleen Deady, Mr. John Collons, Mr. Timothy Horgan, Mrs. Elizabeth Morrow, Mrs. Caroline Reeve, Mr. John Saunders, and Mr. John Lynch.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (*300 days' indulgence.*)

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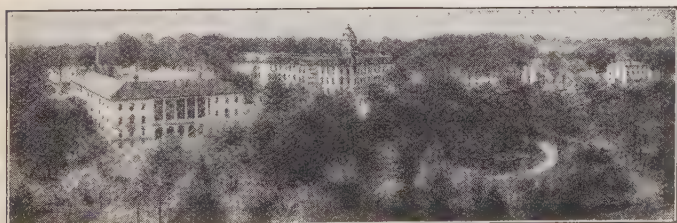
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
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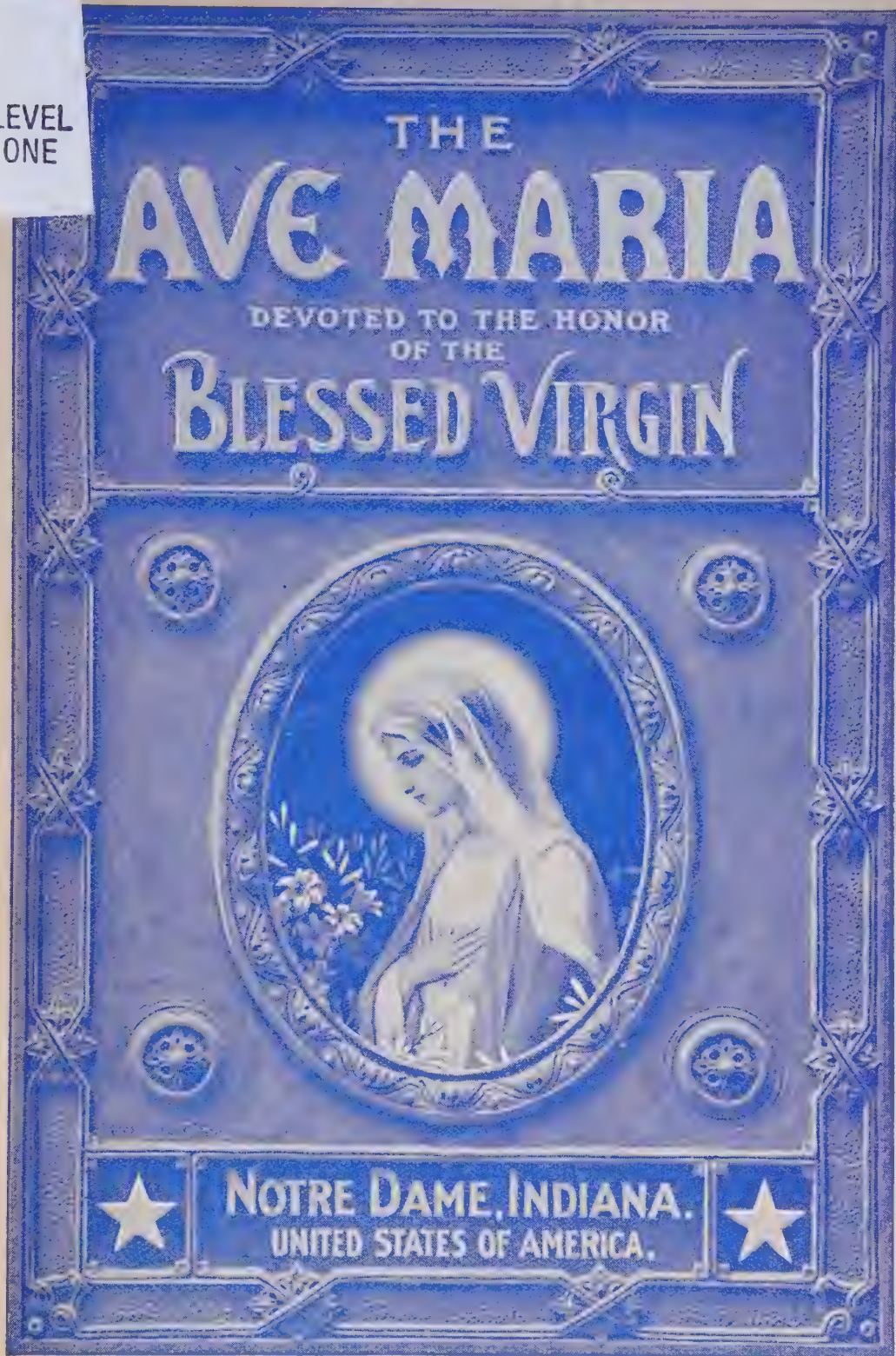
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 23.—St. Philip Benizi, C.

SUNDAY, 24.—ELEVENTH AFTER PENTECOST. St. Bartholomew, Ap.

MONDAY, 25.—St. Louis, K. C.

TUESDAY, 26.—St. Zephyrinus, P. M.

WEDNESDAY, 27.—St. Joseph Calasanctius, C.
THURSDAY, 28.—St. Augustine, B. C. D. St. Hermes, M.

FRIDAY, 29.—Beheading of St. John the Baptist. St. Sabina, M.

SATURDAY, 30.—St. Rose, of Lima, V.

MIXED MARRIAGES

Catholic pastors and parents and teachers have as one of their obligations the duty of warning young men and women against the dangers which their inexperienced eyes cannot easily see. One of the most threatening of those dangers is the mixed marriage. With all due regard for the many fine non-Catholics who have contributed to the happiness of such marriages in individual cases, the Church knows from long experience that grave dangers hover around even the most promising of such unions. A very eminent churchman, the Rt. Rev. Mgr. A. A. Labing, LL. D., has presented the real situation in a kind but firm and easily understandable way in "Mixed Marriages, Their Origin and Their Results." Instead of attempting to "preach" to the young folks and thereby offend them, let this wise and experienced prelate talk to them through this little pamphlet.

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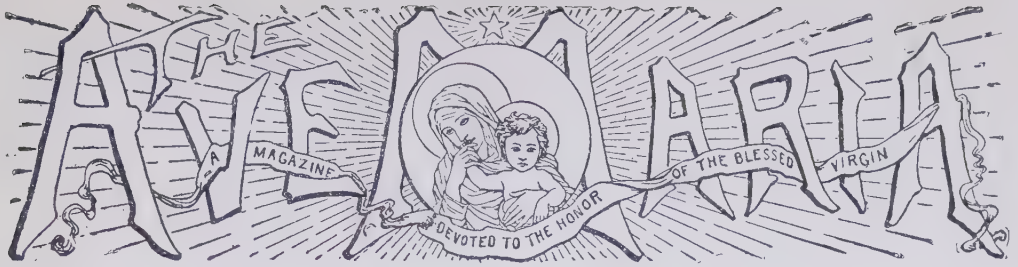
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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED, ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

Vol. XXXII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 23, 1930.

No. 8.

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Versions.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

THE hill brook sings the same song over,
The age-old tunes of the restless rover—

So one may think who never guesses
Why great dawns call, why twilight blesses.

The hill brook shouts when spring rejoices;
He leads the choir of summer voices.

When crimson, gold, the hills are glowing,
He sings farewell to the thrushes going—

A wistful song whose accents linger
Long after winter stills the singer.

His themes from life no one can sever:
Of the dreams of men he sings forever!

A Carthusian Rose.

BY MARY JANET SCOTT.

ATHER FABER has counted it one of the most heroic austerities of the Order of St. Bruno that its members have voluntarily placed themselves outside the pale of canonization, their perpetual silence making it well-nigh impossible for Holy Church to obtain knowledge of their sanctity. Grateful, therefore, are we when sometimes the mysterious veil is lifted, and we are allowed a glimpse of the rare beauty of the flowers that grow in that silent, cloistered garden.

In the warm, sunny corner of Southern France that lies midway between the bustling, busy commercial world of

Marseilles and Toulon, and the pleasure-loving towns of Fréjus, Cannes and Nice, the little town of Les Arcs seems to have slept on much as it was when, on January 27, 1263, the inhabitants were called upon to rejoice that a little girl had been born to the Chatelaine in the old castle that dominated the town.

Before the birth of the child the Lady Sybille was praying in her oratory, and begging of God to take under His special protection the little being He had confided to her keeping. Falling into an ecstasy, she saw herself bringing into the world a rose of wondrous beauty, without one single thorn. As she looked on it, a mysterious voice told her that this new flower would spread over the whole country a marvellous perfume that would never fade away.

Consequent on her mother's vision, the babe received the name of Roseline at her baptism. The childhood of the little girl was spent in the Castle of Les Arcs; and several brothers and sisters were sent to her by God to share her somewhat austere and rough bringing up that was then the lot of the children even of such great and powerful nobles as the Counts de Villeneuve. Roseline's father spent much of his time at the Court of Aix and at Naples with Charles I. of Anjou, who was his kinsman, and whom he served loyally as Grand-master of the Royal Household. Unfortunately, Arnold's relationship with the king led him into the wish to outshine even his majesty in the brilliancy of his retinue and style of living,

and he ended in seriously compromising the fortunes of his family.

At all times life in the mansion, that was in reality a fortress, was primitive to a degree that we moderns can hardly realize.

In winter, when the cold winds swept down the valleys of Argens and Nartuby, the children must often have suffered bitterly. The huge wood fire lighted in the great hall filled it with smoke but little heat; and it was not till many years later that the French learned from the Italians not only the art of decoration, but of furnishing their houses with some degree of comfort.

The religious training of her children was the chief preoccupation of the Countess Sybille; and when her little girl was seven she prepared her for her First Communion, and the Bishop of Fréjus, Mgr. d'Albussiac came to confirm her. During the ceremony he and all the assistants were amazed to see a bright aureole surrounding the head of the child.

Each morning after hearing Mass in the chapel of the Castle, Roseline went to the apartments upstairs reserved for the use of the children. Here she was taught religion and science by the chaplain, while a governess gave her lessons in poetry, literature and singing.

In the evenings Roseline learned to spin and weave and sew, besides the work so dearly loved by all ladies of that period, the art of making the tapestry which is the wonder of the world. In the evenings, also, she was allowed to look over the beautifully illuminated manuscripts which the library of the castle contained, and from them she gained her love for and skill in illuminating, which served her so well in her monastic life. Supper and long night prayers brought to a close the somewhat monotonous and dull, but peaceful and restful days.

Sorrow is never far from those whom

God calls to follow Him closely, and when scarcely twelve years old Roseline lost her beloved young mother. The child suffered so severely from the shock of her loss that she had what we should now call a nervous breakdown, and was sent to stay for some months with her cousins, the Count and Countess de Sabran; from here she went to the Convent of St. Clare at Avignon where her cousin Gerarde de Sabran was Prioress. The peace and quiet of the convent and the kindness of the nuns helped to soothe the child; and the sight of their happiness in spite of the austerity and hardness of their lives, gave her the first definite ideas of consecrating herself entirely to God.

But Avignon now became the scene of fierce fights, and Arnold de Villeneuve recalled his daughter home, where she again took up her interrupted studies. She now added to her other accomplishments the study of medicine and painting.

The Count de Villeneuve had bought from the Benedictines the monastery of Celle-Roubaud, and given it to the Carthusianesses, in order that his sister, Diana de Villeneuve, might be near the Chateau of Arcs, so that he could visit her more frequently than at Bertaud. It was, therefore, but natural that Roseline, who dearly loved her aunt, should be attracted to enter the same Order.

She often went to visit the holy Prioress, whose monastery was scarcely two miles from the Castle, and became more and more enchanted with the life there; and at length obtained leave from her father to stay for a few days with her aunt. At that period the Order of St. Bruno did not possess enclosure, and the young girl was able to live amongst the nuns, seeing at close quarters their happiness and fervor in the service of God.

The peace and tranquillity of the monastery were in violent contrast to the turbulent times in which Roseline lived,

and hard as the life appeared, it offered guarantees of happiness that she could never hope for in the world, even in such a pious and well regulated family as that of the De Villeneuves. Count Arnold was justly beloved by his vassals, for he did not share the ideas of absolutism and tyranny so prevalent in his day. Perhaps the excesses of cruelty and barbarity of his master, Charles of Anjou, had opened his eyes. After the death of that prince, in 1285, he returned to Les Arcs, and spent his time in working for the good of his estates and vassals.

In many of the pictures of the saint she is represented with her mantle full of roses, for the same legend is told of her as of St. Elizabeth of Portugal. When the servants complained to the Count that his daughter was too generous in her alms, he asked to see what she was carrying out of the Castle, but when she opened her mantle only a shower of roses fell upon the pavement.

With all her piety, and in spite of her conviction that God called her to the religious life, Roseline thoroughly enjoyed life; and at this period, when she was just reaching womanhood, admiration and praise were very dear to her. She loved to shine before her father's guests, and as long as nothing was said or done that could in any way offend modesty, she was the life and soul of all the entertainments at the Castle.

The Count now thought that the moment had come for his daughter to marry, and decided that she should become the wife of her cousin, the Count de Vence, the great seneschal of Provence. While the father was making his plans, Roseline, profiting of the visit of the Carthusian Prior of Montrieux, confided to him the state of her mind with regard to her vocation. Dom Bruno was of the same opinion as her aunt, the holy Prioress Jeanne, and offered to speak to the Count. It was a real grief to Arnold, but he was too good a Cath-

olic to hesitate long, and the Prior was soon able to inform Roseline that she was free to follow the call of God.

Roseline went to Celle-Roubaud, but her aunt advised her to enter the monastery of Bertaud in Dauphiné. The climate was harsher than Arcs, the monastery almost lost in a bleak valley of the Alps. Here Diana de Villeneuve had made her own novitiate and become Sister Jeanne. One treasure the monastery of Bertaud possessed, a splendid library, a rarity in those days; and the holy Prioress thought that there her niece could study at leisure the books that would help her to enter into the mind and spirit of the Order.

Bertaud was a long journey from Arcs in those primitive days, and one that a young girl could not undertake without a strong escort. Roseline therefore waited in patience, and for many weeks led a life of piety and fervor, begging Our Lord to show her the way to the Monastery that had now become the one desire of her heart. She settled as far as she could the future of her young sisters, and arranged a marriage between Urania and the Count de Vence, thus making up to her father for the disappointment she had caused him in refusing that brilliant alliance. The girl's heart failed many times at the thought of leaving her dear ones and the old Castle and enchanting country where her whole life had been spent; but happily a solution came to the affair sooner than anyone could have hoped for.

II.

Jocelyn, Bishop of Orange, was returning from a pilgrimage to Rome accompanied by a large suite, and asked hospitality at the Castle of Arcs on his way home. His reputation for virtue and wisdom were well known. Count Arnold asked him to conduct Roseline to her new home.

The journey was made as usual in those days by short stops, and Roseline

had ample opportunity for seeing the country through which they passed, the changes in which were a fitting illustration of the change in life that she was about to make. Gradually the cavalcade left behind them the brilliant coloring and soft, mild air of the sunny South, and the further north they rode the colder and grimmer became the aspect. At Aix, the Prince of Salerno welcomed his young cousin and the Bishop, and here she met James d'Euse, who was, later on as Bishop of Fréjus and then as Pope John XXII., to be the great protector of her and her Order. From the episcopal town of Orange, the Bishop sent Roseline to the Convent of St. Andrew-de-Ramières, where she was to make her postulate.

Here God already wished to show His predilection for this fervent soul. One day when it was her duty to prepare the dinner for the community, she fell into an ecstasy, from which she was aroused by the clanging of the great dinner bell. She fell on her knees at the refectory door to accuse herself of her negligence and to beg the Sisters to delay entering, when looking through the door she saw the tables laid and the dinner served. Several of the Sisters had seen angels busy in the refectory, and this miracle is represented on the *chasse* which contains the eyes of the saint at Celle-Roubaud. From St. Andrew's, Roseline went to Bertaud to finish her novitiate.

If the country round Orange had presented a great contrast to her native land, Roseline must indeed have found it hard to accustom herself to the gloomy, rugged mountain land in which the Monastery of Bertaud is almost isolated. Bare rocks with but scant and dwarfed vegetation surrounded the monastery, that was at all times exposed to the incursions of brigands or the surrounding nobles. The cold was intense when the novice arrived, and the almost

continual rain that falls at Bertaud was now changed into snow and ice. Roseline's heart sank; her soul felt as frozen as her body, and it was some time ere she could master her feelings. But grace triumphed, and she resolutely set to work at the attainment of her desire—to become a professed daughter of St. Bruno.

The Carthusian nuns do not, like their brethren, live in separate little houses, but in ordinary cells, which are furnished with the utmost simplicity: a straw bed and woollen coverlets, a *prie-dieu*, a crucifix, a small table and writing materials, a stool, a shelf on which stands a lantern to light them to the midnight Office, a work basket and a few indispensable articles complete their not lengthy inventory. Near the door is a turn in which their linen, etc., is placed by the *vestiarius*, for no one may enter the cell of a Carthusianess.

The nuns are allowed eight hours for sleep, and of the remaining sixteen hours, eleven are devoted to prayer and meditation, and five to manual labor, recreation and meals. Of the eleven hours devoted to prayer, the conventual prayer in choir accounts for three, four hours are devoted to solitary prayer in the cell and four hours to meditation. The lay sisters have less prayer and more work, except on Sundays and holydays.

The life is hard, and the Carthusianesses observe continual abstinence, but St. Bruno was opposed to any excessive austerities and macerations. He thought that no one should shorten the lives that were God's own gift, but keep their health in such wise as to be able to serve the Lord usefully and fully. The nuns are subject to the Prior general and the general chapter, and are served by two Fathers who live outside their enclosure with a lay brother.

Such was the life Roseline had em-

braced, and when the two years of her novitiate had expired she was admitted to make her profession. For five years she lived on at Bertaud, her leisure hours being employed in copying and illuminating books and folios of music, and her manual work consisted chiefly in gardening.

Notwithstanding her spirit of detachment and the complete conquest she had gained over her feelings, she could not but rejoice when the Prioress informed her that she was to be sent back to Celle-Roubaud. Sorrow mingled with her joy as she said good-bye to her Sisters and holy Superior, for they were very dear to her.

Very different scenes greeted Roseline as she once more entered the southern convent and knelt to receive her aunt's blessing. Roses clustered over the doorway and cloister arches. The blue sky against which the tender green of the trees lay, the singing of the birds and the sight of the vineyards and corn-fields made a veritable picture of fairy-land to eyes grown accustomed to the bleak mountain tops, the glaciers and the drizzling rain of the north.

Although Roseline was professed, she had still to receive her consecration as a "deaconess," according to the tradition of her Order, which has preserved the primitive benediction of deaconesses of the early Church. The Carthusianesses must be twenty-five years old before they are admitted to the consecration, and Roseline had to wait three years after her return south, till 1288.

The ceremony is very solemn and quaint. The Bishop and his assistants begin Mass. After the Epistle he goes to the door of the nuns' choir, which is open, and allows the aspirants to be seen with *unlighted* candles in their hands. The Archdeacon presents the candidates to the Bishop, saying, "Most Reverend Father, the Church prays you to receive as spouses these chaste vir-

gins prepared for the mystic espousals."

The Bishop, representing Our Lord, says: "I consent! but I can accept only spouses without stain." The Archdeacon replies: "They are as wholly pure as the infirmity of our nature permits." The Bishop then says, "Come, come to me." The Virgins rise and sing, "We follow thee, we follow thee," then kneel again. Three times the Bishop invites them to come, and this part of the ceremony is called the pursuit by the Divine Lover. The Sisters then sit down and listen to the exhortation of the Bishop.

The Litanies ended, the Bishop gives the benediction of espousals to each of the Sisters in turn, and they sing the *Veni Creator*. The ring, veil, crown, stole, maniple, crucifix and breviary are then blessed for each one.

At the *Offertory* of the Mass Roseline and her companions advanced, and offering their candles to the Bishop, kissed his ring. After consecration the deaconesses have the right each day to sing the Epistle at their conventual Mass, but they wear the maniple only on the day of their consecration. In the absence of a priest they can sing the Gospel at Matins, and then they wear the stole. For eleven years after her consecration, Roseline acted as assistant to her aunt, the Prioress, who was now advanced in years. During all this time she was a living rule for all her Sisters.

It was in 1298 that Pope Boniface VIII., seeing the dangers to which the convents of nuns were exposed, decreed the law of enclosure for all religious women. It was a measure hard to flesh and blood, but Roseline worked with all the ardor of her strong nature to see the commands of His Holiness carried out in all details, whilst at the same time she soothed and consoled the Sisters who were less valiant than herself in accepting such a drastic change in their mode of life, and one for which they were wholly unprepared.

In 1300, Roseline was chosen Prioress in place of her venerable aunt, Jeanne de Villeneuve, whose great age prevented her from discharging the duties of that office. Her term of superiority was marked by many signal blessings from God. Not the least were the privileges and favors conferred on her and her Order by her former friend, James d'Euse, now Pope John XXII.

Two years before her death the saint asked to be freed from her burden of office, and when her wish had been granted, turned her attention solely to the things of God, and prepared for death.

In January, 1329, she heard the voice of her Beloved calling her to her eternal repose. Sending for her niece, Margaret, who was one of the religious, she confided to her that the end was near. Then she called all the Sisters around her, and after embracing them, exhorted them to persevere in fervor and charity.

Amidst her great sufferings she was calm and joyous, consoling those near her who were weeping. With great joy she received the last Sacraments and the special "blessing" the Pope sent her from Avignon. During the night her niece heard the dying nun whisper, "Good-bye, my Sister, I am going to my Creator," and the cell became illuminated with a celestial light, in the midst of which the young Margaret saw St. Bruno, St. Hugh of Grenoble and St. Hugh of Lincoln, each bearing a thurible. Then she saw Our Lady bearing the Divine Child, who ordered the three saints to incense the cell. The smoke of the incense formed a wondrous halo of light and perfume round the dying religious.

The demon tried to force his way through the halo to disturb the saint by accusing her of all her faults, but Our Lady ordered him to say in truth what he knew of her life, and he could but proclaim her sanctity, notwithstanding his reluctance; he was then forced to

leave the cell. One only fault could he mention of the holy nun's entire life, "Once she had slept all the afternoon."

As the demon fled, Margaret heard the Mother of God say to the saints, "Lead this chaste spouse to the celestial nuptial chamber." Raising her eyes, the young girl saw no longer the vision, but her aunt, who, with radiant face, stretched out her arms towards Heaven, and then without a sigh lay back on her poor bed, dead. She was sixty-six years old.

When at the cries of Margaret the Sisters all ran to the cell, the saint lay as if in ecstasy, her eyes full of light and joy, her face rosy and joyous, all her limbs flexible as those of a child.

For three days hundreds of pilgrims came to see the holy remains through the convent grille; and when the body was laid to rest in the little enclosed cemetery, miracles still continued to be worked at her intercession.

Political events that followed caused the suppression of the monastery of Celle-Roubaud, and the body of St. Roseline was hidden, and later on no trace could be found of it, until God Himself wished again to honor His servant.

One day while a priest was saying Mass at Celle-Roubaud, at the moment of the Elevation a blind man cried out, "This is the place where the body of the Blessed Roseline lies," and pointing to a spot on the ground, he said, "I see it there." As he said these words he recovered his sight.

The body was in truth found incorrupt, and placed in a gilt reliquary in the sanctuary. The relics were several times translated, but at present repose in a magnificent shrine in the choir of Celle-Roubaud. The saint looks as if she were asleep. The skin has darkened and the flesh dried up, but otherwise she is as the day she died. Devotion to this holy daughter of St. Bruno has never waned in Provence, and she is one of the great glories of her religious

family. Though the monastery she loved so dearly and where her relics remain is no longer a religious house, but has become the property of lay folks, they are, happily, Catholics, knowing how to appreciate the treasure confided to their care.

The feast of St. Roseline is kept on October 16.

The Living Voice.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

XXXIV.

THE mellow rays of sunlight were striking aslant on the well-polished, bevelled panels which covered the walls of the room where Simon slept. It was late afternoon. He had drawn back all the bed-curtains as was his habit, and now, lying on his back with his hands clasped under his head he could look out of the open lattice without raising himself.

He could see the clipped peacocks surmounting the yew hedge, the topmost blossoms of the roses in the garden it enclosed, and beyond, the rising ground of the park, set with old lichened thorns and tall elms, heavy in their midsummer foliage. Sheep clustered together in the shade, and cattle were passing, single file with switching tails, on their way to cool themselves in the river. The home coverts surrounded the park except at the brink of the hill, where there was a hint of yellowing corn fields. Somewhere out of sight a fountain plashed, and pigeons were cooing on the hot stone tiles of the stable roofs. A peaceful English scene this! Yet even here, surrounded by honest tenants and friendly neighbors, Master Giffard went in terror of his life; and only by constant absences from home was he able to keep his house and life itself in precarious security.

Earlier in the day Simon had stood looking out of the dormer window of

the priest's little room. His eyes had roamed away from woodland to woodland, and Father Huddleston had told him that the county was thinly populated. There were but few gentlemen's estates, and farms were scattered. The flatter land towards the Severn was the great cider country where men lived on the profit of their orchards.

Saturday passed peacefully enough; and on Sunday, Bradshaigh heard Mass with the Penderels and the three boy scholars in the sunny attic room. Simon had scarcely fallen asleep that night when he was roused by William Penderel's hand upon his shoulder. He sat up, blinking at the home-made candle set upon the table.

"I thought it best to disturb you, young Sir, for my brother has just brought in news." He dropped his voice mysteriously. "The King himself is at Gatacre Park, not nine miles distant. 'Tis Master Humphrey Elliot's house."

Simon pondered. Above all things he desired to protect Lord Derby's good name. He was scarcely fit to get on a horse; yet might not the jealous courtiers find some grounds for reproach if he delayed to go to the King?

"You are right, good William. My lord must hasten to join his Majesty. But he cannot appear in such guise! What can we do for armor? He must at least have a hauberk and cuirass."

"I took the liberty of showing my master's old harness to Mr. Paul—Colonel Giffard grew over stout for it and had a new one made to take the field with the King. But sure he would wish all he has to be at the service of the great Earl."

"Will it fit, think you? And can you find me a sword, good friend?" asked Simon eagerly.

He was standing now, clad only in coarse shirt and long, white flannel riding-stocks: Penderel glarced appreciatively at the tall, athletic figure. His master would certainly wish to see this

noble party well provided. He had consulted with Father Huddleston, whose opinion coincided with his own.

Lord Derby was not asleep; he was sitting up in bed, propped against his pillows, with his pocket psalter in his hand, when Simon presented himself to tell his news. He made a sign for silence until he had read to the end of the page.

"Now, Simon," he said, closing the book at last, "what tidings?"

"My lord!" cried Bradshaigh breathlessly, "we are close to the King."

At that moment the memory of the swarthy, teasing, spoiled boy at Whitehall was swept from his mind. Young King Charles, the son of a murdered father—the gallant youth who trusted his life unflinchingly to a handful of his faithful subjects, seemed altogether another being, and one whom he would gladly die for. Was he not the hope of England, the champion of the oppressed, a young man of his own age, who had come sailing from overseas to recapture his Kingdom?

"Help me to rise, Simon," cried James, in tones subdued by a kindred emotion. "My King! My sainted Master's son! I must not waste an hour until I kiss his hand!"

The French valet was presently laboring in an agony of haste, altering the straps of Master Giffard's old breastplate, which shone from honest William's scouring, knotting a white scarf across it, and replacing in the borrowed beaver a worn feather by one newly curled. When all was finished, my lord drew out his sparkling Order, and with awkward movements of his wounded arm, adjusted it upon his breast.

"Oh, my lord—" began Simon dubiously.

"Give me the cloak!" interrupted Derby. "That will cover it while we ride. My sword, Simon! Nay, I will not stoop to disguise. I ride armed, as an Earl should, to meet my King."

There was a moon, the night was still and peaceful, and while Simon stood waiting with the horses before the shallow, curved steps leading to the hall door, he was conscious of woodland fragrances of moss and fern, mingling with the sweet breath from Mistress Giffard's lavender hedges.

Lord Derby came out presently, walking heavily and leaning upon Moreau's arm. Mistress Penderel followed, bearing a stirrup cup, and loudly lamenting his lordship's departure with his wounds yet green. The Penderel brothers with their plump, farm cobs, were prepared to act as escort.

The little party reached their destination soon after one o'clock. Richard Penderel rode ahead to warn the sentries to whom he was known, but Derby murmured to Simon as they passed through the park, that his Majesty seemed but slenderly guarded. Late as it was there were lights burning in one of the lower rooms, and as they went past, someone moved the curtain, and flung open a window. Simon had a sudden vision of the interior, gleaming out in sharp contrast to the soft dimness of the night.

Innumerable guttering candles flared upon the long oak dining table at one end of which four men sat at cards. One glanced up, it seemed to Simon that their eyes met. It was a tall man, with a dark, swarthy face and tufted eyebrows—a young face which had yet no youthful freshness, a humorous, cruel, careless face with its hooked nose and curling lip. The man was dressed in white, and held a wine glass in one hand.

Simon stifled an exclamation. Lord Derby had seen nothing and when a few moments later, they were ushered into the very room, the King rose courteously to greet them. He stood, with the gracious dignity which sat so well upon him, beside a table loaded with maps and plans. No cards were to be

seen and no wine, and though his Majesty's face was hotly flushed, his enunciation was clear, and his gait perfectly steady as he advanced a few paces to greet his well-beloved cousin.

Lord Derby had flung aside his cloak and hastened forward, the Order blazing at his breast, to throw himself at the feet of his King.

Charles II. thought he had out-distanced Cromwell, but once again the terrible puritan commander was to triumph by the speed with which he was able to move large numbers of perfectly disciplined troops. The Cavaliers seemed incapable of learning that dash and personal courage is no match for discipline and generalship, though it may gain a momentary advantage. The royal army was loosely encamped, the roads were full of stragglers and small bodies of recruits wandering about in search of the King's headquarters. There was no General on Charles' staff who had had any experience in handling masses of troops—there was no strategist. The King had about him many gallant gentlemen who ruined their fortunes and lost their lives for his sake. None of them felt responsible for more than their own contingent of men, none of them were clearly aware what the others were doing.

On September the third, Cromwell came up with the young King who instantly gave battle. By evening the same day, the royal forces were utterly shattered; all Charles' high hopes were fallen; many of his best supporters dead, and he himself a fugitive, not knowing where to lay his head.

Through all the varying fortunes of the day, Lord Derby had never lost sight of his sovereign. And now as they fled from the battlefield, his sweating grey horse followed in close proximity to the King's black charger. The French valet had disappeared in the *mêlée*, but Simon still followed. His

horse had been killed, and he himself was lamed by a sword-thrust through the thigh, and was riding a horse which he had caught running loose. His wound was not serious but exceedingly painful; he had bound it up roughly with his scarf.

"We are done—we must run like rats!" cried the King over his shoulder, spurring his exhausted steed. "Come on—I have no mind to be captured by that canaille!"

He had been in the fore front of the fighting all day, no one could have shown greater bravery, but now he was poignantly aware of his danger.

"Halt, my lord, we must think what to do!" cried Simon.

The horsemen drew rein in the shelter of a group of trees, and took stock of each other. The King was pale, his face all streaked with dust and perspiration, his deep-set black eyes darted apprehensive glances in every direction, his thin, nervous hand played feverishly with the rein.

"I think, my good friends, we are too few to give battle and too many for safety," he observed. "We had best split up into two parties. Come! I am in your hands, gentlemen. What am I to do?"

"My lord," whispered Simon, "here is Colonel Giffard, under whose roof we sheltered at Boscobel. Do you return with him thither. You will be safe there, my dear lord."

"The King's life is at stake, Simon," returned Derby rebukingly. He turned in his saddle and took off his tattered beaver with a ceremonious bow as if they had all the time in the world.

"Your servant, Master Giffard. I pray you excuse me that I—"

"Lord Derby," interrupted the King, "I cannot wait here—what are we to do?"

"I humbly suggest, Sire, that you should repair to the house of my benefactor, Colonel Giffard. Boscobel lies

deep in the woods and is most solitary."

"I have another house nearer here," exclaimed Giffard. "Whiteladies is but twenty miles off; my cousin, Mistress Cotton, resides there. But your Majesty is right—we had best move in smaller parties."

"Buckingham and Wilmot stay with me," ordered Charles. "My Lord Derby, we count upon your company. Colonel Roscarrock, you too had best stay with us."

"With your consent Sire, Lauderdale and I will endeavor to rejoin Leslie's horse," said Lord Talbot.

"You had best lie for the night in some honest house and rest your horses," cried Giffard. "Here is John Penderel who will guide you. Shall I lead on, my liege?"

"Aye, do!" returned Charles gloomily.

"And you, Simon? Colonel Giffard, my young friend here is sore struck," said Derby. "Can you find some place where he can take refuge and be tended?"

"No, no, my lord! I follow you!" cried Simon impetuously. "I'll not leave you and the King till I see you safe at Boscobel. 'Tis but a flesh wound."

He straightened himself in the saddle and quickened his horse's pace, though every movement sent darts of fiery pain from heel to groin. Lord Derby kept a watchful eye upon him, torn between his allegiance to his King and his affection for his young friend.

The dust of the recent battle hung like a cloud between the fugitives and the grey old town, five or six miles away. The Cathedral tower looked out above it, set in a little green oasis of tall elms. The river Severn gleamed silvery, winding between the corn fields and the base of the hill on which Worcester is built.

"I do not like being hemmed in by the river," said Buckingham. "The West country was ever for the King. If we can gather the Scotch troops again—"

The King interrupted with a French

oath: "Gather them again—'twould be easier to gather thistle seed scattered in the wind! I am broke, *mes amis*—il n'y a plus de roi!"

"As long as you live, Sire, we have our King!" cried Derby, his voice vibrating with fervor.

Charles looked round with raillery in his eyes, but he thought better of it, and choked back the mocking words which rose all too easily to his lips. Derby was not one of his intimates; one glance at the white face, framed in masses of tangled hair, the eyes, hollowed with exhaustion, flaming with feverish exaltation, was enough for the quick-witted Stuart. He must be regal even in defeat and flight. With a gesture at once frank and dignified, he extended his long, bony hand: it was stained with powder and dust, but Derby kissed it devoutly.

In the small hours of the morning, Whiteladies was reached and the King refreshed with food and wine.

Simon hobbled upstairs and beckoned Lord Derby into the passage.

"Two of the gallant Penderel brothers are here," he said, "and they bring sore news. The rebels are setting guards at all the bridges. His Majesty must endeavor to cross the river by one of the fords lower down no later than to-morrow."

"And meanwhile he must be hid at Boscobel," returned Derby. "I will leave him there, for I know I am a marked man." He pronounced the last words with a certain melancholy pride, adding presently: "Ah, Simon, if we were but in the blessed Isle of Man!"

"Alas, my lord, Cromwell and his victorious army lie between us and it!" said Simon. "But what think you, Sir? Would it not be best for his Majesty to trust himself to the care of the Penderels? They are honest to a man, good Catholics every one, and there are six of them, all living hereabout. The King would be safer with them than in any of

the noble houses where he will certainly be sought for."

Lord Derby hesitated, but the practical good sense of the suggestion carried the day. "I will go speak of it to his Majesty," he said, and returned to the little white-panelled parlor, where the King still sat, half asleep over his wine.

A few moments later Simon was ordered to call Richard and William Penderel. The yeomen had no idea of the exalted quality of the refugees, and merely considered them as fellow officers of the great Lord Derby. Some loyal wood-cutters had just brought news that Cromwell's cavalry was scouring the country in strong parties, and Whiteladies might be approached at any moment.

Simon hobbled upstairs with his friends, led them past Lord Wilmot who guarded the first door, through the little ante-chamber to the inner parlor.

They stood shy and square-shouldered gazing at the company, when Lord Derby came forward, and, addressing William as his faithful protector, led him forward by the hand.

"This is the King," he said simply, when they stood before the tall, raw-boned, ugly boy. "Thou must take care of him and preserve him as thou didst me."

Half an hour later Charles Stuart, with his hair cropped, disguised as a day-laborer and accompanied only by the Penderels, left the house by a back door.

(To be continued.)

Thanksgiving.

BY EDITH CHERRINGTON.

THIS day, that marks the harvest of the year,
 To us is lent
 That we may show our thankfulness with cheer,
 And our content
 With feasts and larger hospitality;
 To share the good
 Of every blessing God has caused to be
 Through brotherhood.

Children of a Privy Councillor.

BY SOPHIE MAUDE.

II.

MY two elder sisters were out, my eldest brother had left Oxford, and already received his commission in the army. My second brother in the Navy was in the Indies; all the others, except my little brother only eight years old, were at Eton. The Swiss governess was still with us, for my sisters must perfect themselves in French. Teresa and I did our English lessons with a very clever and accomplished governess, but who was only a short time with us. So I fell into the hands of Miss B——, who, alas, could not bear children, especially the sort of child I was; but in spite of this, I was very happy with Teresa, whom I loved dearly, and who always smoothed away the difficulties between the governess and myself.

But while all seemed smiling around us, a storm was coming into our lives. My sisters were much admired during the London season. Queen Victoria showed an ever-increasing regard for both my parents. It was then that my eldest sister Lucy developed a bad cough, at first scarcely noticeable amidst the strenuous life of gaiety she was leading; but when winter came it became plain that her lungs were affected. Lucy's characteristic was mortification itself. When we were in the country she made herself my father's inseparable companion in his long walks across the fields, and would come back soaking wet. My mother was anxious, but my father thought nothing of it; he had Spartan ideas as regarded his daughters. While wishing his girls to be gracious and feminine, he insisted on their enduring fatigue and all the intemperance of the seasons. We were never allowed to complain of food or anything else; never cry out in danger or show the slightest fear. A good novitiate for

later on in life, and I have, a hundred times, thanked God for this energetic bringing up. Alas, my father pushed this hard training a little too far, and he knew it when it was too late. But I must not say "Alas" for the result was the turning-point in the road that led us to the true Faith.

Often in the coming years, Lucy, a Catholic, thanked our Divine Lord because He made of her a victim to draw us into His Fold. It was, however, a terrible blow for my father and mother. They consulted the best doctors, and all were agreed that she must not pass another winter in England. Nice was decided upon for six months; they thought that Lucy would recruit her health in that time, but six months became seventeen years. She never got quite well. Man proposes, God disposes. My parents could not reconcile themselves to be parted from their children, so, with the exception of my two eldest brothers, there followed the transmigration of the entire family abroad, a tutor for the boys, a governess for the girls, nurses, lady's maids and men servants.

October 23d we passed La Manche, then, as no railways yet existed, we posted across France, four horses and postilions to each of our three carriages. We, children, were wildly excited at the novelty of the sight. The postilions with hundreds of buttons on their little jackets, their long whips, the high boots they wore which could stand alone on the pavement before they put them on! All was so new to us, so different to the English postilions; we were never tired of putting our heads out to stare at the first stopping-place, it was a sight who could best see those long boots in the middle of the street,—a young girl in her white cap, a venerable curé with his breviary under his arm. We each had a sketch book to draw whatever was of interest. My brothers set to work on the postilions' big boots, I

took the Curé. I suppose he saw my intense look, for he said something to the landlady of the inn. The only words I could catch were "but it's a regular ants' nest!" The woman came out with a little basket of grapes and pears. Monsieur le Curé took the basket from her, and, coming close to the carriage, said with a kind smile, "Will you have some, little one?" I was rather shy; I had never seen a priest before. One of my sisters behind me whispered, "Say, thank you, Monsieur le Curé." I repeated it after her, the few words I knew of French. The good Curé smiled. He filled my two hands with the fruit. "May the good God bless you, my child!"

This is the first Catholic blessing I received. Often since then when looking over my childish sketches, I have felt grateful to that dear old priest who blessed me for the first time.

We slept that night at Abbeville, the next at Beauvais, and before leaving, my father took us to see the magnificent Beauvais Cathedral. It was the first time I had ever been in a Catholic church, and in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. Ah, there was the Spouse and Divine Master of my soul; and how many, many years were to pass before I should know Him and give myself entirely to Him!

Accustomed as I was to the cold churches of the Protestant religion, my child's heart opened spontaneously to the solemn beauty of this church, and I felt instinctively that I ought to kneel as I saw others kneeling, men, women and children. I looked curiously at them, for this way of silent prayer was new to me. I had never heard anyone speak of the Roman Catholic religion, I believed I was in the Catholic Church we spoke of in the creed. I looked upon this building and the novel way of the people praying in it as merely a custom of a strange country out of England. When I got back to the hotel, I began

telling about all I had seen; and I suppose I showed my appreciation of it in glowing terms, for I remember my sister Christine spoke rather severely to me, "All that is only the Roman church, and not the true religion."

"What is the Roman Church?" I asked.

"The Roman Church is Catholic like the Anglican," she answered, "but she has let many false doctrines grow in her bosom; the Anglican Church on the contrary has purified herself of all these errors. The difference is an orange with its skin (the Catholic Church) and an orange without its skin (the Anglican)." The illustration of an orange lingered long in my mind producing a strange, uneasy impression. I seemed to see it always in my imagination hanging without its skin to the tree,—the idea seemed to me neither true nor beautiful, but since my elder sister had said it, I must believe her; and now and forever the Catholic religion was condemned to my mind.

This was the second time that I remember talk about different religions. The first was about a tutor my two elder brothers had at Oxford, and who came to them during the holidays. He was a Protestant clergyman, and just before we left home, we heard of his conversion. I could not understand the consternation on every face and the air of mystery around me. At last they told me "Mr. C—— has gone over to Rome."

Why was it such a frightful thing to go over to Rome? They gave me no explanation; and it was not till ten years afterwards I knew the tutor had become a Catholic and a Jesuit. We arrived at last at Nice, after travelling for a month in short journeys; visiting historical places and picturesque sites on the way, which interested me enormously, but directly we arrived at our destination lessons began which were not so enjoyable. My elder sisters, even Teresa, left me constantly alone with my governess,

who being a highly educated person, and much preferring my sisters to me, was as much bored with my companionship as I was with hers, and often gave way to ill humor.

She said scarcely a word to me out walking, and in the streets, she grasped my hand so tightly as if I was her prisoner, but as soon as we got into the country she let go of me, and I might wander at will. I loved these solitary walks amidst flowers and the beauties of nature. Often we went to see orange trees laden with fruit, brilliant golden balls; but only when it was on the ground and trodden under foot was the glittering fruit without its skin. Christine's words came back to me, a humiliating comparison; impossible not to acknowledge the fact if it were true, the Church of Rome is the best. From that thought came my rage and hatred of everything Catholic, even to the point of furious indignation when at midday all the bells in the town rang out the *Angelus*!

In January, Lucy was worse, the air at Nice was too strong for her, and it was decided we should go to Rome for the spring. At this announcement joy was great among us young people, but our parents were sad; for them it was the announcement of a serious illness that could not be easily cured. Their worst fears realized, they no longer doubted that it meant at least ten years' exile from home. We set off, and my happiness returned to me when I found myself once more in the same carriage with my dearest mother and my two brothers. Enchanted with the beauties of the Cornice we got down to pick flowers and make sketches, and our mother enjoyed our happiness with us.

We reached Genoa and stayed there a fortnight while we waited for the steam boat to take us to Civitá Vecchia. We were made to visit churches and picture-galleries which I thought a "great bore." As far as I was concerned the

taste for the beautiful arts was as yet utterly undeveloped. I used to occupy myself looking about and observing what was going on in the churches, the people's genuflections and the signs of the cross they made. When we returned to our hotel, the first thing I did was to mimic all I had seen.

Between the windows was a marble slab on which were artificial flowers and candelabra, which did very well for an altar with a picture hanging over it on the wall. One of my brothers was sacristan with a black apron hung around his neck to represent a cassock, then with my father's walking stick he pretended to light the candles, while I passed to and fro so as to make many genuflections,—all this in profound silence for fear of waking my father, who, we thought, was sound asleep in his chair.

However, one day he suddenly asked, "What is the meaning of this pantomime?" One of my brothers answered, "We are only laughing at the silly ceremonies of Catholics" (the boys' tutor spoke like this of the Catholic religion). But on hearing this, my father was so angry we wished the earth could swallow us up! He told us it was very wrong to ridicule the government or the religion of the countries we passed through. We must treat everything with proper respect or stay at home. He forbade us to whisper together in the churches we visited, or to turn our backs on the altar. My father did not approve of the Catholic religion, but his honorable feeling and the respect due to foreign governments determined his course of conduct. Thanks to him, I was never irreverent in the churches we visited.

We had no sooner arrived in Rome than my sisters were emancipated from the schoolroom, and I found myself condemned to a perpetual *tête-à-tête* with my governess who, being more than ever bored with her little companion, took

her revenge on me, which certainly added to my already deep repugnance for study. I seldom saw my mother. She was busy by day sight-seeing, and in the evening the receptions which took place in our own home or at friends, occupied all her time. A misfortune for me, as I became self-centred and dreamy to such a degree that I entirely lost sight of the realities of life.

In April we went to Naples, but except for the ascension of Vesuvius and a visit to Pompeii, my life was as monotonous as before. However, my mother saw a little more of me. She remarked a change in my character, and spoke to me seriously, and begged me to correct myself. I was touched with her tenderness and readily promised what she required of me, and I was on the point of telling her all I suffered from my governess.

"Mademoiselle B——," I began in a faltering voice, "is always cross—"

My mother interrupted me, "What! are you going to complain of your superiors! What does the catechism say?" And she made me repeat the words:

"To order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters."

I was obliged to keep silent; but oh, if I could then have gone to confession, and had a clear direction! I was bound instead to believe that if I failed as regards my governess, I ran the risk of eternal damnation. However, my love for my mother made me take pains to conquer myself. I remember specially a day at Milan (we had left Naples for Ems, where Lucy was to try the waters). My governess had been more unjust than ever. I was going to her in her room, knowing her to be in a very bad temper, and in my anxiety to do right I prayed: "God, make me patient," and my prayer was instantly heard.

It was the first time in my life that I had prayed in an emergency; I did not even know one could pray. I was

calm and docile all that day in spite of Mademoiselle's unkindnesses, who was so surprised at the change in me that she questioned me on my "hypocrisy." I kept my secret, my new discovery, which was the beginning of a new life for me.

I was not always so powerfully helped, because, no doubt, I never prayed with quite the same fervor, but I counted more on God's help and less on myself and my own strength. In spite of this, I became sulky and sad, I thought nobody loved me because I was "ugly and silly."

After the summer passed at Ems, we returned to Rome. Always the same life. I learned nothing unless perhaps my increasing interest in Art. I sketched a lot and had a good master—my only consolation at that time.

As far as society goes, the winter of that year, 1847, was brilliant. Pius IX. had mounted the throne and all was festivity. My parents and my sisters had their share of gaiety. Christine, fair and brilliant, rather a flirt; Teresa, proud and dark, with sweet, pensive eyes. They made a charming contrast, and were everywhere in demand, sought after and fêted. Parties of pleasure filled their days and nights, but Teresa always found time to come and have a chat with her little sister. To her I confided my sorrows, and she always had some serious thoughts that did me good. Without her knowing it, the true Faith was already influencing her. In spite of the worldly life she was leading, she had something extraordinarily serious about her, especially when she entered a Catholic church, so much so, that, one day, when a sacristan was showing us the treasures of some famous chapel, he waited till the rest of the party had turned away, and then quietly slipped a little prayer-book into her hands, saying, "It will do you good." She was exceedingly reserved, but she took the book, and kept it as a precious

treasure—that was the first Catholic book that came into our family. She read the prayers in secret, and they delighted her.

I must explain that though we were a very united family our religious feelings were never expressed. Where everybody may put a different interpretation on religion, individual opinions would only lead to inevitable quarrelling. It was after we both became Catholics, Teresa and I, that I learned the origin of the little prayer-book, from which she dated the commencement of her wish to know more of the Church of Rome,—a wish fomented by the conversations and discussions she heard when she went into Society. Impossible to live in Rome, where everything speaks of God and religion, without the most worldly thinking about it more or less.

Spring came again, and we began our journey back to England, believing Lucy to be really cured this time, but when autumn came the alarming symptoms of her illness were worse than ever, no hesitation possible, two years more in Rome, was the doctors' unanimous decision.

My dear mother at last understood the harm the present governess was doing me. My schooling went no further than a knowledge of the Old Masters, and their several styles. I could almost always give the name to pictures in churches and galleries. I knew the emblems of the saints. I could read with ease the ancient inscriptions in the Catacombs. I had a quantity of historical facts pell-mell in my head, because we were all obliged to sketch any place or remarkable object on our travels, and write our remarks upon it. My father hoped thus to make up for the broken studies and the lessons we should have mastered if we had been leading our ordinary home life.

But when we came back to a regular life I never really applied myself, so much so that everybody began to think

me incapable of learning. However, once, when in the absence of their tutor my father was giving lessons to my young brothers in Latin and Algebra and made me share their studies, I was enchanted. I worked with a will, and was complimented by my father so far as to say, "You are not so silly, after all, Kate."

I think this opened my parents' eyes, showing them that my idleness and ignorance were not culpable or incurable.

It was decided that I should not return to Rome, but go on a visit to my grandmother. Though I loved her enormously, the separation cost me a lot. I was inconsolable. However, little by little, my heart warmed to my grandmother, and my aunt's kindness. My natural gaiety of character returned and I was very happy.

We passed Christmas in Dorsetshire at the house of my great-uncle, the Earl of Ilchester,—brother to my grandmother. His only son, Lord Stavordale, heir to the title and magnificent castle, had made up his mind to be a Catholic. He was twenty-eight and his own master, nothing to prevent his carrying out his determination, but his father's invincible hatred to the Catholic religion and abhorrence that the title and lands should pass into the hands of "Papists."

Stavordale consulted Dr. Wiseman, who advised him to make one more attempt to conciliate his father, and then act according to his conscience. On this advice Stavordale left London the following Christmas Eve; he caught cold on this journey, and this, in conjunction with his anguish of mind brought on rapid consumption. On arrival he went up to his own room. He was never to leave it again. Four long months passed fighting his father's opposition to his demand for a priest, before death came to his release. I knew nothing about all this. I thought everybody was sorry for my cousin's bad illness. They left me a great deal with him,

in order to distract him; he had moments of anguish in which he groaned: "My God, my God, don't leave me like this!" When I heard him, I thought "he is in pain," but, when his sisters or his father were present, it was always the same cry, "For God's sake let me see a priest!" But his father was obdurate. I suppose his sisters could do nothing.

One day he told me he had been praying his good angel to obtain for him a little sleep.

"What is a good angel?" I asked, and he explained. Seeing the interest I took in religious conversation he often talked to me about Catholic teaching, amongst other things he spoke of God's tender love, His goodness and mercy. I, who had never till then, thought at all about God except as "Almighty," felt my heart open wide to drink in such sweet doctrine. He talked too of Our Lady with much reverence and love. I told him my discovery of the efficacy of prayer. We became confidential and these talks were my great happiness, but I never told anyone about them.

Poor Stavordale, how he suffered! But I believe it consoled him a little to be able to sow the seed of the true Faith in my young heart. He had no other consolation. His letters were intercepted, so his Catholic friends were unable to keep in touch with him. He died in May, protesting to the last that he was a Catholic at heart. His last cry was a prayer for a priest to be brought to him. His father found great consolation in the thought that he had saved his ancestors' name from "stain."

I went back to Wales to the castle in the mountains, where with my aunt, I visited the village people in my grandmother's company: Lady Ilchester was a personage. She was well informed and possessed much charm of conversation. She excited my love of study, but I often escaped from her to wander away alone, to take long walks amidst wild and magnificent scenery. My grandmother

fought against this growing tendency to day-dreaming. She would find some pretext to send me to the still-room or the laundry, a practical method of awakening me from my dreams; it cost me years of hard struggle before I cured myself of the habit.

At last after two years' absence the family returned home; Lucy, to all appearances, cured. My eldest brother had returned from the Cape of Good Hope; there was only my sailor brother wanting to complete the family circle. Our joy was great, but God had His merciful desires. It was the terrible year 1849. Cholera had come to devastate unhappy Europe, and very soon it was all about us. My father and my brothers generously devoted themselves to saving the poor, but it would have been imprudent to leave our beloved Lucy in this pestilential air, so she was sent away to London. The weather was bad the day she started, and the fatal signs of consumption appeared again. Without an hour's hesitation, my parents sent her back to Rome, and while awaiting their coming, she halted at Pau with one of my sisters.

On joining my mother and sisters I was conscious of a change in them. There was more religious feeling in their talk. Teresa showed me the books she liked best, sermons by Archdeacon Manning and Archdeacon Wilberforce. She talked to me about a new acquaintance they had made, and who had become the intimate friend of the family. This was Mr. Henn, a clergyman, vicar to Archdeacon Wilberforce. All she told me about Mr. Henn thrilled my imagination and filled me with enthusiasm. My longing to see him was soon to be gratified. He came on a visit to us.

Mr. Henn was tall with a certain air of sweet dignity about him that drew everyone to him. With a high, intellectual forehead, he had expressive blue eyes and a smile of much goodness; and added to these attractions he had a

magnificent tenor voice produced with exquisite modulation. This is the description of one who was to be the Good Angel of our family,—a willing victim for our conversion. He loved us more than life itself. But alas, the end of a few short months brought us face to face with our Bad Angel. We were destined to make the acquaintance of a man who was to labor with diabolical intensity to destroy the work of God within us.

(To be continued.)

Rose Topaz.

BY LILLIACE M. MITCHELL.

“YOU come with *me!*” laughed Persa. “For why should I go with you to a church, indoors, when my gypsy blood tells me that spring is come and the long winter gone?”

Madelena shook her head.

“If you but went to church, Persa, you would love it—even as I do.”

“Even as you do!” mocked Persa, shaking her black curls. “Why! You go but once a month to church.”

“Ah, but would I not go every Sunday if there were services?” demanded Madelena.

To herself she murmured: “Such a coldness! Such a horrible country: cold, snow, ice!”

And yet how thankful she was that these kind people had taken her into their home, such as it was. She could barely remember her beloved Italy. And the memories of it were warmth and sun and beautiful flowers. Her mother had sung constantly in those days at home, a low humming tune that sounded like a musical humming of bees. Contentment, it was, Madelena now understood.

Her father, too, had sung. But his singing was the gay shrilling of a high heart. Ambition—that had been the burden of his song. And when he

had heard of the vast tracts of land in America where one could buy the land for a pittance, nothing satisfied him until they should start: he and his young wife and the little, merry Madelena.

Westward, ever westward had been their movings. A month, two months in a place; a job, bitter saving, and then—move on westward towards that place where land was cheap. Oh, he had been a hard worker, Luigi Masaccio! He had died working, practically: the heated foundry and the cold night air while he was still dripping with perspiration; and like a flickering candle on a mountain top, Luigi sadly bid his little family farewell.

They had been camping at the time. The gypsies who passed, stopped and comforted the grieving young wife. She had cooked them a meal and—the bargain was struck.

"Such cooking!" Garshin had praised. Garshin was the head of the gypsies.

"We go to our winter home; you come with us; cook for us; look after my little Persa—her mother was not gypsy. Her mother—gone," he said sadly.

And the poor little Italian widow had worked hard to please the careless gypsies. She had known no one. In the summers, the gypsies left them and travelled to the south and east and west. In the short summer Madelena and her mother worked hard at the garden, the chickens, and making ready for winter. And now, Madelena's mother, too, was gone.

"I shall not come back, I think," Madelena told herself, as she took her rose topaz rosary from its box on the high shelf. "I will go where I shall find my own kind of people. Mother said she would have done that had her lungs not been so bad—poor

mother! And I shall take nothing with me except her rosary of rose topaz. Uncle Garshin—what shall I say to him? He—he who has been so kind and good."

But Uncle Garshin was nowhere to be found. Persa played her guitar on the windless side of the house, sitting carelessly in the sunshine.

"I hope you left potatoes peeled for dinner time?" said Persa as Madelena started for church.

"Everything is ready," said Madelena with a gentle smile. "Come with me, Persa. I want you to—oh, so much! Living so far from towns as we do, there will be no church service for another month. Your—your mother would have wished it, too," she offered softly.

"No, no! Walk four miles? I walk enough in the summers, let me tell you. And through this ice and snow? Ah, how good seems a warm day! Spring will be here now in no time. Why father ever came here for the winters, I wish I knew! I hate the cold! He tells nothing. Stay here and I shall sing to you, little one."

Madelena shook her head. "At nineteen I am no longer a little one," she answered; "and I am going to church."

"Don't fall down a crevasse!" warned Persa.

Behind the house towered a snow-clad mountain. In front a wide, wide plain. Madelena must cross this plain which led towards the little settlement where, once each month, a good priest held services for those children of the Church who must live in this outpost of civilization. Madelena never missed church service. That it was a long, hard walk she knew from experience. And to-day with the melting of the ice it would prove doubly so. She stumbled on and on, knowing that Persa's laughing, wicked eyes

were on her slight form struggling to do what she knew to be right.

The wind being right, she could hear Persa's voice and even some of the words of the gypsy song she sang: "Le Rakli kai Barila ando Lulojai." Madelena knew that the American title of that song was "The Girl Who Grew up in a Flower." She turned and looked back at Persa, now a tiny figure against the grey of the house.

She was tired when she reached the settlement. It looked to her eyes like a large city in spite of its scant dozen houses. She had known that the trip would be tedious, and had started early because of that. She slipped into the almost-empty building with a little sigh. She was not sure that she could remember the church at home in Italy: her mother had told her so much of it that sometimes she wondered which, in her mind, were actual memories and which were tales told her by her mother who had longed to keep alive in the little Madelena's heart the love of family and tradition.

A strange young man with coal-black hair sat in front of her motionless. He was scribbling something in a notebook.

"Madelena!" She felt sure she had heard her name. Yet within the church there was no one save that strange young man who sat alone with his back to her.

One by one the people filed into the church. Contentment filled Madelena's heart. Her only regret was that she had not been able to coax Persa to come too. But Persa was wilful and petulant. Except for Madelena's mother, no one had ever ruled Persa. Even Persa's own father, known to Madelena as Uncle Garshin, although he was, of course, no relative at all, had little influence over her. Perhaps that had been his reason for giving Madele-

na's mother and little Madelena a home.

Whenever the battered old car would move along the road, Uncle Garshin had always seen to it that church-going was made easy and comfortable. But during weather like this, no car would run a mile without sinking far into the muddy road, and that time after time after time.

Church service over, Madelena talked with the people outside of the building. She wanted to talk with Father Frederick. She wanted to ask him about going to some city to find work. She felt that she must get back to people of her own kind. Her poor little tired mother had been ill or she would have made the effort. But Madelena—there was nothing the matter with her! Rosy cheeks, bright eyes, curling dark hair, strong arms—ah, she could find something to do in some city!

"Father Frederick," she said timidly.

"Ah, child! I wished to talk with you. Let me see your rosary, if you please."

He took it between his fingers and looked at it carefully.

"Pietro! This is the one as I thought it would be. Look! Your quest is ended, Pietro. This is the rosary of rose topaz."

The strange young man who had sat in front of her at service took it eagerly,—that rosary. He acknowledged with scarcely a glance the introduction to Madelena.

"Pietro Sonino is writing a book on our religion at the far outposts of civilization," Father Frederick told Madelena. "He comes from near your home in Italy. Your Mother had told me some of her history. Pietro Sonino has followed the trail of you and your father and mother unceasingly. He has traced up four other lost families, too. You are the last one. You are an heiress, child! Your grandparents have left you everything—and they had much towards the end of their lives!"

Poor little Madelena Masaccio! It was impossible for her to take in all of this good news at once.

"And you have cousins who are eagerly awaiting your return," Father Frederick told her.

To Madelena this was the best news of all. People of her own—how she had longed for them!

"I—it will be proper for me to—to—to make it right," she said, unconsciously using the term of Uncle Garshin, "with Pietro Sonino?"

Pietro turned his dark eyes on her and shook his head. "Not—in money," he said.

Father Frederick laughed jovially. "Ah, Pietro comes from a wealthy family, child! Do you not know enough of the world to know that he could not afford to turn his attentions to book-writing otherwise?"

"Perhaps we are, then,—cousins?" asked Madelena.

Pietro shook his head.

At that instant a horrible roaring filled the air—a roar of ugly rage. Everyone turned eyes towards the place whence came the sound. Then the little group before the church moaned softly. Some covered their eyes. Some stared, unable to pull away the gaze that seemed riveted on the mountain that looked from this distance like a small hill. The mountain behind the Garshin house seemed to have shaken off with horrible swiftness its winter mantle of snow and ice. Down . . . down . . . down poured the ice and snow with terrible wrenching creaks as the top coatings landed on and broke off the lower coatings. Spring had come too swiftly! The unusual heat had melted and cracked the ice of the mountain until the ice-slide tore down the slanting surface with terrific force.

Madelena covered her eyes and cowered down affrightedly. From this distance the tiny Garshin house could not be seen. Poor, careless

Persa, who had refused to come to church—what was she now under that cold ice and snow? Had she come with Madelena!

"You are thinking of the girl, Persa, and her father?" asked Father Frederick.

Madelena nodded, unable to answer for the tightness in her throat.

"Garshin rode by here on his horse early—in that direction towards the railroad," Father Frederick told her. "And the girl, Persa—what happiness could come to one— Ah, let it pass, my children!"

"You asked me a question," said Pietro suddenly, the wish to comfort this girl clear in his eyes, "I—I am no cousin, Madelena. But do you not remember me when we were children? I—I was a big boy of six when you were but two years old. You do not remember me? No? But I remember you. Always laughing and merry, you were as a baby. And they say that as the baby is, so the woman will be. I have always remembered you, Madelena. And some day—when you know me better—we may be more than cousins, Madelena!"

Father Frederick had handed back her rosary of rose topaz and now she let it slip through her fingers.

Pietro watched her, his eyes soft. What man does not long for a wife who is truly religious in her heart? And in his mind was the thought that if, in her poor, soaked little shabby shoes she had not walked to service, he never would have found her—alive!

Mary and Gabriel.

BY A. P. C.

I WISH I might have seen you when
You found St. Gabriel again,—
(The sweet, the knowing look you wore!)
"I think that we have met before!"

The Union of Christendom.

CARDINAL NEWMAN, nearly fifty years ago, looking into the future, saw but two great forces in the religious world: the Catholic Church and a modern paganism or infidelity. He saw the breaking up of Protestantism, with its adherents following one of two paths, the road to Rome or the road to unbelief. We live in an age that sees this forecast rapidly nearing realization. As Catholics, with a firm faith in the truth of Our Lord's words, we know the inevitable outcome, though we had no assurance we should be witnesses of its accomplishment in our day. But the signs of the times point to the fact that the Cardinal's forecast is rapidly becoming history.

Protestantism is just another heresy, and history shows us that there is a regular course that all heresies have run. They rise, they gather strength, they reach a maximum of their power, decline sets in, and they are gradually swallowed up in the peace of the one true Church. This has been the story of Arianism, of Monophysitism, of Nestorianism, and of the more recent Modernism. And this is the story of Protestantism which is nearing its final chapter in our day. We know how strong it was in its youth; how sturdy it grew; how fierce and powerful it was in its opposition; how devastating it was to the ranks of the Catholic Church. Powerful governments espoused it, the spirit of nationalism swept it on. It seemed to dominate the Western world, and the ancient Church seemed to stagger under its fierce attacks. "Yet while it was at its height," said Father Eustace Boylan, S. J., in a recent address in Melbourne, "the old, inexorable law was pressing upon it."

Perhaps the World War has done more than anything else in recent times to emphasize the trend of religion outside the Church. It shocked thousands

of men into a new realization of the need of something certain and satisfying for their souls; and there was a great influx into the Catholic Church. Thousands of others put aside any hope of finding any spiritual values in life, and turned to a wholly pagan mode of life. The ministers of non-Catholic denominations in great numbers came to realize during the stress of the conflict that Protestantism had lost its vitality, and was useless to satisfy the souls of men. The number of them that followed these conclusions to a logical issue is significant. From the Anglican church alone there have gone over to Rome since the days of Newman a thousand clergymen, more than half of whom have become priests.

In our own country there is a startling abandonment of churches in the country districts, or a merging of smaller parishes of non-Catholic denominations. This may point to the fact that there is a general influx from the farm countries into the cities; but we do not find the same conditions among the Catholic farm congregations. And we have lately seen a letter from a minister of a prominent city parish, pleading with his people to attend his church, and bemoaning the fact that his congregation is slowly dwindling away. The drift in these instances is rather to the great body of non-church goers rather than toward Catholicism.

"No problem of greater moment confronts the Catholic Church than that of Christian Unity," says Father Boylan. It is more important than our foreign missions, since the conflict of the creeds is the greatest obstacle to conversions in foreign countries. To pray for this end is a serious duty of all Catholic peoples, that the forces of Christianity being united under one Shepherd, the Church might arm herself to meet her new foe which was her first enemy, Paganism, and again save the world from irreligion and despair.

Notes and Remarks.

The Church has chosen wisely in its recent selection of Rev. Edwin V. O'Hara, head of the N. C. W. C. Rural Life Bureau, to fill the See of Great Falls, Montana, lately vacated by the resignation of the Rt. Rev. Mathias C. Lenihan. Father O'Hara is remarkably well equipped in personality and training for the work of his new office. During his years in the priesthood he has continually broadened and deepened his knowledge of American social conditions, particularly in the rural community. His pleasing personality, his skill as an organizer, and his untiring zeal have enabled him to utilize his opportunities to such an extent that he stands to-day as one of the acknowledged leaders in the field of rural sociology. The needs of Father O'Hara's own diocese will undoubtedly have first claim upon his activities, but he will not thereby be lost to the rest of the country. The prestige of his new office and his frequent contacts with the rest of the hierarchy will enable him to extend his influence more effectively than ever. In the name of our thousands of readers we extend our most sincere congratulations and good wishes.

We read in the *Glasgow Observer* the remarkable story of the conversion of Dr. Frederick Wagner of the University of Berlin. Dr. Wagner was educated as a Protestant, and as a consequence found everything Catholic strange and unintelligible. Still, his Protestant religion came in time to be unsatisfactory to him; it showed signs of weariness; it was not one but very many; it was full of sects, and liberal until nothing was left secure in it. He was a man of great religious hunger, and thought the food for him

was in Christ. But where was Christ, and what was Christ in our modern world? The Bible did not help the sects a bit, for they tore it to pieces and put it together in a score of different patterns. In this state of affairs, the Doctor wondered how a uniform Christian religion ever came into existence in the first place. He looked for a church that should be more than national, that should be one, and have a single head. He has now found that Church and a good deal of human peace with it.

The city of Portland, Oregon, spends thousands of dollars annually and throws off floods of oratory in an endeavor to attract Easterners to take up a permanent abode there. The Kiwanis Club, the Rotary Organization, the Chamber of Commerce, and even the semi-humorous Hoot Owls sing themselves hoarse with their "Come On" chorus to the rest of the land. Yet all the shouting in the world will not build up a city that practically prohibits the erection of churches and schools in what is the logical residence district of the community. The officials of the city of Portland are ordinarily as sensitive as a man with the sunburn. The least suggestion of criticism sends them into a defensive huddle. They have seen their old rival, Seattle, drawing away to a good population lead, and they do not like to think that perhaps the men at the helm have had something to do with it. Well, they have had something to do with it, in the present instance by harboring a prejudice so crude that it actually classifies churches and schools in its zoning ordinance along with breweries, garages, stables, warehouses, factories, etc. If the Portland officials want the facts from men who have learned facts through their pocketbooks, let them ask the Real Estate men of any city how land sells

in a community where there are no school or church conveniences. The City of Portland believes in advertising. We believe in it also. We think people ought to know about this unique zoning ordinance of the city that spends so much of its money soliciting new residents. The next time you hear people parading the wonders of the City of Roses, as Portland frequently calls itself, simply uncover for their enlightenment this particular thorn that lies hidden beneath the petals.

On the occasion of an anniversary Mass sung in Saint Francis de Sales Church in Paris, for the repose of the soul of the French painter, Dagnan-Bouveret, the curé of the parish published the following story of the last Communion of the artist. Among other famous paintings, he had done a "Last Supper."

We procured the best reproduction of the 'Cene' that we could find, and placed it in the studio of the painter with the altar screen on which to place the Host; then, to the right and left, we arranged banks of flowers.

There, his eyes on this figure of Christ in which he had placed the best of his soul as an artist, before the image of all the Apostles who communicated for the first time, Dagnan-Bouveret received for the last time the reality of his Master.

He died thus contemplating the figure of Him whose love he had magnified.

The theory that one must have all things in perfect condition before he can be expected to accomplish anything is accepted in practice by almost all of us. We seem to think that we must go to school and college and university, that we must have health and friends and time and money, if we are to succeed. An exception every once in a while, however, rules out our theory. Men and women, at least a few men and

women, make their environment, and do not let the environment wholly make them. Al Smith, we may say, was scarcely ever in a formal school; Lincoln had one book. Just now we mourn the death of Dr. Robert Babcock, a blind physician who did not merely go blind, like the great Milton, and remain great, but who was blinded as a child, and nevertheless pieced together a remarkable fund of the most exact medical knowledge, and actually became one of the outstanding authorities on diseases of the heart and lungs. An interesting sidelight on his specialization is that he never gave much thought to heart trouble until he learned that he himself was a sufferer from it. He did his studies in several of the universities of this country and of Germany, wrote more than one book on medicine, and was known here and abroad as a master in his field.

One was distinctly surprised the other day to hear an inquiry about tickets for football games; in mid-August, this seemed an anachronism. We greet a six-months' run of the sport, from now till the new year, with the comment that this is, at any rate, a man's game, vigorous enough for Samsons, and said to appeal in its way also to the women folk. We complain, though, that people are likely to be caught up with the seeing or hearing about games, of one kind or another, and to lose the personal thrill and good got out of playing some kind of game for themselves. We have heard that at the great English universities, the practice is for all students and teachers to get daily into some sort of sport, and not as onlookers but as participants. This begins to be the practice also in our own colleges, where a variety of games is now provided the year round, and not everybody is required to be a fan of one particular sport. Diversity of games is like diver-

sity of crops: it makes for a safer and healthier growth. Specialization in these matters can be overdone. Otherwise, we are in danger of the disease known as "spectatoritis," which consists in getting experts to play our games for us, and other experts to tell us that the first are good players; in the meantime we have a pleasure out of it, but only a second-hand pleasure.

"Whatever may be the present and future attitude of sophisticated society towards religious faith, there is no doubt that intelligent interest in religion is increasing." In proof of this assertion, made by Prof. William Lyon Phelps of Yale University in the current number of *Scribner's Magazine*, he says: "All the talk to-day about neglect of church-going, and so on, applies only to us Protestants. . . . Not only are the Catholic churches crowded—I have never attended one that was not—but they are steadily increasing in number. When I was a boy in New Haven, there were only three Catholic churches in town; now there are thirty. . . . Why do so many Catholics go to church and why do so many Protestants stay away?" he asks. The answer is obvious, he declares;—and it is becoming more and more so. "It is refreshing to enter a Catholic church and breathe an atmosphere of faith."

We do not like the company which Colonel Callahan of Louisville sometimes keeps, but as a manufacturer he certainly lives up to the dictates of his religion. Many a Catholic employer who feels that he satisfies his social obligations by piecing out his meagre wage scale with an occasional donation to charity might make an examination of conscience out of the following recommendations which Colonel Callahan not only preaches but practices to the very last syllable.

At the opening of the Southern Industrial Conference on Human Relations recently, he said in part:

To pay interest or dividends on capital, and salaries or fees to executives and promoters, and not pay a living wage to the normal workers in any business, is a perversion of the fundamental ethics of business enterprise, as it ignores the necessity of maintaining decent human relations, which is the first reason for business.

An allied principle, rooted in the same fundamental, is one that looks to the continuous employment of the normal working force by which a business is carried on. It is as necessary to the worker and his family to have continuous employment as to have a living wage when he is employed, and a so-called living wage is miscalled if the employer feels free to discontinue the means of livelihood of workers in order to pay interest or dividends on money. The business that cannot carry its normal working force in times of depression has no more right to exist than the one that cannot pay a living wage in normal times.

We have been able to laugh heartily when our neighbor would tell us that the neighborhood doctor had discontinued his membership in the country club until he had time and opportunity to cut out a few more tonsils. It was a robust joke that had been tossed about from city to city, but still came up again and again for a hearing. Now comes Professor Victor Frühwald, a nose, ear and throat specialist from the University of Vienna, who, after a two months' lecture tour in the United States, makes this comment on the American profession:

The medical fraternity seems to be without much conscience, and its members all seem to be thinking of how much money they can get out of a patient, rather than how much good they can do a patient. They operate on all occasions. Their first thought seems to be to perform an operation, for that brings in more money than conservative medical treatment does. And the American

people all seem to want operations. It seems to be a fad with them. I don't believe there is a tonsil left in America, and an appendix would not feel at home in a man's body. If a patient comes to a doctor with symptoms, the doctor first looks at his throat. If he still has his tonsils, all the symptoms are due to them, no matter what they are.

It might be quite as surprising to the Professor from Vienna, if he would make inquiry, to find the number of operations that are performed by our American surgeons, from pure charity. We doubt if there is any group of surgeons in the world that does more operating without charge for the poor than do these "money-seeking" Americans.

One thing that Catholics have never been able to figure is the gullibility of some of their Protestant and non-Catholic neighbors. A few months ago voters were being warned about the hard times that would inevitably follow if Al Smith were to be elected President. Now, according to the local correspondent of *The Daily News*, Charlotte, N. C., the rumor is being circulated in some of the milltowns of the State that our present depression has been brought about by Catholics who have been angered by the defeat of Al Smith. Though the reporter admits that most of the mill workers see the absurdity of the report, he adds nevertheless, "that there are those who believe it just as there were some people who believed that, if Smith had been elected President in 1928, the Catholics would have swept over the country within a few months, roasting Protestant babies for their breakfast bacon."

We have referred before in these columns to the letter written to the Bishops of the Church of England by a number of Anglican priests. The following paragraph from that letter contains

an argument which, we think, should give food for serious thought to many sincere non-Catholic men and women, even though it makes little impression upon the Anglican hierarchy:

The Church of England cannot indefinitely "halt between two opinions." She cannot claim to be a part of the whole, and at the same time to be the whole itself. She cannot appeal to Catholic truth, and then claim for herself freedom to hold special and strange doctrines of her own. When the great schism between East and West occurred, it was made a ground of reproach by the East that the West had tampered with one word of the *Nicene Creed*; but the English Church does not hesitate to mutilate the Creed of St. Athanasius, and to make of no effect the rule of Fasting Communion, which *semper ubique, et ab omnibus* has been regarded as obligatory. My Lords, this is absolutely fundamental; either we are the whole Church, in which case we can act independently of the rest of Catholic Christendom, or we are only a part of the whole Church, in which we can carry our claims to modify Catholic doctrine and practice too far. The point which strikes us is that it is always against the Catholic expression of the Faith that war is waged in the English Church.

The Holy Father has presented to the cathedral of Spire a copy of its famed miraculous statue of the Blessed Virgin. The original was removed from the cathedral and burned during the French Revolution. A legend tells us how St. Bernard, when Legate Apostolic in Germany, entered the cathedral in solemn procession on Christmas Eve to the chanting of the anthem, *Salve Regina*. At the close of the singing he is said to have cried out, while kneeling before the statue, *O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria*, which words have since been added to the anthem. It is solemnly chanted every evening in the cathedral of Spire, to commemorate this historic occasion.



No Favorites Here.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

HOWEVER so busy a boy may be
I think you will find it true
That he always has moments unfettered
and free

For the things that he likes to do:
For a good game of ball,
For a hike to the hill,
For a sail in the yawl,
For a swim by the mill;
But errands to run
With his wish do not chime,
And chores to be done,
Oh, he hasn't the time!

However so weary a boy may seem,
I think you will find it true
That he always comes out of his laziest
dream

For the things that he likes to do:
For a frolic with Gyp,
For a race with his chums,
For a pic-nic or trip
(How he works when it comes!);
But if cutting the lawn
Around home is desired,
Why, he's likely to yawn,
He's so awfully tired!

However so brilliant a boy or a man,
I think he will find—don't you?—
That he cannot forever have freedom to
plan

On the things that he likes to do.
There will always be work
Quite unpleasant to face,
And he's shunned as a shirk
Who steps out of his place.
And as hardships exist
In each job that he strikes,
He must lengthen the list
Of the things that he likes!

The Blossoming Thorn.

BY BLANCHE J. THOMPSON.

VI.—SHIRLEY VISITS THE HOME OF THE
CHESHIRE CATS.

“OH, don't tell me it's time to get up,” murmured Aunt Molly drowsily; then with a start, “Dearie me, we're off for Wales to-day, aren't we?”

“I hope the Prince of Wales is appreciative of the fact that we are spending a whole day just to go out and look at his country,” returned Shirley, pulling on her clothes without much enthusiasm. “Let's see, we are going to climb Mt. Snowdon, aren't we?”

“Not on a donkey!” asserted Aunt Molly decidedly. “Moreover, glance from your window, my child, and consider the cliff we have to climb before we even start for Wales.”

The little train which was to take them as far as Barnstaple looked like a child's toy. A friendly guard helped them on and grinned appreciatively at their comments on the beauty of the heather. About half an hour afterwards he appeared in their compartment with a huge armful of the purple bloom.

“My goodness,” said Shirley, “how do you suppose he ever picked it? He must be a retired polo player.” But the mystery remained unsolved.

As they passed through the city of Bristol, Shirley remarked mournfully, “Do you remember Thackeray's sad ballad about

. . . three sailors of Bristol city
Who took a boat and went to sea,
But first with beef and Captain's biscuits
And pickled pork they loaded she?

I don't suppose they took along a bottle of water either. No English sailor would.”

They had to change cars four times during the day, and one stop was at the quaint little town of Chester, where they had time to get out and look up the narrow cobble-paved streets with their half-timbered houses leaning toward each other in neighborly fashion, for Chester being a border town, the architecture is typically Welch. In the station Shirley found postcards bearing pictures of the Cheshire Cat, a thin blue animal with a most engaging grin.

"Well, what do you think of that!" exclaimed Shirley. "Aunt Molly, we are actually in Cheshire and here is the Cheshire Cat!"

"I've been doing a little exploring, too," said Aunt Molly, "and I've found out that Lewis Carroll wrote 'Alice in Wonderland' on the sand dunes right near Llandudno where we are going to stay. While he was playing in the sand with some little friends, they saw a rabbit disappear down a rabbit hole, and that was the beginning of the story. Isn't that interesting?"

"I should say yes," replied Shirley, "and that's how the Cheshire Cat got into the story, I suppose. Doesn't one find out interesting things when one is travelling?"

Llandudno (which to their astonishment was pronounced Thlandidno) was a typical seaside resort of the better class on the shores of the Irish Sea. A hasty survey from the windows of the hotel showed a vast expanse of blue, wind-swept sea, a long, curving esplanade and apparently ten thousand bathers.

"My goodness, it looks like Coney Island!" exclaimed Shirley.

Some of the denizens of these seaside hotels were at the same time funny and pathetic—queer old ladies attired in venerable clothes of antique pattern with lace collars and mammoth brooches. They wore their coarse grey hair piled high and topped by extraordinary plumed hats sitting at a perilous angle.

A full moon made the night beautiful as Aunt Molly and Shirley walked out on the long pier to see the sights. A troupe of entertainers, called the Pierrots, made merry in a little pavilion at the end of the pier, and in the band shell back on the esplanade a really fine band gave an excellent program.

Early in the morning they started out on their trip up Mt. Snowdon. They drove through wild and beautiful scenery to the foot of the mountain. Then they were taken to the top by a funny little cog railroad. Mt. Snowdon is only 3560 feet high, so it seemed rather a baby mountain to travellers from the land of the Rockies, but since it is the highest point in the British Isles, everyone seemed quite proud of it, so the visitors praised it amiably, especially as there was a fine view of all Wales from the summit.

On the way home they met several char-à-bancs filled with children on a "school treat." All the schools seemed to be in session, which rather surprised Aunt Molly, used to long summer vacations. They stopped at Conway Castle where the Prince of Wales is invested. A graceful suspension bridge with a decidedly Mediæval air, attracted their eyes immensely, so much so that Shirley felt that she must buy one of the little ivory wall-plaques representing the castle and bridge, which she had seen on sale in Llandudno.

Another stop was made at Bettys-y-Coed, where a charming little waterfall played for their delight in the Fairy Glen, then on to the Swallow Falls, admiring the queer little low houses with door knobs in the middle of the doors. Glimpses of colored tablecloths could be seen through the half-open doors, and gay-colored washings were spread out on the hedge to dry. Black and white Wiltshire sheep with pug noses grazed on the hillsides.

Rise they did, but not at a very early hour, for they were getting rather tired

by now, and the train for Windermere did not leave until eleven o'clock. The English lakes! The very name seemed poetic to Shirley. All her English teachers had discoursed of Wordsworth, of Coleridge, and Ruskin, the "lake poets," until she felt that there ought to be something magic in the very air.

At Windermere, they took a bus to Ambleside, and things seemed to go wrong from the beginning. The driver took them far past their hotel almost to another village. Finally discovering his mistake he unloaded them and started them back in a Ford which was passing in the opposite direction. Then he forgot to change Shirley's suitcase, and the youthful driver of the Ford, entering gleefully into the spirit of the occasion, gave chase and recovered the spoils.

When at last they reached the hotel, they were not in a very good humor. Their room was far from luxurious, although it overlooked both lake and garden, guests seemed scarce and it began to rain—and that, as Shirley said afterwards, was only the beginning. They soon began to feel like near relatives of Noah.

A great, resonant, copper gong summoned them to dinner, and, descending the stairs, they found that it was being beaten scientifically by a veritable movie idol of a head waiter.

The rain rained, the dinner was dull, and a boy at a near-by table devoured large quantities of very smelly cheese with much gusto. Even the beautiful head waiter could not console the weary pair, so they decided to make a virtue of necessity and go to bed.

It was still raining in the morning, but they donned raincoats and rubbers, and sallied forth just the same. The head waiter assured them that the weather was unusual.

"It's a strange phenomenon," mused Aunt Molly, "that never by any chance do they have their regular weather on

hand in any place I've ever visited. They always had it last week or expect it next week, but never are having it now. California, especially, I remember, seemed in a continual state of apology for its weather."

"That is true," agreed Shirley. "Do you remember, we didn't have a bit of fog all the while we were in London, and I really was disappointed."

The landaulet in which they were riding splashed its way through the lovely Kirkstone Pass, and stopped in the village of Glenridding for luncheon. The tiny inn was full of fascination for at least two damp tourists who explored the kitchen with great enjoyment. They had commented upon the delicious bread which with fruit, cake and tea had made up their luncheon, so their hostess seeing their interest took them downstairs. A huge pan of bread dough as large as a tub stood before the enormous brick oven. A bellows hung handy to encourage the fire. The floor was paved with great stones and the oaken rafters black with age. They hated to leave, but the car was honking outside, so they bade farewell to their kind hostess and climbed in.

At Ullswater, where they had boarded a little launch for a trip up the lake, the sun came out suddenly, and, as if to do as much as possible in the short time given him, nearly broiled the hapless passengers left unprotected on the deck, for the boat boasted no awnings.

"Shall we never get rid of these things," scolded Shirley as they hoisted their umbrellas once more, this time for protection against the sun. A motor picked them up at Pooleybridge and took them back home through the pretty little villages of Shap and Kendal and Penrith. Stone walls seemed to take the place of hedges in this part of the country.

"Doesn't it seem queer never to see any fences?" said Shirley. "It's much prettier, though, isn't it?"

Next morning they hardly dared to look out of the window, and when they did they groaned in unison. Heavy mist hung upon the hills and rolled up from the valleys, and the rain fell with dull persistence. Nevertheless, they fared forth valiantly to Keswick.

"Why on earth aren't English names ever pronounced the way they are spelled?" grumbled Shirley. "Kesick, now. What's the W good for? And there was Warwick pronounced the same way. It's a nuisance, I say!"

"Remember some of our Indian names, my child," warned Aunt Molly, "and preserve a discreet silence."

They were now in the heart of the Wordsworth country. The names became increasingly familiar — Nab's Head, Rydal Water, Derwentwater. Ruskin pottery was on sale in every little shop. Shirley remembered regretfully that she had never taken much interest in Ruskin except for "The King of the Golden River." Now she wished she had made some private resolves. On the way home, they stopped at Grasmere to see Dove Cottage where Wordsworth lived and wrote, and then went to the little cemetery where Wordsworth and Coleridge lie buried.

"Does it give you a queer, creepy feeling, Aunt Molly," said Shirley, "to stand here and say to yourself,

... and slimy things that crawl with legs
Upon a slimy sea . . .

and then think that the man who wrote it is buried right here?"

"No, it doesn't!" replied Aunt Molly cheerfully. "Is the rain unhinging your reason, my child? I fear that we have visited too many tombs. We must see if we can find a movie when we get to Edinburgh."

That night when the little maid brought the usual hot water to their rooms, Aunt Molly entered into conversation with her. She inquired what wages the maids received. "Twelve shillings a week, Miss," was the reply.

Shirley made some hasty calculations.

"Why, that is only three dollars a week in our money," she gasped. "How perfectly *awful*!" The hours were very long, too, they discovered, often from six or seven in the morning until ten at night, and the girls had to do their own laundry. They had little recreation, only "the pictures," as they called them, once a week perhaps. They were too tired to do much, even if there had been other diversions available. Shirley lay awake long that night puzzling over the inequalities of this life.

Neither Shirley nor Aunt Molly, now thoroughly saturated, bothered to look out the window next morning. They knew it would be raining, and it was. It was their last day and they had hoped for a bit of sunshine, but apparently it was not to be, so they started out for Coniston in the Yew valley.

"I don't know what there is about English place names, but they have always had a fascination for me," said Aunt Molly.

"They are certainly more poetic," replied Shirley. "Rydal Water, Coniston Water and Windermere sound much more romantic than First Lake and Fourth Lake, like some of the ones back home."

In Coniston they visited the Ruskin Museum where many of his paintings and sketches are exhibited.

"Why, I'd forgotten that he did anything but write," said Shirley with interest. "What a versatile genius he was!"

From the museum they proceeded to a little cottage where Ruskin Greek lace was made on linen woven in the village cottages. A great spinning wheel stood near the fireplace, and clothes hung drying from the rafters. A woman sat near the deep window (the walls of the cottage were nearly a foot thick) making the lace from the old designs handed down from Ruskin's time. After buying some to send to the

people at home, they walked over to the little church. St. Andrew's, like nearly all the other English churches, stood in the midst of its little cemetery, and among the other graves, many of them ancient and moss-covered, stood the handsome stone cross which marked the resting place of Ruskin.

As they walked back to the place where their motor awaited them, they were alarmed by a loud clatter. It sounded like a runaway approaching rapidly, so they took refuge in a doorway and peered out, only to see a group of school children running over the cobblestones. They were wearing the heavy leather boots called clogs, peculiar to the shire of Cumberland, which many of the village children seemed to wear all the time. They looked and sounded heavy and uncomfortable, but a mother with whom Aunt Molly later talked, assured her that they were really quite comfortable and easy to wear. Aside from their undoubted lasting qualities, she said, however, that they were usually worn only in winter, for the children went barefoot in the summer time.

Back to the inn again in the rain they went and spent the evening packing for the morrow's journey.

"Do you suppose," inquired Shirley pathetically, "that it rains *all* the time in Scotland?"

(To be continued.)

A Child's Truthfulness.

Recently in one of our large cities a child was summoned to court to testify in an important case. Doubt was expressed that she was old enough to understand the seriousness of the situation. The judge, after some questioning, decided that she was, for she realized the full purpose of telling the truth in court.

That case and the following one are much the same. A child who saw

a crime committed was called to court as a witness against the person accused. But before she was allowed to testify, the lawyer of the accused man objected to her as a witness on account of her age. The judge questioned her.

"Were you ever a witness in court before?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know what book that is?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is it?"

"The Bible."

"If you place your hand on the Bible and promise to tell the truth, what would happen, if you did not?"

"Oh, it would be a terrible sin,—a mortal sin."

"How do you know that?"

"I was taught that."

"Did someone tell you what to say, if you were a witness?"

"Yes, sir."

The lawyer who had objected to her being placed on the stand, smiled; the judge frowned.

"Who told you what to say?"

"My mother told me to tell the truth no matter what happened; that it would be a big sin not to tell the truth; and that I must never tell lies about any one."

"This witness is fully competent," the judge declared. "Let her be examined."

She told her story; she was questioned in a way that would have puzzled an older person. But she was not shaken from her truthful statements. Need it be added that the accused was found guilty and sentenced to prison, and that the testimony of a child kept others from being wronged by a dishonest man.

SHORT prayers, said with attention, are better than long ones said carelessly. Don't make the Sign of the Cross as if you were driving away flies.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—La Rochefoucauld's celebrated "Maxims," translated by Dr. Henry A. Grubbs, is among new issues of the Princeton University Press. A short Introduction and a few notes are supplied.

—The new "Little Oxford Dictionary" is spoken of as a marvel of accuracy as well as cheapness. We shall be curious to see how it defines *journal*. The *Dublin Review*, a quarterly, describes itself as such.

—An exceptionally fine and clean copy of the first collected edition of Sir Thomas More's "Workes," 1557, with the rare unnumbered leaf at page 1138, fetched £80 at an auction sale last month in London.

—Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's Autumn books will include "The Resurrection of Rome," by G. K. Chesterton, recording his impressions during his recent visit, when he saw the Pope, talked with Mussolini, and went everywhere.

—In the new national tribute to Joan of Arc, "The Saint of Patriotism," by members of the French Academy, Mgr. Brillart admirably describes the sainthood of that noble Christian heroine. A translation is already available.

—A new edition of "The Dialogue or Miracles of Casarius of Heisterbach," in two volumes (1198), has just been added to the Broadway Mediæval Library. The translation is by a clergyman of the Church of England. There are a dozen illustrations.

—Many Catholics, we feel sure, share the high opinion of *The Commonweal* expressed by the editor of a leading American review, who writes: "Permit me to say that despite my somewhat robust and uncompromising Protestantism, I find *The Commonweal* by far the most satisfactory journal of opinion of which I have knowledge."

—One would highly recommend Father Martindale's little book, "The Creative Words of Christ" (P. J. Kenedy, New York; \$1), if it contained only the first excellent chapter entitled, "Christianity is Christ." This takes high

ground, but it is well maintained; and one may be sure that the whole of the book, because it is written by the brilliant and enterprising Jesuit, is full of challenging thought expressed in admirable English.

—Many readers will be glad to learn that a new edition of Fr. Gerard Hopkins' poems, with additional ones not before printed, will appear in the Autumn. He was certainly one of the major poets of the second half of the Nineteenth Century. Owing to the fact that he left Oxford to become a Jesuit, he remained unknown to the literary world of his age. Besides being a poet, he was a brilliant classical scholar.

—A collection of "Queer Little Poems," by Laura Russell, lately published, includes this typical example:

The wind is tossing round and round
A piece of paper on the ground,
A torn and soiled and sorry scrap
That blew away by some mishap,
Once clean and crisp, but now is just
A bit of rubbish in the dust.

Perhaps it is the very leaf
I tried to turn but came to grief.
If this be so then let me take
Another sheet for pity's sake!

—Under the title "True Honors," the Catholic Truth Society of London publishes a short story by Marian Nesbitt and a companion story, "Three Cheers for Tim," by Agnes Henderson. The little pamphlet is by no means the most interesting of its kind on the index of the Society. In fact, its contents might have been immeasurably improved by selecting almost any one of a hundred short stories published in our Catholic magazines from the beginning of the year.

—"The History of the Opera in England," by Captain George Cecil, is a rather short treatment for so ambitious a title. The author, however, is fitted by many years of musical criticism to treat his subject with rare understanding. This he most certainly does. In the seventy-four pages of his intimate little book he gives more of an insight into the operatic history of England than many another writer could do in three times

that number of dry-as-dust pages. Publisher, Barnicott & Pearce, The Wessex Press.

—The Catholics of North America have very real reason to rejoice in the canonization of half a dozen priests and two lay companions who tramped over our soil, paddled up and down our rivers, lived intimately with the original and genuine Americans, suffered for these latter, and left their blood as witness to their belief in Christ and in the future of the American people. The recognition of the sanctity of these men by the Church is the Catholic event of the summer, at least for this country; but our people and priests are quite unprepared to talk on this topic, unless they have read one of the excellent presentations of the heroic story. The Jesuit priests, Father Campbell and Father Wynne, have written famous works on this subject in rather recent years; and the volume of the historian and literary man, Francis Parkman, himself not unheroic, remains an American classic.

—"The Perfect Law of Liberty," by Jane Payne McCormick, was written to help the laity appreciate the truths of Faith and to encourage faithful practice of Catholic duties. There is a brief study of the ancient religions, and their falsity is made clear; then the three modern errors of Theosophy, Evolution, and Christian Science are treated. There follows a proof for the Divinity of the Church, short chapters on prayer, indulgences, purgatory, and the sacraments. In other words, there is a concise outline of things which Catholics should know; knowledge inspires love, and love begets service. For "he that hath looked into the perfect law of liberty, and hath continued in it, not becoming a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work; this man shall be blessed in his deed" (St. James I., 25). Distributed by the author, La Grange, Ill. Price, \$2.50 net.

—Dr. James E. O'Mahoney has written an extraordinary volume on "The Desire of God in the Philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas" (Longmans; \$4.20). He makes the great master clear and convincing on this difficult subject, and integrates Thomistic thought on the point to a helpful degree with modern and

earlier philosophy. The theses laid down and well established are basic. For instance, Dr. O'Mahoney says with St. Thomas: "By the very fact of its creation, the finite is a tendency towards God." The whole notion of seeking or conation, so observable in the created universe, and so recurrent in St. Thomas under such terms as "*intentio naturæ*," "*desiderium naturale*," and "*appetitus naturalis*," and also so central in current thought under the concepts of "*nisus*" and "*élan*," is given an exhaustive treatment from the Thomistic point of view. There is a ceaseless tendency in creation to seek God, to acquire God and be like God "in the measure possible," and this is "the deepest law of the finite." It is thus that Aquinas explains "the dynamic pulse and throb" of creation; in his own words: even in things which lack mind, the striving of nature does not rest short of God, and though we know that God exists, "still we want to know Him in his essence." The very possibility of progress rests on this inner and inborn tendency of all things to seek to return to their source.

For one reader, this is the distinctive merit of Dr. O'Mahoney's study, done so carefully at Louvain. His central thesis, we believe, is the hard and at first unpalatable one that man is naturally intended for an end which he cannot naturally reach; this is difficult doctrine, but we find that it is proved here to be both reasonable and Thomistic. And along this stony way, the Irish scholar finds such nuggets of wisdom as are not often the reward of philosophical or other research. One may be allowed to complain the least little bit, however, that this luminous volume should be clouded in a few places by awkward expression.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Most Reverend Sebastian G. Messmer, Archbishop of Milwaukee.

Miss E. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Paula Donahue, Captain Frederick W. Hood, Mr. John T. Boyle, and Mrs. C. Heatherson.

May they rest in peace!

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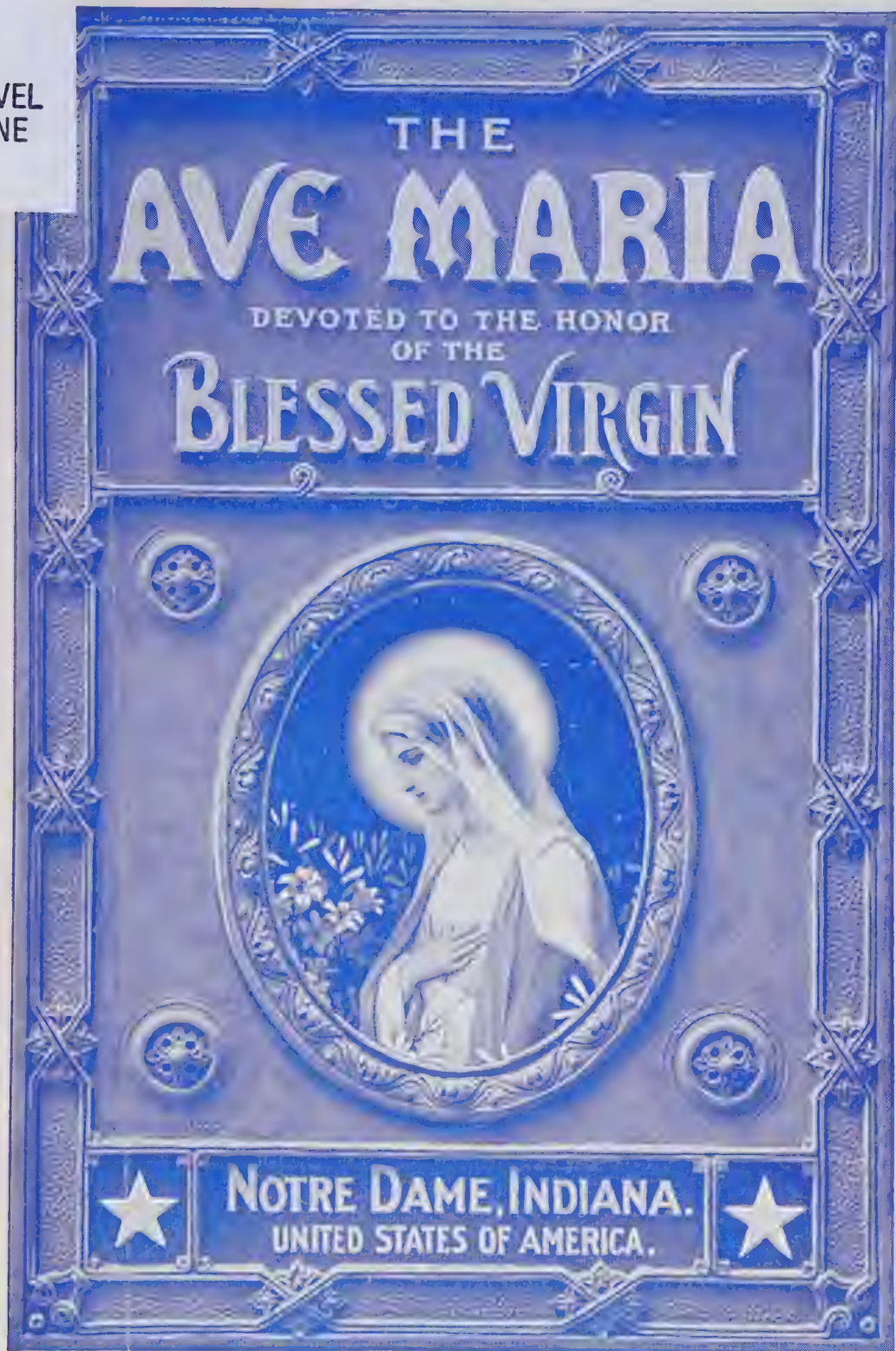
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

| | |
|---|--|
| SATURDAY, 30.—St. Rose of Lima, V. | WEDNESDAY, 3.—Seraphia, V. M. |
| SUNDAY, 31.—TWELFTH AFTER PENTECOST. St. Raymond Nonnatus, C. | THURSDAY, 4.—St. Rose of Viterbo, V. SS. Marcellus and Valerian, MM. |
| SEPTEMBER. | FRIDAY, 5.—St. Laurence Justinian, B. C. St. Bertin, Abbot. |
| MONDAY, 1.—St. Giles, Abbot. | SATURDAY, 6.—St. Philomena, V. M. |
| TUESDAY, 2.—St. Stephen, K. C. | |

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 30, 1930.

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A Dream.

BY ALICE PAULINE CLARK.

Q M I asleep? So silently

You stand forth from the troubled night,
Illumined by your own pure light,
And turn your solemn eyes on me!

Your calm hands folded on your breast;
A halo shining round your hair,
Such as a saint, long dead, would wear,—
A saint long dead, and long at rest.

I cannot think that you are dead!
Oh, help me, then, to understand;
And let me warm my trembling hand
At the aureole about your head!

New Light on Carlyle.

BY STANLEY B. JAMES.

THE age in which lived St. Augustine of Hippo, just now so much in our minds, saw civilization menaced by an invasion of Northern barbarians. It looked at one time as if not only civilization but Christianity itself would be wiped out. The Saint felt the ground shake under his feet. Nothing was secure. But Faith afforded him a refuge in "The City of God," whose visible witness was to be seen in the immutable Church. There, amid the tumult of the peoples, peace reigned. Within its walls were conserved the sacred values so seriously challenged outside.

We are witnessing to-day, though in a totally different form, a similar incur-

sion of barbarism. It may be a barbarism which speaks the polite language of philosophy and science and is quick to invent new refinements of living, but it is none the less barbarism. It is destroying something of greater value to the world than even those buildings and statues on which the iconoclasts of the Sixteenth Century expended their persecuting wrath. It is undermining the moral basis of Society. One of the outward signs of this is the disappearance of the peasant and all for which he stood. It may be that he was doomed to go, but he represented certain qualities which are necessary for the stability of civilization, and the failure of the new Industrialism to conserve these is one of the most disquieting features of our times.

The Peasant was the creation of Catholicism. He had grown up under the shadow of the Church. Feasts and fasts marked his seasons; across his fields rang bells which mingled thoughts of heaven with earthly toil. Births, marriages and deaths brought him into intimate contact with the priest. His domestic life was shaped and guided by the supreme religious Authority, and there grew up in him a peculiar sense of the sanctity of the family—a sense which long survived the disappearance of the priest, as may be seen by Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night." He was slow in his ways, but that was because he could tolerate no shoddiness in his work. He lived close to nature who is above all things honest.

The Catholic society of which the Peasant was a part had not yet given way to the fevered pursuit of wealth. It encouraged pride of craftsmanship and discouraged an undue anxiety concerning profits. With enough for the elementary needs of life, he could be content to labor from year to year, looking for no rapid advance but satisfied with a fair return for the work of his hands. The work itself, his chief pride, was its own reward.

With his little holding supplying most of the household's requirements, he could afford to cultivate an independent spirit. He had an acknowledged place in the scheme of things, and if it was not an exalted one, it did at least make him a respected member of the community,—a community, whose several grades, bound together by a common Faith, constituted a single Family in a sense which we find it hard to understand. However low down in the scale one might be, no indignity attached to lowly status. Did not all meet at the same altar? Might not one's son be called to minister at that altar and even become a bishop?

This was the type of character cultivated by the Church in those who formed the broad pyramidal basis of Society—God-fearing, honest, thrifty, independent, loyal in domestic affections, abominating the flashy and superficial cleverness of "superior" people, with an instinctive suspicion of lawyers and clerks and all whose learning was a mere professional acquisition and not based on character.

And then the world changed. The Peasant's little fields were threatened by the great land-owner. The work he had been accustomed to do with his hands was accomplished by machines whose smoke defiled the countryside. When his children, no longer able to live in the traditional way, went out into the world they found that smart-

ness counted for more than thoroughness and honesty. In the foul slums or crowded tenements in which they were forced to live, the decencies of family life were no longer possible. Above all, the old landmarks of piety had disappeared.

In place of the dignified ceremonial and the comforting sacraments of the Old Religion, they had only stuffy and ugly chapels in which congregated those of their class, cut off now in every way from the rest of the community. In the vast majority of cases the Peasant succumbed to the new conditions, adapting himself to an unwholesome existence in factory towns, and learning to smile at the unsophisticated wisdom of his forbears.

But not all gave way so easily. A strain in the blood kept them, here and there, faithful to bygone ideals, even though they did not know why they adhered to them. The Church which supplied the real motive was gone, and what remained was only instinct or sheer obstinacy. They were like immigrants who through habit keep up old customs amid uncongenial and alien surroundings. Such a one was William Cobbett—that sturdy figure whom we see taking "Rural Rides" through England and noting with impotent passion the ravages of the new landlordism and the growth of "the wen," as he called London.

Cobbett had all the qualities of the Peasant, and, in addition, a keen intelligence. He was able to track the disasters which had overtaken his class to the Reformation, and he had the courage, in the face of a fiercely Protestant England, to announce the fact. His history of the religious changes of the Sixteenth Century is often extravagant in statement, but its main contentions have been fully endorsed by later and more learned writers. That he did not eventually become a Catholic is one

of those mysteries of religious psychology which only God can solve.

Contemporary with Cobbett, and of like peasant origin, was a greater figure still, an intellectual giant,—one of the leaders of Nineteenth Century thought—Thomas Carlyle. Controversy has raged around this rugged old man, making more dust than it afforded light, so that for many of us he became an enigma, to whose inner life there was no key. Recently, however, there has been published by Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne of London, a volume by Sagar, under the misleading title, "Round by Repentance Tower," which gives us the key. It is the most illuminating study of Carlyle which, so far as I know, we have yet had.

The whole story of this perplexed and perplexing man can be told in a few words. "Perhaps," says Mr. Sagar, "the best, the truest and the deepest thing you can say about him is that he was the peasant who had lost the priest." That summarizes more than an individual tragedy. If it be correct, it expresses, as we have seen, the tragedy of a whole class.

The outstanding merit of this book is that it enables us to see Carlyle as representing the dazed Peasant under the new conditions. "The peasant has seen his stable, domestic economy of hard work, thrift and independence, scorned and defeated by a system of shoddy mass-production, scandalous waste, cushy jobs and servility, a system which he has felt to be unstable, ephemeral and disastrous." There you have the author of "Sartor Resartus." That was the man who flung himself with a sort of blind rage against the "Gospel of Mammonism" and the "Gospel of Dilettantism."

A blind rage it was. He could see that things were wrong; he knew civilization was hastening towards a Niagara. He felt it in his Scotch bones. The

peasant blood in him told him so. But he could not get further than that. He had "lost the priest," and, with the priest, that Catholic philosophy which would have enabled him to find his way out of the Teutonic fog in which he wandered so hopelessly. He never fitted in with the literary and academic set in London. Always he remained the lonely old Peasant, girding at the clever folk around him, relieving his pent-up scorn for their new-fangled ways by inventing nick-names that stuck. He loathed their dilettantism.

The literary society of the metropolis he described as "this rascal rout, this dirty rabble, destitute not only of high feeling and knowledge or intellect but even of common honesty." For legal punctilios, academic pedantry he had the profoundest disdain. Equally did he despise the glib eloquence of the parliamentarians, "wind-bags," as he not very politely called them. For the cash-nexus of the new Industrialism he had a scorn which outran even his vigorous speech.

But in this vituperative criticism of Society we detect something more than the instinctive reaction of the cottager against superficial refinement and capitalistic unscrupulousness. Occasionally one hears the voice of the Peasant that was once a Catholic. Like Cobbett, when he tried to escape from the factory smoke of an atheistic civilization he found refuge in the study of monastic life.

It is important for an understanding of Carlyle to realize the important place among his works of "Past and Present," that sympathetic picture of Abbot Samson's régime in contrast with modern Industrialism. It is not a big book. "Cromwell," "Frederick" and "The French Revolution" far outweigh it in bulk. But these larger works have already ceased to be read while the smaller volume maintains its place. Says one of its editors, no other than

the late Frederick Harrison: "To the true lovers of Thomas Carlyle, to all thoughtful readers of English literature, 'Past and Present' is one of the most fruitful books of our time. It is the book in which the Sage of Chelsea has enshrined some of his wisest, wittiest, deepest thoughts, the one in which he finds the widest acceptance amongst men of our day, and the book in which he gives us the most varied examples of his varied gifts."

It is significant that it is the book which, of all his works, he wrote with the greatest ease. Here he was back on ancestral ground. Without knowing it, he had wandered into the home of his forefathers. He is delighted at finding a man so much after his own heart in the reforming Abbot of St. Edmundsbury, at seeing his favorite virtues under the sanctions of the Church—their true place. His appreciation of Catholicism was totally unlike that of Sir Walter Scott, to whom so often is attributed the initiative in the Catholic Revival of Great Britain. Scott perceived only the trappings. He had an eye for feudal picturesqueness. Carlyle went far deeper. Listen to this passage in which he has put himself back in the Middle Ages:

"Our Religion is not yet a horrible, restless Doubt, still less a far horribler composed Cant; but a great heaven-high Unquestionability, encompassing, interpreting the whole of Life. Imperfect as we may be, we are here, with our litanies, shaven crowns, vows of poverty, to testify incessantly and indisputably to every heart; that this Earthly Life and *its* riches and possessions, and good and evil hap, are not intrinsically a reality at all, but *are* a shadow of realities eternal, infinite: that this Time-world, as an air-image, fearfully emblematic, plays and flickers in the grand still mirror of Eternity; and man's little Life had Duties that

are great, that alone are great, and go up to Heaven and down to Hell. This, with our poor litanies, we testify, and struggle to testify."

It was not perhaps a fancy on the part of James Anthony Froude, when he thought Carlyle's face in death was like that of "a Catholic Saint." It maybe that the old, time-beaten peasant-soul came nearer Abbot Samson's Church than either he himself or others thought. Did he not declare that the Mass was "the most genuine relic of belief left to us"? And had he not acknowledged himself wrong in belittling the great Arian controversy, asserting that "the conflict over a diphthong" was of greater importance than he had thought? "Had the Arians won, Christianity would have dwindled away into a legend."

It was his tragedy, that his Protestant upbringing deprived him of all sense of the permanent in history. The Church, he thought, was dead, and there was no use invoking its aid against modern atheism, or seeking a refuge in it from modern barbarism. For all that, the subconscious Carlyle knew that only in the Church could those qualities he most valued—the sturdy virtues of the stock from which he sprang—find their true root and home. Deep in his heart, he seems to have felt at times, that only in some such institution could the Peasant be safe from the corrupting influences of our day.

Differing greatly as he did in many respects from this rugged old Scotsman, Henry Adams, the American scholar, descended from two Presidents, reminds us, in the main outlines of his life, of Carlyle. Like the Sage of Chelsea, he was steeped in Puritanism, but loathed and feared the developments to which Puritanism gave rise. Adams fled to Europe from the Industrial Revolution which he saw invading the United States—fled with what he could

conserve of the old, leisurely traditions. For years he led a wandering life, unable to accommodate himself to the changes taking place about him, yet knowing of no retreat in which could be cherished the ideals he loved.

He studied science, dabbled in politics, travelled much. Yet in none of these spheres was he at home. His Autobiography ends with a melancholy confession of failure: "Adams could only blunder back alone, helplessly, wearily, his eyes rather dim with tears, to the vague trail across the darkening prairie of education, without a motive, big or small, except curiosity to reach, before he too should drop, some point that would give him a far look ahead." And he, too, at the end, glimpsed something of that for which the Catholic Church stands. For him St. Thomas of Aquinas supplied the most satisfactory philosophy, while, in Our Blessed Lady, he saw "the greatest force the Western World ever felt."

It is instructive to note how these two men (one born with every advantage that social position and wealth could give, the other a cotter's son; the one growing up in the great Republic, the other living all his life in Europe), hating the incursion of the new barbarism, and fearing for whatever of virtue and sanctity that they knew, despite strong inherited prejudices, were compelled to draw near the refuge of all sacred things—the Holy Catholic Church.

AN anonymous, old-time writer left the subjoined lines "for all who work, not for themselves, but for the work's sake; trusting that their labor is not in vain in the sight of the good Lord:"

Others, I doubt not, if not we,
The issue of our toils shall see;
Young children gather as their own
The harvest that the Dead have sown—
The Dead, forgotten and unknown.

The Living Voice.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

XXXV.

PIGEONS were cooing on the roof, for the sun had gleamed out in the intervals of two rain-storms. The air was all misty with golden dust, and Simon stared about him for some moments before he realized where he was. This was evidently the hay-mow at Whiteladies. He was lying on billows of soft meadow-hay, wrapped in a blanket, his wound neatly dressed with the finest of linen. Stirring cautiously, the young man peered out through the half-closed wooden shutter. The yard was empty, still steaming from the recent downpour—the stable doors stood wide: there was no sound of clattering hoof, or jingle of head-stall, and Simon had an instant impression that every box was empty. As he sank back in consternation, the ladder from the barn below creaked under carefully quiet footsteps, and presently John Penderel's shrewd, sunburnt face rose over the floor level. He began some remark about breakfast in a prudent whisper, and would have retreated had not Simon beckoned imperatively.

"Have they gone?" he asked breathlessly. Penderel climbed up the mound of hay.

"He is in the wood," he murmured. "We moved you here last night, but you scarce stirred, thanks to Mistress Cotton's cordial. The rebels are riding all the country in strong parties—"

"But Lord Derby! Where is my lord?" interrupted Simon, feverishly thrusting his feet into the pair of countryman's leather breeches which had been laid near him.

"He rode off before it was light," returned John. "All the gentlemen made off, for fear their presence should endanger—"

"Hush!" cried Simon.

They both paused a moment, listening with all their ears.

"I must after my lord," said Simon then, groaning involuntarily as he tried to rise. "He was not fit to ride, John. He had fever on him."

"Aye, indeed, his head lolled on his breast, he scarce knew what he was about," agreed Penderel. "My Lord Wilmot is hid in a house some four miles away, and his horses are in the barn. Maybe you could join him? We tried to cross Severn, but every bridge and ford is watched."

"Get me some food and tell me which way Lord Derby rode. And do you thank the good old lady on my behalf, for I have no time to lose—the sun is high."

"His lordship's plan was to join the Scotch," returned John.

"What!—Leslie's horse?"

"Aye, we got news they were retiring towards York by way o' Newport," said Penderel. "Some score dragoons came in during the night, and Lord Talbot and the Scotch Earl went with him. Colonel Giffard, my brother's master, was to guide them."

"Twenty troopers! That is a fairly strong party," murmured Simon reflectively. "But if they come into collision with any rebel patrols it will bring every brigade in the country down upon them. Good John—hasten, find my horse!"

"I'll go with you myself as far as Wolverhampton to see if I can find means to get my Lord Wilmot away," said John. "You would be advised to wait awhile, young Master, and travel with him."

But Simon was in no mood to accept any such counsel. Lord Derby, his beloved friend, had ridden away, wounded, and was facing danger, perhaps death.

"I must be with him," repeated Simon, clenching his teeth as he dragged his wounded leg down the short ladder

and across the yard. His head ached with fever and weariness, and the idea was almost an obsession. Lord Derby had taken his father's place, and he loved him almost as well.

John Penderel produced two horses from some recess in the woodland. He was not an imaginative man, and his simple plan was to ride to the main road to Wolverhampton and see how far it was possible to proceed along it towards the town. He reined up at Simon's command just within the shelter of the trees. Rain had begun again, and pelted on Simon's shoulders as he leaned forward to reconnoitre. The steely gleam of pike-heads, raised above the dusty hedges, could be seen within a quarter of a mile, and the dull beat of trotting horses sounded from another direction.

"It is of no use, John. I should be stopped in ten minutes on the road. I must cast back to the bridle-path from Boscobel which your brother showed me years ago," he remarked. "Pray God his Majesty may have reached Madeley in safety and crossed the Severn. You had best warn Lord Wilmot that 'twould be folly to attempt the high road."

"I'll e'en try it a little way and see what chances," returned Penderel obstinately. "I've not been in arms, and they can do nought to me if they do stop me. But I'll put you on your way first."

An hour later Simon was travelling alone, plodding steadily northward along the track which he had ridden in those bygone years with such anxious thoughts of his father. Fragments of John's talk kept recurring to his mind—how royalist soldiers were hiding in the fields, afraid even to beg for food, chewing pea-straw to stay the pangs of hunger, that the country folk would rise no more for the King, they were tired of the long struggle; how Lord Derby had scarce broken his fast that morning.

He pressed on, gathering news as he

advanced. He had a little money in his hand, and horses were to be had for the asking; they were difficult to hide, and betrayed the presence of a cavalier. Leslie was in rapid retreat, indeed in flight. Lord Derby had been recognized on the road, his retinue had increased to two score, and had proved victors in a skirmish with a troop of rebel horse which had endeavored to stay them. Had Leslie stayed for them at Newport? That was the question on which all hung. The miles flew by; Simon scarcely paused to swallow a little food at noon. He was warned at every turn—the enemy were before him, behind him, on either side, and yet he pushed on unscathed; now dashing through a farm-yard, now making a forced *détour*, now riding boldly along the road. The rain continued; occasionally a low grumble of thunder was heard, the sky was livid above the breathless trees. All the foliage was heavy and dank now, the wayside ditches ran full of water, and the corn was crushed down in the neglected fields.

Here was Newport at last—the goal of forty-five aching miles. But the little town was empty and seemed asleep; not a soul was stirring in the street, yet when Simon tapped at a house door, faces peered from the narrow mullion windows all around the deserted market square.

Aye, they told him Lord Derby had passed that way, but Lilburne's men were ahead, barring the road North. Leslie had shown a clean pair of heels and slipped through the rebel forces in the night.

Simon thanked them and rode on. The very name of Lilburne, the victor of Wigan Lane, made his heart sink. What then of Lord Derby, whose mind easily fell a prey to gloomy forebodings?

If only it had not been Lilburne! As he plodded on, he had a sudden

vivid recollection of the narrow stone room, the billowing hangings, and the tang of sea-wind which pervaded every chamber at Rushen Castle. For once the thought of Man brought no consolation, for Simon seemed to see through the blurring rain, the open pages of a book, and a broken line of writing with fresh blood stains upon it.

"'Tis an omen, Simon!"—The words came back to him.

"Oh, no, no!" he cried aloud in his anguish. "Oh God, let him not be done to death in some wayside skirmish! My noble lord!"

And then he fell to prayer again, pressing his horse forward heedlessly through the harvest fields where other horses had gone before him. Mind and body alike were racked with pain, so numbed indeed that the scene upon which he looked down presently from the rising ground, seemed almost like a dream.

A cloud of dust on the horizon betokened that heavy bodies of troops were pressing up from the west, and here below him, crossing the pastures, came a strong force of rebel cavalry. They paused, and then moved on hesitatingly as though uncertain of their direction. Simon almost unconsciously wary, moved round so as to keep a little thicket of hazels between him and the soldiers. Then even as he watched, a second group emerged from the shadow of the trees. Like magic the rebel horsemen had sprung into line. Simon spurred his horse with a choked cry, for he had recognized the long curls, the broad shoulders of the foremost figure among the cavaliers.

It was mad — mad to attempt such an unequal battle! But even as he put his horse to the fence, a word echoed up from below — one word which pierced his heart like a knife and caused him to check his horse so

suddenly, that the tired animal nearly came to the ground.

"Quarter!" cried the leader of the smaller group.

There was a sudden lowering of weapons and the two groups merged.

Simon turned his horse back into the coppice, slid from its back and threw himself face-down upon the soaking grass. Life was too bitter! The King had fled, and Derby surrendered! Oh, then indeed the royal cause was at end in England!

"God help us," groaned Simon, and found himself echoing Lord Derby's wish: "Would he had died at Bolton breach!"

He would fain have lain there, giving way to grief, yielding to pain and weariness, but fiery anxieties refused to let him rest. What would happen now to those three young girls at Chester? Their father was in the hands of the enemies who hated him so bitterly. Simon remembered with a shudder of horror that for all his prate of righteousness, Cromwell had not hesitated to order the deportation of two thousand innocent Irish maidens, dedicating them without a qualm to dishonor and slavery worse than death.

What of the intrepid Countess on her little Island! What of my lord himself, with gentle face and puzzled eyes!

Captain Edge, of Lilburne's, rode to Chester in triumph with an immense escort surrounding his illustrious prisoners. A young pedlar followed unnoticed, on a little ragged pony—he was very fair and walked lame.

The prisoners were conveyed first to Whitechurch, whence messengers were sent hotfoot to Lilburne, with a demand for a stronger escort. The next night was passed at an Inn at Banbury in Cheshire. This county had

a bad name with the Puritans, for it was second only to Lancashire in the number and obstinacy of its recusants. The landlord of this very Inn made no effort to drive away the pedlar who was dallying in the yard with his ribbons and trinkets when Captain Edge rode in—though every good Covenanter knew what such folk were—sinful miscreants all, who laughed on the Sabbath and were continually being placed in the stocks for whistling and such like profane conduct on the holy day.

This same pedlar was searched for high and low next morning when one of the prisoners was found to be missing. It was said a rope ladder had been coiled among his pack, and the only Cavalier who slept alone had achieved escape. It was Colonel Charles Giffard. Both the Earls passed the night in the same chamber with a double guard, but ere morning, the stout old Colonel was lodged in a "secret place" which had harbored many a priest, in a country house near by, which was searched in vain for him. The pedlar disappeared, his pack was found in a ditch, but a strange pair were marked stealing away in the moonlight by friends who told no tales. One was tall and walked lame, the other was a nimble little Frenchman. They shared a horse, riding in turns, and made towards the river Dee which winds, with many, many a tortuous twist, through the green lush meadows of Overton, by Wrexham into Chester. The horse was exchanged for a skiff in due course, which, with its ill-assorted oarsmen, passed under the water-gate even as the townsfolk lined the walls in mournful silence to see their own Earl ride through the East-gate, a prisoner.

Two of his own servants petitioned leave to wait on him: they might not have obtained it, had not a heavy

purse changed hands. One was his lordship's French valet, the other a groom, lamed by the kick of a horse, or so 'twas said. They brought Lord Derby's valise between them, and after it had been thoroughly searched, he was allowed the use of it. And Moreau, footsore and in rags, brought with him a packet of his master's favorite chocolate.

The sentry at the door was startled by Lord Derby's cry at the appearance of his servants. He peered through the grating in the door, ready to report anything unusual. But the prisoner was reading on his bed, and the two men were quietly going about their duties.

Under the shadow of night, in disguise, by devious paths and secret ways, Lord Derby's friends hastened to Chester.

His capture was hailed by the Covenanters with a veritable howl of triumph. Their vindictive hatred of him was second only to their hatred of Charles I. — a hate which his death had intensified. The whole world was made aware that "the great Earl" had fallen into the hands of his enemies. They feared almost as much as they hated him, and extra troops were hurried from all parts to guard the broken-hearted prisoner.

He asked to be allowed to see his daughters, but he was refused the indulgence unless he could obtain special permission from Whitehall. He wrote to his wife, but his letter was intercepted.

Lord Lauderdale was parted from him and sent to the Tower, and, though there were ominous rumors; no one could predict what Lord Derby's fate was likely to be.

(To be continued.)

A Poet's Prayer.

BY LILLIAN M. HOWARD.

GIVE me, O God, a pen of living flame,
Dipped in the inky blackness of the night,
Wherewith to write.

Give me, O God, a voice of sweetest tones,
To sing Thy praises in rapturous song
The whole day long.

Give me, O God, a keen, perceptive eye,
To see wherein Thy truest beauties lie,
And pass not by.

Children of a Privy Councillor.

BY SOPHIE MAUDE.

III.

WE arrived at Rome in January. Mademoiselle was no longer with us. I saw a great deal of Teresa who became more and more my favorite sister. I could not go out into society with the others as I was only fifteen, but I was given a lady companion, a Roman, a fervent Catholic, by name Clotilda. She was forbidden to speak to me about religion, but she prayed a lot for her pupil. Attracted by my love of art, I was allowed to visit as many churches as I chose; little by little my curiosity was aroused by things I saw—for instance, why my companion made a genuflection? Why she stayed longer before one altar than another? Thus unwittingly the Presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament was made known to me—her favorite altar was always where the Tabernacle stood. I don't know that I believed this doctrine, but I thought it very beautiful and attractive. Another time I asked the meaning of the little bell at Mass? She answered simply, but with such reverence in her tone that I was filled with awe. In this way I learned a lot of Catholic doctrine unknowingly. Afterwards I repeated to my mother all I had heard. She was immensely interested, and often asked

THE more one knows, the less ready one is to judge.—*Anon.*

me the explanation of this thing or that which was incomprehensible to her. Her mind was awakened to Catholic things, and her wish to be enlightened without anybody being the wiser, made me her instrument, a good thing for me in my simplicity.

One day—it was the month of March—my father entered the room in a state of great excitement. Some of our friends were there when he exclaimed in consternation, "Archdeacon Manning has become a Catholic! I have just heard it!"

Horror was painted on every face. Everybody began to discuss the Archdeacon's intentions, his reasons for such a step. Everybody was in consternation at the loss of such a high light to the Anglican Church. It was the time of the Oxford Movement and the establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy in England. All the English drawing-rooms in Rome teemed with the subject, and there was no talk of anything else. I listened without understanding, but for all that, I took note of the different attitude of Anglicans and Catholics during these discussions. Anglicans were always in confusion and never agreeing amongst themselves, whereas the Catholics easily explained the questions brought forward, and mutually assisted each other by the same reasoning. These discrepancies annoyed me, for I was still faithful to my religious opinions. Manning's conversion was preceded by Archdeacon Wilberforce's, and others followed. I began to feel that if such men could embrace the Catholic religion it could not be as bad as people said.

Mr. Henn came often. He seemed serious, and it was then I made the discovery that he was in love with Teresa. Though no one spoke about it, and my sister was too reserved to show anything she may have felt. He had already spoken to my father, who in view of Teresa's delicate health had not yet given his consent; but such was his

confidence in Mr. Henn that he allowed him to come and see us all as before.

During this year I became more serious. I read religious books from which I made extracts and talked them over with my mother. These books were often by Catholic authors such as St. Francis de Sales. One day Madame Potemkin, wife of the Russian Ambassador to Rome, a fervent Catholic, and very anxious for our conversion, sent some nuns to see my mother, with a little Negress who was collecting alms for their work among the blacks. I was in the drawing-room. I listened in silence to their talk. It was the first time I had ever seen a nun. At last one of them rose and came to where I was sitting.

"And you—should you like to be a nun?" she asked.

I was taken aback, never having thought about such a thing; I didn't know what to say, so I smiled in answer. She went on:

"Well, some day you will be a nun and go to America and die there."*

"Oh, I don't believe it," I answered laughing. "I can't become a nun for I am not even a Catholic!"

"You'll see if you don't," she repeated, taking my hand in her own.

The idea of changing my religion had never entered my head, but the account these nuns had given us of their good works made me long to go and do likewise; but not seeing how I could accomplish it I thought the only way would be to marry a clergyman, and then after his death I should be independent and free to follow my own devices. It was at this juncture our *Bad Angel* came upon the scene. He was a man who affected the very highest principles with the utmost delicacy of feeling. He insinuated himself little by little, with his wife, into our family circle, and soon succeeded in making himself necessary to our comfort, but especially to the

* This prophecy came true.

well-being of my oldest brother, John.

My little brother and I, with the instinct often to be found in children, conceived a horror of him, the others never saw the evil in Mr. X. until four years afterwards. The summer of that year, 1850, we passed at Geneva and Vevey, and it was at Geneva we met our *Good Angel* again, Mr. Henn. He was even more sorrowful and preoccupied than before. He passed long hours talking with my mother. The Bishop of London was at Vevey, and as I had just passed my sixteenth birthday, I was the age for Confirmation. My father asked the Bishop to perform the ceremony. I had very confused notions about it, but a great desire to do well all that depended on me. I talked about it to Teresa, but she knew no more than I did. The English Protestant clergyman at Vevey came to examine me. I trembled all over, feeling my ignorance. He came in and talked about all sorts of things, then looking out of the window at the beauties of nature, he asked me, "Who made all this?"

"God," I answered.

"All right," he said, "you are sufficiently prepared."

He talked of all sorts of things again, then getting up to go, told me to call at his house in two days for the rest of my examination. I was faithful to the rendezvous, but he sent me word by his wife that he was ill, and if I had anything to say to him, that lady was there to carry my message to him, and bring me back his answer. Thank Heaven I had nothing to say, and it is my firm belief that he was as frightened of the examination as I was! However, the thought of Confirmation occupied me a great deal; the vague state I was in made me anxious, and when the day came, the cold ceremony in a deserted church froze me to the marrow, and I returned home to weep alone.

Almost directly afterwards we set off for Turin by the Simplon Pass. My

mother, who had left us at Geneva to go and see her mother, was waiting for us there, and my father returned to England on business. She gave me a prayer-book and told me that now I was confirmed, she hoped to see me advance in virtue, and directly we arrived in Rome I was to make my First Communion. I resolved to prepare myself with all my heart.

Mr. Henn joined us at Turin. He began his long conversations again with my mother, and was so sad and sorrowful after these talks that I could hardly restrain my curiosity. When the time came for us to wish him good-bye, Mr. Henn wore an expression of indescribable grief, yet he was only going on to Rome, and we were to follow him by easy journeys. A month later we were settled in Rome in our beloved home, next door to the Trinità dei Monti, and we took up our usual everyday life.

Mr. Henn often came to see us. He was quite changed, calm, peaceful and joyous. I had never seen him so before. I began my walks again with Clotilda, the Roman lady, questioning her as I used, and I loved visiting the churches when the Forty Hours' Devotion was going on. I used to kneel down out of respect to the kneeling crowd all about me. I never dared raise my eyes to the Sacred Host. I did not believe in the Real Presence, but I loved to be there; I felt a peace which I found nowhere else.

Sometimes two girls of about my own age accompanied by their governess came with us. One day leaving a church where confessions were going on, one of them asked me, "What do you think about confession?" From that a whole theological discussion arose of which the conclusion was that we Anglicans should like it too, if we could be sure the clergyman would not repeat all we said. "But of what use is it to want things one can't have?" I concluded sorrowfully.

"You can change your religion as well as Mr. Henn!" said one of the girls quickly.

"But he is an Anglican clergyman. What do you mean?" I cried out in amazement.

"He is a Catholic," said the other girl; "I saw him at Communion this morning in San Carlo."

I denied it indignantly, I refused to believe it; and at last we changed the subject to prevent quarrelling. When I got home I ran to my mother.

"Mother, in spite of all I could say to the contrary, Marie declares that Mr. Henn is a Catholic!"

My eyes burned with indignant tears. My mother made no answer; she turned away her face as if she was looking for something. After a moment she drew me towards her, saying sorrowfully:

"It is true. When he got to Rome before our arrival, he was received into the Church of Rome."

I became cold as marble, then I cried out impetuously:

"If *he* is a Catholic, the Romish religion must be good and not wicked as people say!"

My mother looked at me with frightened eyes. "You cannot judge of a religion by one single individual."

"One single man!" I cried bitterly. "What about Mr. Manning? Mr. Laprimaudaye? Mr. Wilberforce? and so many others whom you have taught me to love and respect."

My poor mother answered nothing, but her tears ran down. She kissed me suddenly, and whispered softly in my ear: "Pray, pray that we may know where truth lies. The Scriptures say, 'Those who seek shall find.'"

She went away, and I, leaning against the window that looked over Rome, felt the most miserable of all creatures; it seemed to me as if the world were slipping from under my feet. The sun set in brilliance behind St. Peter's, its rays gilded a hundred cupolas of churches,

all was beauty and glory around me, but my sorrowful heart was broken. I had an immense longing for peace and for union in one Truth. I threw myself on my knees, with my eyes fixed on St. Peter's dome. "Lord," said I, "you promised One Faith, One Baptism, One Pastor, and just look at us! Oh, give us unity of Faith!"

(To be continued.)

Wedding Presents.

BY HELEN ATTERIDGE.

I.

THE wedding caused no end of anxiety. The bridegroom was right as regards religion and character and earning power; he had even a sufficient share of good looks; and Eily was very happy.

But the neighbors! That was the reason why Mrs. Gerald went into a large shop in Limerick, and chose and sent home a dinner set, first-class imitation of old Worcester china—a pale flower of brick-pink rambling round under a gorgeous pattern of blue and gold.

"Put it down to Mr. John Gerald," and Marcella Gerald went home to the country town and the solicitor's house, conscious that the main anxiety was gone. For the name of Sir Giles Hubbard was to be put on a card among the china, and they would be saved from the remarks of the neighbors.

The Gerald's house was "no great things," just one in the middle of a row in Bally—well, we won't say Bally-what. There was the front room used as an office, with the name of the owner on a dark wire screen across the lowest panes. And there was the back room, filled on the eve of the wedding by a long, hired table covered with all that could be laid of to-morrow's feast—glittering silver, dishes of meat covered with gauze, and a towering bride's cake veiled in muslin as if it was one

of the bridal train. The house ran back far, having a stone-flagged kitchen of goodly size. Upstairs was a drawing-room of the old style, where the wedding presents were displayed on the ancient oblong yellow piano, and on the side tables that had been cleared of silly knick-knacks.

The wedding presents consisted of the usual array of fish knives and forks, and fruit knives, and clocks, and embroidered tea cloths. There was a great assortment, for everyone that was anyone knew and respected the Geraldts.—“Related to Sir Giles Hubbard, you know. She was Marcella Hubbard. Very wealthy he is. Lives in Dublin—Stephen’s Green.”

So all was ready, and it had come to evening. Eily’s four brothers were home for the summer holidays from the most famous college in Ireland. They had done several small services, in seeing that the cars were come to the town. There was to be nothing so old-fashioned as white horses. Also they had made sure that the roll of red carpet had arrived at the church, and the men were to be there at eight o’clock to put up the awning from the door to the edge of the kerbstone.

“Father Mike says he is ‘moidhered,’ and he wishes it was over,” the boys said coming back.

“So do I,” said Eily. She pictured the packed church—all craning their necks to see *her*, and the crowd along each side of the red strip of carpet, and the little boys shouting for coppers and nearly under the wheels of the cars; the grandeur, the flowers, the feast that the four lads from college would enjoy—again the crowd upstairs and downstairs. And the remarks they would all make afterwards. The Neighbors!—Suppose she fainted, and Vincent and the best man carried her out, tumbling about between them; Eily, who had a small pinch of mischief in her composition, told her devoted parents that;

and her mother was also “moidhered”—whatever that may mean.

But towards dusk, quite late, Sir Giles came in, and that made up for everything. They thought he was in Dublin, and he had sent no acceptance of the wedding invitation; in fact, he had taken no notice of them. Molly, the maid, was giving a preliminary shine to the door brasses, and he slipped in, and went stumbling up the narrow dark stairs to the drawing-room. Molly told “the missis,” and then ran up and turned the light on two brackets near the wall; and also, for the benefit of the titled gentleman, she put a match to the wick of the standard oil lamp shaded with pink silk.

In his first moment alone Sir Giles went to the display of presents, and took notice of a fine old Worcester dinner service. He held up gold-rimmed eye-glasses to admire it. “Very nice!” It made a grand show with all its deep blue, brick-pink and gold. The plates had gorgeous rims, and there were covered dishes of the quaintest shapes. He saw a card perched on the handle of the soup-tureen, and both his shaggy, grey eyebrows went up, and he rubbed his eye-glasses and looked again.

Marcella Gerald came up with a palpitating heart and with her daughter close behind her. “Slip the card away—from *you know where*,” whispered Marcella to the girl before opening the door. The blinds had not been drawn down, and her distinguished relative was looking out at the darkening street with his back to the room—what a relief!

A cordial greeting. “Oh! how good of him to look in! And now—she hadn’t heard from him, but he was coming to the wedding to-morrow.”

Sorry he couldn’t, he had a business appointment. He had just run down from Dublin. He had brought a trifling gift, as he believed it was the fashion to give wedding-presents. He was giving a

paternal kiss to to-morrow's bride for whom he was always supposed to have a deep affection,—the affection of a bachelor uncle of sixty or more for a charming girl, who was also his god-daughter. In his left hand he held a small, round object tied up in a red pocket handkerchief. Terrible! It was like the bundle a workman on the road may carry his dinner in. And *that* was the present; Sir Giles dumped it on the piano just outside the grand dinner-service. He took off the wrapper, helped himself to a pinch of snuff, and dabbed the handkerchief about his face before stuffing it into his pocket.

Everyone who knew him understood that Sir Giles was—what shall we say?—original. But how was Marcella Gerald to show such a rubbishy thing? Then she remembered he was not coming to the wedding. How lucky!—because one had to think what the neighbors would say. There it was on the edge of the oblong, yellow piano—a small figure of a girl seated on the trunk of a fallen tree, frock red, crooked hat yellow, with a gilt basket of eggs beside her.

"It's just a bit of Chelsea," Sir Giles said. "Eily was always fond of the colleen with the eggs. You remember I used to hand it down to you off the mantelpiece and tell you not to drop it. Don't you, Eily?"

Marcella wished somebody *did* drop it, for it was the sort of thing one may see in any cabin, on the window ledge or on a shelf. She heaved a sigh. Well, he was not coming to the wedding; they would not show that. There was time enough to get rid of it before the neighbors found out.

Eily blushed and thanked the distinguished cousin. She hoped one of the boys would break it, if they all came afterwards squeezing along by the piano to see the latest present. The bride's recollection of her titled cousin went back as far as she could remem-

ber. When she was about three he had an awkward fancy for pulling her up to sit on his knee, and trying to count her ribs. With great precocity she had made up her mind to endure agonies and keep still, and let him find out how many there were, once for all. But he could not count, even at the cost of the most desperate tickling. One never knew whether he was laughing or serious. He had a way of taking snuff and sneezing, and saying something about having caught cold through going to sleep last Sunday afternoon in a field, and not shutting the gate. Even six years old thought no one else would make such a mistake. In fact, he was the wonder of her childhood, and she had her moments of dread, as children have of all eccentric folks and odd things. But she was always dressed in her best to see Sir Giles, and it was a great day, preceded by marvellous cookery, when he dined at the house in—well in Bally-what-you-may-call-it.

It was understood that the distinguished relative was likely to leave money to Eily. She had grown up charming, affectionate, and what the eccentric cousin rather admired as "saucy." She had asked him for "something nice for a wedding present, because Vincent wants to buy a car." That was when first she was engaged. He had pinched her cheek, and said he would, if he could scrape up enough. Very near he was about money, and her father was frankly surprised. But the cousin had gone on to say that a lady of his family—one of the Hubbards—had on a celebrated occasion failed to find the means to get her poor dog a bone, and he was not at all as well off as people thought, and he himself did not know how much or how little he had in the cupboard, so she should not be disappointed if she got some little thing like candle-snuffers or a toasting-fork.

Even the appearance of Sir Giles Hubbard was somewhat odd. He had

grand white hair, like a short, waved wig, but he wore, in the old-fashioned style, a white cravat, cambric, twisted round his neck. His clean-shaven face was fine, with eyes hinting a wink, and his hands were the beautifully-kept hands of a gentleman, standing, with the usual curtain and thunderstorm, in an old portrait. Eily always longed to brush his coat, and the ridged front of his waistcoat held crumbs. Still, he was Sir Giles Hubbard, the titled relative of Marcella Gerald's family, and the neighbors had been never allowed to forget, and frequently pricked to envy. They all expected to see him at Eily's wedding. And what a lovely present he would send!

He went that day, in a hurry. So sorry, but they should not expect him at the wedding.

When he was gone, Marcella Gerald said: "Did you ever see anything like it? *Now* wasn't I right?" And she put the offending bit of ware on a remote table.

"I believe it cost sixpence," said Eily.

"Yes, my dear. He thinks we know nothing. They have these things in the corner shops—you know the place our Molly calls the mug-and-dish shop."

Then a brilliant idea occurred to Eily:—"Why shouldn't we give that to Molly as a wedding present?"

"That's so. She won't know where it came from. And she is going to be married soon."

So before night the offending bit of China was bestowed on the maid, who smiled radiantly and kissed the egg-girl, and said it was so natural—as if one saw every day a girl with a yellow hat, white sleeves, a black bodice and a red skirt. She could see the eggs in the gilt basket uncovered; it was possible to lift the handle and eggs off. Sir Giles, as a parting word, told to-morrow's bride he had put a few pins in the basket. It was to hold pins for her. Eileen had said, "Thank you, Sir Giles,"—with

flaming cheeks. She was thinking of the neighbors.

Then came the wedding day, sunshine and shower, and the expected crowds were at the church, and Eily, in her bridal white, walked on the red carpet under the awning, amid cheers and showers of blessings.

II.

The bride's cake had been cut. The reception was so far advanced that the bride had changed from her white, and good-bye was being said, when up the stairs climbed a panting figure, bouquet in hand, and a white-haired gentleman (with crumbs on his waistcoat) strode into the drawing-room. He bowed to everybody and everybody bowed, and he kissed the bride, and presented the flowers with a bow worthy of Sir Roger de Coverley. Then he slapped Vincent on the back and told him he was a lucky dog. The corner of his eye was cocked for a moment at the Worcester china, and there was a card on it.

"Ah! very nice of me!" he said, leaning over towards the laden piano; and, putting up his shaggy eyebrows, "I didn't know I did!"

Marcella, turning scarlet, said something about cards, she was afraid, being put in the wrong places! The boys, you know—helping by way—

And Peter, the solicitor, tried to divert his attention with: "Come and see this, Sir Giles. It's Sèvres, you know. The clock on the cock crows." He was looking daggers at the imprudent Marcella, and hardly knew how his words came. Oh! why did Marcella worry about the neighbors? They would get to know that she had sent in a fine present and had hid the shabby one—they would—Peter Gerald used mentally one of his strongest affirmations—"as sure as there's a tail on a cat."

But Sir Giles Hubbard was not to be lured to the clock on the cock. He wanted to talk to the bride.

"Did you find the stuffing, my dear?"

"The stuffing?"

"Yes—what I put under the eggs in the basket."

Eily looked blank.—What did he mean?

"I put a note in there," he said, "for you to buy the car.—At least nobody will want more than a hundred down to begin—"

The crowd pressed round. Her eyes and her voice asked questions. She gasped — "Oh, how good! — I never thought—Mother's gone for it—"

"Didn't you find it? Didn't I tell you to look for the pins?"

To the guests it was as bad as guessing cross-words.

In the midst of the confusion screams began to come from the distance—from the stone-paved kitchen away at the back. And when Sir Giles insisted on going to the rescue, followed by a crowd of alarmed guests, he found the cook and all the extra "helps" gathered about his cousin Marcella, who was reclining with drooped hands on a wooden arm-chair, and emitting hysterical cries, while she beat on the pavement.

"A hundred pounds! She threw it in the fire!" was the wail between the screams.

Molly spoke between floods of tears. Wasn't it the girl with the hat and basket, Sir? They gave it to me, and I took it home; and—when I took the handle all the eggs on top—kuk—kuk—came up—"

"Well, didn't you see paper?"

"Sure, I did, Sir—same as they pup—pup—put in the new purses and things—just a bit of a wad, so I threw it under our pot. And there was two pins."

The kitchen was filled with groans; and when the groans were over, and the further cross-examination of Molly began, the front door was heard to bang, and Sir Giles was gone.

One day during "the trouble" I saw three small boys marching along by the

riverside in Cork. They were barefoot and somewhat ragged with rough-and-tumble play. The middle boy was tied up in every possible way with rope, except the feet which pattered along willingly. His escort at each side had pieces of wood shouldered for rifles.

"Where are you taking him?" I asked.

They all looked round, and chirped in chorus—prisoner and all—quite merrily:

"To an unknown destination."

Now, on this occasion of the wedding at Bally-what's-its-name, the bride and bridegroom missed their train, gave up their plans, and went to an unknown destination. It did not matter, for such is the fashion. Afterwards honeymoon letters might come from Paris, Italy or anywhere. As it happened they went no farther than Dublin, where the great business was a call on Sir Giles Hubbard.

They were lucky enough to find him at home, writing in his fine panelled library, and he was greatly taken by surprise. When Eily wanted to be coaxing she called her cousin "Uncle," instead of "Sir Giles." He stood up and greeted them both, Eily with a kiss on her pretty cheek, and the bridegroom with an assurance that he was a "lucky dog." They stood on the hearthrug, near the mantelpiece, where the absent bit of Chelsea china still made a gap at one end.

Eily told her "uncle" affectionately that they had come to thank him for his goodness in giving them all that money, "for it was all the same kindness, Uncle, although it got lost." Eily gave a little gasp with the last word, and there was a struggle with tears.

"My dear," said Sir Giles, "I never like to see a girl with a fly in her eye. It makes me feel as if I've got a cockroach in my own."

Eily laughed in spite of the tears, and, stooping her face to avoid his investigations, she gently dabbed a few crumbs out of his waistcoat.

"I shouldn't have put it in that pin-box," he said, "but I may have taken it out, you know—I may have, when I undid the red handkerchief, for I had a shock seeing the dinner set with my name on it. I must have sent that in a moment of mental aberration. I hadn't a vestige of remembrance of it. So sometimes your old uncle does things without knowing what he is doing. There is a lump in my waistcoat pocket."

Eily's hand, dusting the crumbs, found the pocket and the lump too; and she looked up, as he would have said, "saucily," tears, laughter and all.

"You might see if it's there, Sir," said Vincent.

"I wouldn't be sure. It might be the final notice for the income tax. I always leave those things till the final notice; that's what the clerks are paid for—keeping on hunting the people."

Sir Giles pulled out the lump of paper and unfolded it.

"By Jove! I put it in my pocket in a moment of aberration. Same as giving the dinner service. Here you are, Eily!"

The North Portal of Notre Dame de Chartres.

BY MARIE ZOE MERCIER.

NOTRE DAME! How to discourage the gentle but persistent intrusion of this Lady into every phase of European sight-seeing! She seems to ignore the socially accepted necessity of introduction. Those who know her not must speak her name, if only to mention the innumerable Santa Maria's in Italy and the Notre Dame's in France which their Cook's tour has included. Those who refuse her a speaking acquaintance at least acknowledge her by their eloquent disdain of "superstition" and "Mariolatry." For those who know her well a trip on the Continent can become a daily intercourse with her. I came upon

her once in an Italian butcher shop, where the cheap Madonna picture was appropriately framed in rows of canned meat. Need I say I was a bit shocked to meet her in such profane surroundings? Yet, nothing daunted, the troubadour mystics of the Middle Ages would have flashed out a gay ditty to Our Lady of the Salsamentaria, and the weavers and the butchers and the shoemakers, equal to the profanity of putting themselves in cathedral windows, would have taken it up and sung it lustily from end to end of the wide kingdom.

Here at Chartres one cannot enter the cathedral and ignore her. True, there are two of the three western doors in which she fails to figure, but only hers is open. In the south portal she is mediatrix of the human race together with St. John in a last Judgment scene, and as for the north portal, it is entirely dedicated to her. To appreciate a Gothic portal, one must find, several feet across the street, a stone doorstep to sit on—provided of course the green door does not object. There is no such doorstep at Amiens, or at Rheims, or at Paris, only in this north corner of Chartres, sheltered from the great wind that is blowing up dust on the south side. A Gothic portal is a slow pageant, and one that will not bear profound artistic or archaeological criticism at the expense of profound meditation. A stone doorstep and a warm sun, an explanatory guide book and a long afternoon to dispose of the matter are inducements enough to all necessary meditation, so, from its setting of a trinity of doors, the pageant begins.

Against the *trumeau* of the central door, Saint Anne holds the child of a thousand allegories. Like a flaming canticle the litany leaps from the stone: Flower of Jesse's rod, tower of David, house of gold, ark of the covenant, morning star, burning bush, rainbow of perpetual peace. Somehow it would seem

as if the reiterated address were intoned by the ten great figures to right and left of Saint Anne and that the *ora pro nobis* was the oral expression of every upward sweeping line in the façade. These ten figures, prophets and prototypes of the Messiah, Isaac, Jeremiah, Simeon, John the Baptist and St. Peter on the right; Melchisedec, Abraham, Moses, Samuel and David on the left—Thirteenth Century sculpture at its best—have a strange attic quality about them. Artistically they had inherited something of the age-long serenity of Grecian deities; and the Middle Ages conceived its own ardent humility and straining aspiration into the slim, elongated bodies, the simply parallel feet, the constrained gesture of the hands. Above, in the lintel and tympanum, the death, Assumption and Coronation of Mary are worked with infinite care, and all about in myriad host, tiny figures up and down the coving of the arch, give witness to her glory.

The door at the right figures the Old Testament in its types of the Son of Man; but here again the Thirteenth Century sculptors cannot conceive the Son without the Mother, so there is, on the right, a feminine figure of doubtful identity who can be either a Judith, type of chastity, or an Esther, mediatrix of her people, and on the left, Solomon and his queen, representing Jesus Christ and His Spouse, the Church. The figure of Joseph—one with Jesus in that he too was betrayed by his own—has an arresting appeal. Surely the face is a portrait, and the simple, candid soul of the mystic breathes through the stone. The lintel and tympanum portray the trials of Job, familiar type of the Passion, and Solomon in judgment, type of the divine wisdom of God. The figures of the coving second and repeat the main subjects. After a series of torch-brandishing, sun, moon and star-bearing angels, come the stories of Samson, of Judith and Esther, of Tobias. Then in

the corner there are the signs of the zodiac and a stone calendar.

The left door is an exposition of the intimate life of Our Lady. On the right the two great figures of Elizabeth and Mary are still and composed before the vast wonder of the divine plan revealed to them; on the left Mary hears the message of the Angel. Isaias, great singer of the virginity of God's Mother, is another of the few large statues that remain in this particular porch. On the tympanum is the Nativity, and below, the announcement to the shepherds and the adoration of the Magi. Along the coving throng more angels, the wise and foolish virgins, the four cardinal virtues and the three theological, twelve queens, symbols of Mary's virtues. And here we come to the most exquisite series of all, figuring the active and contemplative life of Our Lady: six little figures which represent her washing the wool, combing it, carding it, spinning it and putting it up into skeins; six more praying, meditating, reading, teaching and entering into ecstasy.

One can now review the whole, thinking of another interpretation which has been given it, that of the mysteries of the Rosary. The left door would be the Joyful mysteries, the central door the Glorious and the right door the Sorrowful.

Cool winds are finding their way around the apse; the glory of a fading day is touching the grey stone of the edifice to dull gold, and with the certainty of instinct one knows that late sunlight is slanting into the interior through the three western windows. It is always breath-taking, the flame light of this stained glass toward sunset; faces lifted to it are white, and eyes are deep with ecstasy. The young, ardent poet with the eager soul ever knocking at Infinity would have written of his vision:

Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity,
Until death tramples it to fragments.

The old women, of Chartres who, in their simplicity, light daily votive candles to Notre Dame du Pilier, look up, and seeing, slip into Infinity singing *Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus*. Color, like chord upon chord of unutterable music, beats against the senses, a pæan of blue to her whom tradition vests in azure, a like shedding of crimson to the Mother of Sorrows, crimson as the tiny glow of the sanctuary lamp hidden somewhere behind the pillars of the deambulatory.

Civility.

The word etiquette received its meaning from the fact that the gardener who planned the grounds for Louis XIV., being irritated at the noblemen walking over the recently laid sod, finally had signs placed to mark where they should not trespass. At first these signs were not heeded, but a suggestion from one in authority that all must keep within the "etiquettes" was quickly attended to, and "to stay within the etiquettes" became the proper and correct thing.

There is a reasonable restraint that guards the welfare of others. In fact to be civil or courteous is to keep within bounds. Urbanity is kindly consideration. To be careful of another's feelings, to respect his views, to regard his conduct with impartial eyes, to be sweet-tongued is to remember that a thoughtless word or a bit of rudeness can have terrible consequences. A small pebble thrown into water can cause almost endless circles, and human actions sometimes have an almost endless effect. "If a civil word or two will render a man happy," said a French king, "he must be a wretch indeed who will not give them to him." The same may be said for a kindly act. Nor need we look outside our immediate surroundings for the opportunity to extend that civil word or act. Each day offers

many occasions to spread the fragrance of the spirit of charity. Certainly he who bridles the unruly urgings of his own soul will help to check the careless impulses of others.

Give as you would receive. The bread of the poor is as the widow's mite, not much in itself, but the heart of the giver is with it. So, though many acts of civility are small, nevertheless they reveal a nobility of soul. That is what Frederick II., King of Prussia, thought, for he made it a point to return every mark of respect or civility shown to him. He said one day that whenever he rode through the streets of Berlin, his hat was always in his hand. To which an aide remarked that his Majesty should not notice every one who "pulled off his hat to him." "And why not," said the King in a lively tone, "are they not human beings as well as myself?" He appreciated signs of respect, and he returned courtesy for courtesy.

Some take the point of view of the aide and wilfully refuse to treat others with due deference, be those others above or below in social rank. However, "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light," for business firms generally accept the slogan,—The customer is always right. But mere policy should not prompt speech or conduct. Civility should be based on principle: it is an external sign of inward culture, makes friends and keeps them, and creates happiness for others as well as for ourselves.

Resolution.

BY ROBERT W. STALEY.

GRACE flashed upon me—flickered, flared—
Then took slow shape with simple art;
Light flamed out bravely in my heart;
I saw my way—resolved—and dared!

A Noble Deed.

Edward III., King of England, was once saved from an act of great cruelty by his noble wife and Queen. The former, to prove his claim to the throne of France, raised an army of 30,000 men and invaded that country. Good fortune favored his invasion even to Calais. There the power of his army was stubbornly and successfully resisted for some eleven months. Finally, hunger and weakened forces compelled the inhabitants of the besieged city to recognize that they could no longer resist the complete blockade that had been set up by the English army, so they asked for terms of surrender. The answer was that all would be safe except six of the principal men of the city, and these with ropes about their necks must deliver the keys of the city. When the terms were made known, the people of Calais were plunged into deep sorrow; and in spite of all their miseries and sufferings, they hesitated, wondering what they should do. At length one rich merchant stepped forth and freely offered himself as one of the victims. His inspiring example was followed by five others of the wealthy class. These patriots, with ropes about their necks, were escorted to the gates of the city by all, with tears and prayers. Arriving in Edward's presence, they humbly placed the keys of the city at his feet, and kneeling, begged for mercy. The King's anger was strong, however. He was ordering the penalty be paid, when the Queen, who had heard of his purpose, hurried to him, and falling on her knees, begged for the lives of those who were about to die for their country. The King relenting, revoked the cruel sentence; and the Queen gave those patriots presents to carry back to their homes and their people as signs of friendship.

The Critical Attitude.

THE famous René Descartes is the father of modern critical method. He asks us to take little, and if possible nothing, for granted; and he has left his stamp on all vigorous and progressive thought that has come to be since his day, three centuries ago. Descartes is humbler and more elemental than Socrates; the latter by questioning showed his students how little they knew, and the former, by the same method discovered that he did not have an immediate knowledge of all things. His advice in brief is this: Doubt until you know; or, Believe only what you have reason to believe. Philosophers who have succeeded him, and those who will succeed him, remain indebted to him; and one may remark, with Hilaire Belloc, that a chief factor in the disintegration of the great Scholasticism that had come and gone before Descartes, was a taking things too much for granted.

Fortunately, we are inheritors of the critical method, and live in a time when we are not suffered to survive on a mere animal faith. People do us the honor of being a Socrates to us, and ask us questions that progressively reveal our ignorance. What we may be fairly sure of is that we do not and shall not soon live in a society that takes the truth of our Catholic view of life for granted; much rather, there is the likelihood that its incorrectness and falsity will be assumed, and that both it and we, may accordingly be disregarded. We may also be fairly sure that if we do not express our philosophy in the idiom of the times, it will cease to be our philosophy or anybody else's. We live and will continue to live in a time when the people read philosophy, but do not read Catholic philosophy. This is because they read, and because a readable Catholic philosophy is not available.

In fact, we dare to say that if it is to survive, in a journalistic age, it

must be well and repeatedly expressed. The mute shall not be heard. Teachers of Catholic philosophy and writers (if any) might profitably spend half an hour memorizing and learning these lines from Professor Urban's remarkable work, "The Intelligible World":

New ways of expressing old truths is the condition of the vitality of these truths. If we have a distinctively modern idiom, as we most certainly have, we must think and speak in that idiom. The deeper one lives into the great philosophies, ancient and modern, the more he becomes convinced, I think, that philosophic truth is almost wholly a matter of adequate expression. With respect to the more fundamental problems and their solutions at least, what we call progress is in large part development of our *media* of expression. If there is an ancient truth that is irrefutable, it is so largely because it can be, and demands to be, expressed in modern form. Even more important is the fact that if there is a modern thought-idiom, and there certainly is, we must use that idiom, for that is the only language the modern now understands.

Of course we are moderns, because we live to-day and not seven or twelve or twenty-two hundred years ago. As Catholics we have had advantages in philosophy, but now we must take up a defensive position and, as well as we can, teach boys and girls, even those not reaching college, to take care of themselves in reading a non-Catholic philosophy; for they are going to read, and that is almost all that is, for their inexperienced minds, readable. Those who go to college should naturally be fitted to read the kind of philosophies that they are naturally going to read.

Years of schooling, all the way through college, should equip for critical power and practice. It should result in discrimination and a sense of values. We have just now, as matters of some going interest in American and Western life, the new humanism and what we call scientificism. Where is the Christian student to stand on these large

questions? He must take sides. It can hardly be said that the problems raised by these thought movements are unimportant to us, since many of our most enlightened neighbors are for or against, and are guiding their lives by their answers. Yet it is the view of even non-Catholic educators that our own schools are best prepared to afford intellectual mooring. A professor writes that young American men and women are far from irreligious, but that, outside the Catholic schools, most of them are left to do a great deal of intellectual drifting, and, as a consequence, will probably get nowhere. "They have no intellectual training," he says, "to enable them to settle their religious problems adequately." This opens up an interesting question-box.

It concedes what is also true: that almost all boys and girls as they grow into maturity, at least all those worth the greatest consideration, have religious problems. This is normal and to be expected. Then it also says that the non-Catholic youth seldom has the intellectual armor to meet these normal problems of life. The problem is normal and human, but the outfitting of non-Catholic boys and girls, and indeed men and women, is in this instance inadequate and impractical. For such persons come out of homes where Christian and religious doctrine, if it is existent, is not definite; in too many cases they can be little directed, because parents and teachers are themselves uncertain, unsettled, or unconcerned; and they miss the direction that for the Catholic goes so intimately with Confession. In a fix of this kind it is hard to see plainly how they can do great wrong in matters of belief and disbelief, or how their faith is to be a strong light to guide their lives by. Are Catholics, because of the inadequate expression of their own philosophy, to be allowed and, let us say it, to be forced to follow this same dim light?

Notes and Remarks.

The Catholics of the United States are estimated at 20,000,000, a wondrous increase from the scattered few of a century ago. And the general lessening of prejudice against the Church meantime is quite as remarkable. Organized opposition to it will probably end with the A. P. A.; the Know Nothings are only a memory. It will seem almost incredible to the reader that (so recently) the present writer used to serve the Mass of a priest, the Rev. John Bapst, S. J., who, in hatred of our holy religion, was tarred and feathered at Ellsworth, Maine. He is referred to by the historian, Dr. John Gilmary Shea, as a Confessor of the Faith. There is now a church, with a resident pastor, at Ellsworth; and the State is a diocese, having 209 priests.

We received a letter this morning from the Sisters of Charity in Kinkiang, China, begging for financial assistance for the children in their hospitals. "Tell the benefactors," they write, "how much we need to be helped, for the number of poor, of sick, of neglected children is increasing very rapidly, and it is impossible to refuse to assist those who are suffering so much."

We realize that our readers in these trying days have little enough to care for themselves; but a mite of charity, especially from our poverty, will bring us blessings that far surpass what great wealth alone could purchase. We shall be glad to forward any contributions that are sent to us, or they may be sent directly to St. Vincent's Hospital, Kinkiang, Kiangsi, China.

The morning papers carry a dispatch from London which says that Dean Inge gives it as his opinion that suicide by one who is suffering great agony is justifiable. Readers who have followed at all the pronouncements of

the Dean of St. Paul's are not surprised at this. It is quite in accord with numerous other sayings that mark him euphemistically as a "Liberal" in religion and morals. But, in the face of these opinions of the English churchman, there is special point in the reflection of the Reverend J. M. Lloyd Thomas, a minister of the Old Meeting Church in Birmingham, who writes in the *Hibbert Journal* on the Lambeth Conference. We quote from the *London Universe*:

Rome, whatever its past or present laxities of practice, is seen to be the one uncompromising corporate witness to that moral code of Christianity which preserves Western Civilization from final collapse. It represents the last loyalty of the human race to its own highest moral standards. It is the iron bulwark of Christianity against the overwhelming invasion of the corrupting neo-paganism of our times. Anglican and Free Church leaders may also be found who are rock-firm for the Christian ethic, but they can commit no one except themselves.

There is no authoritative moral theology which can tell us what is the final judgment of Anglicans and Free Churchmen on questions such as marriage, divorce, birth-control, companionate experiments, abortion, euthanasia, suicide. Only Rome speaks with one voice on such themes, and these are the issues of life and death, of the survival or decline of the West. This is the supreme attraction of Rome—its moral challenge to a high temperance, chastity and self-control.

In preparing an article for *Printer's Ink*, Roy Dickinson sent telegrams to twenty-five employers, asking their views upon wage and salary reductions during the present period of unemployment. Twelve answers were received in what was practically a unanimous vote against any such reduction. We should have expected as much. No one knows better than the intelligent employer how much the whole business structure depends upon the buying

power of the laboring man. Every manufacturer is anxious that wages be kept up to a certain level so that buyers can have money to spend. The difficulty is that too many manufacturers would like to put themselves in the class of the legitimate exceptions. They attempt to save on the meagre salaries of their own laborers, and at the same time prosper from sales to the higher-paid employees of others. That kind of a game does not work, especially when almost everybody is trying to play it. Unanimity of opinion on paper makes good reading, but it does not keep the wheels of industry turning. If manufacturers will but show in practice just one-half of the consideration for the worker that they display in expression, we can look for an early and a prolonged period of prosperity.

Charles C. Marshall, who never tires of telling the American people about the evils of Catholicism, must have been shocked out of a month's sleep a short time ago at the news that his own pastor, the Reverend Dr. Delaney, had completely ignored his innumerable warnings, and had walked boldly up and into the very portals of the Church of Rome. If it is any satisfaction to Mr. Marshall, we do not take any stock in the report that there is a direct connection between his attacks and Dr. Delaney's conversion; although we do recall that at least one prominent English convert has credited her entrance into the Church to similar writings on the part of the gloomy Dean Inge.

Not everyone who reads the latest biography of St. John Vianney, by M. Henri Ghéon, translated by Mr. F. J. Sheed, with a study of the saint by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, will be entirely satisfied with it. Some things are related as having been learned from the Curé, which he would have been unlikely to make known (if he did so) as, for in-

stance, that when preaching a mission "he felt himself shaken and re-shaken by the devil in the confessional." And we are informed that the saint never polished his boots. "Polish," declares the biographer, "is, for leather a sort of cosmetic—and as such, a vanity." Other trivialities like this might be mentioned. M. Ghéon is a playwright rather than a hagiographer; and Mr. Chesterton, we must say, is not at his best in the study which he contributes to this book.

The editor of *The Catholic World* has sent out a warning about a young man soliciting subscriptions for that magazine under the plea that he is following that line of work, to obtain funds in order to complete his studies for the priesthood at Notre Dame University. At various times during the past year similar misrepresentations have occurred with some embarrassment to the authorities. We pass on the warning in the hope that this young faker may be apprehended and given a taste of the law. Catholics should make it a practice to be suspicious of all collectors of every kind unless they present the very best of credentials.

At various times, the world, civilized and all, has been in leash to the Cæsars—to the great Cæsar himself, or Napoleon or Alexander. Everyone knows and admits this, and it may be almost a law of history that it should recur. Then, in the opinion of Sir Henry Thornton, a cosmopolite, the priests have had their turns, they too, as in the Middle Ages, have been the persons of authority, the rulers of mankind; afterwards, they give way, not willingly, to the militarists or whomever you please. Just now, thinks Sir Henry, the lords of the world are the industrialists; they are at once priests and Cæsars; they rule and are not ruled; they give sanctions but accept none. They make trade

wars, which may well end, as they have ended before, in free-for-all wars. What they want is the world market, where they may buy and sell; if they can and dare, they name the terms on which others may trade with them and even with each other. All this runs into what we know in present practice as tariff walls and reprisals, lurid advertising, installment sales, oily and corrupting politics, boycotts, mergers and super-corporations.

We shall probably have the industrialist with us a good while yet as our ruler, but it is going to be hard to reverence or love him. He is less beautiful, less humanly noble than, let us say, a Maine fisherman or a Russian peasant. As that acute Catholic critic, Christopher Dawson, said in his interesting book of last year, "Progress and Religion": "Why is a stockbroker less beautiful than a Homeric warrior or an Egyptian priest? Because he is less incorporated with life; he is not inevitable, but accidental, almost parasitic."

One of the most convincing proofs of the Church's claims from a human viewpoint is the number of clergymen who have come into the Fold from other denominations. According to Millard F. Everett, writing in *The Register* of Denver, Colorado, fully a thousand Anglican clergymen have joined the Church since the conversion of John Henry Newman in 1845, and of that number over half have asked the privilege of studying for the priesthood. That steady accretion has, of course, not been confined to the clergy. Almost every week our Catholic papers have had occasion either to record some interesting lay conversion, or at least to shed new light on some unsuspected convert of other years. The same issue of *The*

Register, for instance, tells us that the Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison who was recently granted a civil list pension of one hundred pounds a year by England "in recognition of her literary services," is a convert of prominence, having been the widow of an Anglican clergyman and the daughter of the late Charles Kingsley whose attack on Cardinal Newman brought out his "Apologia."

Prof. A. N. Whitehead, F. R. S., an eminent authority in the world of science, in his recent work, "Science and the Modern World," declares: "The fact of the religious vision, and its history of persistent expansion, is our one ground for optimism. Apart from it, human life is a flash of occasional enjoyments lighting up a mass of pain and misery, a bagatelle of transient experience."

Leaders of science who write in this way may always count upon patient hearing from Christians, remarks the *Dublin Review*, in a notice of Prof. Whitehead's book; and aptly adds: "Much of the science of to-day may be the superstition of to-morrow. So-called 'Modernism' is born of the twilight of a new age, out of due season. Much of it will disappear as the day advances. The revealed truths of God enshrined in Holy Scripture rightly interpreted abide in noonday light. What the mind of our age wants is not hectic controversy, but seasoned explanations of the Faith. Quiet, clear, definite teaching for all people, will alone dissipate doubts and remove prejudices."

In spite of some evidence to the contrary there is good reason to believe that Catholic and secular educators are coming to a better understanding on many questions which in the past were subjects of almost antagonistic disagreement. Catholic authorities have found,

for example, that among educators themselves there is not near so much hostility as some individuals who presume to speak for the profession would have us believe. Secular educators in turn through their increasing contacts with Catholic teachers and institutions have grown gradually to a new appreciation for our educational earnestness and the soundness of our established methods. If the truth were to be known, some of the finest and most lasting friendships in the educational field today exist between Catholic and secular professors as a result of the mutual admiration and respect which they have acquired for one another in their allied activities. Recent evidence of a better understanding comes in the form of a recommendation adopted by the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools at its regular meeting held in Chicago, March, 1930. The recommendation reads in part:

That the complete training given by the several orders of men and by the seminaries of the secular clergy be accepted for the purposes stated in Standard 5, Faculty Training, as including:

(a) Training equivalent to the Bachelor's degree.

(b) In Latin and History, training equivalent to the Master's degree.

(c) In Philosophy, training equivalent to the Master's degree and one additional year of graduate study.

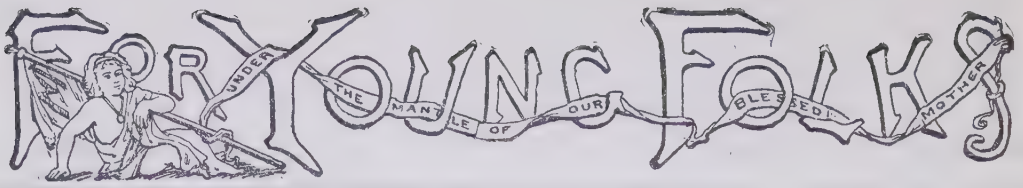
(d) In religion, Religious Education, and Ethics, training equivalent to the Ph.D. degree.

"We recommend that these equivalents be put in effect immediately."

One indubitable fact emerging from the present industrial crisis is that prosperity and employment come and go together. It is true that we might attain a rather general employment and yet have only a spotty prosperity; and unfortunately this is the condi-

tion that has too much prevailed and is too likely to prevail in a capitalistic system. All the same, unemployment means business depression. If people have not work and a living wage, they cannot buy, and the wheels of industry cannot turn. Says a wise observer: People "must be made to realize that there can never be general and permanent prosperity until we have general and permanent employment." To restate our view: no work, no wage; no purchasing power, no movement of industry. This is what is meant by depression: the people have little or no purchasing power. The reviewer of a new study of "Prosperity" says: "The crux of the prevailing ill-balance and consequent idle capacity and unemployment lies in the distribution of wealth and income." This fact that an inequitable distribution of wealth cripples the wealthy themselves is not yet admitted, but the other fact, that prosperity demands steady employment at good wages begins to be accepted now by the industrial capitalists. Some of these lately interviewed, are reported as saying: "Reducing income of labor is not a remedy for business depression; it is a direct and contributing cause." "Wage reductions would, in our opinion, retard and not stimulate business."

The *Fides* News Service reports the death of the Reverend Joseph Dahlmann, S. J., at Tokyo. He is the first Jesuit to die in modern Japan since the return of the Society to its missions in 1908. It may not be generally known that the Catholic Church flourished in Japan toward the end of the Sixteenth Century, its adherents numbering a million. After the great persecution, the Jesuits did not return until the beginning of this century when they established the University of Tokyo.



Lullaby.

BY LIAM P. CLANCY.

ALL the day long
Do I watch o'er your sleeping,
My jewel, my treasure,
My little laddeen!
Singing hushabye-lo
When your weeshie eyes, peeping,
Look up for the angels
Your dream-eyes have seen:
Hush-heen and hush-ho,
My little laddeen!

A joy to my heart
Is your dream-haunted sleeping,
My dear and my darling,
My little laddeen!
With a hushabye-lo!
I am watch o'er you keeping,
My fingers caressing
Your hair's golden sheen:
Sho-heen and sho-ho,
My little laddeen!

The Blossoming Thorn.

BY BLANCHE J. THOMPSON.

VII.—IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

“WE maun speak a wee bit of Scotch to each other, lassie,” said Aunt Molly, as the train rattled on to Scotland. “We’ll soon be needing it.”

“Hoot mon, is about all the Scotch I can muster,” returned Shirley, “and I don’t suppose there will be a chance to use that often.”

A pleasant-faced woman and her two little children were their companions in the compartment, and they were soon engaged in conversation. The woman told them proudly of her son Jackie, thirteen years old, who was studying

Latin, geometry, mathematics, history, music, drama and handiwork, and of the prizes which he had won for proficiency and zeal. When Shirley commented on the caps worn by the school-boys, the mother explained that the boys of each school wear a different kind of cap which no other child may wear. Jackie’s bore a badge with a peculiar device which meant “The tree that never grew, the bird that never flew, the bell that never rang, the fish that never swam.”

It was nearly eight hours before they reached Edinburgh. They were driven to a sumptuous hotel, and Shirley was in love with the city in less than an hour.

“I declare to goodness,” said she as they looked about the room, “this must have belonged to Mary, Queen of Scots herself! Did you ever *see* such a room?”

It was unusually large and high ceiled, with six tall French windows opening upon a little balcony, a great fireplace, panelled walls, pale green satin hangings and an enormous crystal chandelier—but there was no bath attached.

“I can’t understand,” said Aunt Molly, “here is a room assuredly fit for a Queen, and *still* we must depend upon a jugful of hot water for our baths. Shirley, my child, we Americans certainly are a much-pampered lot.”

Shirley was hardly listening. She was staring eagerly down Princes Street at the Sir Walter Scott monument, which she recognized from a picture, and farther on up a rocky battlement, was Edinburgh Castle. Soldiers in kilts of colorful tartans were walking up and down the streets; there were children in tam-o’-shanters and Glengarries, and she could even hear some bagpipes somewhere.

"Isn't it exciting, Aunt Molly? It's the most 'furrin-looking' place we've been in yet. Do hurry and let's get out and see things! I thought it was thrill enough when we crossed the Esk river this afternoon—I felt just like young Lochinvar himself—

He stopped not for stick and he stopped not for stone,

He swam the Esk river where ford there was none."

"I don't believe there's a Ford in town now," broke in Aunt Molly. "Did you ever see such gloriously wide streets with so few automobiles on them?"

"That," said Shirley severely, "is a *very* bad joke. As I was saying, *now* I feel like Marmion and Roderick Dhu and Ellen Douglas and King James and Mary, Queen of Scots, all rolled into one. Let's go!"

So they went. They decided to try a movie just to say that they had seen a movie in Edinburgh. The best theater in town was a small dingy place, blue with smoke because everyone smoked incessantly. The women kept their hats on which added nothing to one's enjoyment of the picture. Suddenly Shirley began to laugh.

"Well, this *is* funny," she chuckled. "This is the last picture I saw before I left home."

It was Rin-tin-tin in "The Lighthouse by the Sea," and they did not stay to see the end of it since Shirley had seen it anyway, and Aunt Molly said she would choke to death if she stayed a minute longer. Out in the starlit night they looked up at the rugged outlines of the ancient Castle, and wished it were to-morrow so they could begin exploring at once.

They were up betimes in the morning, and up the hill to the Castle. Luck was with them, for they were just changing the guard, always an interesting ceremony. Shirley was fascinated by the little sentry boxes, designed ap-

parently to protect the sentry from the intense sun in the unsheltered courtyard. When he stood inside, it gave one the rather gruesome impression of a man standing upright in his own coffin, but most of the time the guards spent pacing endlessly back and forth over the same short route.

"I should want good pay for *that* job," commented Shirley decidedly.

One of the sights of the castle was the old cannon called Mons Meg which was used in the battle of Mons. It stands just outside the tiny stone chapel of St. Margaret, who converted the Saxons to the Christian religion. High up in the Argyle tower they stood within the narrow paved chamber where the baby, Prince James, was born, and as Shirley looked down, down to the courtyard far below, the tears came into her eyes as she thought of the faith and courage of the young Queen Mary, who lowered her precious baby in a basket to her waiting friends below in order that he might be baptized in her own faith.

In a small dark chamber in the depths of the castle they found the Royal Regalia of Scotland, in a great strong box full of the Crown Jewels, royal swords and bucklers and other glories. Everywhere was the Scotch lion surrounded by *fleurs-de-lis*. Shirley decided that the crowns, although interesting, looked heavy and unbecoming. She couldn't help thinking, too, how great a price Mary Stuart had paid for the privilege of wearing one. The lovely Queen had always been one of her favorite characters in history, standing next to Joan of Arc in charm and interest; so this pilgrimage was one to which she had long looked forward.

From the Castle they went to Holyrood Palace where the guide said scornfully, "Most Americans seem to pronounce the name of this place as if it were like Hollywood. Don't they know that rood means cross and that this

place was named in honor of the Holy Cross?" Shirley couldn't defend her fellow countrymen very well, having heard some of them speak of *Westminster* Abbey, so she remained tactfully silent while the guide showed them through the Queen's rooms.

There was a tablet in the floor marking the spot where the poet Rizzio was killed, and the tiny supper room just beyond where Lord Darnley's men attacked him. In the garden was the Queen's Sundial, and Shirley, trying to reconstruct a picture of the Queen there at her embroidery with her three maids of honor, couldn't help remembering the pathetic little verse which the hapless girl wrote on the day of her death:

Last night there were four Marys,
To-night there'll be but three;
There were Mary Seaton and Mary Beaton,
And Mary Carmichael and me.

Holyrood Abbey was a picturesque old ruin, roofless, ivy-covered and full of haunting memories. It filled the visitors with a kind of awe, and even the most nasal American voice took on a quieter tone in its shadows.

There were still more thrills for Shirley, for in the stately St. Giles Cathedral she found the original of her favorite Stevenson portrait in the form of a bronze memorial tablet fastened to the wall. There, too, was the small "Thistle Chapel" with the most exquisite wood-carvings she had ever seen. The armorial bearings of the Knights of the Thistle, together with their banners and other insignia, made this chapel especially noticeable.

The next stop was at John Knox's quaint old house in High Street, now housing a curio shop where they bought souvenirs and postcards before going to luncheon.

"The only thing I regret about this trip, Aunt Molly," said Shirley, as they sat down to eat their luncheon, "is that we can't get up to Thrums."

"Shirley dear, I feel exactly the same way about it. I shall always feel a little bit disloyal to Barrie to come so far and not see Thrums."

"It is the queerest thing, but I always feel as if I had been there," went on Shirley. "I suppose it's because 'The Little Minister' and 'Sentimental Tommy' and 'A Window in Thrums' are all identified with it."

"Yes, and then there's Margaret Ogilvie, too. I feel sure that I should see Barrie's mother peering out of some tiny cottage if we should walk through the streets."

Shirley and Aunt Molly both sighed, for Barrie's plays and stories were great favorites with both of them, but the journey to Thrums was too far out of their way to be practicable in their limited time, so they tried to console themselves with the delicious baps and scones which adorned the table. Their table was near a window, and Shirley nearly fell out in her excitement when she saw a Kiltie band composed entirely of quite small boys go by blowing lustily on bagpipes and brass instruments almost bigger than themselves.

"They certainly can skirl those pipes, Aunt Molly," said Shirley, proud of her Scottish vocabulary.

After luncheon as they started for the National Gallery, Shirley fairly shouted: "Oh, a Punch and Judy show, Aunt Molly! Come on, let's go!" So hand in hand like a pair of children they hurried across the street and joined the group of wide-eyed youngsters gathered about the man who operated the little theater. It was, as Shirley said, "a real honest-to-goodness old-fashioned puppet show, just like the ones in the pictures," so Shirley had another thrill over that.

That evening they took a ride on the upper deck of a double-decker "tram" from which they could see out to the Firth of Forth and the German Ocean.

"Dear me!" sighed Shirley, "I do feel

so geographical. I never dreamed that such places would ever be anything more to me than names on a map."

"Which goes to show," replied Aunt Molly severely, "that little girls should study their lessons carefully and be ready for any emergency."

"Yes, Ma'am," said Shirley, meekly.

(To be continued.)

A Wonderful Girl.

BY N. E. M.

BETWEEN five and six hundred years ago there lived in Sweden the celebrated Governor Birger and his lady Ingeborg, both of royal descent, and (a much more important fact) exemplary Christians. Not content with acquitting himself of all religious duties, the Governor's devotion led him to additional practices. For instance, every Friday he fasted, went to confession and received Holy Communion, in order to obtain from God the grace to support with patience the trials that might come to him from week to week. Much of his wealth was expended in the building of churches and convents, and another goodly portion was distributed during the pilgrimages to Jerusalem, Rome and other holy places which Birger's ardent piety induced him to visit.

It is not, however, with Birger's remarkable fervor and zeal, nor with the equally notable devotion of Ingeborg, that this sketch has to do; but rather with the little daughter of this noble and virtuous couple—Bridgit, born in 1302. I may as well tell our young folks at once, I dare say, that this particular Bridgit is going to turn out, as perhaps they have begun to suspect, a genuine saint. Her feast falls in the month of October. Having told my young friends this much, I may further inform them that *this* St. Bridgit, the author of the celebrated "Revelations," is not to be confounded with

the illustrious patroness of Ireland—the St. Bridget, or St. Bride, who lived and died seven or eight centuries before our little Swedish heroine was ever heard of.

There is a story told of a visit which Ingeborg paid to a neighboring convent some time before Bridgit's birth. Seeing the richness of the noble lady's dress and toilet, one of the nuns said to herself: "Well, there's *one* proud woman, anyway." The very next night a mysterious personage appeared to this uncharitable nun and said to her: "You deceive yourself with regard to my servant Ingeborg. She is at heart truly humble, and seeks only to avoid the praises of the world by dressing according to her noble position. Simpler clothes would cause her to be remarked. I shall bless her with a daughter who, through love for me, will obtain such graces that she will be the admiration of the whole world."

The birth of this predicted daughter was signalized by an extraordinary occurrence. At the hour of her birth a very saintly priest saw above her father's house a brilliant cloud, in the midst of which sat a virgin holding a book in her hand. The virgin said to the priest: "Birger has just been presented with a daughter whose renown will become world-wide." In her future life Bridgit realized to their fullest extent these marvellous promises made in her infancy.

Her mother dying when she was only a few months old, she was brought up by her aunt. She was three years old before she could articulate a syllable; but then all at once her tongue appeared to be loosened, and she spoke clearly, and so sensibly that one who heard her would have thought she had been going to school for a good while.

It was natural that the child of a couple so thoroughly Catholic as were Birger and Ingeborg should display tender piety toward our crucified Redeem-

er. Her devotion to Our Lord's Passion was by far the most precious legacy left her by those truly admirable parents. Our Blessed Saviour showed her how agreeable her love was to Him. One night He sent His Mother to visit Bridgit. The latter woke up suddenly and saw near her bed an altar whereon the Queen of Heaven was sitting, holding in her hand a rich crown.

"Come hither, Bridgit," said Our Lady. Bridgit jumped out of bed at once and approached the altar. "Should you like to have this crown?" said Mary.—"Yes," timidly answered Bridgit. At the same moment the crown was placed on her brow, and the servant of God felt the pressure of the circlet on her forehead very distinctly.

Bridgit was quite a little girl when she beheld this apparition, but she remembered it all her lifetime. When she was ten years old Our Lord Himself appeared to her, and this still further increased her love for Him.

One day, as she was listening to a sermon on the Passion, her heart was very deeply touched, and she felt that there could possibly be no greater happiness than really to love Christ. The following night Our Lord showed Himself to her just as He appeared at His crucifixion. "See," He exclaimed, "how I am maltreated! Look at Me, my daughter!"—Bridgit thought that Jesus had just been outraged anew by some one, and cried out: "Ah! Lord, who has treated Thee thus?"—"Those who despise Me," was the reply, "and who are insensible to the love I bear them."

From that day Bridgit became so absorbed in the contemplation of Our Lord's sufferings that she could scarcely give her attention to anything else. The mere thought of those bitter sufferings was sufficient to draw torrents of tears from her compassionate heart.

All through her life Bridgit received very rare graces from God, and among others the gift of miracles. I shall cite

just one miracle here to show how kind-hearted she was toward the poor.

One very hot day, about noon, a poor and sickly woman reached Bridgit's door, and had merely strength enough to utter one request. "Some milk for the love of God!" cried the woman. "A little milk will support me; without it I shall die." Bridgit hastened to get the milk, but could find not a drop in the house. Kitchen, dining-room, cellar—all were searched in vain. "He who changed water into wine at Cana can also change water into milk," thought Bridgit; and, without a moment's doubt, she presented the jug of water to the sufferer's lips. The woman drank eagerly, and declared that she had never tasted milk so excellent.

The Folly of Anger.

When Dr. Smith was arguing one day with great calmness with a gentleman who had become exceedingly warm in the dispute, one of the company asked him how he could keep his temper so well. "The reason is," replied the dean, "I have truth on my side."

Which reminds us of a man who used to attend public debates, being asked if he understood them. "No," replied the workman, "though I try; anyway I know who is winning the argument." "How?" questioned a friend. "Why, by seeing who is angry first."

Dr. Johnson's famous statement in this regard is worth recalling. He said: "Warburton has general learning; Lowth is the more correct scholar. I do not know which of them calls names best."

But the great doctor once had a neat reply hurled at himself. "Why do you get up and stamp, Dr. Parr?" The answer came fast and sharp: "I get up and stamp, because you got up and stamped, and I am resolved not to give you the advantage of a stamp in the argument."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The editor of the *London Mercury* describes the articles on evolution in the Catholic Encyclopædia as "the best ever written."

—A discriminating contributor to the *Dublin Review* notes the remarkable absence of acrimony in recent publications of the Rationalistic Press, "which, nevertheless, encourages half-uneducated people to feel superior to believers."

—A revised edition of Dr. G. G. Coulton's "Medieval Studies" is shortly to be issued by the Cambridge University Press. A popular introduction to the Middle Ages, by the same author, entitled "The Medieval Scene," is also announced by the Cambridge University Press.

—Religious, and members of the laity who practice Frequent Communion, will find a distinct aid to their devotion in "Bread of Heaven," by Reverend Mother M. Boncompagni Ludovisi, a Religious of the Sacred Heart. It is a book of brief meditations, made with the eyes centered upon the Tabernacle; the soul asking the questions "Who comes?" "To Whom does He come?" "Why does He come?" And then, in thanksgiving, the mind looks inward to the tabernacle of his own soul and delightfully entertains his divine Guest. The meditations are filled with Scripture quotations which should linger in the mind during the day as echoes of the conversation held with Christ, the King. The volume is well printed and serviceably bound in imitation leather, or in leather. Published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons. Price, \$2.50 and up, according to the binding.

—"Confession as a means of Spiritual Progress," by the Rev. Ph. Scharsch, O. F. I., translated from the fourth German edition by the Rev. F. A. Marks and edited by Arthur Preuss, is a most thorough work. Confessors and spiritual directors have in this book a valuable aid in guiding souls that are free from mortal sin. It is not, however, a treatise on venial sin, though there is a rather full exposition of the fact that small sins and faults do offend God and at the same time are hin-

drances to perfection. It aims to state in a practical way the fruits to be derived from frequent confessions. There is a clear explanation of how those in the state of grace should examine their consciences, confess their sins, make the required act of sorrow with the necessary purpose of amendment. Great fruits will result, if confessions are used in a spiritual and practical way. This book should be a decided help to those seeking holiness. Publisher, Herder. Price, \$1.75 net.

—"The Altar Server," by Bernard O'Connor, deserves the hope expressed in the preface by Archbishop Mannix "that better instructed and more reverent servers will reward his (the author's) industry as well as his zeal for the beauty of the liturgy." This handbook wisely tries to urge altar-boys to an understanding of the dignity of serving, the need of punctuality and self-control,—in a word of what is rightly termed elsewhere "the prayer of serving." The altar-boy must be trained to the ideal of the Mass, Benediction and Catholic ceremonies as well as to the idea of being faithful to rubrics. If, however, the rubrics are to be meaningful, there can not be too much insistence on attention and fervor at prayer. Devotional and rubrical serving, how much to be desired! Certainly, this booklet will foster both, offering, as it does, solid advice and the rules for serving at the Low Mass of priest or bishop, High Mass, Missa Cantata, etc. Prayers for Communion, to the Blessed Virgin and Our Lord are also included. Publisher, Pellegrini, Sydney, Australia.

—"Twelve Years in the Catholic Church," by John L. Stoddard, answers two questions usually asked of a convert,—“Are you happy in the Catholic Church, and do you still believe that it is the only true one?” The response of this convert is sincerely powerful. The happiness which he found on entering the Church, as described in the "Rebuilding a Lost Faith," not only has never waned, but has kept steady pace with his constantly increasing be-

lief. Now he desires, as a man of eighty and before it is too late, to offer public testimony to the fact that the unity and authority and sacraments of the Church have given him peace. However, he is not concerned merely with the good things that have come to him; the personal joy is weakly second to his anxiety to reaffirm with a strong act of faith his continued and growing belief in the truths of the Church: the Divinity of Christ, the inspired sacredness of the Bible, the infallibility of the Church, and the divine authority of the successors of Peter. Those who are seeking for light, and even those who would welcome his apostasy, must concede that he is sincere. He writes from the heart, and thinks about religion with logical acuteness, expressing his thought with vigorous accuracy. Now that he has publicly proclaimed his joy in the Faith, he should be allowed the rest of age "and peace at the last." Publisher, P. J. Kenedy and Sons. Price, \$3.15 postpaid.

—At Yale University, according to the *New York Times Book Review*, there now rests the finest set of the famous "Speculum Majus" in this country. The work is by Vincentius Belvacensis, a Dominican of the Thirteenth Century, better known as Vincent of Beauvais, and attempts to present an abridgment of all the learning that was then in the world. A clear account of this stupendous work is given by Mr. Karl Young in the *Library Gazette* of Yale; he writes:

"The Speculum was printed as a whole, six times, all in folio editions, four of these occurring during the Fifteenth Century. The work had four major divisions, which, in the first edition printed at Strassburg, appeared in ten volumes, as follows: two for the 'Naturale,' two for the 'Doctrinale,' two for the 'Morale' and four for the 'Historiale.' Nine of these volumes are undated, but the colophon of the last volume of the 'Historiale' bears the date Dec. 4, 1473, and the printer's name, Jean Mentellin. . . . The Yale set in seven volumes is textually most desirable. Of the two volumes of the 'Naturale' one is from the first edition, the other from the second; the 'Doctrinale' in one volume is probably the first; the 'Morale' in one volume is the second,

and the 'Historiale' in three volumes was issued in 1474, from the monastery of Sts. Ulric and Afra at Strassburg."

—Volumes XII. and XIV. of the Catholic Library of Religious Knowledge series are: "The Christian Latin Literature of the First Six Centuries," by the Abbé Bardy; and "The Congregations of Priests from the Sixteenth to the Eighteenth Century," by P. Pisani; both are translated by Mother Mary Reginald, O. P. The first traces the history of Christian Latin literature with the hope of popularizing it. Any such effort should be highly commended; for the lives and works of the Fathers are too little known. The names of the champions of the Faith are somewhat familiar, but their works are not. Study of the writings of the Fathers would give one a knowledge that should be of immeasurable aid in explaining the truths of the Faith, and should also enable one to resist false attacks. This outline gives the life of each Father briefly in a sympathetic way; the works are then searched for their principal thoughts; and finally an appraisal is placed on the Latin style of each author.—"The Congregations of Priests from the Sixteenth to the Eighteenth Century" should be of interest to those who have membership in an Order founded during that time, and to the Catholic public, which ordinarily prefers its information in a summary fashion. This book offers the particular reason for the foundation of each Congregation, gives a short account of each founder, shows the permeating spirit of the work, and sketches the local, national and universal good accomplished. Publisher, Herder. Price, each \$1.35 net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds.—HEB., xiii, 3.

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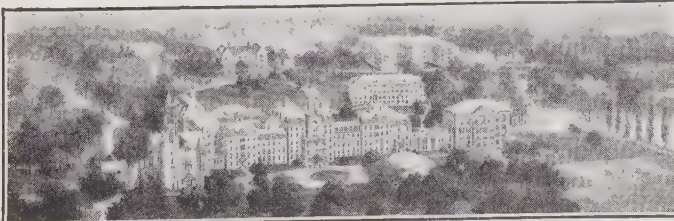
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 6.—St. Philomena, V. M. St. Zachary, Prophet.
 SUNDAY, 7.—THIRTEENTH AFTER PENTECOST.
 St. Regina, V. M.
 MONDAY, 8.—Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.
 TUESDAY, 9.—St. Gorgonius, M. St. Peter

Claver, C. St. Kieran, Ab.
 WEDNESDAY, 10.—St. Nicholas of Tolentino, C.
 THURSDAY, 11.—SS. Protus and Hyacinth, MM.
 FRIDAY, 12.—The Holy Name of Mary.
 SATURDAY, 13.—St. Amatus, B. C. St. Eulogius, C.

The Passion Play at Brixleg

We hear so much of the Ober-Ammergau players and their stupendous production today that we are apt to give them the exclusive credit for the realistic portrayal of the passion of Our Lord. There is another Passion Play, however, which in some ways is deserving of still greater credit, although the absence of any publicity efforts has kept its qualities comparatively secret. Some years ago Charles Warren Stoddard, the famous literary artist, journeyed to the isolated village of Brixleg for the purpose of seeing this production, and he has told us the story of that visit in his own happy style upon the pages of this little pamphlet.

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The Nativity of Mary.

BY MARIE SCHULTE KALLENBACH.

GOD thought of things the most remote from
stain,

Then touched a chord of music yet unheard,
And breathed the name of Mary. Not in vain,
Was born of love the first most tender word.

Ah, not in vain, was every grace beguiled
For this babe dreamed of prophets! As it
charms

The aged Anne and Zacharias mild,
Attending angels wait with outstretched arms.

Ah, not in vain, though time shall never know
The whole of her meek, humble ministry;
And bitter sweet the way that she shall go,
For only God could shape such destiny!

Our Lady and the Freedom of Woman.

BY THE REV. JAMES P. WEBB.



THE Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, which falls on the 8th of September, is naturally one of considerable importance in the calendar of the Church. The title explains itself. But the fact which is the subject of this feast, is one of immense import in the historical unfolding of the way of Redemption according to the designs of God, and in this respect the feast acquires an added interest of supreme significance.

It must first be remembered that God is never bound to any particular way or

means of achieving an end He wills to effect, but it must equally be borne in mind that the way in which He elects to act is always the way of divine and infinite wisdom. From eternity had God decreed that the redemption of mankind should be brought about by the Incarnation, life, death, and resurrection, of His Son; that Son who proceeds from Himself by the eternal process of divine generation, and who "in the fullness of time" should "be born of a woman." This woman, on whom in the designs of God so much depended, is none other than our Blessed Lady. Her coming into this world must needs be a landmark in the spiritual history of mankind, since through her was later to come He who would give grace and salvation and life eternal to the children of men. Her nativity is one of the greatest facts in the great scheme of preparation which led up to the coming of Our Lord, a source of joyous hope to all who understand its import and connection, and the annual commemoration of her birth will be a day of glad and thankful celebration to the Church and all her children.

Probably all Catholics are aware that it is not the usual practice of the Church to celebrate in any way the day of the birth of her saints. It is the day of their death that is fixed upon for their feasts, the day on which they leave this life of grace and suffering and merit, and are born to the new and eternal life of reward and glory. That day of their passing out of this world

into the next is actually styled their natal day, for it is the day on which by a kind of spiritual nativity they attain to the new life in which there is no death.

There are only three in all the endlessly long calendar of the saints of the Church whose births she commemorates by a liturgical feast: Our Lord, sinless by nature; Our Lady, sinless by the unique grace of her Immaculate Conception; and St. John the Baptist, sinless by the pre-natal cleansing on the occasion of Our Lady's Visitation. It is easy to see the distinction and the difference between these cases, and it is equally easy to see the magnificence of Our Lady's position, who, from the beginning, was thus sinless and perfect. Bearing this in mind, and keeping in view her future office of Mother of the Word Incarnate, it is impossible not to see in her nativity the beginning of salvation and its fruits in the souls of men, the breaking forth upon the unknowing world of her day of the light of grace.

It is the custom of the Church in certain of her festivals and seasons to go back in spirit to the time that preceded the coming of Our Lord, and to look forward from the viewpoint of those who looked and longed for the coming of the One foretold from the beginning. This is a very reasonable custom, and everyone knows how its application during the season of Advent serves to emphasize the meaning and purpose of Our Lord's coming at Christmas. The same holds good in other ways. If anyone wants to understand and appreciate the value and benefits of the present order of civilization let him compare the present with preceding conditions.

Indeed, no true appraisalment of present values is possible without some knowledge of the past and a comparison of what has passed away with what is now the actual condition of things. The present phase of man's economic and so-

cial evolution undoubtedly has its evils, accidental and inherent, but anyone with a knowledge of the past and an eye along the path of progress by which the race has travelled, knows very well that the present is immeasurably superior to the past, that the standard of life, and the capacity and means for the full functioning of life, are on a higher level than ever before. Men who have little or no knowledge of the past, or of those stages of strife and struggle, of misery and poverty, which have been left behind, may be embittered by the sight and thought of actual evils; but those whose knowledge is of the past as well as the present, while they regret what there is of evil, will rejoice in the good that has been actually accomplished, and will see in what has been already done the augury of yet greater progress for the future. It is thus, too, in the things of religion.

No one can even hope to understand what Our Lord and His Church have done for the world unless they have some knowledge of the state of the world and the spiritual and material condition of man before the divine doctrine of Christ and the Church began to exercise its influence and power, making all things new. So at Advent time, the Church goes back in spirit, takes note of the circumstances that herald the approval of Our Lord, and at the end, celebrates His coming with thankfulness and rejoicing. So likewise is the Nativity of our Blessed Lady one of the great signs of the coming of Our Lord. It is the greatest step forward in all the long history of that coming, greater by far than the prayers of patriarchs and the foretellings of prophets. When she came into this world the coming of Our Lord Himself was within measurable distance. Like the dawn, bright and glorious in itself, she is the harbinger of the greater glory so soon to follow.

"Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising?" To all that have eyes

to see and minds to understand, the Nativity of Our Lady is indeed as a morning rising, breaking on the long, dark night of religious ignorance and error. The Jews indeed had the knowledge of the true God, and also the form of the worship of God prescribed for them in the Law. But they themselves had been far from faithful in their service of God during the long course of their history, and their rejection of Our Lord shows to what an extent the darkness of misunderstanding and prejudice had settled down upon their minds. Outside the range of Judaism, the whole world was sunk in the deepest depths of idolatry, superstition, vice. Some authority has stated that the ancient Greeks worshipped in various places and in different ways some three thousand gods and goddesses of divergent degrees of dignity and divinity. It is well known that the Romans appropriated, even though they modified, the worship of a multitude of local deities from the peoples whom they subdued, and this in addition to their own very variegated system of belief and practice. The gods themselves were regarded and represented as being subject to and engaging in all the vices and follies of men, and unable to evade the inexorable decrees of fate, even as touching themselves, much less in their bearing upon the lives and affairs of men.

Religion had become largely a system of superstitions which wise men despised and derided, and which the multitude practised out of custom, fear, and the native necessity of man for some kind of religious belief and exercise, no matter how unreasonable or perverted. These peoples, the Greeks and Romans, and those who had come under their influence and control, were races of a high degree of civilization and culture. Outside their bounds, in parts of the world at that time known and unknown, were immense multitudes of people accepting and practising a mystifying variety of

religious cults from the most thorough-going pantheism to the most barbarous and bloodthirsty forms of worship. There was the Hindoo race and religion with its iron-hard caste system, its dreadful doctrine of transmigration of souls through animal forms and even the lowest and most repellent forms of insect life, and its final end of absorption in the original source of things to the exclusion of all individual existence. There was Buddhism with its teaching that the elimination of all desire is the supreme duty of man, and its promise of Nirvana or extinction, as the reward for this effort. There were the weird Druidical rites of Western Europe, with their concomitant horrors of human sacrifices. There were the brutal and barbarous religious orgies of darkest Africa. And so on with the rest, all the world over.

Whatever may have been its first origin and character among the races of old, religion had become a thing of the worship of sticks and stones, of the deification of natural powers and even of the wildest passions and most perverted instincts, of absurd and outrageous superstitions, an invocation of capricious though possibly benignant tyrants, or a placation of merciless monsters; and the rites of religion were characterized by drunkenness and debauchery, by the taking of human life, and by a host of unmentionable enormities. It is by no means an exaggeration to describe this condition of religious affairs as a dark night, and it is equally no departure from fact to see in the coming of Our Lady into this world the morning risings of a new order of things. Darkness will give place to light, and errors will be ousted by truth, when the full day shall break upon the earth and the Sun of Justice shine forth in all His brightness upon the children of men.

It is, of course, not to be expected that the people of her own day knew and realized what had come to pass

when Our Lady was born, the child of Joachim and Ann, themselves saints of God. Our Lord Himself was not recognized for what He truly was when, later on, "he came unto his own; and his own received him not." None the less, Our Lady's birth was indeed the dawn of day. Dawn breaks almost imperceptibly upon the sky, gradually but surely it diffuses its light over and above the horizon, until at last all darkness is dispelled and night is driven away, till sunset and eventide shall bring it back again.

The analogy with Our Lady must not be pressed too hard. The dawning of the day ushered in by her coming may indeed have escaped the notice of those who lived around her and about her, even of those who, by their knowledge and understanding of prophecy might have been expected to know the signs of the times and to recognize their import. That failure can not alter the fact. A new day had dawned upon the earth. It would require time for its unfolding into the fullness of its light and glory, just as any natural day whose light breaks and waxes and wanes, and fades again into twilight and darkness. This new spiritual day shall indeed wax till it shall shed abroad the full light of Our Lord's teaching and example, but it shall never wane, much less fade away into extinction.

It is sometimes thought, and said, that there is a decay of religion, that the Christian faith has lost its hold upon the minds of men, has no longer that power of appeal to draw, and strength of influence to retain the assent and allegiance of men which once it possessed. Yet, how can this be true in face of the facts? It may be true of non-Catholic Christian denominations, taken singly or in general. It certainly is not true of the Catholic Church, which has never decayed, or lost its hold, or failed to attract and retain men from,

and in, every phase and position of life and society. The losses of the Church in one direction have been more than compensated by its gains in another, and even where it has lost it has left behind it in its loss so much of its memory and tradition and spirit that its ultimate return seems assured and inevitable. Things are never the same, and nothing is ever restored entirely to its former condition, but there is such a thing as changing defeat into victory, even such a thing as rising again from the dead, and this the Church in one or other of her one-time territories has done, is doing, and will ever continue to do.

The reaction from anti-Catholicism to Catholicism may be slow in coming, hindered by many prejudices and setbacks, incomplete in its effects; but come it does, sooner or later. The proof is in these facts. The triumph of Protestantism was as near complete as any triumph possibly can be in Germany, the Netherlands, England, Scotland, Scandinavia, and other countries. Yet the Protestantism that seemed to triumph in the Sixteenth Century is as dead as the Sixteenth Century itself, and even now the leading exponents of non-Catholic teaching are crying out for further credal revision, which no doubt, they will get in due time. In a multitude of ways non-Catholic churches have approximated, and are still further approximating, to Catholic forms of worship. Some of them have taken over whole blocks of Catholic doctrine, even in those matters which the original reformers most emphatically denounced and rejected. That is not all, or by any means the most important factor in the case.

The most remarkable thing of all is the revival of Catholicism itself in the very countries in which it seemed most completely crushed out of existence. The counter-reformation on the Continent of Europe is the greatest and most success-

ful instance of this recovery and revival. But it is only part of a much wider movement. In England the Second Spring was no passing phase, for the Church has grown and developed in numbers, resources, and influence, beyond the dreams of those who saw that Second Spring break forth upon an astonished and bewildered Protestant country.

Presbyterian Scotland has seen a similar revival and growth of the old faith, due in large measure to the influx, over many years, of Irish workers into the industrial belt of the Scottish Midlands. In the Western Isles, that Southern portion of them which remained Catholic in spite of the Reformation, not only has the Church maintained her position, but there has gone forth a steady stream of sincere and fruitful Catholics to every part of the English-speaking world. There is no need to go through the list of places one by one, but everywhere the facts are the same, more or less. Even in Scandinavia, and far-off Iceland, there are ample signs that the Church is rising again to renewed power and influence and expansion.

It would require the spirit of prophecy to foretell whether or not these countries will ever again become Catholic in the sense that they were Catholic before the disruption of the Reformation. But that is not the point. The thing that matters is the fact that the day of Catholicism, which seemed to be done, suffered only a temporary eclipse, as time goes in the long reckoning of the Church; and its light is again breaking forth in clearness and power. In fact, in the strange welter of religious opinions and negations in non-Catholic lands, the teaching of the Church tends ever more to become the one religious light that shines with strength and clarity through the gloom of doubt. The day of Catholicity is strong as well as long. It breaks

through the thickest and the blackest clouds, and it goes back to that far-off dawn, the day of the Nativity of our Blessed Lady.

The birth of the Most Blessed Virgin was indeed the dawn of day for all mankind, for to all the world there came by her the light and influence and effect of the Christian revelation. That great fact of her birth has, however, a place of interest and significance altogether special in regard to her own sex. It is a matter of common knowledge, and so painfully evident as to be beyond dispute, that, prior to the diffusion and prevalence of the Christian religion, woman was little more than the slave of man, to minister to his needs, to be the means of his gratification in passion and pleasure. This condition of servitude and degradation went on among pagan peoples to quite modern times.

There is no need to give illustration or example. The Christian religion, which is the Catholic Church, by its teaching in regard to Our Lady, by its recognition of her position of transcendent honor as the Mother of Our Lord, and of all the implications arising therefrom, has changed, gradually but effectively, the whole status and position of woman. Every student of history knows and acknowledges how devotion to Our Lady brought about a realization of the dignity of womanhood and an appreciation of her true place in the divine scheme of domestic and social life. The old condition of things passed away. The pagan concept and practice in regard to woman could not possibly survive in a society dominated by the principles of the Catholic religion, which taught that the most perfect, the greatest and most glorious, of all the creatures of God, was herself a woman, the woman by whom the Redeemer had come, the Most Blessed Virgin.

It is hard to see how woman could ever have come to her own, could ever have risen out of the servitude of an-

tiquity and paganism but for the Catholic Church and its doctrine and devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary. That doctrine was not merely a fact of faith, and that devotion was something more than praise and honor to the Mother of God. Doctrine and devotion alike were operative principles that, even in the rudest and roughest ages, made men see in womankind a representative of that great Woman who was of higher grace and dignity than any man, save only her own Divine Son, and thus to give to woman honor and reverence and love in a manner unknown before and in a degree that is ever advancing. Thus did woman rise from the servitude of corruption to the liberty of the children of God, and her rising began by the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Modern times, and especially the last half century, have seen a wonderful and unparalleled change in the whole status of woman in every phase of life and activity. Women are claiming, and by degrees attaining, equality with men, and the extent of the progress that has been made would have been unbelievable to a former age. It has been said that, as a class, woman has taken thought, and in one or two generations has added to her stature one cubit. There is truth in the saying. The social, political, business, and professional worlds are open to woman as to man. In many countries she has equal suffrage and legislative rights with man, and is a power to be reckoned with in any political question or contest. Whatever people may think of the matter the facts are there, and there is no going back upon them. Some are afraid this new-found liberty will tend to abuse and loosen the cohesion of the social structure built up by so many centuries of effort and toil. But every movement has its incidental difficulties and dangers, which, as a rule, rectify themselves as the movement progresses; and there is no real reason to think that the femi-

nist movement of modern times will in the long run be productive of anything but good to individuals and society alike. It certainly should be a great help to the extension of the influence and ideals and faith of the Church.

Catholic women, at any rate, will see to it that their power and influence are exercised on the side of the Church in every matter that affects the Catholic religion and its practice. Our Lady was born to a function and dignity of unique pre-eminence. Modern woman is being born to a duty and office in the state that, regarded aright, constitute for her a new function and dignity. Whatever those outside the Church may think and do, those of the household of the faith may, in the main, be trusted to have the ideal of our Blessed Lady before their minds, filling them with a sense of their religious responsibility, and guiding them in the exercise of their power to act always for the welfare and progress of God's great family on earth—His Church. Woman may well rejoice in her liberation from the thralldom of her position under paganism, and in her present-day freedom and power. Let her not forget that the foundations of her liberty rest on the principles of the Catholic religion, and that her true emancipation from her condition of servitude and degradation dates from the day of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The day of Our Lady's birth should indeed be a day of gladness and exaltation to the Church and its children. It will bring a stir of gratitude to every soul that remembers its indebtedness to her. The whole world is under an obligation to her, for the whole world and all its peoples have received in measure greater or less the light of that day of religious truth of which she was the dawn. There is not a nation or race, however backward and benighted, that has not received some use and benefit from the advance of human culture and

the progress of civilization. And all that is best derives ultimately from the teaching of Our Lord and His Church, however little men may realize it or acknowledge it. The light of the Gospel, the truths and practices of the Catholic faith, have not yet been diffused over all the earth. There are still peoples that sit in darkness and the shadow of death, and there is yet great work to be done to bring all to the true light, that they may see and find their way into the one Fold of the one Shepherd. But the first rays of that light have gone forth, and at least the indirect benefits of the Church's teaching and influence have improved and elevated the lot and the lives of all. What has so far been done is only the beginning of greater and better things to come—things that will strengthen and consolidate the position of the Church, give grace and blessing to all its children, and be for the benefit, spiritual and temporal, of the whole human race.

Whatever future development may be in this last age of the dispensation of Christ Our Lord, it is easy to look back and see its great uprising from the time and fact of Our Lady's birth. And with the knowledge of what has been and now is, with hope of what is yet to come, everyone will see how true as well as beautiful are the words of that Antiphon that concludes the Office on the day of the Feast of Our Lady's Nativity: "Thy birth, O Virgin Mother of God, hath given tidings of joy to all the world: for from thee hath arisen the Sun of Justice, Christ our God, who, taking away the curse, hath given us blessing, and destroying death hath bestowed upon us life everlasting."

"Know thyself" was the motto of the pagans. "Conquer thyself" is the motto of Christians. Only the saints succeeded in doing this, but every Christian is bound to make efforts.

The Living Voice.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

XXXVI.

LORD STRANGE arrived in Chester within ten days of his father's capture. He did not come in menial disguise as Simon had done, but arrived with a special pass, a letter of introduction to the Governor of Chester Castle, and accompanied by his wife in a coach and four.

Lord Derby forebore to reproach this disobedient son, yet Charles' arrival did little to alleviate his depression. The young man showed him much affection and was distraught with anxiety about his father's fate, but he did not acknowledge his fault, and he came under the ægis of the rebel government.

"Your talk is all of surrender, Charles," said the elder man sadly enough. "Have I not surrendered? Did I not stoop to ask for quarter? In truth, I was so weary I scarce knew what was passing."

"Yes, Sir, you were right—a thousand times right to do so," cried Charles eagerly. "But to stop now is greater danger still. You must realize that there is only one government in England now—only one power—Cromwell's."

"They have not captured the King, though," returned Derby, in a whisper. "There is no fresh news of him, my son?"

"No. It is said he is still lurking somewhere in England," returned Charles indifferently. "But, Father, *you* must make submission; you must surrender the island, or you are lost—we are all lost."

Derby started violently, and turned his eyes, full of reproach, upon his son. He was about to speak bitterly, but controlled himself with a visible effort. Lady Strange, after a formal visit had returned to her lodging, attended by Moreau. Simon had been bidden to stay,

but now Lord Derby dismissed him.

"Simon, I pray you go hold the gaoler in talk," he said. "Charles and I must speak of this matter together." Then laying his hand affectionately on the young man's shoulder, he whispered: "Have you heard aught of the King?"

"Nay, Sir, only that he had tried vainly to cross the Severn."

"Well, then, keep that fellow out of earshot, and afterwards return with Charles to his inn and he will tell you all we have spoken of."

Lord Strange's face darkened, and his father added sternly: "I wish you to confide in Simon as though he were my son. He has taken a son's place, and I love him next to my own."

Bradshaigh hastily withdrew. His heart kindled at Lord Derby's words, and yet he feared they might stir up the old jealousy. But when he subsequently accompanied Lord Strange through the narrow, crowded streets over which booths were built out, making long, overhanging galleries, the young man was all friendliness.

The old timbered dwelling in Watergate Street, which had been the Stanleys' residence, when in Chester, from time immemorial, had been sequestered like the rest of their property. "The Stanley Palace" it was still called, for though the low-ceiled rooms were small and few enough, it had been built on the feudal model, with baronial hall and ladies' bower.

Charles was now lodged at a tavern in Bridge Street which his wife considered vastly beneath her new position. It was impossible as well as dangerous to talk out of doors, as Simon, in his character of groom, was obliged to walk a pace or two behind Lord Strange. Then when at last the door was locked upon the outer world, Charles must needs go to greet the bride from whom he had been separated for an hour, and dallied so long, that Simon began to

stride impatiently about the little parlor. How could he so waste time, he wondered. He had not yet seen his sisters or devised any plan for their comfort, yet he seemed to be considered something of a *persona grata* by the Covenanters.

Simon thought this almost sinister. Yorkshire had early gone over to the Parliamentary side, but Lancashire, though crushed, was still defiant. It would be Cromwell's policy to try and win this young man to his cause, hoping to draw in with him all the followers of his vanquished father. But this could never be while that father lived, with all his fiery loyalty! What then if Cromwell should trump up some excuse by which he might encompass the death of his prisoner? But who could dare when quarter had been given?

Cromwell had endeavored to strip the King of all titles and dignities before he condemned him to death, yet he had had no scruple in dubbing himself "the Lord General." The vast wealth of the Cromwells had long made them envious of the position of the peers and nobles, and madly ambitious of those very worldly honors which they and their followers affected to despise.

Simon reflected on all these things, his anxiety growing more and more acute. When at last Charles returned, simpering fatuously, he turned a lowering countenance upon him.

"We are wasting too much time! Have you heard this rumor of a court martial? Should you not see a lawyer on my lord's behalf?" he exclaimed.

"Why, Simon, you cannot seriously think my father is in any personal danger? Martial law is most explicit on the point," returned Charles in a surprised tone. "All that is necessary is that he should make a formal surrender of the Isle of Man and that my mother should retire to Knowsley. It should

have been done long ago—you know well that residence there has cost him a fortune."

Bradshaigh colored violently. "Are you going to think of money, Sir, when your father's life is at stake?" he asked violently.

"But it *is* not," replied Charles impatiently. "Let him make an act of submission. It will not do to stand upon dignity now—we must e'en save what we can out of the mess. As for me, I have taken on fresh responsibilities, and must needs think of them."

A sudden terror struck into Simon's heart, overmastering the wrath there.

"Charles," he said earnestly, "remember how you loved him as a child! Remember he is your father—and such a kind, loving father too! Forget your temporary estrangement, but for God's sake make no mistake about his peril! You do not know these rebels."

"Tut, Simon, you are all too exalted, I think," cried Strange. "The Lord General has won—he is supreme—he has nothing more to fear. Besides, even if it should come to a trial, a peer must be tried by his peers—"

Simon interrupted with a jeering laugh.

"Show me the peers of the King of England! I tell you if Cromwell wants your father's blood, he will spill it, and shroud his action in some devilish parade of legality. This is no time to play the bridegroom—you are his son—" He broke off panting.

Charles turned away, looking mightily offended.

"I am, as you say, his son," he observed coldly. "And it is for me to decide in council with my father what is best to be done."

Simon looked at him, his eyes blazing under frowning brows.

"I have earned my right to speak then!" he cried vehemently. "I followed him while you were dallying with ladies

—aye, and hobnobbing with the rebels, if rumor speaks true. Cannot you see that the more friendly *you* are with the puritans, the more they desire your father's death?"

Charles wheeled round, startled and dismayed.

"You have shown that you will not risk life or fortune for the King—do you think Cromwell fears *you*? And now you will not raise a finger to try and save your father!"

"How dare you say so!" gasped Strange. The idea was indeed quite new to him, and it filled him with horror. "What—what do you want me to do?" he added in a voice which shook with emotion.

"See a lawyer—try and find out if they are determined on a court martial; and have horses relayed from here to London in case you have to try a plea with Cromwell himself. And visit your sisters—the poor maidens may be short of all necessities, for all you know—they were nearly starving in Liverpool."

Charles listened with a lengthening face.

"And get money," concluded Simon, snatching up his hat. "You must have money by you. They have sent Lauderdale to the Tower, and 'tis mighty ominous that my lord did not accompany him. I pray you act at once."

"I am like to have a merry honeymoon in faith," said Charles bitterly.

"Indeed, it was a pretty moment to choose for marriage!" retorted Simon.

As the two men glared at each other, the soft twang of a lute fell upon their ears, and they noticed that the door into the adjoining room was ajar.

"Well, what is done is done," said Bradshaigh with a sigh. "I pray you forgive my impatience. I love my lord dearly. I know," he dropped his voice, "they will not scruple to murder him if it suits their policy."

Charles hesitated, then a wave of color rushed over his face.

"You'll not speak against me to my father?" he stammered. "We never liked each other, you and I, but we must stick together now—for his sake."

"Aye," said Simon. Not one word more could he utter, and with an abrupt little bow, he left the room.

Lord Derby was writing when he was readmitted to the cell. He looked pale and worn, but less agitated than in the morning:

"Charles showed me a great deal of affection," he said with satisfaction. "He has provided very badly for himself, and circumstanced as I am now I can do little to amend it. But I think he truly loves me."

"Yes, indeed, he is greatly distressed at your plight," returned Simon.

Derby smiled.

"It comforts me greatly. Charles has been much misrepresented—he is true to me. If it is God's will, I can die in peace with all men." He sighed heavily. "But I am troubled and sick at heart."

"Nay, my lord. God is good—God is watching over us," murmured Simon.

"Ah, lad, you know not what it is to wander in the wilderness—to cry aloud like Magdalen: 'Where is my Lord?'"

"Jesus said 'I am the Way,'" answered Simon. "He told His Church to teach all nations, He promised to be with it always. Those who seek Him must inquire for the Church which offers daily sacrifice in every part of the world, as is foretold in the Scriptures: 'And in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to My name a clean oblation: for My name is great among the gentiles.'"

"But, Simon, I have told you continually the sacrifice we offer is that of a contrite heart and an afflicted spirit—"

"Nay, my lord, forgive me—that is not a true sacrifice. A sacrifice is an offering made to God alone—a clean ob-

lation—and how can any of us miserable sinners claim a perfectly pure unspotted heart?"

"God does not demand the impossible, Simon. Under the old law He accepted the blood of lambs and heifers."

"That was but a symbol of the sacrifice of the New Law by which Christ redeemed the world. See, my lord!" Eagerly he pulled a little crucifix from his pocket, "God, offended by sin, could only be appeased by a sacrifice equally great. Christ died for us: every day in the Mass, in every part of the world, He offers Himself for us again; He repeats the sacrifice of the Cross; He is a Priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech—offering His adorable Body and Blood to the Father under the outward signs of bread and wine."

"But, Simon, 'twere blasphemy to deem it necessary. The sacrifice of Calvary was amply sufficient to redeem the whole world."

"Aye, my lord, more than sufficient. One thought of God had been sufficient; but He willed otherwise. He loved us, promising 'I will be with you always, I will not leave you orphans, I go and I come unto you.' Did He not speak plainly: 'This is my Body, this is my Blood.' And again: 'My flesh is meat indeed and my blood is drink indeed. He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, abideth in me and I in him.'"

"He loved us," repeated Derby, and stretching out his hand, he took the cross and gazed at it.

"Your Church, my lord, calls that crucifix idolatrous, and condemns me to banishment if I am found with it in my possession. Look at His pierced hands stretched out to embrace all sinners! He offers us bread from heaven, and man turns aside with contempt, calling it blasphemy."

"The words are not meant to be interpreted literally," said Derby.

"Then there is no sense in Saint Paul's rebuke to those who 'eat and

drink judgment to themselves, not discerning the Body of the Lord.' ”

“Oh, hush, Simon! Enough, enough—leave me in peace, my convictions are settled.”

“I leave you then in a Church which cannot ‘teach all nations,’ for her language is only understood in one small island—a Church which has no sacrifice, though God has demanded sacrifice from the first beginnings of time; a Church which is not One, for since she believes in private judgment each man—learned or unlearned—interprets God’s word according to his own sweet will! A Church which has no liturgy nor history, for the first fifteen centuries of Christianity! My dear, dear lord, you are worthy of better things!”

“If I had been baptized a Catholic, I believe I should have been a faithful one; but since God did not so will it, I will not abandon the Church of my baptism,” returned Derby.

“The Jews could have pleaded the same excuse for clinging to the Old Law,” urged Simon. “Indeed they did so. Yet how terrible is Our Lord’s denunciation of the Pharisees!”

Lord Derby shuddered. An expression of anguish came into his face.

“Only look at the cross, my lord,” went on Simon. “Is not all explained by His love for us? ‘I thirst,’ He cried in His anguish! We cannot understand—we can only believe. All is explained by the divine folly of His boundless love for sinners. You have found Him, my lord—hold Him, do not let Him go.”

His voice, vibrating with emotion, died away. Lord Derby sank upon his knees, the little crucifix between his fingers was wet with his tears.

(To be continued.)

Children of a Privy Councillor.

BY SOPHIE MAUDE.

THAT evening my mother held a reception. Mr. Henn came; he walked up to me holding out his hand and smiling sweetly, asked, “Am I forgiven?” My mother had been telling him all about me and my grief. A choking in my throat stopped my speech, and I moved towards a window to hide my emotion. A great full moon lit up all the city; afar off came the sound of chanting—the shepherd boys singing Our Lady’s litanies at the street corner.

Mr. Henn followed me without speaking, his eyes fixed upon me. I asked abruptly, “Are you happy?” He raised his eyes to Heaven with an expression so infinitely serene that I have never forgotten it, and answered very low:

“Oh, if only I could make you taste my happiness and peace!” Yet on that very day, he had received his father’s angry letter disinheriting and cursing his son.

“Happiness, peace!” I cried bitterly. “God promised one Faith, one Baptism, and there are nothing but divisions and separations in this world. Why does He not do what He promised?”

“Gently,” said Mr. Henn, “do not speak so of God; it is not His doing; men, not God, have caused these divisions. One Baptism is still to be found—in the Catholic Church. Listen to the *pifferari* down at the street corner, poor dear little shepherds, they believe as I do! We acknowledge the Holy Father there at the Vatican as our Pastor, we have only one Faith, only one Baptism, only one Pastor! But you and I won’t talk any longer. Your father only allows me to continue my visits to you on the condition that I do not enter into controversy with you. Only promise me one thing” (and his voice grew more and more penetrating)—“promise me to pray every day to know the truth, and

“BE not without fear for sin forgiven,” says the Wise Man. For although pardoned, it can work immense harm by the bad effects it leaves in the soul.

to have the grace to follow it, *coûte que coûte*. God has said: "They who seek the way shall find it."

I replied very low, but with all my heart, "Yes."

He left me. As for me I stayed where I was, feeling that here was the answer to my secret prayers, but not knowing where the accomplishment of my promise would lead me. At that moment it seemed peace came to my heart, and the silent, tranquil scene under my eyes harmonized with my thoughts. From that time I began to pray and beseech Our Lord to show us the truth and to give us peace. I no longer looked in books for my prayers,—it was the cry of my heart that went up to Heaven continually. Little by little my great emotion passed away, but now Mr. Henn had become a Catholic my interest and curiosity knew no bounds; I wished to learn the meaning of all I saw. I went to all the Catholic services; and so on the last day of the year I found myself at the *Gesù* where we all went to hear the *Te Deum* sung by an immense crowd of men and women.

We were on our knees—Lucy, Teresa and I,—and near us, following attentively in his book the prayers that were being sung, was Mr. Manning. Simple layman now, he knelt upright with the crowd, and instinctively out of respect I wished to offer him my chair, but he made me a sign of refusal thanking me; it was all he could do. Though he was my father's friend, we were forbidden to speak to him, for already he was looked upon as "dangerous." What a surprise it would have been to us all, could the veil of the future have been lifted, and we could have seen him receiving us—Teresa and me—into the Catholic Church; and later to become a Cardinal!

The year 1851 began most agreeably for me. My mother liked to drive every morning with Clotilda and me,—I think she made it a pretext to learn Catholic

things. She did not know Italian well, and she used to make me question Clotilda. One day, the feast of St. Agnes, we went to Saint Agnes' to hear Mass and see the Holy Father bless the lambs at the altar.

A crowd of people were there and all made the Sign of the Cross. I asked Clotilda to explain, and I was so charmed with her answer that I repeated her words to my mother.

"May I do the same?" I asked.

"Yes, when you are by yourself," she answered. A little while after we went to Santa Maria Maggiore. Near the chapel that holds the holy relic of the Crib "Manger," and which is also the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, I prayed to know the truth as I always prayed in every church. Clotilda, some distance off, was praying for the same intention. We were all of us half hidden behind a pillar, when Mr. Henn entered and knelt before the Tabernacle. He did not see us. We were struck by the extraordinary fervor of his prayers. After a time he got up, and was going to pass us unobserved, so absorbed was he in his devotions, when my mother in a low voice called to him. He turned round a little startled, his face very pale, and full of emotion. He went and leaned against one of the pillars, wiping great drops of perspiration from his brow, but he said nothing. My mother made me a sign to leave. She spoke a few words alone with him, and we got back into the carriage. She was much preoccupied, and I asked her, "Is Mr. Henn ill?"

"No," she answered, "but he told me this that morning he offered his life to God for the salvation of our family; and just now, here, in Santa Maria Maggiore, he has been assured that his prayers are answered at least for some of us."

I was stupefied with astonishment, "What can he mean?" I murmured.

"I don't know," my mother answered with some asperity. "Anyway, I don't

like the exaggerated way Catholics behave."

We drove on in silence, and then, as though she wished to chase away a tiresome thought, she said: "Come, let's think no more about it, but I wish he had not done it."

"Mother, after all it is the same thing that Our Saviour did for us."

"Mr. Henn is not the Saviour," my mother said crossly; and we left the subject there.

At Easter I was to go to the Holy Table. I wished to prepare myself very carefully. My mother gave me books of sermons to read, but I found nothing in them that I was looking for. I wanted to know what I ought to believe about Holy Communion, and I generally found only controversial arguments that left me more uncertain than ever. One day I asked my mother to explain it to me.

"Communion," said she, "is a participation of the Body and Blood of Our Lord, but you must not believe in transubstantiation,—the Anglican Church does not admit transubstantiation."

I did not understand the meaning of the long word. My mother explaining it said, that though the bread and wine became the Body and Blood of Our Lord the species remained; that Our Lord is only present in a mystical way. It was difficult to understand or grasp it; however, I tried to be at peace. At last the great day came. I prepared for Communion with all the ardor of my young soul. I went up to the Communion bench with my mother, and at the moment of distributing the bread and the wine, the clergyman (he was a stranger, who had taken Mr. W—'s place) raised his voice, and addressing me said: "In spite of what I say when I give you this bread and wine that it is the Body and Blood of Our Lord, remember it is only an appearance in memory of Jesus Christ!"

These words deeply troubled and saddened me. What must I believe or not

believe? When we got home several visitors were there, amongst others, Mr. Henn. He looked at me with a scrutinizing air, as though he would like to read my heart and learn the effect that my Communion had had on me. I felt disappointed and humiliated to be obliged to acknowledge it had left me only emptiness. This new clergyman's words still troubled me. Mr. Henn in a very low voice asked me:

"Are you happy?"

"Why do you ask me, when you know very well I am not?" I answered impatiently, "and," I added, with difficulty swallowing my tears, "I never shall be!"

"Yes, you will, but it will be when you have passed through the fire."

At this moment someone interrupted us. What did Mr. Henn mean? Before I went to bed, I told my mother how much the clergyman's words had troubled me.

"Come, come," said she, "don't be silly! This clergyman had no right to impose his opinions in a church where he was only taking the duty on account of Mr. W—'s illness. Your father has gone to Mr. W— to report him. Don't pay any attention to a mere passer-by."

"But, mother, I don't understand how a thing can be, and not be. How can the Body of Christ be only bread?"

"My dear child, you are too young to understand; don't think anything more about it. Can't you be at peace in believing what your parents believe?"

She kissed me very lovingly as she spoke and sent me to bed. Her tenderness consoled me, why not happily believe as my darling mother believed? However, any attraction I had towards Holy Communion was now gone. I went in future out of habit every month, with the rest of the family. On Sundays we always visited the Trinità dei Monti because of the lovely singing. Little by little I began to have belief in the Real Presence. Jesus, without any special

circumstances or extraordinary manifestations made me feel His Presence there, while the Anglican Churches were empty and cold to me.

In the spring, my father had to return to London, where his post under Government obliged him to remain from time to time. He desired to give a grand ball before his departure to England.

I remember my first dance was with Prince Chigi's nephew, a brilliant young man, the despair of his uncle at the Pope's Court, on account of his worldly, dissipated life. Ah, if we could have pierced the veil of the future, and have seen this same young man become Papal nuncio, and I myself, a nun of the Sacred Heart, kneeling at his feet to receive his Blessing in Paris, before setting out for Chili!

Here, I must describe the fascination of a winter season in Rome. In my special case it was an initiation, supplying something of the void left in my neglected education. My father never allowed our drawing-room to become the theatre of politics or controversy; but the events of the day—Rome itself, historic, literary and religious, permeated all conversation. There was no getting away from it. There was always a group of men standing about the hearth round which we were seated, here and there the women joined in their conversation.

My place was opposite the fire, the other side of a big table, for I had not yet "come out." There I plied my needle or I put the finishing touches to my little sketches. Etiquette forbade anybody to come my side of the table except our most intimate friends. My delight was to listen to the discussions that went on round the fireplace.

It is the custom in Rome to make calls from 10 p. m. to midnight (without invitation) to the houses of mutual friends, and such was the charm of our circle "on the rug" that nearly every night, when my parents did not go out,

we had friends at home. Everyone came, more especially the *two* Dr. Grants, one Head of the English College, the other Head of the Scotch College,—Monsignor Talbot, Prince Francesco Chigi, Colonel of the Noble Guards; Prince Teano, Count Schouvaloff (afterwards a Barnabite Monk) Mr. Aubrey de Vere, Mr. Manning, Mr. Laprimaudaye, Mr. Gladstone, and *cela va sans dire* Mr. Henn and Mr. X— (our bad Angel). The ladies' talk flowed in and out the gentlemen's conversation with little witty remarks, preventing it from becoming too heavy and serious. In looking over this list it is to be noticed that nearly all our friends were Catholics, or going to be, and that, without exception, all were men of superior position and intelligence.

Dr. Grant was always our cicerone to the Catacombs, so what was more likely than that he should talk with us about the Early Christians, and start Catholic doctrines that are constantly misrepresented? It was in this way I learned a great deal, not to speak of Monsignore the bibliologist of the Vatican, who, seeing my aptitude for drawing, gave me a free pass to the Vatican and permission to look at all the old missals so as to study the illuminations. For the same reason—my talent for sketching—Prince Teano would often come and sit beside me, scribbling plans for the next *Girandole* (which was always his special charge), and giving me his own rules for the illumination of great buildings, the effects of light, etc.—most useful to me later on (I little knew when or where).

All this time family discussion had begun, discord fermented by him I have called our bad Angel, Mr. X—. He took possession of my eldest brother, while his wife attached herself to my sister Christine. Their view of life was completely at variance with ours.

Two or three times my father had hot arguments with my eldest brother who answered him in a way unheard of until

now. Mr. X— was present during these discussions; and when my father had left the room, he would applaud my brother on his success in argument, and tell him it was high time for him to be master of his own actions. And this Mr. X— owed everything to my father's generosity, who had lent him money, horses, etc., because a mutual friend had introduced him and recommended him to my father as "a gentleman whose misfortune it was to be too poor for his position." But the man evidently thought he would gain more through the son than through the father, and for this reason he set about dividing them. He began to sow discord, saying it was utterly wrong for Mr. Henn to be admitted into the family circle, because he was a Catholic, and he worked so well that my eldest brother took a deep dislike to Mr. Henn, and my father lost some of his confidence in him. Amidst it all my father went away again to England.

A month later—the month of May—my mother, Lucy, Teresa and Mr. Henn were out driving near the Tiber. The horses took fright at a sudden noise, one of them dashed up the steep river bank, dragging the other with it, and both plunged with the carriage into the water. My poor mother was dreadfully hurt, her feet crushed, and she received an internal injury from which she never entirely recovered; Lucy was immersed in deep water, but escaped without any harm.

Teresa sank, the water was in her ears, her mouth, and she felt herself drowning; but as she rose once again to the surface she saw a light of extraordinary brilliancy, and the truth of the Catholic religion was made clear to her. She sank a second time, and in that supreme moment Teresa promised to become a Catholic if God saved her life, after which she lost consciousness. Meantime, my poor mother looked everywhere for her. She began to fear

that the force of the current had carried Teresa under a great boat anchored near. Her cries, "My child! my child!" rent the air.

Mr. Henn saw Teresa rise a second time to the surface, and badly wounded though he was he plunged into the river to save her. It was a lonely place between the Porta del Popolo and the Ponte Molle. There was no one to hear her cries, but a French soldier, who ran for help. Two of the Jesuit Fathers walking near, immediately took off their long cloaks, and wrapped them round Teresa's senseless form, while they tried to restore her to consciousness. They hastened to help my poor mother, who, regardless of her own hurt—she could not stand upright,—dragged herself on her knees to where her child lay. Teresa little by little, returned to herself, and her astonished gaze fell on the Jesuit Fathers. They told her she was wrapped in their cloaks. She said afterwards her heart beat with joy, and it seemed as though she were already enveloped in the protection of the Catholic Church. The soldier came at last with two carriages to take away the entire party—more or less wounded and in pain,—the coachman and footman also had been injured in this terrible accident. My mother and my two sisters were in bed for a very long time, and I was their sick nurse. My eldest brother John and my sister Christine, their first fright over, very seldom came to the house, which was rather sad for my mother. Our old nurse dressed Mr. Henn's wound every day; his arm was badly hurt.

It was quite a week after the accident before we were able to allow him to enter the sick rooms. My mother's warm heart was longing to express gratitude to one who had saved her child's life at the peril of his own. Teresa was soon strong enough to see him. I do not know what passed between them, but when he came out of

her room, he was like one demented, covering his face with his hands, and evidently fighting for self-control. I thought he was suffering from his wound, but raising his head he pointed to Teresa's door. "She loves me!" he said passionately.

"I know it well," I answered.

"You knew it and I did not!" Was it joy or grief in his voice and on his agitated face?

He clasped his hands tightly and said very low, "Oh, my God, you know I made the sacrifice, but at least give me her soul!" He remained like this for some time, seemingly too full of emotion to move away, while I was longing to go back to my mother's bedside.

He took my hand. "Promise me," he said, "you will never speak of what has just passed. I was mad for a moment; it is over now." I promised and I have kept my word.

Teresa never knew that his secret escaped him on that day.

As soon as my father could leave state affairs he returned to us at Rome, and in June we all went to the Lake of Como; my mother was obliged to lie down. We travelled with our own horses—short, easy journeys—through Assisi, Siena, Florence, Bologna and Mantua to Genoa. A delicious journey. Mr. X—not being of the party, John and Christine were no longer estranged from us, but neither one nor the other showed any inclination towards Catholic things. My father rented a magnificent villa on the borders of the lake, and the three months there passed almost without a cloud. It is true, my mother could not leave her sofa, but there was a lovely arcade facing the lake. We used to carry her there; and sit round her and do needlework during the heat of the day, then in the cool evening, when the sun set we went on the lake in the moonlight, sometimes resting on our oars to enjoy the *dolce far niente* of these enchanting surroundings.

But it was not an idle life in reality, for though we knew it not, grace was working in us; we did not speak about religion. Teresa was all on fire with the accomplishment of her promise, but I think she had not yet spoken to my mother. She must get herself instructed first of all. There was everything to fear from my father; and who could tell if my mother would approve of such an unheard of step in our family? She evidently was interested in Catholic things herself, but had not yet proclaimed her real thoughts. Lucy, too, began to want to know more. Only Christine had no thoughts of it; she believed she had the truth, and did not trouble herself about anything more. As for me, I read the Gospels every day.

One day, sitting at my window which looked over the still, calm lake, I opened the Testament at the Last Supper. The prayer Our Saviour made, that His disciples should be One as He and His Father are One, made such a deep impression upon me that I became convinced that the Truth is One, and cannot divide itself into different sects. I must study and instruct myself, I thought. So each one of us was fully occupied. My father and John soon left us, the one to the affairs of State, the other to see the great Exhibition in London. There was, therefore, no one to interfere with us and our tastes; we could read aloud Père de Ravignan's "Conferences," and even Christine enjoyed them. There was a dear little private chapel where we liked to go and say our prayers; one would have said our Divine Lord was preparing us for the dark days of anguish to come by loading us in the present with His grace and mercy.

(To be continued.)

IN proportion as we love our neighbor, we try to help him; in proportion as we love God, we try to keep His commandments.—*Anon.*

Music.

BY ROSAMOND LIVINGSTONE McNAUGHT.

THE day was full of music:
 The nearby saw-mill sang;
 And somewhere in the distance
 A workman's hammer rang.

From railroad yards a train-bell
 Pealed slowly like a chime;
 And children's voices shouted,
 And laughed, from time to time.

There came the hum of motors
 From cars that hurried by;
 And now and then an insect
 Set up a long, shrill cry.

But, sweetest of the music—
 Although it had no singing—
 Was in that golden moment
 A butterfly went winging!

The American Dollars.

BY MAURICE V. REIDY.

I.

NORRY GALLIVAN stood outside the small counter of her little general store at the country cross-roads, and looked out at the brilliantly lighted windows of the large new shop on the opposite side of the road. She was a tall, erect woman of over seventy years of age, and although not so vigorous as she once was, she was still active in her movements. Her face, usually calm and ready to break into a smile, showed resentment as she watched the people passing in and out of the opposite shop. From where she stood she could see the well-stocked shelves, the smart furnishings, the orderly arrangement of merchandise, the enticing manner in which the goods were displayed on the windows. Her look of resentment grew more intense, her arms twitched nervously, and her lips closed tightly, as though to keep back some angry exclamation that rose to her lips, when

she saw a tall, dark-complexioned, and rather grim-faced man of over fifty, emerge from the front door of the shop and take his stand outside the two large windows. His back was towards her, and, as he stood his hat was jerked sideways on his head, his two fingers stuck in the lapels of his waistcoat. He inspected the arrangement of the varied display of goods for some time, and, evidently satisfied, went indoors.

Norry Gallivan turned away her eyes from the new shop across the road, and went and sat down by her kitchen fire. The black peat glared with an intense red glow. She withdrew three letters from a drawer in the kitchen table, and for the third time read through their contents from beginning to end. One was from a solicitor asking her for the immediate remittance of some one hundred dollars, the amount of a debt recovered against her at the County Court. A second letter was from a firm of solicitors in Cork city telling her that they had just obtained judgment against her for a slightly lesser amount. The third, the most threatening of the three, was from the Sheriff's office stating that he would levy on her goods and chattels within twenty-four hours.

She replaced the letters in the drawer, and rising, threw a shawl over her shoulders. Then, to avoid attracting the notice of any loiterers around the shop opposite, she stole quietly out of the house by the back door which led towards the bank of the river.

II.

Along the bank of this river was her favorite walk. She was born within earshot of its soft, crooning melody. When she left her old home for New York nearly fifty years before, its caressing and soothing sound lulled her to sleep in the first month of her homesickness. When she returned from America, she walked along the river bank on the first night of her arrival home. It greeted her with a welcoming

sound; its wavelets as they rose, caught on their crests the glory of the harvest moon, as though to look their best on her return.

During her life the river had an attraction for her. It seemed to answer her moods, smiling when she was joyous, comforting when she was sorrowful. There was a time when the music of the river mingled with another music in her ears. It was in the far-off days when a tall, stalwart young countryman came down the mountain roads on summer nights to woo her. Then the whole world was flooded with sunshine, and the sound of the rolling river had naught but joyous meaning. What happiness was hers when she stood on the river bank and heard the distant music of his fiddle, as he played coming along the winding road. And again in the early mornings of old-time summer days, when she left the little cross-roads shop with her three little boys and two little girls following in her wake, to take a steaming jug of tea and hot buttered cakes to her husband, who was mowing the meadow by the riverside. As she tripped lightly over the stile into the meadow, the children hid behind the gnarled branches of the elder bushes on the hedge. Then, as he came up to her, they would all arise and with one wild shout, rush into the meadow, kicking the hay about in joyous abandon. Their father's well simulated look of rage as he seized his hat and flung it on the ground violently, as he reproved a little boy who pelted him with tufts of new-mown grass; his softened look as he gently took up a little girl of five in his arms, who had cried when she discovered a frog killed by the scythe!

Her face lit up with smiles as the old memories crowded back. She looked into the meadow. It was damp, cold and dreary looking, after the wet winter. The early March winds whistled through the leafless branches of the hedge as though in mockery of her

dreams of the past. Gone was the summer morning meadow, the mower, the happy, laughing children. Nothing remained but the swish of the river as it flowed past the spot, and that, too, seemed to have changed suddenly into a confused meaningless noise, without music, without hope, without joy.

She was alone in the world, the last of her family. Her husband, her children, one by one, had died of consumption, and she had lived after them all into a new generation with all her faculties unimpaired, so that she could feel the full poignancy of her tragic memories. Gone were the old times and the old people, the generous, kindly, hospitable men and women, whose faults and failings made them the more lovable. Gone were the old days when friendship had a deep and solemn meaning, when kindness, hospitality and gaiety could not be stifled by sorrow or death, when the world was young, when hearts were warm and brave, when gratitude had not yet died out of the world.

Gratitude! The word caused a hard look to come into her eyes. Down the years her memory flew to one cold wintry day in January nearly forty years before. A young country widow with four young children stood on the roadside in front of the lowly cottage out of which they had been evicted. The ground was white with snow, and the cold east wind with piercing harshness swept over the little group. There was despair in the widow's eyes, and a gnawing hunger in the stomachs of the four children. Norry Gallivan went up to them and led them home to her cottage by the cross-roads. She sat them down by her fireside and told them her house was theirs as long as they wanted a home, that God would give them all enough.

After partaking of a comfortable meal with his mother and three sisters, the eldest, a boy, looked up at her with such a look of gratitude as she had never seen before or since on a human

face. His mother died in the course of a few years. She was buried from Norry Gallivan's cottage. The boy worked for neighboring farmers. He was industrious, he was saving, and in a few years he earned sufficient money to take him to America. After a few years he sent for his sisters, and they, too, left Norry Gallivan's cottage, which they had regarded as home. She had heard that the whole family had done well in various parts of America. And just now when for the first time in her life she was at the lowest ebb of her fortunes, that boy who had once deluded her into the idea that there was such a thing as life-long gratitude, had come back and given her the final blow by taking away the last hope she had of making a living, and paying off the debts which, for the past year, hung like a millstone round her neck.

She did not mind her own sufferings. Christ suffered shame and ignominy; His Mother suffered the sorrow of sorrows. She did not mind, although her proud spirit rebelled at it, ending her days in the hated and dreary workhouse. It was the fact that in that boy's eyes she had once seen a momentary look, which had alone repaid her for all that she had done for his family, and that that look, which she thought was from his inmost soul, was merely a passing emotion that made his glance deceive her. And he had come back, and had not only forgotten, but had taken a leading part in pushing her downwards during the last few years of her life.

The March wind began to chill her to the bone. She turned her back on the river. She cast a passing glance into the cold, sodden meadow. She walked back quickly towards her house. As she passed her kitchen window, she saw two rough-looking men, one inside her little shop, examining her stock of goods, the other attending to a pan on the fire, in which he was frying some

bacon and eggs taken from her cupboard. They were the sheriff's men in possession. Her heart, for a few seconds, seemed to stop beating. She pressed her hands to her breast, and a look of pain shot over her face, as though her body, her heart, her soul had simultaneously been pierced by some indescribable pain. She hurried from the place and entered the little cottage of a neighbor some fifty yards away. Falling into a chair by the fireside, she began to groan as though some hideous disease had struck her down.

III.

A little crowd had collected around the door. In an Irish country district it does not take long for the news of the arrival of the sheriff's emissaries to spread. There was an unwonted stir among the little groups of people who had assembled around the cross-roads. Larry Hussey stood in the door of his new shop, watching along the road, apparently in a state of great excitement. Soon the young curate, Father O'Neill, rode up, mounted on a saddle horse. He exchanged a few words with Larry Hussey, then giving his horse in charge to a country youth who stood near, he walked away and entered the cottage where Norry Gallivan was seated by the fire, listening but taking no heed of the words of condolence poured into her ears by her old neighbor. On her face there was a look of apathy, of resignation, mingled with bitterness and despair.

The young priest took her gently by the arm and lifted her from her seat. A feeble smile came into her eyes as she saw who it was. He led her out and she walked along by his side, not caring nor knowing where he led her. They both entered the brilliantly lighted shop of Larry Hussey.

Into the kitchen they walked, and on a comfortable chair by the blazing fire he sat her down. There was a statue of St. Joseph, and Our Lady of Perpetual

Succour on the mantelpiece, just as in her own house. Her eye took in the furniture and the arrangement of the kitchen. Everything was the same as in her own kitchen except that everything was of better quality, and fresh and new. There was a sound of subdued murmuring from a great number of people who appeared to be gathering around outside the new shop. She looked up at the priest with a questioning glance. He had a black tin box in his hand.

"Nancy," he said, "this shop and all it contains is yours, and has been built for you. Here are the deeds granting it to you, duly made out and stamped. Here also is a deposit receipt for three thousand dollars lodged to your credit in the bank at Ballymore. It is a gift from Larry Hussey for what you did for him and his family in by-gone days."

From the little parlor leading into the kitchen, Larry Hussey came forth and greeted Norry Gallivan.

"I meant it as a pleasant surprise for you, Norry," he said, "the night before I left on my return to Denver. I am afraid I should have told you of it from the first, and that I have made a sad mess of things by holding aloof from you, as though it was my intention to start a rival shop. Norry, I have never forgotten."

From outside came the sound of a fiddle playing a haunting Gaelic melody. Norry Gallivan stood motionless in the centre of the floor, and waved her hand for silence as she listened. The grim face of Larry Hussey grew softer as he looked into her eyes. It was her dead husband's favorite air.

She took the hand of Larry Hussey and kissed it passionately, then drew him to sit by her side in front of the glowing fire. "The years have fallen from me," she exclaimed as she wrung her hands, "and it is his music I hear as he comes down the mountain road."

From outside came the sound of a

sudden wild burst of cheering. Larry Hussey led her to the door, and as she appeared the sound increased in volume. She waved her arm to a vast number of people who had assembled in front of her shop. She tried to speak, but her words were lost in that triumphant roar of friendly people. She returned to the fireside with Larry Hussey, and sinking into a chair, wept from excess of joy.

The Force of Good Example.

St. Francis Xavier, whose missionary labors were exceptionally blessed with conversions, was once preaching in a city of Japan. Of course, it was to be expected that his hearers would be slow to appreciate the good tidings he brought them, that they might be opposed to what he would teach, that they might refuse to follow the doctrines he preached, or even ridicule him and the truths he taught. However, one of the listeners, more bold than the others, drew near to the saint as he was addressing the people, and, feigning that he desired to whisper something, caught the attention of Francis. The latter, noticing the apparent anxiety of the man to say something in private, leaned forward and bent his head so as to hear more easily what the man had to say. Immediately the latter spat on Francis's face, thus insulting him in a public and very humiliating manner. However, Francis, without saying a word or making the least sign of anger, wiped his face, and continued his sermon as if nothing had happened. The crowd saw all that had taken place; their scorn quickly turned to admiration. One in particular was touched to the heart, and he was the most learned doctor of the city. Grace of conversion was given him. Later he said that a religion which could train a man to keep control of himself so perfectly must be the true religion.

The Home Missionary Field.

THE disintegrating membership of the Protestant Church is not a matter for Catholics to gloat over. That situation simply means that the forces of atheism have been making headway along at least one Christian front. Even the Lutheran Church, the adherents of which have been uniformly so fixed in their beliefs and so faithful in their practices, seems to be completely on the defensive. Professor Walter A. Maier, of Concordia Seminary at St. Louis, told 10,000 Lutherans assembled at Ocean Grove, N. J., recently that over a period of twelve months "not one convert had been made in 11,394 Lutheran churches investigated by the Men's Church League of New York." Professor Maier was simply throwing the spotlight upon his own church for his own people, but indirectly he was revealing a condition which has extended itself quite generally throughout all Protestantism. According to an estimate made a few months ago, 60,000 out of the 200,000 Protestant churches in the United States are dead, in the sense of having recorded no increase in membership last year, while 40,000 are in the precarious position of having gained only one or two additional worshippers.

Even that situation would not be so utterly discouraging if we could feel that our Protestant brethren were holding firmly to such Christian principles as they have inherited. We have beheld a gradual giving away, however, before the various attacks of paganism.

Very little is left, for example, of what used to be known as the Sacrament of Matrimony. Now some of the Church bodies have gone the full way to surrender and have yielded the last vestige of sanctity attaching to wedlock. According to newspaper reports, the Episcopal Church has followed another great Christian denominational body in giving its approval to that most unso-

cial and immoral of practices, birth-control. The fact that Bishop Stewart of the Episcopal Church of Chicago tries to rationalize the action of the Lambeth Conference does not in the least soften its significance. The action of the Conference is a surrender pure and simple to the forces of paganism.

Of course, Christian souls cannot continue to breathe the poisons of paganism very long. They must either seek a purer air or gradually perish. As Catholics we are naturally very grateful for the influx of so many religious-minded men and women who have been impelled to seek a more Christianized atmosphere, and have found it in the Catholic Church. We cannot gloat over the general situation, however. Too many honest souls have perished through breathing the benumbing poisons of paganism. They were secure in the belief that they were practising Christians until they found that they no longer had any Christianity left. We find them on all sides, pagans who were once Christians.

Read, for example, this description of the conditions which exist in a section of the religious field to-day. It comes from the lips of a Protestant clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Lawrence Cecil Ferguson, of South Bend, Indiana, and gives us some idea of how extensive is this new missionary need which has recently challenged the Church at home. "Protestantism has sunk to the level of an ethical culture society, where the best speakers get the best pay, and no one asks what you believe so long as you are respectable. Now everything is all right if you don't dance, don't play cards and, above all, never take a drink. So many don't realize that what you do is based on what you believe. Protestantism hasn't been able to teach the great outstanding truths, with the result that the average Protestant has sunk to a high form of paganism, or wandered into pantheism."

Notes and Remarks.

We notice that one of the Catholic journals remarks that "a sad want" in Catholic education in this country is the lack of the old-fashioned academic discipline. This is true and well known, and simply means, to begin with, that the standard studies, so long supposed to form the backbone of a thorough education, are more or less abandoned in favor of lighter and more hurried and immediately practical ones. We have always thought that a man who knows the A B C's of history, philosophy and literature, is an educated man, and that he who does not know these, even though he have picked up a fund of information on many sciences or techniques, remains an uneducated man. Yet it is the custom in American colleges to allow an Arts degree for work done mainly in such a subject as accounting, surely one of the most prosaic and least cultural studies that can be pursued. In Catholic and other colleges engineers are seldom given more than a technical education, with *perhaps* a year or two of English and, in some instances, a year of philosophy. The result is that they may very well know their engineering, but little of anything else. Think of an engineer who would first take his Arts degree! It is not done, and the college daring to require it, would likely find its list of candidates for this practical study cut deeply into. And we wonder if it is generally known that Catholic colleges all over this country teach too little philosophy. They give courses in apologetics and Christian doctrine and offer a year or two of philosophy; but we believe that hardly any of them requires more than two years of philosophy even for the Arts degree. The journalist we refer to says we need "one or two years of philosophy to crown the course." One year is certainly inadequate, and two are scarcely enough. Catholic colleges

have in this matter, as in so many others, followed the trend of American colleges in general, and have tended to abandon or slight the teaching of philosophy. We were astounded to learn, a year and a half ago, that one of the largest Catholic colleges in the country, a college numbering thousands of students, had on its faculty of philosophy only one full-time professor,—one half-time professor and one student instructor.

If "It takes a thief to catch a thief," as the old saying goes, there ought to be a modicum of wisdom in the observation that "It takes a criminal to tell how not to become a criminal." Such testimony increases in value when it is given from the brink of the grave, for the approach of death has a way of clearing one's eyesight and of restoring one's sense of values. Not long ago a notorious French criminal, Jean-Marie Gabillard by name, was sent to the guillotine. Before paying the supreme penalty for his crime, he wrote the following edifying letter to his advocate:

Sir: Before dying I wish to thank you for all the good that you have done me. You have done everything possible to save my head. But I deserve to be punished for my crime.

I ask pardon of God for all that I have done. I offer my blood for that which I spilled.

If I had been faithful to the lessons in my catechism, I should not be here. Pray for me so that God at length will pardon me. I pray for you.

The other day we heard a rather touching story of a rebuke given by a Negro bootblack to a reviler of his race. It seems that a colored servant of some kind had offended a white man in one of our Northern cities. This person, while having his shoes shined, was pouring forth a torrent of abuse against the black race, punctuating his complaint with a variety of insulting epithets.

The colored gentleman shining his shoes continued his work until, startled out of his silence by a particularly violent outburst, he raised his head, and, with tears streaming down his face said: "Mister, did you ever thank God for being born with a white skin instead of being colored as I am. There are lots of black folks trying to serve God just as well as you are. Don't you think it is hard enough to be born a Nigger without having to listen to the things that you have said this morning?" A hot blush of shame overspread the features of the reviler. He was more of a man than he seemed. The gentle rebuke of the Negro had brought him to his senses. He apologized humbly and sincerely, saying that he had never thought of things in just that way before, that he would never again make such a fool of himself in the future. And going out, he pushed a \$5 tip into the hands of the gentleman bookblack (for he was surely all of that). Here was one case at least in which the white face came out second best in its encounter with the black.

Poor people ought never to get sick. When they do, they must run their chances at getting well, or go into charity hospitals—neither of which events is a smiling prospect. But maybe the next-to-poor people are in a worse condition. They also can run their chances at getting well, but there are no charity hospitals into which they can go; they can only go into debt, and this is a less happy outlook. Who wants to get well if he knows he must then begin a long, hard, uphill pull to get on his financial feet? It certainly has been to the credit of Catholic hospitals and of many others, and also to that of doctors of many religions and of no religion, that they have given services to thousands of poor men and women free of any charge. Undoubtedly they will

continue this, and if the wealthy and the very wealthy have to make up the difference, we see no injustice or iniquity in the matter. Yet this leaves the semi-poor—that is, nearly all our people—without hospital services. Five dollars a day for a room and a nurse's care is counted reasonable, and of course it is so; but how many days a year can a man or his wife or children afford to be sick in a hospital, if he gets only three or four dollars a day, three or four days a week? In spite of the excellent movement to provide him with cheaper hospital care, this good man will still have to stay well or nurse himself or accept the pauper's status, which is not at all fair to him.

One is unprepared to say what is the significance of a bit of increase or of decrease in the Catholic population in any center or country at any time. Yet he may be allowed to be interested in the factors that make for the increase or the decrease. One cause of decrease in the comparative number of Catholics in this country just now is the restriction of immigration; this restriction tends, in a way, to cut off the Catholic population at its source. Another cause is the authenticated report that Catholics, as a general thing, crowd into the cities; and it is well known that the cities are peopled and ever re-peopled by an influx from country places: people crowd from the country and the country towns into San Francisco, St. Louis, Chicago, New York; but the flow of healthy, vigorous youthful men and women from these centers to the country is never more than a trickle. These two elements, put together, will tend to cut into the Catholic increase, because our country peoples, who are predominantly non-Catholic, have the business of reproducing themselves, and, also in part, the city population.

Quite on the other hand, and offsetting these trends, we have the fact that Catholic religious and moral teachings and practice make for large families, and that non-Catholic teaching or lack of teaching on this vital problem, as well as some non-Catholic practice, cuts into the proportion of non-Catholics in the whole country. It is interesting to note that the Scotch Protestants seem to be again exercised over two of the factors we have mentioned: they fear that the Irish Catholics migrate too frequently to Scotland, and that they multiply too fast: the first of which becomes now, of course, a vain fear, though the other remains a problem for the Protestant Scot.

The famous charge that the Church appeals only to Irish serving maids and section hands has this element of truth in it, that she is honored by the allegiance of the people. This in itself is no disreputable circumstance. Yet in Japan the Catholics are reported to be perhaps chiefly of the higher classes, and the report is that in one town the Catholic population is almost wholly made up of officials, teachers, and professional persons. This is said to be the result of the spread of scientific and apologetic literature by early missionaries and the founding of higher schools.

The *Northwest Review*, so often notable in its editorials, reports the status of the European movement to reward the parents of large families with a reduction in taxes. The (Catholic) Belgian League of Large Families is asking the government to cut down taxes as each additional child appears, and to lay the taxes heaviest on childless couples and unmarried men or women. Our own income tax, of course, has recognized the rightness of this principle, as have also the laws that permit States to take over much

or all of the fortune of those who leave neither will nor heirs; and in general we may say that equity strongly suggests that taxes should be levied, not on a basis of what a person annually takes in, but on a basis of what he has left after serving the public good as statesman, soldier, teacher or parent. Those who do not serve in any such capacity should pay our public bills.

In Holland the census enumerator rates a residence down according as there are children in the house; from fourteen to twenty per cent is allowed off for each child, according as the house is more or less habitable. In Spain a pension is allowed to poor parents who have more than eight children. The French now, to favor large families, reduce the rent, the income tax and the railway fare for all big families. In Germany, and especially in Prussia, the reductions granted on income tax seem to be much like our own, but they are allowed also on some other kinds of taxes.

With the radio and the aeroplane, as well as the telephone and the car, a part of the physical equipment of present human living, it is pretty hard, and practically not possible, for most of us to escape sensationalism, speed and noise. Our whole recreational life is still in the frantic stage, and lacks control. We must, as a matter of fact, adapt ourselves to these things and live in the Twentieth Century. And of course we do. Though in theory we decry such a result, we come in time to build up a kind of organic need and psychological demand for a perpetual jangle and whirl. And yet this acquired love of noise and speed, or toleration of them, is likely to get in the way of a deeper and better human life. Professor Millikan, himself one of the leading physicists of the world, and accordingly a

man of thought, says it were better to take our time. In din and hurry, he thinks, we tend to lose our bearings, to lose track of ourselves. We tend to foster a "craving for the new, regardless of truth; the craving for change, for the bizarre, for cheap sensationalism, as represented by the newspapers, magazines, books, movies and plays and even in modern advertising."

An interesting question that we may ask now is whether the tendency of stores or banks to merge, which was so marked a year or even six months ago when stores and banks were still doing business, was the result of the impending and converging financial crisis; or whether it was the other way; that is, whether the crisis was perhaps in part due to the onset of merging. At any rate, we had the merging and we have the crisis, and no one knows which one is worse for us or which we shall get over first. The hard times tie us all up, and the habit of forming super-mergers ties up ninety-nine per cent of the people and lets the other one per cent hold the sack and do what they will with it. The trouble with merging is that it repeats the era of the corporation, which was not too desirable or controllable, and this time in an exaggerated form. An Irishman lately explained the process of merging: "They say that the banks are e-merging, and that they are going to put all the little fish on the bottom." This is only half true, for the reason that the little fish are not even left on the bottom; they simply cease to be, they are swallowed up by the big fish. Maybe this is a good thing, though it was due to the little fish which were still at large that we had some vestige of freedom and individuality. Let this or that be the case, we may be quite sure of one feature of the movement: it is the fact that our national leaders, say in politics and journalism, will welcome the good effects of merging if they

turn out to be good, but if they turn out to be bad will discover them only as effects and not in time to control or direct them.

The mace was originally a club armed with iron, and used in war. It is an ensign of dignity suited to the times when men went about in armor, and sovereigns needed champions to vindicate their rights. There is one in the House of Representatives which, we recall, was carried through the House, by command of Speaker Cannon, to restore order in that chamber, on the occasion of a particularly stormy session. The Historical Commission of South Carolina informs us that its House of Representatives has a mace with a very interesting history. "It was made," says a report in the *New York Times*, "for the lower house in its Provincial Assembly in 1756. It is of solid silver with gold burnishing, and its panels bear the British royal arms, the arms of the House of Hanover, and South Carolina's provincial insignia. When the British came to Charleston toward the end of the Revolution, the mace disappeared. But . . . in 1819 a South Carolinian, who was president of the bank of the United States at Philadelphia, located it in a vault in that bank, and restored it to the Carolina House. Through the violences of war and reconstruction it has remained there to this day."

"It is probable," an unbeliever can write, "that never in human history has a man or woman, in life or death, won such strong love and the trust of so many millions of people in so short a time as the 'Little Flower,' St. Thérèse of Lisieux."

She was canonized, it will be remembered, within thirty years of her death. The innumerable wondrous graces of her intercession are explained by her promise to let them fall when "she was in heaven doing good upon earth."



Who is He?

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

HE'S quick on his feet when he's after a ball,
Or running to answer another lad's call,
Or racing or chasing at some game or other;
But is he so swift when he's called by his
mother?

There isn't a bone in his body that's lazy,
There isn't a thought in his mind that is hazy,
When beating a record or making a score;
But what does he do when he's sent to the
store?

He rises as early as any may wish
When he's been invited to swim or to fish;
But is he so easy to rouse, as a rule,
When summoned to rise and get ready for
school?

Who is he? you ask. Oh, I can't tell you that!
His name may be Teddie or Freddie or Pat.
But one thing I feel that I can tell about him:
There's hardly a home in the country without
him.

The Blossoming Thorn.

BY BLANCHE J. THOMPSON.

VIII.—SHIRLEY VISITS ELLEN'S ISLE AND SEES
LOCH LOMOND.

"NEVER, never, *never*," said Aunt Molly with climatic fervor, "shall I let the luggage go out of our sight again." The hectic frenzy which gave rise to this resolve was caused by the fact that their bags, which they had entrusted to a porter, had disappeared. They had searched frantically through all possible places, had buttonholed a dozen polite, but apparently helpless officials, and had finally found the missing articles locked up in an out-of-the-way baggage room from which they had rescued them, and hailing a lone taxi,

which they had to share with two other equally distracted women, had caught the train by the merest fraction of a second.

Shirley was hardly able to murmur, "Upon the Grampian Hills I feed my flocks," as someone pointed out those historic pastures. "And I always thought vaguely that the Grampian Hills were Greek."

Stirling Castle towered high above them trim and forbidding as the train flew by, and Aunt Molly murmured feelingly, "Well, I'm glad we haven't got to climb up there. My poor, ill-treated feet are protesting against these castles." She recovered enough, however, to quote as they rattled through Inverlochy:

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew
Summon clan Conuil.

Come from deep glen and
From mountain so rocky,
The warpipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.

"Isn't it exciting," said Shirley, "to be really going through Inverlochy? Did you ever expect to see so many places of which you have read in poetry? They never seemed real to me before. I can't get used to seeing them printed on maps and railway stations."

"I feel the same way," answered Aunt Molly. "I can hardly believe that in a few hours we shall be sailing on Loch Lomond."

"Well, I'm glad that you didn't take the high road and I the lower road to get there. It's been such fun travelling with you, Aunt Molly. It is one of the luckiest things that ever happened to me."

Aunt Molly smiled. "That is very pleasant to hear, Shirley dear, and I am

sure that I couldn't have found a pleasanter travelling companion either. Perhaps we can try it again sometime."

Just then they reached their first stop which was Aberfoyle, where they were to have luncheon at an inn rejoicing in the euphonious name of the Bailie Nicol Jarvie pavilion. In front of the inn stood three great coaches looking as if they belonged in an old English print. The passengers had to climb up over the high wheels on little step ladders; and with a great sounding of horns and flourishing of whips they were off through the Trossachs.

"It's just like *Pickwick Papers*," said Shirley. "How much more fun this is than an automobile."

The coachman with his whip pointed out the highest hills, Ben Lomond, Ben Leddie and Ben Venue, and finally in the distance the blue waters of Loch Katrine. Shirley half expected to see Rob Roy or Roderick Dhu come leaping from behind a rock, for the scenery was wild and rugged and well suited to adventure and deeds of daring.

A small boat, called the "Sir Walter Scott," carried them down the lake to Stronachlachan. Halfway down was the tiny, romantic Ellen's Isle which fired Shirley's imagination and caused her to resolve that the "Lady of the Lake" must go on the list of things to be read again.

At Inversnaid they boarded another small boat known as the "Prince George," and found themselves at last on Loch Lomond.

"Well," said Shirley, sighing contentedly, "I am seeing places that I never even dreamed of seeing. It's too bad that I shall never have to write another English theme on Sir Walter Scott or 'The Lady of the Lake.' What a theme I *could* write now."

Their ride on the lovely little lake was over all too soon, and they landed at Balloch pier from which they could see Balloch Castle, where Fitz James

is supposed to have stayed. The train for Glasgow awaited them at this point, and when they found that they would have to stand all the way because of the crowds, they decided that luck had certainly deserted them; but worse was yet to come.

"Where on earth is everybody going?" complained Shirley fretfully. "I haven't seen so many people since we left London."

Aunt Molly made inquiries and was informed by a good-natured traveller, who was also standing but didn't seem to mind it, that the next day would be a Bank Holiday, and everyone was starting out early to enjoy it.

"Bank Holidays seem worse than Decoration Day and Labor Day and Fourth of July rolled into one," muttered Shirley crossly. She was getting very tired.

At last they reached the boat which was to take them across the Irish Channel from Glasgow to Belfast. It was called the "Magpie," and the chattering of the throngs of passengers seemed to justify the name. Their reservations had been made long in advance, so now they went down to the purser's office with great confidence to find what cabin had been assigned to them.

While Aunt Molly was standing in line at the purser's window, Shirley peeped into one of the cabins, the door of which was invitingly open. She noted that the accommodations seemed distinctly superior. The linen looked cool and refreshing to a tired traveller and everything was clean and unusually commodious, so she went back and reported to Aunt Molly.

"Won't it seem good to get to bed, Aunt Molly? I haven't been so tired for weeks. I am glad that we are crossing at night. And to-morrow we'll see Shawn and Sheila. Won't that be great?"

Meanwhile Aunt Molly reached the window and presented her tickets. After

a brief but animated colloquy with the purser she came over to Shirley with despair written upon her countenance.

"What *do* you think, Shirley? They have no reservations for us at all. It seems that these tickets are for passage only. They should have been exchanged for sleeping accommodations weeks ago. Traffic is unusually heavy on account of the Bank Holiday, and they say that many passengers buy tickets only and sit up all night."

Shirley collapsed onto the suitcase. "Well, of all the luck! Whatever are we to do now, Aunt Molly?"

"Well, dear, I think we'd better go up to the lounge if there is one and wait. The purser says that if any space now reserved is cancelled, as sometimes happens at the last moment, he will give it to us. In the meantime, there is nothing to do but wait. We may have to sit up all night. If so we shall just have to make the best of it."

Shirley groaned. "Every bone in my body aches now. I wonder if this old channel is anything like the English Channel. If it is we are sure to be seasick, and how can we be decently and properly seasick without even a cabin to be sick in?"

Aunt Molly laughed. She was very tired herself, but she felt that she must keep Shirley's spirits up.

"Well, let's go on up and investigate. We had a good tea anyway and it's a warm night. Perhaps we can go out on deck. It would be rather fun to sit up all night, don't you think?—and what a tale we shall have to write home!"

They found the lounge or reception room full to the doors. Those who had had previous experience had come early and secured the best places. Some had removed their hats and shoes and were making themselves as comfortable as possible. Late-comers were sitting resignedly on their baggage prepared to spend the night in

discomfort since no other way presented itself.

"No hope here," said Aunt Molly. "Let's go on deck."

Upon the deck the same scene presented itself. Everywhere were dejected figures perched on suitcases or boxes or coils of rope. There were many babies, some crying, some peacefully sucking on oranges or milk-bottles while older children played tag, falling over the feet of the passengers, and calling down upon their heads violent denunciations from the more testy of the passengers.

Shirley and Aunt Molly found a few inches of space on a seat near the railing. Tired as they were, they couldn't help laughing at their plight.

"If only Daddy could see us now—and after all his careful preparations!" laughed Shirley, whose spirits were beginning to rise, "and whatever would Grandmother say?"

It was a starry night, and as the boat began to move at last they enjoyed the beauty of the sky like black velvet hung with diamonds.

The spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim,

quoted Aunt Molly.

Just then a smiling stewardess approached them.

"Is this Miss Morrow?"

"Yes, it is."

"Well, the purser says that he has a single room at your disposal. Of course, there is only one berth, but it is better than nothing."

"Better than nothing! I should say it is. Compared with this, it is positive luxury. Come on, Shirley," said Aunt Molly. "We'll stow ourselves away somehow and sleep."

"Shakespeare knew what he was talking about," declared Shirley:

Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care,
Balm of hurt minds, sore labor's bath,
Tired nature's second course.

"I wish I were Rip Van Winkle, Twenty

years seems none too long to me now."

The stewardess did her best to make things comfortable. Shirley insisted that Aunt Molly take the berth in spite of her protests, and made herself a bed on the floor with the help of several blankets and Aunt Molly's Boston bag to eke out the very thin pillow which the boat provided. In less than half an hour they were fast asleep, and not a sound did they hear until the boat was docking at Belfast in the morning.

"Ireland at last!" said Shirley, as she rose stiffly from her hard bed. "The top o' the mornin' to ye, Aunt Molly! Get up and let's look for Shamrocks."

(To be continued.)

The Scapular of Our Lady.

THE following story was related of a remarkable instance of grace brought to a dying man because he had worn a scapular. On a Good Friday, a Mr. MacGill, being 240 miles from the town of Gainesville, where he believed there was a Catholic Church, determined to go there and remain over Easter. Arriving at the place he found there was neither church nor priest, so he engaged rooms at a hotel where he stayed several days.

On the morning after his arrival, he noticed that many persons went in and out of a certain room. He asked the landlord's daughter if any one were sick, and learned from her that a young man from Massachusetts was dying of consumption. Mr. MacGill asked to be taken to see him, and as his business was not urgent, and his visits appeared to be pleasing to the sick man, he often sat for hours at the bedside, rendering him all kinds of little services, by arranging his pillows, giving him water and medicine, etc. He spoke to him about everything that he thought might interest him, but avoided the question of religion, as he supposed he was a Protestant.

On the evening before his departure, he visited the sick man once more, and just before leaving him, raised him in bed in order to arrange the pillows and bed covering. As he did so he caught sight of a scapular which the young man was wearing around his neck. He asked the patient if he were a Catholic.

"I am not one," he answered; "my mother was, but she died when I was quite a child. Before her death I attended the Church and Sunday-School, but afterwards, I gave no thought to religion. My father kept a boarding house for sailors, in Boston, so you can imagine the kind of companions that surrounded my youth. I was nursed at the beginning of this illness by a Sister of Mercy, in a hospital, and before coming here she gave me the scapular, asking me to wear it, as perhaps it might be of some use to me. I have worn it ever since just to please her, because she was so kind to me; and I shall continue to do so, even if I return home."

Being asked if he would like to see a priest he said yes, but added that he had quite forgotten all that he had ever known of the Catholic religion. His friend saw there was no time to lose, so he hastened to the telegraph office and sent a message to a Father Kenny, who lived in the nearest city, which, however, was many miles away. The priest took the next train, and arrived the next day at Gainesville; he went to the sick room, instructed the young man, heard his confession, gave him Holy Communion and Extreme Unction, and the young man died happy in the peace of God. There seems to be no doubt that if the youth had not worn his scapular, he would most probably have died without the opportunity of being reconciled with God.

IT was said that in order to insure the grant of a favor from St. Pius V., the only thing necessary was to do him an injury.

A Wise Mother.

There is a story told of a king, who, about to pass through a small town, had word sent ahead that he would be honored to meet all the inhabitants at a public festival in the afternoon. Naturally, there was great excitement, when the word of the unexpected visit was passed around. However, there was no fear or anxiety of how best to entertain him, for they knew that his joy was to be among them as a friend without official ceremony. They also expected a little surprise, usually nothing more than a riddle or question, which if solved or answered correctly brought a prize to the successful contestant.

This day, however, while all were waiting for the king's arrival, a group of mothers started to plan a surprise for him. Each mother was to think of something to say that would please the King, and he would judge as to which mother had said that which pleased him most. On being acquainted with their plan, he entered heartily into it.

"Your Majesty," one mother said, "I think I shall please you most in telling you that I am training my boys to be soldiers in your service."

A second said: "Your Majesty, I am educating my children to be teachers, so that as men and women they may help others to be faithful to you and love you."

Still another stated: "Your Majesty, I have my children pray every day for your health and success."

The King smiled with approval as each mother spoke. At the same time he was serious with thought as a good judge should be. He became even more serious as other mothers spoke in the hope of saying that which would please him most.

Finally one mother said: "Your Majesty, I am training my children to be good boys and girls, so that they

will be good men and women." Without a moment's hesitation the King exclaimed, "This mother has spoken wisely, for good children and good men and women are true to God and country."

So saying, he handed her the prize, and the mothers, used to his kindness, were astonished: for it was a purse with gold coins sufficient to support a large family for at least a year.

Parking Rules in 1660.

In the year 1660 the following interesting proclamation was issued by the King of England: "Whereas, the excessive number of hackney coaches and coach horses in and about the city of London and Westminster and the suburbs thereof are found to be a common nuisance, to the public damage of our people, by reason of their rude and disorderly standing and passing to and fro, in and about our said cities and suburbs, the streets and highways being thereby pestered and made impassable, the pavements broken up, and the common passages obstructed and become dangerous, our peace violated, and sundry other evils and mischiefs occasioned:

"We, taking into our princely consideration these apparent inconveniences, and resolving that a speedy remedy be applied to meet and redress them for the future, do by this our proclamation expressly charge and command that no person or persons, of what estate, degree, or quality whatsoever, do from the sixth day of November next, permit or suffer the said coaches or horses, or any of them, to stand or remain in any of the streets or passages in or about London or Westminster, or the suburbs belonging to either of them, upon pain of our high displeasure, and much forfeitures, pains, and penalties as may be inflicted for the contempt of our royal commands."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Among books to appear in the autumn is "More Cautionary Tales," by Mr. Hilaire Belloc.

—The most notable rarity offered at a recent auction sale in London was a copy of Ben Jonson's "Time Vindicated to Himselfe and to His Honors," a pamphlet of twelve leaves. It was bought for £500!

—In reference to "Thomas Aquinas," the latest volume in the excellent Leaders of Philosophy Series, a reviewer remarks: "His importance in the history of European thought is only now being fully recognized by Protestants as well as Catholics."

—An eminent literary critic styles Richard Rolle the Father of English Prose, as he was the first to give a written form to what was only spoken, and to formalize English spelling. He is referred to in "The English Martyrology," 1608, as "Blessed Richard Rolle, Confessor and Hermit, whose singular spirit of piety and devotion is left written and manifest to the world by his own works yet extant." A book issued by the Oxford University Press in 1928, contains comprehensive lists of Rolle's works in manuscript and in print, to date.

—"The Light Divine in Parable and Allegory," by the Rev. Patrick J. O'Reilly, S. J., is still another proof that the Bible is a storehouse of wisdom. Our Lord used parables, setting them in the background of His day and applying them to the conditions then present. The local application, however, was not a sign that the truth unfolded was not world-wide and for all times. Hence, any analysis of the parables which seeks to place them in the time and circumstances in which they were used should be informative. Moreover, to trace them to other days and other conditions, —in a word, to apply them, as they should be applied, to modern conditions, is to use them in an effective way. It is to the credit of this book that the parables are strikingly convincing, when given modern application; and the principles set forth could remedy

much evil of our day. The treatment is fresh and interesting, so that these old truths, developed and applied, are certain to take root in some, perhaps many, hearts and make them grow strong and fruitful. Publisher, Loyola University Press, Chicago. Price, \$1.60.

—Three booklets by a Sister of Mercy of Portland, Maine, are certain to do much good. "The Heart of a King," a manual of varied thoughts for the month of June, and "A Little Manual for the Month of May," a brief exposition of almost all of the invocations of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, follow the same method in the arrangement of subject-matter. An instruction for each day of May or June is accompanied by a short and pointed story. Children will find the ideas choice and the stories very interesting; parents and teachers will find these booklets very suitable in the fostering of devotion to the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin, and will undoubtedly be spiritually uplifted themselves.—"Master, whither Goest Thou? or Colloquies with the Master for Every Day in Lent," is more suited to the minds of grown-ups than to those of children. The tone is spiritual, the themes varied and practical, and above all there is the spirit of Lent. Those who instruct the young would find herein much material that could be used word for word; in some parts, however, there might be the need of simplifying the text. Distributor, St. Joseph's Convent, Portland, Maine.

—Recent pamphlets issued by the Irish Truth Society keep a uniformly high standard. "Mexico" traces the history of this country from its foundation to the present day. Space is given to the political as well as the religious persecution, the main facts being stated in a calm and accurate way.—"The Catholic Doctrine of Redemption" explains the Catholic dogma with the advantages won for us by the life and death of Our Lord; namely, the forgiveness of sin, justification in the present life and the right to heaven hereafter.—"Pius IX." is particularly timely now that

some justice has been done. This sketch, concise with historical method, emphasizes his rapid rise in the Church and the trying days of his pontificate.—“St. Martin of Tours” is a popular account of this much-loved saint whose life is a record of the supernatural. The traditional stories are familiar, but they are worth retelling.—“The Church and the Stage” makes clear that the Church with motherly care has guarded the drama, destroyed it at one time as an evil thing, brought it to life to instruct or delight, or both, and is striving to make it an instrument for good. The historical treatment of its development is not as complete as it might be; and the remedy proposed for the betterment of conditions in the modern theatre is more practical for Ireland than for the United States.—“Arctic Adventures” is an interesting account of the hardships encountered by missionaries in Alaska and Northern Canada.—Two short stories: “After Winter Cometh Summer,” an uninteresting fairy tale, and “The Tact of Peg Eliza,” a humorous story about the experiences of a person deaf for a short while, complete the list of this society’s latest publications.

—When Papini brought out his “Life of Christ” a few years ago he did so because he believed that none of the existing books made the Saviour live to the every-day reader. If the expression can be used, Papini did indeed resurrect the Master to a host of readers who might not otherwise have known Him; but he was almost brutal at times in his humanizing efforts. Recently another author has attempted the same objective with happier results. Archbishop Goodier, S. J., in writing “The Public Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ” (in two volumes), has had advantages where Papini was burdened with handicaps. He knew many years ago just what he wanted to do, and what not, and why. The big theme of his dreams has always been to give his readers the living Jesus as He expressed Himself in His public life exclusive of the Passion. He knew that within those limits there was material for a rather large canvas.

In the actual presentation of his theme, the well-known author avoids all critical and his-

torical controversies, without, however, overlooking them. With the sensitiveness of true scholarship he has undertaken the necessary research in preparation for his writing, but he has kept the record of that research out of the picture in order to give himself more space for a proper presentation of the central figure of his narrative. The every-day reader will appreciate that omission and will ordinarily be willing to leave all disputed points to the scholarship of the author, to his sincerity of purpose, and to his almost unerring spiritual instinct. Certainly Archbishop Goodier’s preparation has been leisurely enough and scientific enough to assure him of the proper material for presentation. His critical faculties have ripened sufficiently amid the human and spiritual surroundings of his vocation to give him the balanced judgment necessary for the delicate task he has undertaken. And the finished product has justified his lifelong preparation. He has given us a “Life” which the average reader can take up with interest and the average student lay down with profit. He has produced a work that is scholarly without any of the forbidding aspects of scholarship. He has made the Master live for his readers. Publisher, P. J. Kenedy & Sons. Price, \$7.70 for set.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. David L. McDonald, Archdiocese of Chicago.

Brother Dominic, C. S. C.

Rev. Mother M. Antonia, Sisters of St. Joseph; and Sister M. Eutychius, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mrs. Mary Kearney, Mrs. J. J. Gannon, Miss Helen Baschnagel, Margaret A. Shea, Miss Mary McCarthy, and Mr. Martin Walsh.
May they rest in peace!

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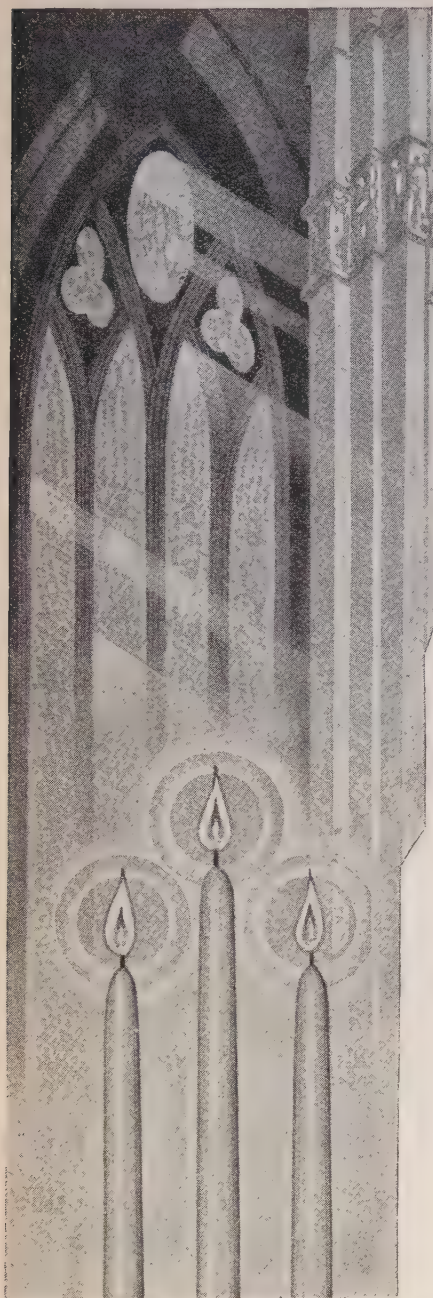
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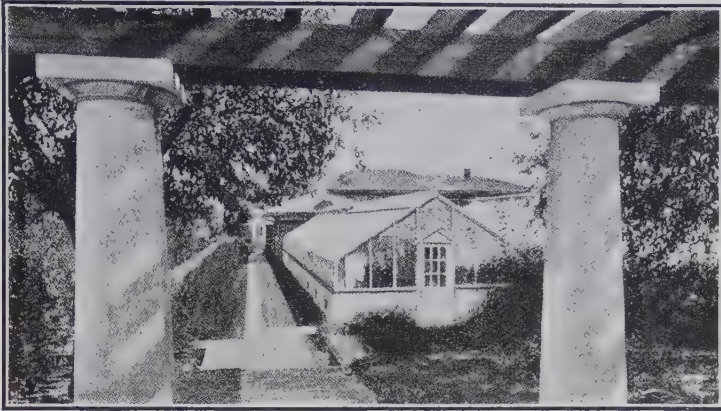
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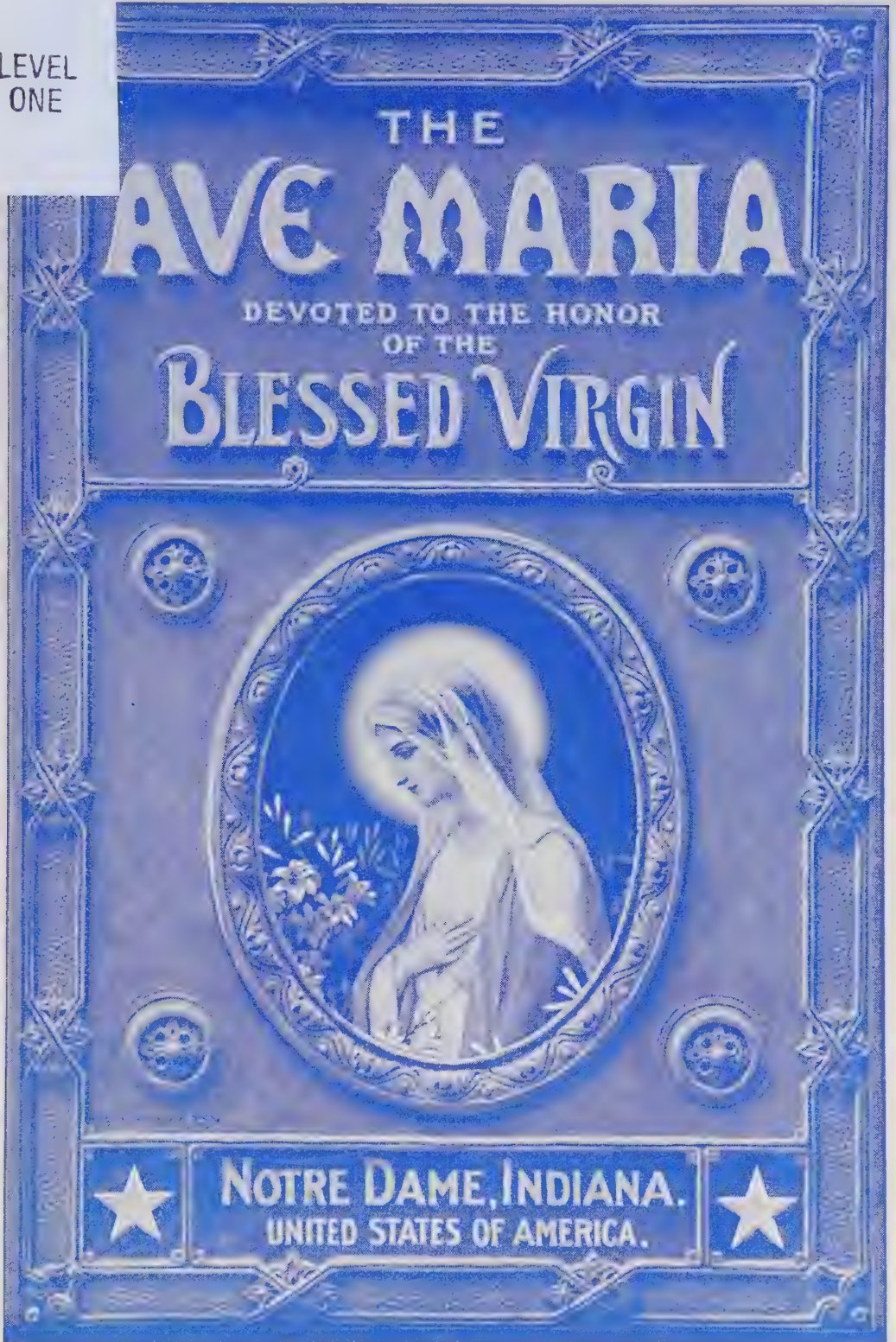
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

| | |
|---|---|
| SATURDAY, 4.—St. Francis of Assisi, C. | WEDNESDAY, 8.—St. Bridget of Sweden, W. |
| SUNDAY, 5.—SEVENTEENTH AFTER PENTECOST. | THURSDAY, 9.—St. Denis, M., St. Abraham |
| SS. Placidus and Comp’s, MM. | the Patriarch. |
| MONDAY, 6.—St. Bruno, C. | FRIDAY, 10.—St. Francis Borgia, C. St. Pauli- |
| TUESDAY, 7.—Feast of the Holy Rosary. St. | nus, B. |
| Sergius, M. | SATURDAY, 11.—St. Ethelburga, V. |

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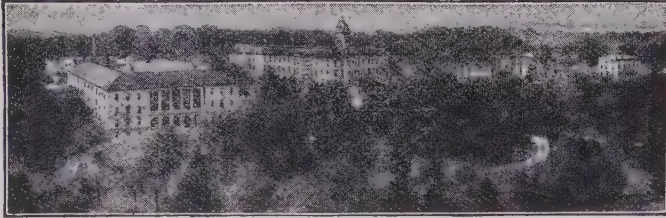
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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 4, 1930.

No. 14.

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Madonna of the Forest.

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

ALONG the forest, on the darkening shores
of evening,

Dusk lays a gold-black veil on the Virgin's
head;

About her feet the little harebells are sleeping,
The birds have sung her good-night, and have
gone to bed.

Above the tallest elm a star is creeping
To waft a kiss of light across her brow;
As gentle as the drowsy peace of the valley
Is the glance of the mountain upon Our Lady
now.

All, all is holy hush; she holds the Infant—
Her blossoming Rose—more tightly to her
breast;

From out of the shadowy wood, like smoke
slow-drifting,

Great wings of angels ring them round for
rest.

Now stars walk, one by one, their ways of
grandeur,

The moon leans down to halo her eyes and
hair;

No wonder that Nature, awed to a loving-
kindness,

Has patterned this night for her to a perfect
prayer!

—◆◆◆—
"It is said: 'The primacy of Rome
has been denied from the beginning.'
Then it has been *asserted* from the be-
ginning! Tell me that the waves have
beaten upon the shore, and I will tell
you that the shore was there for the
waves to beat upon."

Our Lady of the Rosary.

BY THE REV. JAMES P. WEBB.



IF all the devotions in honor of
our Blessed Lady there is none
more widely diffused in the
Church, or more deeply en-
shrined in the hearts of the faithful,
than that of the most holy Rosary. It is
also a devotion which has the unusual
distinction of a special Feast assigned
in the Liturgy of the Church to its
commemoration. Every Catholic knows
of the daily public recitation of the
Rosary in church during the month of
October, which, with the other prayers
appointed for that month, constitutes
what is universally called the October
Devotions. The first Sunday of that
month, although not necessarily the day
of the Feast of the Rosary, is always
called, and is ever likely to be known as
Rosary Sunday. Altogether the Feast
and the devotion of the Rosary consti-
tute the Rosary an element of major im-
portance in the spiritual function of the
Church. By the Rosary is Catholic piety
to the Mother of God fostered and
strengthened, and Catholic prayer to
the same Most Blessed Virgin expanded
and increased beyond all power of com-
putation.

No intelligent and instructed Catholic
will need to be told that the devotion
and feast of the Holy Rosary have not
always existed in the Church in the
form and manner so familiar to-day.
Like so many other things in the litur-

gical and devotional life of the Church they have developed from very obscure beginnings, and have grown by degrees to their present position of dignity and importance. But let it not be imagined that devotion to the Blessed Virgin, of which they are a phase and a manifestation, is something unessential in the Church, something which has crept into its life and established a place for itself.

Devotion to Our Lady is absolutely inseparable from the Church's doctrine and life. It goes back to Our Lord's time upon earth, to His life as a member of the Holy Family, to the association of the Apostles and disciples with the Mother of Our Lord, to the divine bequest from the cross, "Behold thy mother;" to the coming down of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost upon Our Lady and the Apostles, to the years of Our Lady's life upon earth as a member of the infant Church. Devotion to Our Lady is essential in the Catholic faith, remaining ever one and the same like that faith itself; but it is ever putting forth fresh forms and making its appeal in some new way to the minds and hearts of the children of the Church. Some of these forms and practices of devotion disappear after a time, when they have fulfilled their purpose and made their contribution to the great body of Marian devotion. Others become permanent, and among these it is certainly safe to say that the Holy Rosary has a foremost place. It has come to stay, and will ever have its place in the life of the Church and the devotion of the faithful.

The institution of the Feast of the Most Holy Rosary is attributed to Pope St. Pius V. It was an act of thanksgiving to God and Our Lady for the great naval victory gained by the combined Christian fleet under Don John of Austria, over the Turkish fleet in the Gulf of Lepanto on the first Sunday of October, Oct. 7, 1571. It is hard to realize

at this day that the Turks were at that time a menace both to the Christian faith and to the whole of European civilization. The Protestant reformation had divided Europe into two hostile religious camps, and had robbed the Church of that help against the common foe which she had a right to expect, and which she would have received before the great disruption had taken place. Yet the Church, in face of the greatest difficulties and obstacles, succeeded in organizing and uniting the Catholic powers, and the magnificent victory of Lepanto was the result. The power of the Turks was not destroyed once and for all, as every student of history and geography knows, but by the Catholic victory, the Turks lost the command of the sea, and their ultimate complete defeat and repulsion became certain and inevitable. That victory saved the Protestant nations as well as the Catholic, for it is impossible to see what would have stopped the relentless western advance of the Turkish power and the Mohammedan religion if the verdict of the battle of Lepanto had been reversed.

The feast of thanksgiving instituted by Pope St. Pius V. was called by the title of "Our Lady of Victories." Its connection with the Rosary arose from the fact that the day on which it was gained was the day on which the Rosary Confraternities throughout the Catholic world were making their accustomed and appointed devotions to our Blessed Lady; and thus the victory itself was not unreasonably attributed to those prayers and the intercession of Our Lady of the Rosary. Thus Our Lady of the Rosary became Our Lady of Victories. Pope Gregory XIII. extended the Feast of Our Lady of the Rosary to all churches in which there was an altar of the Rosary. There were further developments of the Feast, which was at last extended to the whole Catholic world.

In 1716, on August 5, the Feast of Our

Lady of the Snows, the forces of the Emperor Charles VI., under the command of Prince Eugene, gained a great victory over the Turks in Hungary. On that very day the Rosary Confraternities in Rome were holding special supplications for the defeat of the Turks and the success of the Christian arms. Shortly afterwards the Turks were compelled to raise the siege of Corfu and to depart foiled of their prey. Attributing these great events to the intercession of Our Lady of the Rosary, Pope Clement XI. made the Feast of the Most Holy Rosary of universal observance, as a perpetual memorial of the Church's gratitude and thanksgiving. Pope Leo XIII. raised the Feast to its present ecclesiastical rank. It was at that time kept on the first Sunday of October, but in the movement under Pope Pius X. to restore the Sundays to their original rank and dignity, and to remove from them fixed feasts, it was appointed that the Feast of the Rosary should be kept on October 7, the anniversary of the battle of Lepanto. Thus it remains at the present day.

It ought not to be necessary to remind Catholics that the devotion of the Rosary is something very much older than the Feast. From what has been said above it will be seen that the Feast grew out of the devotion as a testimony to its power and efficacy. There is no need to enter upon questions as to its origin, or to trace its historical development through the centuries. The saying of a set number of prayers, or of the same prayer repeated a set number of times, goes back to a very venerable antiquity. The employment of beads for the mechanical counting of prayers thus said is an almost universal practice, and is found in other religious systems besides the Catholic. Yet it is just on these points—repetition and beads—that objections to the Rosary devotion are usually made by non-Catholics.

To take the last first. The use of beads

is, as has been said, a time-honored and widely extended manner of counting, even in its application to things religious. The rosary beads are not regarded as a charm or mascot, but as an aid to memory for the easier discharge of a duty of piety. In addition to this very practical and sensible application, and because of their service to the purposes of piety, rosary beads are blessed by the Church, and thus constitute a holy thing for a holy purpose. The same principle applies when stones and timber and other materials, having nothing of a sacred character in themselves, are used in the building of a Church, and the resultant edifice is blessed and consecrated to God, becoming a holy thing both in itself and in its purpose. So the rosary beads are set apart for the glory of God and for prayer and praise to His Blessed Mother.

Repetition of the same prayer over and over again is a much more serious difficulty against the Rosary in the eyes of non-Catholics even than the use of beads. It may be said, in the first place, that, however much people may dislike repetition, it cannot be shown to be wrong, and they have no real reason for objecting to a thing simply because they dislike it. The fact that repetition is of such universal use, and is of application also in religious systems that have no connection whatever with the Catholic Church, might perhaps suggest that there must be something in it after all. Many Protestant Churches have a litany in some form or other which they recite on certain occasions, and every litany contains the element of repetition, at least in the invocation which is said after each section or prayer. Thus the litany used in the Anglican Church repeats twenty-four times the refrain, "We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord."

The hundred and thirty-fifth Psalm, "Confitemini Domino," is deservedly popular with non-Catholics, especially

with those whose worship is partly made up of the singing of Psalms. It repeats the response or refrain, "For His mercy endureth forever," no fewer than twenty-seven times in twenty-seven consecutive verses. That magnificent hymn of the praise of God, the Song of the Three Hebrew Children, known as the "Benedicite," is omitted from the Protestant list of canonical scriptures and relegated to the Apocrypha. That, however, has not prevented its use as a hymn of praise, even in churches, and in the proposed revision of the Anglican Book of Common Prayer, it is actually given an official place in the Alternative Order for Morning Prayer. That is all to the good; but the same "Benedicite," as printed in the provisional book, contains the refrain, "Praise Him and magnify Him forever," repeated after each of the thirty-two verses or invocations. But the highest and the greatest example of repetition in prayer is found in the history of Our Lord's Passion. Our Lord had left His Apostles while He went to pray to His Father. "My Father if this chalice may not pass away, but I must drink it, Thy will be done." He came to His Apostles, and found them asleep. Again He came, and again they slept. "And leaving them, He went again; and He prayed the third time, saying the self-same word." In that hour of preparation before His death, Our Lord's prayer is the prayer of repetition, in thought and word.

It is not, however, to be imagined that the Rosary devotion is a mere repetition of vocal prayers, however justifiable repetition may be, and however good and holy the prayers repeated. The Rosary is certainly arranged in such a way that there are fifteen decades, or tens, of Hail Marys, with the Our Father beginning and the glory be to the Father concluding each decade. But that is not all. During the saying of each decade there is to be made some

kind of meditation or consideration on one of the mysteries of Redemption. Thus it combines vocal and mental prayer, and from this derives a character and nature of its own, distinguishing it from all other forms of devotion. In this consists its peculiar excellence, for while the prayers, simple, familiar, repeated, are being said the wayward and wandering mind is given matter for thought and subject for contemplation. The repetition indeed is there, but with that repetition must go some thought or contemplation of the subject proposed for the particular decade which is being said; and without such consideration there is no real saying of the Rosary. If this is understood, as it is understood by all Catholics, all difficulty disappears, and the Rosary is realized to be a devotional exercise combining in itself the properties and excellencies of both vocal and mental prayer in a balanced and appropriate harmony.

One of the most remarkable notes of the Rosary devotion is its universal appeal, to young and old, to simple and learned alike. It is so easy, so informal, yet so arranged and systematized that it brings the mind of everyone at once into contact with the great facts and truths of religion, yet in such a manner that each mind acts freely in its own way and according to its own capacity. Only the general subject is proposed as the matter of meditation for each respective mystery, the method in which that consideration is made is according to each one's inclination or need. It can be reflection on the historical fact, for example, the Annunciation, or theological consideration, or acts of faith, or love, or petition, or any combination of these and the other ways in that raising up of the mind and heart to God which constitutes prayer. Thus the Rosary, on its meditational side is amazingly free and adaptive. This adaptability is undoubtedly one of the sources of its ex-

cellence, for by it everyone, in his own way, can renew and express his faith, animate his love, and put forth his petition for himself and others.

The fifteen mysteries of the Rosary are arranged in such a way that they cover all the great events in Our Lord's life and the traditional Assumption and Coronation of our Blessed Lady. These mysteries are the subjects' set for consideration in the different decades. They follow the order in which the events occurred. Beginning with the Annunciation—the making known of the forthcoming Incarnation of the Redeemer—they go on through the great incidents of His life and career to the coming down of the Holy Ghost upon the infant Church, and the accomplishment of that most glorious result of the Redemption, the crowning of the Blessed Virgin. There is thus an ordered series of meditations that go right through the great mysteries of the Redemption and the facts by which it was brought about. It is this that gives to the Rosary its educative power in an extended and deepening knowledge of the great facts of religion.

Primarily and essentially, the Rosary devotion is a work of piety, but there can be no doubt that this successive and progressive consideration of the tremendous truths of Our Lord's life, Passion, Resurrection, of the establishment of the Church and its endowing with power from on high by the coming of the Holy Ghost, of the part played in these events by Our Lady and her immense glory and reward, gives to those who say the Rosary regularly and well an insight into and an apprehension of these facts and their significance that go far beyond any knowledge they may have acquired from instruction or books. Everyone knows that in the lives of the Saints are many well-authenticated instances of the possession of deep and abstruse theological knowledge by holy men and women to whom that knowledge could

have come only by the way of divine inspiration or revelation. There is, of course, no suggestion that those who say the Rosary devoutly and frequently will receive any kind of supernatural enlightenment on the mysteries that constitute its subjects of meditation, but there can be little doubt that they will be increasingly penetrated by those mysteries, and will be endowed with an ever-developing knowledge and understanding of them.

Perhaps what has been said in the preceding paragraph can best be illustrated by an example. The first of the fifteen decades of the Holy Rosary is the Annunciation. The frame or setting in which consideration of that mystery is to be made, is the Our Father, ten Hail Marys, and the Glory be to the Father. The time factor is, of course, the period required for the respectful and reverential saying of those prayers. The subject is immense and inexhaustible. Besides the central fact of the Angel's message and Our Lady's acceptance, there is the thought of God's infinite goodness in deigning to send His Son into this world, the condescension of God the Son in coming to take flesh for the sake of man, the love and power of the Holy Ghost in bringing about that work of Incarnation; there is the honor done to our Blessed Lady, her humility, her esteem for perfect virginity, her complete submission to the will of God; there is the person and office of the Archangel, his deference and reverence to Our Lady; there is the fact of the concurrence of the power of God and the consent of Our Lady's will to the bringing of Our Lord into this world.

That is not all by any means. There is an immense field of theological speculation and knowledge opened up in this first mystery. And the same is true of each and every other mystery, without exception. In every succeeding contemplation of the same mystery there will be

some new grasp of the truth enshrined in that mystery, some new understanding of its depth and import, some new realization of the greatness and goodness of God as shown in the fact considered, and some new personal attraction to and union with Our Lord and Our Lady. Thus in its quiet and unassuming way does the Rosary prove itself to be another branch of the great tree of the knowledge of God. Whatever it may appear to be to people who consider it only superficially there is no doubt that it is in fact an immense power for knowledge and devotion in the lives of Catholics. Simple it certainly is, but not less certainly sublime. Simple in its repetition of simple prayers; sublime in associating these with the contemplation of the greatest and grandest Christian mysteries.

There is one phase of the Rosary devotion which everyone must have noticed at some time or other, its universal and unfailing adaptability to all conditions and circumstances. In the Church are found means and practices of piety almost without end. Yet the Rosary is the one which seems to lend itself most easily and suitably to all cases, and to serve as a supply or substitute when other means fail or are impracticable. When a priest is unable, for some sound reason, to continue saying that collection of Psalms and readings and prayers that is called the Divine Office and is compelled to seek some relaxation of the task, it is nearly always the Rosary that is substituted for the recitation of the Office. When Catholics are prevented by some duty or obligation of charity from assisting at Holy Mass on Sundays or festivals, multitudes will consider it right and fitting that they should say some special prayers or perform some exercise of piety by way of compensation. As often as not, perhaps much more often than otherwise, it will be the Rosary, or some part of it, that they will offer to God in place of their

attendance at Mass which they are unable to fulfil. Those who cannot read—and there are still such to be found—can always say the Rosary when others read the prayers that are found in such profusion in books of devotion.

All over the world there are people to be found, old, blind, bedridden, to whom the Rosary is by far the most serviceable and practicable of all devotions. It is so easy for the beads to slip through the fingers, for the lips to whisper the words of the appointed prayers, and for the mind, weak and feeble though it may be, to exercise its perfectly free and informal thought upon the subject of the successive mysteries. No wonder it has such an appeal and such a hold. It can be taken up at any time, and left off anywhere. Yet it is always real prayer—prayer of the lips, and prayer of the heart,—bringing the soul of man into contact with the great mysteries of faith and into union with Our Lord and His Mother. Thus it adapts itself to all times and conditions and persons, proving itself an unfailing help and an unwearying consolation.

It is probably not in the least an exaggeration to say that the Rosary is at the present day more widely known and more extensively recited than at any past time in all its long history. That is indeed saying a lot when its Mediæval popularity is borne in mind. Those familiar with illustrations and representations of life in the Middle Ages will remember the rosary beads carried openly in the hand or hanging from the girdle worn round the waist. In southern Catholic countries that popularity seems never to have waned, but to have grown and developed progressively. On the other hand it must not be forgotten that large areas of Europe became Protestant and bitterly hostile to every form of devotion to Our Lady. Some of these territories were those that, before the Reformation, had been most conspicuous for their devotion to the Mother of

God. As far as the faith maintained itself in these lands or was able to creep back into places from which it had been ejected, it had to confine itself mainly to essentials, and the devotional practices of the Church had very little opportunity for their exercise. Thus, for example, it is said that the Rosary devotion had largely died out among English Catholics until after the time of the "Second Spring," when the amazing revival of Catholic life which then took place, brought it back to a position of foremost affection and popularity.

As everyone knows the present world-wide and intensive cultivation of the Rosary, and of devotion to Our Lady by means of the Rosary, is due in very large measure to the efforts of Pope Leo XIII. By his Encyclical Letters, year after year, he urged the fostering and extension of the Rosary devotion, prescribed its public recitation during the month of October, added the title "Queen of the Most Holy Rosary" to the Litany of Loreto, and in every possible way did all that the head of the Church could do to make the Rosary the great and universal act of intercession with Our Lady which it has actually become. Great as were his efforts and hopes, it is not at all unlikely that Pope Leo XIII., the Pope of the Rosary, as he has been called, has succeeded far better than he ever anticipated.

It was only to be expected that in populous places and large churches the October Devotions would be easily maintained and much frequented, but it was not at all so likely that in small parishes the practice would be kept up with the perseverance and success that have marked its continuance to this day.

Of all the devotions of the year there are few more popular, more firmly established in the affections of Catholic people, or more likely to maintain their hold, than the October devotions. The public devotion to Our Lady by

means of the Rosary has, of course, stimulated private devotion also, and the result has been an ever-increasing multitude of Catholics who say it, in whole or in part, every day of their lives. So it grows and develops; and who can say where it will stop?

The development and extension of the Rosary devotion in modern times must be taken as a modern proof of its worth and efficacy. It stands the test of practice. It is not merely a Mediæval survival, having a traditional interest and a historical claim to continuance. It meets the spiritual needs of the people of God to-day as much as ever it did in times past. It offers a means of devotion to Our Lady of universal adaptability and acceptance. It keeps the Catholic ever in touch with the great foundational facts of his religion, and with the magnificent part of concurrence and co-operation Our Lady had in them. It gives to the children of the Church, young and old, simple and educated, a combination of vocal and mental prayer blended in such a way that it suits the capacity and meets the requirements of everyone. It has proved itself a very powerful help in time of trouble to the Church and her children alike. It has made the lives of countless Catholics better and more spiritual. No one can recount its innumerable benefits.

Thus it stands secure in its place and purpose. That purpose is stated simply and clearly in the words of the prayer which is usually said at the conclusion of the sections into which the Rosary is customarily divided. There it is asked that all those who meditate upon the mysteries of Our Lord's life, death, and resurrection in the Most Holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, may both imitate what those mysteries contain and obtain what they promise. In fulfilling that purpose the Rosary is doing its great work for the glory of God, the good of souls, the welfare of the Church, and the praise and honor of Our Lady.

The Living Voice.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

XL.

THOUGH a certain faction of ultra-bitter puritans exulted at the fall of the great Earl of Derby, there were others, appertaining to the Commonwealth, who considered the death sentence pronounced against him grossly unjust, and were sufficiently loud in condemnation of the Government's treatment of the three young girls to give Cromwell food for thought. He was intensely anxious to attach some of the great landowners to his party; and though many adhered to the parliamentary cause, he was aware that they were not friendly to his personal ambitions. The support of the Army would carry him through a crisis, but England would not for long consent to be ruled by a military coterie; and Cromwell intended to be King. In order to placate the more humane among the Covenanters, and at the same time to obtain the ready money which he always needed, his Highness, the Lord General, sent down orders that the ladies might be set at liberty on the condition of their giving heavy securities that "they would not act or do anything prejudicial to the Commonwealth and the present Government."

The three young maidens gravely pledged themselves not to endanger the State; their friends by superhuman efforts raised the necessary funds and the girls were liberated a few days before October 15, the date fixed for Lord Derby's execution.

Old Master Nevile had come to Chester to offer his services to his great neighbor, but he had not been allowed to see him. Chester was full of Catholics lying in hiding or going under assumed names: some of them belonged to the town, but most were relatives of the Catholic cavalier prisoners with

whom the gaols and churches were crowded, for Cromwell never scrupled to put religious buildings to mundane uses. Nevile had hired a little room up a narrow stairway, and here Simon sought him.

"Thank God, you are still here, Master Richard. You'll be able to tell me where there's a priest to be found. I have been out to Rixton, but the Masseys have sent away their chaplain, thinking it unsafe for him to bide here just now—he has ridden into Wales. Is Father Barwell at Greenhalgh? But alas, I fear he is too old to get upon a horse!"

"I left him ill in bed," replied the Squire. "But Simon, is it urgent? Do you think—"

"I know nothing," returned Bradshaigh, "save this: I must find a priest to ride with me when I follow my lord from Chester to Bolton."

"You mean to go with him then? But, Simon lad, you may be recognized—imlicated—"

Simon's face looked lined and grey in the gay light of Master Richard's dancing wood fire, but there was no faltering in it.

"I would have saved him if I could," he said brokenly. "But I'll be with him, anyhow—with him to the end."

Richard Nevile nodded. He understood.

"I'll tell you all the places I know where a priest might be found," he said after a pause. "Best try up North, for the Midland counties are still narrowly watched for Army stragglers."

Drawing close to Simon he whispered in his ear, and the young man bent down from his greater height, still and tense with the effort to memorize—it was too dangerous to make written notes.

"You look worn out, my poor lad," said his old friend as they prepared to part.

"Time enough to rest—afterwards," rejoined Simon.

"Have a care, for thy mother's sake, lad."

"I'll take no harm," returned Simon. "She'll be praying for me. But oh, Master Richard, must they do him to death? Will not the folk at Bolton attempt a rescue?"

"I fear they have all lost heart, Simon. There has been so much blood spilt, and everyone is in fear for their own kin. Half the folk here are Lancashire and like to perish if there is any outbreak in the county."

"The rebels think Lord Derby is detested in Bolton and have assigned his execution there, thinking to make it the more painful," observed Simon. "But know you, Sir, that the folk yonder will not carry a plank or knock in a nail or sell a foot of timber? They are obliged to take the block and planks for the platform, and all from here."

He looked hard at Neville, longing to be bidden to hope, but Richard shook his head.

"I fear he must die, lad," he said, putting a kind hand on Simon's shoulder. "But 'twill be nobly and in peace with God, I trust. We must bless our Saviour, child, no matter if He sends us joy or pain."

Simon seemed very young to him then, as he stood looking kindly at him with eyes grown suddenly dim.

"Yes," said Simon hoarsely. "My lord does so, indeed."

Friends had procured a horse for him, and the town gates being closed, Simon was lowered by a rope from the wall into the river meadows, where his mount awaited him. It seemed to him that he had passed half a lifetime a-horse, and in truth the last few months had been largely spent in the saddle.

Liverpool was full of Government troops, and Master Neville had said that the priest who served West Lancashire was ill a-bed. He took the road for Hoole, resolving to inquire at Warring-

ton, and, that failing, push on further North. One of the Cliftons of Lytham had been ordained a year or two ago. Master Richard had whispered that the folk of the Fylde were his "customers." He went by the name of Norris, and Simon, having drawn blank at Warrington and Prescott, found this young Jesuit at last in the grassy uplands beyond Preston.

All the first part of the road from Chester was that which Lord Derby must needs traverse when he rode under escort to Bolton, and Simon hurried along it with a heavy heart. On the return journey, he and his companion talked little; but as they trotted across the flat green Cheshire plain and saw the red-walled town rising before them, Simon checked his horse.

"Mr. Norris, I am bound to warn you—you take your life in your hand. The troops are very bitter against folk of our persuasion."

"Blessed be God!" returned the Jesuit blithely.

Simon led on again, and the priest followed. They were both closely muffled against the bitter east wind which was blowing. As they drew nearer they perceived that the gate was open and a great crowd of people of all classes was pouring through. The hedges by the roadside too, were lined on either side. The folk were all in tears, as they gazed back into the town.

Simon pushed his horse through the throng. He was too late, it seemed, the cavalcade had started. Here came the military escort, steel-clad with pikes in their hands, and there in the midst rode Lord Derby, not on his own horse, but on a little trotting nag.

The people, who were said to hate him, wept and blessed him as he passed. Mr. Norris and Simon turned about and followed behind the grooms and servants.

An order was given and the horses quickened their pace, for the lamentations of the mob fell ungraciously on

rebel ears. The President of the Council had proposed that the people should be allowed to execrate the prisoner; they wept and blessed him instead, which so exasperated his captors that they fell upon the defenceless mob, beating them unmercifully with the flat of their swords and pike staffs.

"What is the matter, gentlemen? Why do you treat the poor folk so ill?" asked Derby indignantly. "Here am I—you have me safe—they do not seek to molest you."

Lieutenant Smith, the officer in charge, made no answer, but ordered the column to quicken its pace.

Simon and Norris had some difficulty in keeping up, but upon Hoole Heath, scarce a mile from Chester, there was a sudden halt. After making a fruitless effort to push through the people, Simon dismounted, flung his rein to Mr. Norris, and made his way forward, with many a thrust of his sturdy arm. The road ran unfenced through a wide, desolate, marshy tract of country, where patches of heather alternated with stretches of yellow reeds. It was impossible to pass between the soldiers' serried ranks, but by climbing to the apex of an adjacent turf-stack, Bradshaigh was able to see all that was going forward.

A coach was drawn up at the side of the track; the troopers were drawn up round it leaving an open space in the middle of the muddy road. As he gazed, Simon saw the door burst open and the Ladies Katharine and Amelia Stanley hastily alight. They were white and trembling, but no hand was held out to help them.

Lord Derby, with a little cry, sprang from his horse and cast himself upon his knees.

"My God, my God!" he cried brokenly, "bless my poor little children. God bless my poor orphans and keep them safe!"

The girls clung to him, weeping bit-

terly. The wind, in bitter sport, whirled their scarves about them, and raised a little eddy of the yellow birch leaves which carpeted the road. Derby prayed again, blessing his daughters, as he laid his hands lovingly on their soft locks all tossed and disordered by the strength of the blast.

Simon looked away; the scene was too sacred to be stared upon.

Presently the troop was again in motion, the coach slowly lumbering back towards Chester, and Simon, leaping down from his vantage ground found himself face to face with Mr. Humphrey Baggarley, one of Lord Derby's gentlemen who had travelled with him from the Isle of Man, and to whom he had entrusted his letter to the Countess.

"Oh, Master Bradshaigh," he cried, "this is sad indeed to witness. The poor young ladies! They were all yesterday with his lordship in his chamber, but could not bear to part with him, and seized this opportunity to bid him a last farewell."

"They seem to have no escort," observed Simon, looking after the coach.

"Nay, they have been free these three days. But the folk say they are to be taken into custody again. Ah, Master Bradshaigh, when we saw the Earl at Knowsley in all his glory, we little thought it was to come to this! *Sic transit gloria mundi!*"

Simon signalled to Mr. Norris.

"Sir Timothy Featherstone is to die likewise—dear me, 'twas most affecting to see my lord bid him and the other prisoners farewell. Poor Sir Timothy! He is to be beheaded at Chester and Captain Benbow is to be shot."

"Aye, aye," agreed Simon, scarcely hearkening. "Where are they stopping to-night, Master Humphrey?"

"At Leigh, I believe. You'll scarce credit me, I know, Bradshaigh," he went on, pleased to be able to relieve his mind by pouring forth his tale to sympathetic ears. "You'll scarce believe

me when I tell you that while I waited upon his lordship last night, Smith presented himself with the singular request that his lordship should find some friend of his own to do that you wot of."

"What!" exclaimed Simon, startled out of his apathy of grief. "You cannot mean that they asked my lord Derby to produce his own executioner?"

"Is it not beyond conception? But 'tis even so. My lord had obtained leave for me to wait upon him and was giving me instructions which I am to convey to my lady anent the surrender of the Isle of Man, when this Smith comes striding in with this impudent request. 'It would do well,' he says, 'if you had a friend.'"

Simon, listening with a stony face, beckoned again to the priest who was slowly making his way towards them.

"What said my poor lord?" he asked under his breath.

"What do you mean?" says he. "Would you have me find one to cut off my head?"—"Aye, my lord," says Smith,—"if you could—a friend." My lord says: "Nay, Sir," he says, stern enough, and yet with a play of laughter across his face—you know: "Nay, Sir," he says; "if those who want my head will not find one to cut it off, let it stand where it is." But here's the Sergeant come back for me, for I'm a prisoner still."

Simon heard no more of his voluble talk—that "play of laughter across his face!" Oh, God curse these evil times, these blood-thirsty men! Nay, his eyes lit on Mr. Norris, and all he stood for came into his mind. Groaning, he buried his face against the priest's knee.

"Blessed be God! That is what we have to say!"

He cried it out aloud in his anguish. The priest's tones echoed it, grave and sweet: "Blessed be God!"

(To be continued.)

Idealist.

BY W. D. HENNESSY.

BECAUSE his feet were never
Firmly planted on the ground,
People shook their doubting heads,
And labelled him unsound.

They didn't know he stood tiptoe
And straining all day long,
That he might hear, upon this sphere,
Some snatch of angel song.

The Meaning of Catholic Shrines.

BY JAMES A. MAGNER, PH. D., S. T. D.

III.

THE shrines of Italy are so happily located that the life and characteristic virtues of the saints seem to be interwoven with the very texture of the land. This is verified so remarkably at Assisi that whosoever visits the ancient hill town and considers the countryside with any degree of sympathy cannot fail to sense the living presence and personality of St. Francis as a vital throbbing fact after seven hundred years.

No saint of the Middle Ages has made such a universal appeal as the *Poverello* of Assisi. Catholics and non-Catholics alike have been drawn to celebrate his memory in literature, music, sculpture and painting. Yet when one comes to analyze the glamor that clings to his name, one may find only a pathetic little man, poor in the extreme, wandering the countryside in a fashion quite inexplicable to our modern concepts of prim elegance and smug convention. People read with a certain amount of relish his canticles of fraternity with God's creation, and enjoy the quaintness of the little anecdotes related in the "Fioretti." One comes to learn vaguely of his friendship with St. Clara and of the formation of her convent. Perhaps one is puzzled over the conversion of his hostile family and hesitant

"My children, if you desire the gift of perseverance honor Christ's Mother."

friends to a life of extraordinary supernatural fervor. But one must go to Assisi itself to understand.

There is something grotesque in the hill formations of this Umbrian province. But it is so softened by stretching valleys and so ordered with clumps of ilex trees and long rows of philosophic cypresses which line the roads and cluster around the ancient lonely villas that one seems to live again in the sombre mystic dreaminess of those landscape fantasies of the old Umbrian canvases. Terraced grape trellises step down from perilous hillsides. The valleys are filled with gnarled olive trees whose pallid upturned leaves seem on rainy days to be covered with sleet or with the brilliant wet snow of a belated spring storm. A certain atmospheric glow increases the sense of space and imparts an infinite restfulness to the view. One says instinctively: "What a wonderful place for God to make a saint!" When I walked up the road leading to the town and passed a group of seminarians in their brown Franciscan habit, I was tempted to stop and ask where St. Francis could be found.

From the hill town itself, gray with the centuries and dominated by the ruins of an ancient fortress, one looks down over the panorama of arbors and groves on a carpet of green, blood-drenched with wild poppies. A sluggish stream issues from the valley on the right and dallies away into the soft, blue haze of the distant hills. Below in the central foreground, amid a clustering village, rises the dome of St. Mary's of the Angels, like an opal in the sun, above the Portiuncula, or little stone house in which St. Francis died. But even this accumulated beauty can be duplicated in other places. The supernatural peace that marks this place as something apart, must be sought rather in the spirit which is poured out from the holy shrines of Francis and Clara.

Fortunate are we that these shrines

have come down to us with their original character preserved. In so many cases the spirit of the saints has been in the heavy golden scrolls and crimson damasks of the 'baroque period. The Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries had a perfect mania for glorifying shrines in a regal fashion, quite spoiling them so far as their genuine primitive character is concerned. Happily the shrines of Assisi have escaped most of this. Although the basilica of St. Clara shows only bare walls, it has not lost its sweetness and atmosphere of mystic peace. Modern methods of restoration have begun to remove the vandal plaster and to reveal again the beauty of the hidden pictures.

If our age is not the most productive of art, at least none has had a more genuine respect for antiquity or been nearly so scientific in the art of restoration. It is our privilege to enjoy a universality of taste which few generations have had. And we have come to realize that the beauty of an idea which underlies the humblest forms of art can be infinitely more valuable than the most grandiose figures whose purpose may be only to astonish or bewilder.

No apology is due for the pictorial conceptions of those primitive masters: Giotto, Cimabue and their contemporaries. Even in the naïveté of their frescoes there is a perfection of treatment and a magnificence of coloring so genuinely conformed to the spirit of St. Francis that one must willingly sacrifice the greater freedom and technique of renaissance art, and be eternally grateful for contact with the deeply sincere piety of the Thirteenth Century.

Nowhere can one study to better advantage or with more sympathy this delicate art than in the basilica of St. Francis. The splendid church stands back from a cloistered piazza at the extreme end of the town. A profound gloom fills the low, vaulted nave on the level of the street. Then gradually as

one's eyes become accustomed to the darkness, the freshness and unwearying variety of the frescoed episodes begin to glow from the walls.

The remains of the saint are enclosed within a severe stone crypt below the area of the choir. The upper church rises above this nave in a brighter and more soaring spirit. Still, splendid as it is, I prefer the dimmer light and more ancient associations of the primitive basilica. In those deep, cool recesses one can sit or kneel for hours without tiring. The memory of those meditative hours lasts forever.

I like to think of the churches of Francis and Clara in their evening hour when the *Ave* bells of St. Clara's begin to ring in clustering high tones, and then those of St. Francis' answer in a firm, low sound. There is a fine Christian symbolism, no mere romantic sentimentalism, in that blending of tones. Those bells are the voices of Clara and Francis sounding the praises of God as of old, summing up the devout aspirations of the Franciscan sons and daughters throughout the world. High above the town, in a little wooded cleft of Mount Subiaco is the hermitage where St. Francis was wont to pray. The brother custodian points out the trees in which the birds listened so attentively to the saint. There is also a remarkable gully whose noisy torrent was dried up, so they say, at his prayer.

But for me, the most engaging of all the shrines of Assisi is the humble chapel and monastery of St. Damian, just outside the town. It was originally a Benedictine monastery, and had fallen into decay when St. Francis was inspired to restore it. His father was not in perfect accord with the project, and the zealous son had occasion to flee hither from the paternal wrath. A little niche in the wall shows where he secreted himself; a frescoed figure on the spot shows that he was only five feet and two inches tall. In this house St. Clara

established her convent, and repulsed the Saracens from her door by holding aloft a pyx containing the Holy Eucharist.

The simple dormitory, the low, vaulted refectory, the unpretentious cloister with its inevitable well in the court, and the original choir stalls behind the altar are irresistible in their perfectly unspoiled atmosphere of true sanctity. Every spot encloses a special memory of Clara or of Francis, some incident or miracle. In the chapel there is a large crucifix carved in wood, begun by one of the brethren of Francis and said to have been finished by an angel.

Above the choir stalls is an inscription: *Non vox sed votum, non clamor sed amor, non cordula sed cor psallit in aure Dei. Lingua consonet menti et mens concordet cum Deo.* I may venture to render it thus: "Not the voice but desire, not clamor but love, not affectation but true affection sounds praise in the ear of God. Let the tongue conform to the thought and let the thought be one with God." All the natural loveliness and supernatural wonder of Assisi are epitomized in that motto. Considered in this living presence of God, the logic of Francis' complete renunciation of worldly ambition and of his perfect consecration to God appears in its full truth—"And let the thought be one with God."

That is the meaning and the message of Catholic shrines.

(The End)

The Madonna of Darkness.

BY ALDEN EADE.

JULIAN flung his knapsack violently away from him, and slumped down into the dust. But it was evident that he wanted something in the despised leather sack, for he began feeling irritably around. "Where is it, Cecco?" he demanded, impatiently, of his companion, and then, despite the clear appearance of the dark-brown eyes, one saw that he was blind.

"Here, master." The servant produced bread and cheese. "That is the last," he added. "God knows what we shall do for our supper!"

"Well, *you* need not starve," retorted Julian. "Go seek a master who can pay you. You are a fool to stay with a helpless wretch like me—me, the most promising sculptor in Florence; the favorite of dukes; the successor of Donatello! My God, what am I now?" He dropped his head on his hands and sighed heavily.

The dust into which he had sunk was no setting for such a young man, still well-dressed and finely groomed. He dabbled in it with his strong fingers—no longer, as once, gold-ringed,—and felt the warm powder sift through his hands. His blind eyes, brilliant and curiously vacant above the proud bitter features, cast their unrecompensed gaze up and down where he supposed the road lay.

"Who is that going by?" he asked, in the same irritable tone which he used toward the servant, whom, in fact, he loved as dearly as Cecco loved him.

"A friar, my master. He goes our way, too. He is—ah!"

The servant broke off, for the friar, instead of going on, had paused, perceiving with eyes which must have been uncommonly keen that the Florentine gentleman by the roadside was sightless. But if the friar's sight was sharp, so also was Julian's hearing.

"Go on, Brother, go on!" he exclaimed. "Speak not to me. I have heard enough of religion for a lifetime! Bid him be gone, Cecco!"

"Have I not seen you in Florence?" asked the Franciscan, mildly. "Are you not the Messer Julian, from Ferrara, who carves such wonderful figures, so like the antique models that—"

"I *was* that sculptor," interrupted the blind man, rising abruptly from the dust. "I am now but a beggar, sick of ducal pity and the satisfaction of my rivals—what fine figures, think you, can

I carve now?" And he hurried forward so rapidly that Cecco had to run to catch up with him and set him in the right direction.

Julian knew that it was night when he felt a coolness and a moisture in the air, when the sun's warmth no longer beat on his back. He sniffed hungrily, exclaiming:

"I smell something roasting!"

"It is true, master; we are near an inn. And I should not wonder if it would suit your wallet, for 'tis a small place."

Thus they came to the little wayfarer's halting place, where Julian meant only to lie for a night in the barnyard straw, for he was nearly penniless, but where he and his servant continued day after drowsy, summer day.

"One still feels, even though one cannot see," muttered Julian, rubbing his aching head and wondering how he was to make a living. It was to his own surprise and scorn that, after a few days, he found himself established in a disused shed belonging to the inn, sitting on a bench half in the cool shadow and half in the heat of the sun. Here he carved and whittled at little rude statuettes and toys and such knick-knacks as his skilled fingers could trace of themselves. He knew that another day had begun when the roosters and the clucking hens woke him, and he finished the labor only when the sound of a distant chime floated down the valley from a height.

"This inn," said Julian to his servant, "is too mean for any former acquaintance of mine ever to stop at, is it not?"

"Yes, by far," Cecco assured him.

"That is well."

Julian's last pennies had gone for tools and paints, but the shed, rent free, along with a woodpile, were the gift of the innkeeper, or rather, as he soon learned, of the innkeeper's daugh-

ter, Beatrice. This young girl, whose gentle voice Julian heard often as he sat on his bench, would have been satisfied with unrewarded generosity, for the sculptor's good servant had secretly told her Julian's story—of how popular he had been in Florence, and how he was just beginning to be taken up by the duke, when he had been at last struck with the blindness that had threatened him for years.

"And then," Cecco told her, "he smashed all his beautiful statues he could lay hands on,—and he cursed God—"

"What!" exclaimed Beatrice, more grieved than shocked.

"Yes, it was terrible to hear him," agreed the faithful man, sighing.

"And he broke what he had created?"

"Ah, yes; all but one statue—that was his dream, his most beautiful work. How he labored on it! My poor master was certain that it would insure his immortality."

"Did he not finish it then?" asked Beatrice, her sympathies roused more and more.

"Ah, no! but my master still has his unfinished Venus, for he could not bear to leave it behind when he left Florence."

Beatrice might have persuaded her father to be kind to the sculptor, but the fulness of his generosity was as much due to business as to pity, for the keeper of the inn saw shrewdly that a skilled craftsman in his back yard would help trade.

So Julian sat, half in the warmth, half in the cool, of his doorway, and fashioned little wooden crucifixes, rosaries, dolls, even footstools and screens and bits of furniture, and Cecco mixed colors and handed the right hues to his master.

From the surrounding orchards and the gardens, the wind from the hills carried flowery odors, and the warm breath of the earth pulsed up under the summer heat. Julian breathed the country perfumes, and heard the shak-

ing of mule bells on the road; but the fixed expression of bitter darkness had not left his face. Lying at night on a pile of straw, he knew there was a window just above his face, for he could feel the currents of the dark air, but his staring eyes could catch no gleam of stars or even the faintest beam of a moon.

"Blind!" he muttered. "Why do I live, no better than lifeless?" And sometimes he reached out a hand and felt for something lying near him on the floor. It was his knapsack, and through the leather his tracing fingers could feel the outlines of the statuette that was wrapped within it.

"My divine Venus! Botticelli saw you rising from the sea foam—I have met you in dreams on nights in gardens where I walked. . . ."

Sometimes he took the unfinished image from the knapsack, and felt, over and over again, the alabastrine lines that were to have been, although it was only a small figure—the perfection of beauty. Gone forever that dream of Venus!

Julian had been living thus for over two months when Beatrice came to him with a request. The sculptor knew her only as the possessor of a light footfall and a soft, gentle voice. He asked few questions regarding people, shutting himself deliberately away from the world. He did not know how old Beatrice was, though she seemed young, nor anything about her save that she often came to speak to him. Despite her gentle voice, he did not welcome her visits, for she always spoke of God, or of the Blessed Virgin, or of the church up the road.

"I have little room for God in my system of humanism," he had told her brusquely.

To-day her footsteps paused before his work bench, and she asked: "Messer Julian, I wonder if you have many things on hand to make?"

"No more than usual, my friend." He laid down the piece of wood he was planing.

"I wish—I wish that you could make something for me—I wish—"

The hesitation he heard in her voice, struck Julian's sharpened senses, and at once he knew that she was thinking of his price, and that she could not pay it. The inn was too small to make much money.

"What would you ask of me? I will make it if I can."

"Messer Julian, I have long wished to have a fair Madonna, a lovely statue of Our Lady, to place in my closet. The little image I possess is defaced with the years, for the paint has peeled off; and indeed it is a sad sight."

"You know," he said, with less than his usual curtness, "that my skill is hampered, and that I charge very little. But even so, I would gladly fashion you a Madonna as a gift, save that I fear such a task is beyond my powers."

"Ah, no! I am sure you could make me such a beautiful—something that would do honor to our Blessed Virgin. I can pay you a little, but not very much, for my father thinks that my poor little statue is good enough."

Julian, however, insisted on making her a free gift. He called Cecco and asked for materials—then a thought struck him. Beatrice said that her painted wooden statue was decayed with age. Why not make something more permanent? The itch of the sculptor for the chisel and the cool block was in his fingers—to be chipping and hewing once again as in the happy Florentine days!

"I will form a little statue of marble—the Madonna? Poor Beatrice takes her prayers seriously! 'Twill not be hard to please her."

The thought of working again in stone, with the blundering fingers of sightlessness, was at once an urge and a despair. He reached out and felt the

sack in which slept the unfinished Venus.

"I ought to have thrown this away long ago; why do I leave it around to remind me always—Cecco! Here—"

"What, master?"

"Take this and throw it away—no, wait!" The sculptor started to laugh harshly, and with groping motions he began to make a crown for the statue that had represented the peak of his hopes. He was turning it into a Madonna.

"The daughter of the innkeeper will never know the difference; a little color, a little more work, and it's done."

The Venus had only one arm; she had to be crowned and clothed. Half fumblingly, half skilfully, he worked; and as the hours slipped from the heat to the cool, a thoughtful expression replaced the bitter smile. The next day, he passed his fingers again and again over the exquisite marble face. Venus, queen of love and beauty, with the full lips half curved in a seductive smile—then he felt the crown that was to rest on the brow of a Madonna. Half-heartedly the missing arm was formed; it did not match the other. Julian threw the work suddenly aside, and sat brooding in his doorway all day. The artist within him could not be subdued; he became imbued with the work in hand and the face and figure of the Virgin Mary formed in his mind. She rose continually before him as he labored. Whatever he did must be thorough.

Another sun poured its warmth in upon his bench and he took up Beatrice's gift. The pagan lips still smiled beneath his fingers, only one arm and hand were outstretched in the attitude of blessing. Suddenly tears burned in the darkened eyes.

"Mary, forgive me!" And with a few blows of the hammer, the goddess lay in dust at his feet. Painstakingly, with as much of the old careful workmanship as his blindness could retain, the new

conception—a pure, gently gazing Mary, was fashioned.

Hours and days were filled with a new picture in his mind—the face of a Madonna instead of an Aphrodite. As he wrought, the image became almost as real as though he could see with his eyes. Mary, most compassionate, filled the darkness with an increasing vision.

“You are taking too much pains!” protested Beatrice.

But Julian shook his head when her words interrupted him.

“No, no, this is my last piece of work, and it must be done well.”

He paused, and ran his fingers carefully over the little statue.

“Yes, my last work, Beatrice. Have I not heard at evening the chiming of bells?”

“Yes, there is a convent only a little way down the road.” Regarding him closely, Beatrice suddenly trembled; and without saying more, she turned away, clasping her hands in silent prayer.

The Madonna seen in darkness had called to him, not in vain.

Children of a Privy Councillor.

BY SOPHIE MAUDE.

I OBJECTED that it mattered little to me what she had to give me if she was excommunicated by Rome and myself with her.

Mr. Liddon got angry. “There you are again on the subject of excommunication! You are very proud, and very disobedient to return to that subject when I told you that you are not capable of understanding it. You would have to know Latin, Hebrew and Greek, read all the writings of the Early Fathers of the Church, to master such a subject, and you cannot do it.”

“Then,” said I, “is Truth only for learned people?”

“Yes, and ignorant people must be led by them.”

“But if the learned people do not agree together?”

“Come, come, my child,” he said, “you are captious. Now tell me, do you really wish to know the truth?”

“Yes.”

“Well, then, for a whole year you must not read one book of the Roman Church. You must use only Anglican books, and you must not set foot in a Catholic church. If after that you are still unhappy, I will put no obstacles in the way of your *deception*.”

I promised it, thinking I saw at last a certainty in this proposition. Mr. Liddon had further talk with my mother. She took away my rosary and my crucifix, but I still possessed a little medal—the medal that is known as “miraculous”—sewn inside my corset which nobody knew anything of. It was decided I should go to “Holy Communion” every Sunday, and to “Service” every morning at eight, but at the same time balls every night, dancing was an essential part of the new régime. This year the London season was gayer than ever. Our Army had returned from the Crimea, everybody vied with one another in entertainments to do honor to the heroes, amongst whom was my brother Rice. I saw Rice enter London in triumph with his regiment, and receive a medal from the Queen’s hands. I went everywhere with him. Rice was my favorite brother.

After the season, my mother had to take the Baths at Wiesbad, with Lucy, John, Rice and me. On our way home we visited Munich and Nuremberg, both Catholic towns. Oh, what it cost me to know Jesus so near and not to be able to enter His Presence! I thought myself obliged to keep my promises. Back again in England, we could only stay a little while in London because of the bad weather. Lucy was to pass the winter at Torquay, so the whole family went there.

At Christmas, Christine and I set off for Derbyshire to stay with a cousin

whose husband was a member of Parliament. This cousin was a great match-maker, and she was anxious I should be in touch with a certain young officer in the Guards. He had the same tastes as myself, music and painting; and so without our knowledge this kind cousin easily made us acquainted. One day we visited together the ruins of an old abbey. In the evening there was a brilliant ball, and I danced with the same young man. Our talk turned on the building we had seen in ruins, and then about Catholic customs and beliefs. We forgot all about the quadrille we were dancing, and there we stayed talking in a window quite lost in discussing our mutual desires and endeavors to discover where truth is to be found. I shall never forget the look on the young officer's face, and the sound of his voice when at length he summed up all we had been saying in these words, "‘Seek and you shall find,’—we read that in the Bible, it cannot lie. I am going to ‘seek,’ and I know I shall ‘find!’" At this moment the dance music ceased abruptly. The silence roused us from our earnest talk, and I went back to my cousin's side.

"But, my dear!" she cried, "what have you been doing? You've not danced at all. Has he proposed to you?"

"Oh, no, not a bit of it!" said I; and I could not help laughing at my poor cousin's disappointed face. "We were chatting, that's all."

I never met the young man again, but I heard of him, twenty years after—when he had "searched" and he had "found." Teresa wrote from Marienthal: "Colonel Lernox Prendergast has become a Catholic with his wife and ten children." (My young guardsman.)

We returned to Torquay and there I found that my brother Stephen had become very intimate with the curate of a Puseyite Church. They had long conversations together. Our poor Stephen did not feel firm enough in the Anglican

religion to be a clergyman. This curate endeavored to reassure him, and succeeded so well that, after two years of hesitation, Stephen went to be ordained, whereas the curate, in trying to silence Stephen's doubts, had been led to a course of reading which ended in bringing him into the Catholic Church. Alas, he could never turn my brother Stephen back from the wrong road on which he himself had set his feet. He was deeply grieved, but found some comfort later when he attended my brother Iltid on his deathbed. This Puseyite curate who became a Catholic was none other than Canon Brownlow.

My sisters decided to go into the country this year, 1856. Mr. Liddon wrote to me and told me to visit the poor and interest myself in the school. I did as he told me. My whole heart was in it. With my brother's help we formed a choir of men from the village to sing the services, and a night school for the boys on the farms. I was thoroughly interested in my work. But all the time my conscience left me no peace. The spring of 1857 I went to London. My year's trial imposed by Mr. Liddon was nearly at an end. I saw Mr. Liddon; he did not find me any the happier.

"My sins weigh on me," I said.

"Well," he exclaimed, "if it's only that, confess them. Come to me tomorrow at ten o'clock. I will hear you—you ought not to become a Catholic till you have seen all that the Anglican Church has to offer you."

What a night I passed before my first confession! What a lot of sins! How should I say them all? Sometimes in Rome I had been tempted to rush into a confessional to have this weight of sin removed, and now here was Mr. Liddon ready to give me the opportunity. I was transported with joy. At 10 o'clock I stood at his door. My heart beat to suffocation. A servant in livery showed me into the clergyman's study.

Mr. Liddon came in and locked the door. What I would have given then to be a hundred miles away! After asking me to take off my hat, he sat himself down, made me kneel in front of him, took my two hands in one of his, placed his other hand on my head, and in this complicated attitude, he said softly, "tell me three sins that are the heaviest." I had been too much accustomed to see how these things are done by Catholics, not to feel the absurdity and inconvenience of this parody of the confessional.

Until that moment I had been wishing to enter into his plans and really make the trial of all that Anglicanism could offer me, but I had come against my own inclination, battling with myself to such an extent that I was trembling all over, and bathed in a cold perspiration. But when I found myself in this ridiculous position, it was all over with me, and I only murmured something incoherent in very great haste, and he said, "My child, that is all right," and gave me absolution but no penance, then rising he blessed me very affectionately. He added that I might return every fortnight for the same ceremony. Happily I was going back into the country, so I merely thanked him politely.

"Then," said he, "you can do as my penitents do when they are in the country. Every Saturday exactly at mid-day, you will kneel down in your bedroom and confess your sins to God, and I, here in London, at the same hour will pronounce the words of Absolution." What a traversery of the confessional! My year of trial had not yet expired, so of course I thought myself bound to obey him, I did as he bade me—I in Wales, he in London. Six weeks afterwards I received a letter from him announcing his intention of making a tour in Switzerland for his holidays, and that, as it would be difficult to verify the exact hour at such a distance, he would not give Absolution to his peni-

tents till he had returned home. The year came to an end. My resolution was taken. No more promises, no more delays, I would work hard to surmount all obstacles in the way of becoming a Catholic.

But now began a new trial for me. In the country it was quite impossible for me to see a priest; I was forbidden to confide in Teresa. I lived in agonies. I became serious, silent, *distracte* to such a degree that my mother had to warn me to be careful of what I said, for it was so seldom I uttered a word everybody stopped talking to listen to what I had to say. My poor mother guessed the reason for my sadness, she did all she could to amuse me and distract my thoughts. On the other hand she tried to frighten me by showing me all she had to suffer on account of Iltid and Teresa, and all that they also were suffering on account of our relatives. So the year went by in Wales.

In the autumn Lucy caught measles, and was again so delicate that she was obliged to pass the winter at Nice. We went to Mentone, which at that time was an unpretentious little town, the inhabitants the most primitive people in the world that you can conceive. Their whole-hearted piety enchanted us, and gave my sister Christine a great desire to become a Catholic. She told my mother her longing. Poor mother! Not having had the courage to follow her conscience she found that her children left her no peace in her false security. At Mentone we found Catholic friends—Lord Gormanston with his younger son, Mr. Preston, who was married to a Scotchwoman, a Protestant. The two of them had but one wish, to see Mrs. Preston become a Catholic. Another friend was Mr. Ward, a Protestant Puseyite clergyman, very expansive and very original, who helped everybody into the Catholic Church without himself becoming a Catholic.

Near Mentone was an old church with

a much-venerated shrine of our Blessed Lady. Mr. Preston wished to go and pray there for his wife's conversion, so we all accompanied him; it was half pilgrimage, half picnic. Teresa wished to pray for my conversion and for my mother's and Christine's, and I wished to go especially so as to see a priest. Mr. Ward seemed to be in an ecstasy of piety, running from one to another, "Can I help you to enter the Catholic Church by explaining its doctrines?" said he to Mrs. Preston. To Christine he said: "Allow me to smooth away all your difficulties." To me: "You are so sad, let me help you into the Catholic Church." Oh, no! No more clergymen for me; I had had enough of them!

Six months later Mrs. Preston told me her good news: she had become a child of the Church. Mr. Ward died the following year, as he had lived, outside the Fold. Alas for Christine! she fell into the hands of a ritualist who made her vow never to enter a Catholic church, and never to speak with a Catholic on religion, daring to say that he took on himself the responsibility of her salvation. My poor sister believed herself bound by this vow to such a pitch that it became like an impenetrable stone wall built around her to her last breath, thirty years afterwards.

Mr. Liddon had once said the same thing to me that he would take the responsibility of my soul upon himself if I would do all he asked of me, but something told me I could not sell my soul like that; and I was never able to consent to it. How good our Divine Lord has been to me!

We passed the summer at the Villa d'Este on Lake Como. I don't know if it was the remembrance of past happy days there, but my mother was suddenly possessed with an urgent longing to return to Rome. And though they wrote to her from England, and though there had never until now been a question about a journey to Rome, she only

listened to the desires of her heart. It was thus in His great kindness God was to put an end to my trials and give me, in spite of my miserable unfaithfulness, the grace I had been asking for, so many long years. After Christmas, which we passed at Genoa to give time to my two brothers, Edward and Stephen (clergyman), to join us, we arrived in Rome, January 20, 1859. But what remorse of conscience I suffered!

Remembrance of passed days rose at every step. Five years had rolled away since I left Rome by the Porta del Popolo, Catholic at heart, and now I returned the same, not having made one step towards the accomplishment of God's will, and laden with faults. We had an apartment in an hotel in the Piazza di Spagna, at the foot of the steps that lead up to the Trinità dei Monti. I found myself once more in Rome and surrounded by priests yet not acquainted with one of them. My mother was suffering; memories of my father filled her with grief, and I think also the voice of conscience made itself heard. The third day after our arrival Monsignor Manning came to see us. I could not say anything to him, because it was just a formal call, and I was discouraged and nervous. But I believe he read my story in my face, for when I went to open the door for him at the moment of "good-bye," he took my hand in his and said very low: "If you want me you must hurry; I am off in a fortnight."

Only a fortnight,—my hope that he would be the salvation of my soul faded away. I went back to the fireplace where I had been standing—almost in despair. People who read this may perhaps wonder, but it should be remembered that I could never go out alone in Rome. I could not invite a priest to my mother's house; I could not talk on religion to Teresa, and she herself was forbidden to talk to me.

(To be continued.)

Catholics in Secular Universities.

THE annual comments about the number of Catholic young men and young women attending secular institutions find a place in our Catholic papers and periodicals these autumn days. It is the season of school resumption and of consequent check up and tabulation. The figures vary with varying localities. In universities and colleges centered in large Catholic communities, the percentage is high. Where Catholics are few the percentage is not so pronounced. In any case, if high, it is too high; and if low, it is high enough.

There are reasons, of course, why so many of our Catholic boys and girls select the secular rather than a school of their own Faith. And not all these reasons are frivolous. With some it is a question of finance. Private schools are somewhat expensive, and there are hundreds of our young people who can not pay the price. Figures may be quoted to show that it costs more in a given case for a certain young man to make his tour of four years through a State school than it would have taken had he journeyed through a Catholic school. A single example taken from the 'spending set' is not, however, convincing.

The proximity of a school, too, is frequently a vital consideration. There are home ties, home problems, home anxieties which appeal to parents and to children. It takes courage to leave the sunshine of Golden California for the blizzards of the Mid-West. There is the nightmare of a sudden sickness and consequent panic for the family doctor.

There are other less worthy reasons: social appeal, fraternities, larger freedom, indifference about religious atmosphere and training. And, we may add, the assumption on the part of some that Catholic schools are not giving the brand of education which will make us prosper in the home town.

One method at least suggests itself to meet the problem. Let us steadily in-

crease the usefulness and elevate the standards of our Catholic schools. This would include a wholesome religious and moral atmosphere, proper supervision, adequate physical equipment, teaching by men who inspire and make learning and culture something more than sixteen credit hours and a note-book filled with terminology. This does not mean that our Catholic schools are not useful and wholesome and educationally well-balanced. The point of emphasis is to keep them so if they are so already; or to make them so if they are not. Bewailments about the transplanting of our fairest flowering in foreign gardens is less troublesome than keeping our own gardens in good condition. And less profitable.

If we are to strive for the spiritual uplift that reaches fulfilment in salvation we will not spend ourselves in scolding our boys and girls who attend State schools. They are there; however and whyever they got there. They are ours, and it is our duty to give them all the spiritual and moral uplift we can.

Our bishops are giving this uplift. Already several secular universities have Catholic chapels where students can assemble and worship and be instructed. Priests who are active and enterprising and kindly are at their service.

The argument that young men and young women should seek first the kingdom of God and His justice can not be assailed. Unfortunately, however, some young men and some young women put God's kingdom and God's justice in second or third place. The free-and-easy outlook, the frat pin, the social caste come first.

We are careering beyond the seven seas for souls; in China, Africa, and where they bathe in the Ganges. We beg and borrow to redeem them from their Brahmas and their Buddhas. Very good. God prosper those who work in the fields afar! Let us remember also our young people in secular colleges—fields nearer home.

Notes and Remarks.

In a metropolitan daily we counted one day this week two front-page columns recounting stories of horrible crimes. Two other front-page columns were concerned with investigations. The investigations were concerned with previous crimes. Thus we had four columns of a great morning paper given over to relating what people normally shudder to think of.

The result is obvious. People either pass over the narratives which are abhorrent or they adjust their tastes to the news' content of their paper. Crime is news; but very "bad" news. We can not help hearing it perhaps, but it must not linger about us like pleasant music. Nor must we cherish the memory of it as we would the memory of something rich and wonderful.

If our youth is less reverent, less innocent, less considerate of other people's property and life, be sure the morning breakfast "spread" of the big daily with its long menu of crimes is responsible in no small measure. It is well for the press to rage at the government for permitting the sale of poisoned alcohol to ruin the bodies of people. Murders, rapes, and the like, advertised, enlarged and written up with peculiar allurements of style, poison the souls of people. One way to lessen crime is to cease advertising it as a somewhat profitable melodrama.

Mr. Lincoln Steffens, in a recent address to the American Club of Paris, narrates an interesting anecdote from the Peace Conference at Versailles following the World War.

President Wilson, Messrs. Clemenceau and Lloyd George were discussing the terms of peace. After the informal debate had continued for some time, Mr. Clemenceau drew on his little silk gloves, turned to the other two representatives, and said: "We have heard a lot of talk

about permanent peace. Now we French would like to have a permanent peace. You know we are in the centre of Europe, and whenever there is a war going on they fight on our territory. But before we go any further, what I want to know is—do we really want peace? Do you mean it?" President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George are reported to have answered "Yes."

"In that case," Clemenceau said, "if we want permanent peace we shall have to give up our empires. We can't go into the world and conquer it without war. If we want permanent peace, we French will have to get out of Algeria and Morocco; you English must come out of India, Egypt and places like that; and you, Mr. Wilson, will have to get out of the Philippines and Cuba, and stop running Mexico, and stop fighting us with protective tariffs."

Mr. Wilson is reported to have answered that all the French statesman's drastic withdrawals would not be necessary; and very characteristically, Mr. Lloyd George professed not to know just what was meant. "Ah, then," said Clemenceau, "you do not mean it. You do not want permanent peace."

And so, of course, we did not get a permanent peace.

In the diocese of Detroit, Michigan, religious Sisters engaged in teaching will be given a course in health education during the next three years. The program is sponsored by the Catholic Study Club of Detroit, and is warmly endorsed by the Right Rev. Michael J. Gallagher. Classes will open Nov. 1st, and 1600 nuns from 110 local convents, representing 15 religious Orders will enter training. This will ensure the 130,000 children who attend the parochial schools of the Detroit area that cautious health supervision which these teachers will be competent to bestow.

In these days of acute health supervision, when everybody bears the bur-

den of some undiscovered infection and has his tonsils, adenoids and teeth removed, it will give the nuns, who have the care of children, a splendid opportunity to study child mind through child headaches. Often children are dull because of a wicked sinus, or fussy because of a neglected tympanum. Hereafter nuns trained in health education will be able to approach more understandingly the deficiencies, oddities and delinquencies of the child material, as the psycho-analysts are wont to call the youngsters.

Reverend Rembert G. Smith, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Washington, Ga., is not the only Protestant clergyman who has fought the political activities of Bishop Cannon and his followers, but he is probably the boldest and most outspoken of them all. Although he failed in his recent efforts to bring the censure of his own Church against the pulpit politician, he did bring to light the fact that many of the most representative Methodists are utterly opposed to every form of what has now come to be known as "Cannonism." Reverend Smith's latest activity in his fight for a religious pulpit has been to lay the evidence before the American people in a book entitled "Politics in a Protestant Church: Memoirs of the War on Governor Alfred E. Smith, the Democratic Party, and the Roman Catholic Church, led by Bishops James Cannon, Jr., J. M. Moore, E. D. Mouson, and H. M. DuBose, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South—the Four Horsemen of the Political Apocalypse of 1928." *The Atlanta Constitution*, considered by many to be the leading newspaper of the South, has the following to say about the author, in the course of a long and laudatory review of the new book by a special writer, Sam W. Small:

Against that bishop-led crusade, Dr. Rembert G. Smith, staunch churchman, Prohibi-

tionist and Democrat, uttered his strenuous protests. He stood for the abstention of the Church from partisan politics, for the constitutional freedom of every American from attack and persecution because of his religion, and for the loyalty of Southern men and women to the democratic party which had rescued their States from military tyranny and mongrel subjection.

For his opposition to ecclesiastical politics he was subjected to acrid abuse, contumely and tyrannous mistreatment by bishops and Church conferences and publications. His protests were fairly made, in Christian spirit and conservative terms, but for all that he became a martyr to an un-Christian fanaticism. Now he has assembled the record and printed it in a book that is likely to prove a penetrating thorn in the flesh of his enemies and persecutors. It is a story too voluminous to be summarized here, but it is worthy to be carefully read by every one who is jealous of the purity of Christian churches and the integrity of the American doctrine of the strict separation of Church and State.

Some very pointed questions are put to those outside of the Church by one who lately entered it. He asks: "Who was the teacher of Christian doctrine before the New Testament was written? Who was the interpreter of the Gospels and Epistles when they appeared? Who was the selector, compiler, and preserver through the ages of the Sacred Books? Who, in the great ecclesiastical Councils, decided on the definitions of Christian doctrine?"

There can be but one answer to these questions, and it is always ready for those who would know it.

What a pity there was not some one in company with a certain visitor to the Old Country last summer, to remind him that symbols are not to be taken for realities! He declares that he saw, 'with his own eyes' in a Catholic church a statue of "some saint or other." with one foot on a hideous-looking dragon;

and another statue of a saint, holding his head under his arm. The first was probably St. Romain, the dragon representing some great evil which he had abolished. The second was probably a martyr, who suffered death by decapitation. Our traveller may read in the legendary life of St. Dunstan, that he once caught the devil by the nose. There is no foundation whatever for this assertion; and we hope the reader will not believe it, if he does read it 'with his own eyes.'

Modern society has surely fallen a victim to speed. "How it has changed our modes of life!" exclaims Mr. John Stoddard, in his new book, "Twelve Years in the Catholic Church." He adds: "There are still a few of us, who would rather drive a horse than court collisions in a motor-car; but for the vast majority such a snail-like progress is unbearable. Those who would like to drive are afraid to do so in a stream of rushing machines, amid which horses are as much out of place as gondolas in the path of ocean-liners."

There are so many Business Doctors feeling the business pulse to-day and writing out their prescriptions upon the symptoms discovered that one more such diagnosis will not be out of place. The following professional opinion was received by the writer in a letter from one who is universally recognized as an outstanding authority in the field of Mail Advertising to-day. It may be of interest to know that the specialist in Mail Advertising is apt to be several laps ahead of most business publicity workers in his knowledge of conditions, for the simple reason that he is constantly in direct personal contact with many thousands of people in almost every conceivable condition of customer activity. The quotation follows:

Business has been at pretty low ebb during

the summer months, but there seems to be a renewed feeling of confidence with Labor Day behind us. Ordinarily our business has been fairly active during periods of depression, but the particular conditions that we have faced in 1930 do not seem to be comparable to any previous period of declining business that we have gone through.

On September 1st we completed twenty-five years in business, so you see, from that record that we have gone through periods of depression in 1907, 1911, 1914, and 1921. I recall 1907 when the conditions were so bad that we were unable to get currency from the bank, and had to take clearing house script with which to pay our employees every Saturday night.

Those previous periods of depression, or panics, were money and merchandising panics. The one in 1929-30 had none of the characteristics of the previous occurrences. As a matter of fact, merchandising stocks throughout the country have been very low, and money has been plentiful, as is evidenced by the increased bank deposits throughout the United States. In the seventh Federal Reserve zone, reports, published on August 1st, show 3.6% increase in bank deposits as compared to the same time in 1929.

The present situation has been induced largely by a psychological attitude—fear seems to have overtaken a great many people, and they have stopped buying. This has caused a decline in production, and the decline in production has caused unemployment.

There are many thousands of men throughout the country whose incomes have not been disturbed, but who have been overtaken by fear to the point where they have curtailed considerably their normal purchases.

This is an interesting study in psychology and economics with that word *fear* standing out conspicuously in the whole situation.

According to Dr. Martin Hayes Bickham, sociologist, not one of the "public enemies" listed by the Chicago crime commission ever attended Sunday school. The doctor was pleading for more Sun-

day schools before the Baptist Sunday School Union. The Sunday school, he said, is a primary agency for stopping crime at its source. And added, strangely enough, that no amount of training—religious or otherwise—can remove the criminal impulses of a born criminal. There are no “born” criminals. We have all, to some extent, criminal instincts, but God never creates us criminals. And to assert that religious training and discipline are powerless to uproot vicious impulses is to negate free will and to assert that God creates us to pursue evil in spite of ourselves. These frequent sociological preachments about irresponsibility and the uncontrolled urge are concessions to the murderer and to the rapist for which they must be very thankful. It is high time to stop teaching that the vicious who do evil are irresponsible and are owed a livelihood by the human society to which they are a menace.

A correspondent cites the subjoined words of St. Bernard to his monks, and declares that they are as applicable now as when first spoken. “You believe firmly in Christ’s promises concerning the future world, but you have little faith in His promises concerning this one. Yet the same lips that said those things which you believe, uttered those which you are slow to believe.”

Dr. Selden Delany, in his new book “Why, Rome?” points out a striking and fundamental difference between the Anglican and Catholic churches, churches which to many seem so similar from the outside. It is precisely the “inside” that makes the difference, the matter rather than the appearance. He writes:

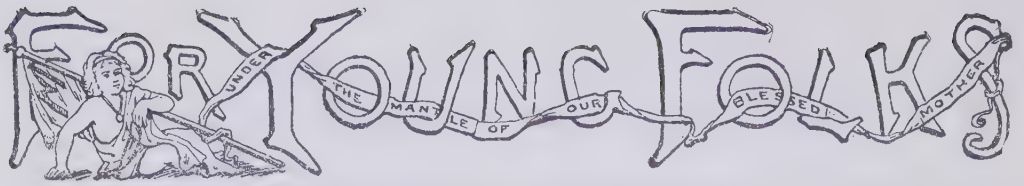
“Anglo-Catholics often act like childish adults who are making a fuss over their environment,” says Dr. Delany. “They do not like the Episcopal Church as it is, so they employ all their energies in making it some-

thing that it is not. A normally matured adult tries rather to adapt himself to reality. The Protestant Episcopal Church is a reality—quite wooden, stiff and conservative. The Roman Catholic Church is likewise a reality—always teaching dogmatically the old faith, but adapting herself slowly through the centuries to the changing needs of men. If one wants a refined, liturgical and socially irreproachable Protestantism one can find it in the Protestant Episcopal Church. If one wants a developed and practical Catholicism, one can find it anywhere in the world in that vast ecclesiastical organization whose centre is at Rome in the See of Peter.”

Will Rogers, syndicated joker, suggests, according to the *New York Times*, that Sir Thomas Lipton be presented a loving cup in appreciation of his impressive examples of good losing. One dollar apiece is considered a suitable subscription offering. His Honor of Greater New York is quoted as highly favorable. “I am wholly in accord with the suggestion, and you can count on me to aid in every possible way.”

“Topping!” as the British say. A cup for Sir Thomas is quite fetching; and the kind of cup, inevitable. If only prosperity would get out from behind the corner there would not be a dissenting vote. But there is threat of a hard winter; and could not what is proposed now be postponed until later? The distinguished tea merchant will come again no doubt. And then the cup can be presented. Because Sir Thomas will probably continue his good losing.

“The Germans are a thick-headed race, incapable of anything like *finesse*.” The author who permitted himself to say this—we refrain from naming him—forgets that to Germans he owes the means of publishing his insult to them. An accusation so preposterous calls for no refutation, and need not, we think, be otherwise noticed.



A Song without Words.

BY ALICE PAULINE CLARK.

ON my piano I can play
The "Little Heather Rose;"
And while I play, I seem to see
Those far hills where it grows.
The wind sings through the heather-bloom,
By castles old and gray;
And in the valley with the rose
The peaceful sunbeams stay.
I never really saw that land,
But my dream-eyes can see
So many far-off, lovely things
The music brings to me.

The Blossoming Thorn.

BY BLANCHE J. THOMPSON.

XII.—HOME AGAIN!

HEW, Aunt Molly, you shouldn't have defied the elements that way! I fear this is our last meal," groaned Shirley after luncheon. "This boat certainly can do gymnastics—and look at those waves!"

"Let's go to bed," said Aunt Molly briefly. Shirley followed without any visible reluctance, for they were both very tired after their weeks of sight-seeing.

"People are already beginning to be seasick," Aunt Molly explained. "If we see them and hear them, we'll think we ought to be seasick too. A few hours' sleep will do us no harm in any case."

In the darkness and quiet of their cabin they crawled into their berths, and, rocked by the persistent motion of the ship, were asleep in no time. Hours afterward, Aunt Molly sleepily turning over heard Shirley move in the berth above. She looked at her watch.

"Good gracious, Shirley, it's nearly dinner time! Shall we get up?"

"No," replied Shirley, after a pause, during which she tried to analyze her feelings. "No, I think I shall be happier if I stay right here. I don't feel hungry."

"Neither do I," said Aunt Molly, "in fact, distinctly otherwise. Let's go back to sleep."

It was probably fortunate for them that they were so tired, for they slept straight through until morning when they awoke to find the weather still unimproved. The boat rolled heavily, and they could hear the roar and swish of the waves slapping against the port-holes.

"I suppose we'd better get up and go on deck," said Aunt Molly half-heartedly. "We've really slept quite long enough, don't you think?"

"Well, I've *slept* long enough," answered Shirley, "but I don't feel very ambitious in spite of it. Moreover, I feel hungry or rather empty, but I don't want anything to eat."

"Exactly my symptoms, my young friend. Suppose we get up and look the enemy in the face."

"Let's go!" said Shirley, climbing unsteadily down the little ladder from her berth.

"Let's go!" repeated Aunt Molly, sitting up and bumping her head as usual on the top of her berth.

So they went up to the upper deck where their still unused deck chairs were supposed to be. It was like walking around the fourth-floor balcony of a hotel, and still they found the decks soaked with spray as the huge head seas rolled to meet them, drenching the boat each time. Few passengers were in sight, only a few hardy old-timers who

professed to like this kind of weather. The deck chairs were piled up in the lee of the cabins and the decks presented a most forlorn aspect.

Shirley watched an enormous wave approaching. She stared as if fascinated as the boat slowly rose on its crest, and slowly, slowly slipped down the other side. Then she took Aunt Molly firmly by the arm.

"Come along, Aunt Molly. That's enough of that," she said. "Let's go down to the lounge and sit down for a little quiet contemplation."

"Exactly my idea," replied Aunt Molly. "My forbears never followed the sea."

In the lounge they found the pretty Irish girl whom they had noticed on the tender at Cobh. They entered into conversation with her, and found that her name was Maura O'Lynn, that she came from County Antrim in the north of Ireland, and was on her way to a married sister in Brooklyn to make a long visit. Shirley found her quite charming; and the two girls took to each other at once and planned to meet often.

"Shall we brave the dining saloon to-night, Aunt Molly," asked Shirley doubtfully as the ship apparently stood on one end, and then slid down a toboggan-like wave into the trough.

"Not I!" said Aunt Molly. "Let's have a sandwich and some ginger ale in our cabin and go back to sleep again. We're lucky not to be really seasick. I'm not going to court disaster deliberately again."

Three days of stormy weather gave way at last to sunshine. The sea became calm and blue again, and life seemed worth while once more. Passengers who had been invisible so far, on the fourth day crawled out of their cabins and basked in the sunshine, well wrapped in steamer rugs, for the air was cold, even though it was late August. The Southern route back to New

York was not so cold, of course, as the Northern one which took them past the icebergs and the frozen coasts of Labrador, but it was not until the fifth day that they slipped into the Gulf Stream and could go on deck without winter wraps.

Shirley and Maura roamed the decks taking pictures and exchanging confidences. Aunt Molly found some pleasant women who knew acquaintances of hers, whom they discussed over a hand of bridge. Thus the days passed pleasantly enough, what with deck tennis, shuffle-board, the usual concert for the Seaman's Charities, and dancing in the evening until at last they were in sight of land again. Gulls had for a day or two been circling about, and now a faint shadow appeared on the horizon. To-morrow they would be at home again in New York at least. Granny and Dad and Aunt Barbara would be there to meet them, and the great adventure would be over.

Shirley felt hardly able to wait, now that home and dear ones were so near. She was up betimes on the last morning, and it was with a real thrill that she and Aunt Molly stood at the rail watching the New York sky-line become clearer and clearer. Boats flying the flags of nearly every nation lay at anchor in the harbor or steamed up the river to the piers where they took on passengers or cargo.

Watching the faces of the third-class passengers who crowded the forward rails, many of them immigrants who were coming here for the first time, Shirley could not help wondering what they were thinking as out of the morning mists emerged the shadowy figure of the Statue of Liberty which dominates the harbor. Shirley's own eyes were moist as she looked at it.

"I feel like Mary Antin and Jacob Riis and Edward Steiner all rolled into one," said Shirley dabbing at her eyes with her handkerchief.

"It does help one to understand, doesn't it," nodded Aunt Molly.

Fussy little tugs came puffing noisily out to meet them. Their noses were well wrapped with heavy ropes so that they would not injure the great ship's sides as they pushed and pulled her into the narrow space between two piers. It seemed hours to impatient Shirley before they succeeded in getting near enough to distinguish faces among the crowds on the dock. She scanned them all eagerly looking for Dad's tall form or Granny's smiling eyes.

"There they are, Aunt Molly, there they are!" squeaked the excited girl at last. "There's Dad—he sees us!—Oh, goody, goody, we're home!"

From an experienced traveller Shirley had reverted to a little girl again, and it was something in the nature of a catapult which shot down the gang plank and precipitated itself upon the Brent family which shook under the impact.

"O Dad! O Granny! O Aunt! How good it is to see you all again!"

Shirley tried to hug them all at once. It was with difficulty that she could be pried off in order to give Aunt Molly her turn.

Chattering like a magpie, first to one and then to the other, Shirley walked down the long dock after the bustling customs officer had grandly given them permission to leave. As she climbed into the taxi, and leaned over to give her grandmother an extra bear hug, she whispered into that lady's ear, "Just wait, Granny, until you see the wonderful bouquet that I picked from that prickly thorn bush."

(The End)

ST. ELMO, who is invoked by Spanish and Portuguese sailors when storms threaten them with shipwreck, is known in history as St. Peter Gonzales, who resigned a high position in the Court of the king of Spain, to teach the catechism to little children.

A Friend Indeed.

"Billy, haven't you some studying to do before going to the parish play to-night?"

"I don't feel like studying."

"Study first, you know; then, the play afterwards." The tone was firm, but calm.

"I'm not going to the play."

"No?"

"I haven't any money."

"I gave you the price of a ticket this morning."

"I gave the money away."

"Gave it away?"

"To a tramp."

"You gave that money to a tramp?"

"He was a good tramp."

"How do you know?"

"Well, I was flipping that half-dollar in the air and catching it, when he saw me and yelled, 'Hey, Sonny.' I stopped, and then, while he was getting ready to say something, I noticed how poor his shoes were and he was shaking with the cold and his teeth were chattering. 'Sonny,' he said, 'give me the price of a cup of coffee?' Gee, Dad, I didn't have the heart to refuse."

"A cup of coffee doesn't cost fifty cents."

"I know, but he told me he hadn't had a bite to eat for two days, and he started to cough something terrible."

"Fooled you completely, eh?"

"Maybe: anyway I handed him the half-dollar; and there were tears in his eyes, when he said, 'God bless you!'"

"Well, if you don't know any better use for money than to give it to tramps, why—"

"He asked me my name."

"Yes?"

"I told him. He stopped to think. 'Shealy,' he repeated; then he started to think again. 'Shealy?' Then he coughed for a long time. 'I wonder if your father's first name is Robert?'"

"'Why, yes,' I exclaimed. It seemed

to be hard for him to breathe, but finally he started to talk again. 'I used to go to school with your father. He was a good friend of mine in those days; oh, he was a good friend of everybody! He studied; I was lazy and loafed. Now I am paying the price for my folly. A man can't get any kind of a job nowadays, unless he knows something. I knew practically nothing, and I was not strong enough for heavy work. So I lost job after job, worried and kept worrying, and got sick. Now I'm just a good-for-nothing tramp.' "

"Why didn't you ask his name?"

"I did."

"Yes?"

"It's Frank Winter."

"Billy, surely you knew enough to bring him here?"

"I tried to. I told him you were a doctor and that you would fix him up in a hurry. He only said, 'I don't want to bother him, Sonny.' "

"'You won't bother him,' I answered; 'he's awfully good to the poor, and he's had lots of cases worse than yours. Why, he's the best doctor in the world.' "

"'Do you think he could help me?' "

"'I'm sure he could,' I said; 'he's always good to those in trouble.' "

"'Why, he'd be ashamed of me; look at my old clothes and shoes!' "

"'Dad won't care,' I kept on; 'he's got the biggest heart, and he's as kind as can be.' "

"'Must be a good Dad, Sonny, judging from what you say of him.' "

"'I'm only telling the truth, that's all,' I answered."

"So he wouldn't come to get help, Billy?"

"No, sir, but I kept after him. As we passed that nice new restaurant on First Street, I thought he would go in, but he didn't; then as we passed that old restaurant on Main, he looked in, shook his head and smiled, and started for the door."

"Thanks a lot, my boy, and God bless you! Study hard; be the kind of a boy your father was. Good-bye!" "

"I hung around waiting for him to come out. Gee, he looked like a new man; he was smiling and when he saw me, he smiled some more. 'Sorry, Sonny,' he said, 'but there's no change. I spent every last cent of that half-dollar in there.' "

"'I wasn't waiting for change,' I answered; 'I just wanted you to come and meet Dad, for he's sure to help you.' "

"'All right, I may come around, when it's dark. Where do you live?' "

"Frank Winter," the father said almost to himself, yet loud enough to be heard. "The boy who wouldn't study; the boy who was lazy; the boy who had his own way." He stopped, then spoke suddenly, "Billy, get my hat, I'm going out to see if I can't find him."

There was a sound of faltering footsteps on the front porch and the door bell rang. Billy rushed to the door.

"Come on in, come in; here he is, Dad."

"Frank, old friend, come in, come in."

"Thanks, I'm not bothering you? Why, you were going out?"

"To find you."

"Billy told me that you would be sure to help me, and I'm taking him at his word."

"I'll do what I can and welcome. Had enough to eat?"

"Plenty, thanks."

"Billy, Frank and I want to talk over old times, and we're sure to be up late, do you want to go to that play?"

"Thanks, Dad; I've got some studying to do."

Oh, that was some years ago. Billy is a doctor now and is about to take over the practice of his father. Poor Frank Winter is dead; but, due to the kindness of Billy and his father, he had the care a sick man needed for many days, until death brought its quiet rest and peace.

The Gentle Victor.

The four seasons once debated as to which could first reach the heart of a man whose bitter days and blacker nights were spent in unhappiness.

Summer said: "I will bring sunshine, the full growth of flowers, warm winds by day and warmer breezes by night, thunder and lightning storms, the roar of the cyclone and the destruction of tempests, so that the heart of this man will see my wonderful power and open his heart to me." But the summer passed and the heart of the man was untouched.

Autumn exclaimed: "I will make all things lovely. I will paint the leaves of trees with varied hues, clothe the flowers with magic tints, bring the peace of cool days, have birds sing their sweetest songs before going into exile. All nature shall die, so that the heart of this man will perceive my sorrow, and in pity will open his heart to me." But the heart of the man was unmoved with all this beauty.

Then winter spoke: "I will rush in with strong winds, sharp frosts and cold rains and icy snows, blustering cold days and colder nights. I will use adversity, suffering and affliction. I will be unkindly bitter, so that the heart of this man will cry for mercy, opening his heart to me, who brings the thaws of mid-winter." Yet adversity brought no change.

"And I, Spring, will come along my heartening way, as silently, as happily as dreams of long ago. There will be the gentleness of soft winds and warm days, the balm of quiet nights, the peace of things that are sweet to the soul; blessed showers to make the grass tender with green and to nurse the buds to flowers." And lo, the heart of the man was opened.

For many hearts not touched by loveliness, or adversity, or power are opened to gentleness.

Imperial Generosity.

Joseph II., walking one day on a street in Vienna, met a young lady who seemed to be greatly troubled about something. He asked the reason, and found that she was the daughter of an officer who had been killed in the Imperial service, and that she and her mother had been supporting themselves by various bits of work, but now were unemployed and could find no work.

"Have you received no assistance from the Government?" inquired the Emperor.

"None," was the reply.

"But why not apply to the Emperor?"

"Oh, but they say he is hard-hearted, and such a step would be useless."

The monarch gave the young woman some money, telling her that he was in the Emperor's service, and would help her, if, with her mother, she would come to the palace on a certain day. The appointment was kept, and the astonished young lady recognized her benefactor in the person of the Emperor. He bade her not to be alarmed or fearful, and at the same time revealed that he had settled a pension on her and her mother, adding, "At another time, I hope that you will not despair of a heart that is just."

An Encouraging Word.

Arago, the great French astronomer, as a boy, had great difficulty with mathematics. He became discouraged; so much so, he decided to give up the study altogether. A letter came with encouragement, and he took heart again. He applied himself with more than ordinary zeal, overcoming difficulties which would have tested and undoubtedly broken any one not so determined with resolution. He persevered, and became in time one of the greatest astronomers of his day.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—One of the first volumes of a new series of "Great Medieval Churchmen," about to appear, is Johannes Gerson, by Dr. George R. Potter. It is to be hoped that he has performed his task thoroughly. The distinguished career of Gerson as scholar and divine has been much neglected by modern writers.

—Autumn announcements of English publishers include "The Collected Poems of Katharine Tynan," a favorite contributor to our pages since she first began to publish; and volumes XIX. and XX. of Dr. Ludwig Pastor's "History of the Popes," translated by Fr. Kerr, of the London Oratory.

—"We Indians: The Passing of a Great Race," is the title of a new book by Big Chief White Horse Eagle, who knew President Lincoln, and is said to be one hundred and eight years old. This veritable chief is credited with having "a long and very retentive memory." He is not related to Hole in the Day, as one journal states.

—"My Ramble through the Missions of the Diocese of Mangalore," by the Rev. R. D. Sequeira, Missionary of Kakkada, India, aims to make these missions more widely known and to enlist sympathetic help for them. The barriers of caste and climate, the hardships of the missionaries, and the acute need of funds to carry on the work, are stated in brief historical sketches of each mission that the author visited. The bare statement of facts concerning the problems and the needs, he feels certain, will accomplish the purpose, which prompted the writing of this pamphlet of 97 pages. Publisher, Codialbail Press, Mangalore, India.

—Any of our readers who have enjoyed the first volume of "Golden Memories," by Mrs. William O'Brien, will give a hearty welcome to this second volume. These letters give the intimate story of a great mutual love, a passionate admiration by mother and daughter of a great patriot, and the inside story of an Irish leader's struggle for his people. Marie Raffalovich, the mother of Mrs. Wm. O'Brien,

was attracted to the Irish leader while he was in prison. Though they had not met, her ardent love for his cause, made her love its leader, and there sprang up a friendship that deepened with the years. It was on his first visit to Marie Raffalovich in Paris that he met his future wife, Sophie. The story of their growing love, and of a tender, child-like affection in this man, whose hours were filled with the problems of political life, are a bit of delightful romance. Published by M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin.

—The author of "Ethics," the Rev. Paul J. Glenn, Ph. D., S. T. D., permits the success of this text-book to rest on four rules: "Be brief; In complex matters, state the essential doctrine; Employ an abundance of illustrations; Be reasonably complete." No one who reads or studies the book will dispute the wisdom of following such correct guides. He might have added: Be interesting. Even in the presentation of general ethical principles he writes with spirit; a spirit that gathers force in his treatment of individual and social ethics. He is a competent instructor, explaining with precise thought, apt wording and a reasonableness of argument, which stimulate practical thinking on ethical lines, fix the central truth in the mind and move the will to follow it. Besides being an excellent text-book, supplied with a table of contents, a summary at the end of each chapter, and an index, it has the further merit of being the type of book that could be used by ordinary intelligent Catholics who are interested in the principles involved in such questions as: Duties to God, self and neighbor; the Family; Church and State. Publisher, Herder. Price, \$2.00 net.

—An English version of Father Lagrange's "Synopsis Evangelica" is now to be had in "A Catholic Harmony of the Four Gospels," by the Rev. John M. T. Barton, D. D., Lic. S. Script. There is an introductory discussion of the synoptic problem, the problem of the relation of St. John to the first three Gospels, and the problem of chronological order in the four Gospels. There is also an extended index

to the separate Evangelists, a chronology of the public life of Our Lord according to month and year, and an approximate order of events. Throughout the harmony the texts from the Gospels are arranged in parallel columns. On almost every page there are concise and pointed footnotes to explain the meaning of the texts, to fix dates, and to aid the reader to clear up difficulties. Certainly this is the best harmony we have in English, for it carries with it the scholarship of the original. An excellent book for Scripture classes, for those who would like to read a chronological life of Our Lord word for word from the Bible, and for those who would want the Gospels arranged side by side according to subject-matter. Publisher, Benziger. Price, \$2.25 net.

—As a youth, Frank Morison, the author of "Who Moved the Stone?" was taught that the Gospels were unreliable history. Subsequent studies in physical science deepened his rationalism and increased his unbelief in anything miraculous. In later years he planned a monograph on the last seven days of Our Lord's life, because in this period the miraculous seemed to play little or no part. That book was not written. Instead he gradually developed the work under consideration, in which, after an analysis of the arrest, Jewish and Roman trials, the actual death of Our Lord, and a study of the events of early Easter morning, he declares his belief in the Resurrection, because there is historical basis for it. The empty tomb is for him most significant, pointing to the conclusion that the stone was moved by some external force (not by Our Lord Himself), and undoubtedly by some human person (not by an angel, as the Gospels state); and, if the history were only known, by a person who was the first to know of the disappearance of the body, and whose testimony, if it could be had, would remove all doubt concerning the Resurrection. Yet, he admits, or at least suggests, that the burden of proof for this miracle must rest on the sequent apparitions, and that the empty tomb without the appearances of Our Lord is meaningless. A brilliant writer, and at times a keen analyst, he is neither historian nor exegete, for with surprising credulity he accepts

statements from apocryphal and secular writings, and with amazing incredulity rejects facts from the Gospels. The Christianity he found is not devoid of rationalism, and manifests a shallow knowledge of, or a wilful blindness to, Catholic history and exegesis. Publisher, Century Co. Price, \$2.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Francis J. Lambert, Diocese of Fort Wayne; Rev. P. Raymond Greweling, O. S. B. Brother Barnabas, C. S. C.

Sister M. Asteria and Sister M. Victorinus, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Hilda, Sisters of the Visitation; Sister M. Aimo, Sisters of St. Dominic; and Sister M. Conception, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mrs. Bridget C. Daley, Mrs. Catherine O'Connell, Miss Mary Goldin, Mrs. Anna B. Kearns, Mr. Peter Curran, Mr. Joseph Ganser, Mrs. Helen Blakeman, Mr. Cornelius Duggan, Mrs. Mary Nelson, Mr. Edward A. Purtill, Mrs. Marie Lunz, Miss Mary McNeely, Mrs. Nora Hurley, Mr. James B. Daily, Mrs. Joseph B. White, Mrs. Thomas A. Tallon, Miss Helen Feller, Mr. William O'Regan, Mr. James Sheridan, Mrs. Mary T. O'Connor, Mrs. John Gerard, Sr., Miss B. F. Carlin, Mrs. Margaret Gillespie, Mr. John Kennedy, Mrs. Margaret A. Kehoe, Mr. Dan Schofield, Mr. John Reilly, Miss Adele Schofield, Mrs. James M. Curley, Mr. James Dorsey, Mrs. Teresa O'Sullivan, Mrs. Mary Schofield, Mr. Francis Higgins, Mr. James Singleton, Miss Pauline Mason, Mrs. James F. Cox, Mr. William Rocpke, Johanna Gleason, Mrs. F. M. Curran, Mr. Herman Hegner, and Mr. Thomas Madden.

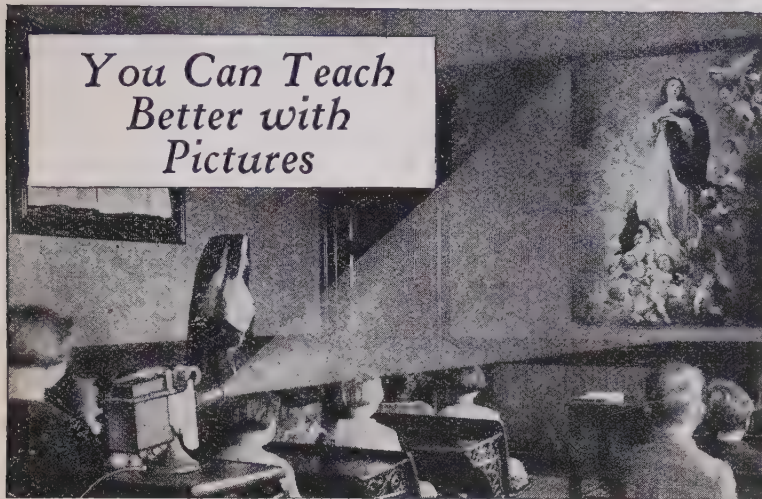
Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (*300 days' indulgence.*)

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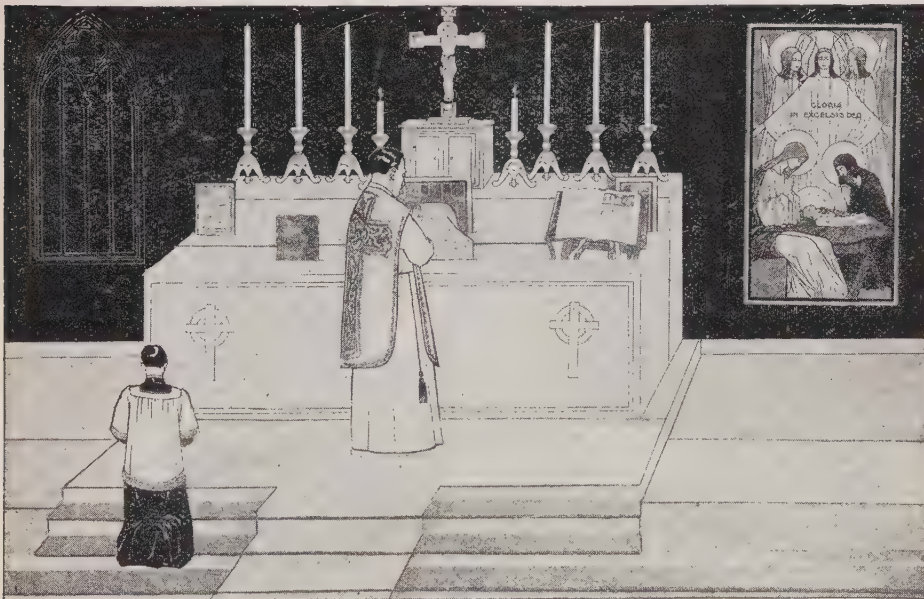
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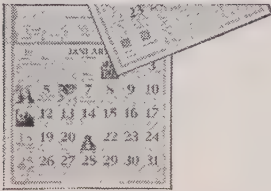
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

| | |
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| SATURDAY, 11.—St. Ethelburga, V. | WEDNESDAY, 15.—St. Teresa, Virgin. |
| SUNDAY, 12.—EIGHTEENTH AFTER PENTECOST. St. Wilfrid, B. | THURSDAY, 16.—St. Gerard Majella, C. St. Gall, Ab. |
| MONDAY, 13.—St. Edward, King. | FRIDAY, 17.—St. Margaret Mary Alacoque, V. St. Hedwiges, W. |
| TUESDAY, 14.—St. Callistus, P. M. St. Donat- ian, B. C. | SATURDAY, 18.—St. Luke, Evg. St. Justin, M. |

GROWTH AND DUTY.

So much depends upon the ideals of our young people that we can hardly over-stress their importance in the training of youth. Without healthy enthusiasms and worth-while objectives the talents which God has given to our growing generations will ordinarily be directed to comparatively frivolous or even unworthy ends. That great educator, the Right Rev. J. Lancaster Spalding, D. D., realized this fact so intensely that he was continually making it the theme of his educational addresses. He does so with particular aptness and eloquence in "Growth and Duty," a pamphlet reproducing his final charge to one of the graduating classes of Notre Dame University. Parents, pastors, and teachers should read this book themselves and also put it into the hands of the young people for whose spiritual growth they will be held responsible.

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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Consolation.

BY S. C. N.

OF all delights that I have known
No dearer joy have I
(Among the many that I own)
Than that of looking on a low, grey sky,
Hearing the plaintive wind's caressing sigh,
And the cooling, soothing murmur of the rain.

Though heavy with the weight of pain
The burden still seems blest,
When, like some soft endearment felt again,
Like tender, tender fingers, lightly pressed,
Gently persuading my tired heart to rest,
Beats in my face the pacifying rain.

Our Lady's Coronal.

BY STANLEY B. JAMES.

HENRY ADAMS, at one time Professor of Medieval History at Harvard, declared his belief that during the Middle Ages Our Lady had "acted as the greatest force the Western world had ever felt, and had drawn men's activities to herself more strongly than any other power, natural or supernatural, had ever done." He was thinking, when he wrote that, chiefly of the tributes paid her by architects, poets, painters, schoolmen. As a scholar he was able to appreciate the amazing force this simple Jewish Maid was able to radiate among those of his own class, and called her, for that reason, the Dynamo of History.

In the cosmic hierarchy defined by the

theologians, she held, he knew, a unique place as Mother of God and Queen of Saints. Cathedrals were built in her honor to which whole generations devoted their genius and wealth to remain for untold centuries as memorials of their piety. In the realm of song she reigned supreme, compelling praise from Dante he dared not render even to Beatrice. Her face haunted the dreams of artists, and revolutionized their conceptions of beauty. Queens whose lords ruled over vast territories were proud to bear her name. These things, however, do but recall the tribute of the great. More significant, perhaps, and of stronger appeal to the heart, is the tribute paid by the humble.

The learned have classified and named flowers and shrubs after their own fashion, in Latin terms understood only of themselves. But the homely names which the children of field and woodland bear are the creation of simpler folk. They arose spontaneously, coined by popular fancy and affection. Unknown poets of village and hamlet gave them the names which, in many cases, they still carry, outlasting thus the works of more pretentious bards. It is in this popular nomenclature that we find the tribute of the humble to the Mother of God. The caressing titles given to familiar wayside blossoms signify, with an eloquence which is both touching and beautiful, the devotion to Mary of the common people. If Chartres Cathedral and Dante's "Paradiso" tell us what genius felt with regard to her,

no less clearly do we learn from the quaint names borne by the flowers and ferns which children gather to-day the place she held in the thought of the unendowed multitude.

I have been turning the leaves recently of a luxuriously produced book, issued by the St. Dominic Press at Ditchling, in Sussex, entitled "The Mary Calendar," and there I have found charmingly related some of the legends which profess to explain these names. As the authoress says: "To the piety of our forefathers, the sweetness of the Manger at Bethlehem permeated the year; in every walk abroad their intuitive devotion carried out the intention of the Church, and they saw everywhere signs and symbols of the presence of God-made-Man and of His holy Mother. Every field-path and hedgerow became an illuminated Book of Hours. There is some flower or leaf or berry in each month of the year to which was assigned some holy association or lovely legend." She then proceeds to glean for us some of the treasures of this wayside lore.

Typical of much that she has to tell us is the story linked with what is variously known as The Christmas Rose, Holy Night Rose, Rose of Noël, Christ's Bloom. A shepherd girl called Madelon, it seems, followed the Shepherds of Bethlehem to the manger. She was poor, however, and had nothing to offer the Babe, at which she was much distressed. But God took pity on her tears, and sent Gabriel to console her. "Why do you weep?" he asked. When she told him he took her by the hand and led her outside the cave where he touched the frozen ground with his staff, and immediately there sprang up the exquisite blossoms of the Christmas Rose. Madelon gathered them speedily, and hastened with joy to present them to the Holy Mother and her Child.

Similar to this in some respects is the legend connected with the snowdrop,

a familiar favorite in English gardens, one of the first of the flowers to break the spell of winter and herald brighter days. When our first parents were banished from Eden, we are told, they found winter beyond the gates. Eve stood sobbing, broken-hearted, with the leafless trees, the bare ground and the biting winds in dreadful contrast to the bowers of her abandoned Home. To comfort her, God sent an angel, who pointed to the ground where her tears of penitence had fallen; and lo! there sprang up a little plant with a tear-drop for its blossom. The Snowdrop, therefore, was the stainless harbinger of the Virgin whose Son should retrieve the lost Paradise.

It must be admitted that, in some cases, the terminology reveals a determination to force a connection with the Incarnation. A certain bright yellow flower, called Coltsfoot, for instance, blossoms before its leaves unfold. For this reason it used to be known both in England and Italy as *Filium ante Patrem*,—a reference to the relationship between the Divine Child and His foster-father, Joseph.

Other names are merely suggestive of an analogy seen between them and some common object which could be associated with the Virgin-Mother. That applies to the name formerly given to the Cowslip—Our Lady's Candlestick,—and to the silver-white blossom which country children in England know as Lady's Smock, and the yellow flower found in damp ground by the side of streams which bears the name Marsh Marigold. The delicate fern called Maidenhair and the Honeysuckle—the peasant name for which is Our Lady's Fingers,—are other examples of the obsession. The same applies to Our Lady's Slipper and the Shepherds' Purse.

There is no obvious connection between the bracken which grows on uncultivated land and the Nativity, yet popular fancy found it possible even

here to trace back its russet color in autumn to the first Christmas. Mingled with the hay of the manger, says tradition, it refused to acknowledge the presence of its Creator, and thenceforward it lost the flowers it once bore. But the bracken repented. Now, as Christmas draws near, its dry stems, when cut open, bear a symbol of its sorrow; either the figures of our first parents in Eden, one on either side of the fateful tree, or else the sacred monogram of our Redeemer, I. H. S. Because of this mark of loving penitence it is sometimes called "The Fern of God."

One is struck in all this with the indications these names and legends afford of the extent to which the story of the Incarnation had taken possession of the popular imagination. All the more, because the names were given spontaneously, naturally and just as fancy dictated, we find in them direct evidence that the peasantry of Christendom, no less than their intellectual and social superiors, were steeped in the Faith. It was not on Sundays and holy-days only that they thought of the Saviour and His Mother. Working in their fields or gardens, following obscure cart-tracks through woodlands or over wild heaths, the beauty of nature recalled the greater loveliness of the supernatural. Children lisped Our Lady's name as they made posies. Housewives decorating their homes, could not but be reminded of the Sacred Story; and even the stableman, bedding down his horses or cattle on the dry bracken he had gathered from the moor, had brought to mind the homage due the Creator.

Medieval Catholicism, we learn from this, was a week-day religion. Its crosses stood in the marketplace; its wayside shrines called the traveller to prayer. City streets and alleys by their designations carried associations with the Faith into the very midst of life's

turmoil, and even the quiet places of the countryside, nay, the very wilderness, were fragrant with the names of Jesus and Mary. If one wanted evidence of the fact that the Catholicism of those times was no forced product artificially imposed by an alien authority but something woven into the very texture of everyday life and indistinguishable from native habits of mind—here it is.

And we remark further on the graciousness and tenderness of many of these popular names. What, for instance, could convey better the childlike affection felt for Our Lady than the Polish term for what we know as Wild Thyme—the Dear Mother's Love? It is by such terms we learn that the Gospel had appealed, not only to the imaginations but also to the affections, of the common people. Every repetition of that Polish phrase is like the gesture of a child flinging its arms about its mother's neck. One understands, too, how the Lady greeted in such courtly-wise by rough yeomen and peasants could soften the manners and beget chivalry. More than streets, flowers are the fitting symbols of a high devotion. The very fact that these living poems of the Creator were made to bear the sacred Names is indicative of the spirit in which Our Lord and His Mother were regarded. There is indeed something lover-like in the custom of so designating them.

But we can take an even larger view of the matter—one which involves the whole question of the relation of the supernatural to the natural. One remembers how fierce was the blood which beat in the men and women of that far-off time. They lived very near the soil. Sun and wind, storm and flood were closer neighbors than they are to our urban populations. They had need to be hardy, and even coarse, to endure the primitive conditions under which the poorer among them lived. Nature flaunted her strength and beau-

ty in their faces. In the glare of sunlight beating upon their unsheltered lives one can imagine the altar candles looking dim and the sanctuary lamp proving but an ineffectual flame.

Against the colors of field and forest the vestments of the priest would seem faded and dull. Could the fragility of a scarcely-grasped supernatural life survive, we ask, amid the grossness of an existence based so directly on nature. The answer is to be found in the matter we have been investigating. It is the supernatural which bestows its titles, as so many honors, on the natural. Flowers are but the adornments of the Creator, the jewels that glorify His shrine. The fiercest beauty of the fields is but tributary to the fiercer beauty of God's Mother. That was how the humble folk who coined the lovely phrases of their homely botany regarded the matter. For them the candlelight of the altar was brighter than the midday sun. That process completed, another could begin. The Virgin Mother could in her turn receive the names of the wild things of the wold and wood. She who had named the flowers was named a flower. She who had bestowed her title on the lilies was likened to a lily; and poets sang of her as though she had been some gracious blossom:

He carved thee as a flower
To grace His heavenly bower,
Yea, gave thee shent and sheen
To fit that bower's Queen;
Whilst thou in meek surprise
Bowed earthward from the skies.
"O Lilium convallium,
Regina immortalium,
Audi preces sodalium."

MARY is immaculate in purity, transcendently lovely and beautiful. Indeed she is only less than divine, for she is the great Mother of God; and for those who fall in love with her, it is impossible to find language strong enough to express fully the strength of their admiration and the ardor of their devotion.

The Living Voice.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

XLI.

THE strange day wore on; in the late afternoon the cavalcade reached Leigh, and the prisoner was escorted to the quarters prepared for him. He desired to be left alone. Three persons only had been permitted to wait upon him—Lord Strange, Master Greenhalgh, his chaplain, and Captain Baggarley. They would all reappear at supper-time no doubt—Charles, with his continual self-exculpation, Greenhalgh, with his fatiguing praise and extolling of the "martyr," and Baggarley with his blustering indignation. Now for an hour he was free of them all, yet Derby found it difficult to concentrate his thoughts, which were forever drifting away on trifles when he tried to fix them upon the great event which was to take place in a few hours' time—his death!

He was in the prime of life, his splendid constitution had triumphed over wounds, imprisonment and anxiety. He felt no fatigue after the day's ride; on the contrary, the fresh air and exercise had invigorated him after weeks of enforced inactivity. In spite of his philosophic cast of mind he had led a busy life, every day occupied with duties exactly fulfilled and each bringing fresh projects for the future. But now he was to die. This vigorous, useful life of his was to be laid down, and it behooved him to prepare, to meditate very seriously upon the state of his soul. Yet he found himself wondering would the new apple-trees he had planted at Peel, bear fruit next year? He must remember to instruct the gardeners very particularly as to the correct method of pruning; the Manx were ignorant about such things! And then he recollected that long before the

proper season came his body would be falling into dust.

Shivering involuntarily he rang for Moreau and ordered a wood fire. Where was Master Bradshaigh, he asked? The valet replied that no doubt the young gentleman was in the town, but that only his lordship's immediate followers had been allowed to enter the tavern in which he was lodged.

"And there's a man who desires to see your Lordship about a jewel," he added, kneeling to blow upon the damp twigs. "He has hired a private room, and says it is of great importance to your lordship—about the disposal of a jewel of great price," he reiterated, as his master looked at him vaguely.

"Paul," he said presently, "I will wear my George to die. The Order bestowed upon me by my gracious sovereign—I will wear it on the scaffold as *his* father did his, and afterwards you will bid them give it to my son."

Afterwards—afterwards! The word made a sad, terrifying echo in his mind.

"Where shall I be *afterwards*?" he asked himself. "That will do, Moreau—leave me—leave me."

When the man had withdrawn, Derby flung himself on his knees.

"My God, I am a miserable sinner, though penitent withal! How can I present myself before Thy most pure eyes? What shall I answer if Thou shalt ask: 'What of thy wedding garment?'"

With a groan he rose to his feet again and paced about. It seemed as though he could fix his mind on nothing. What was this that Paul had prated of? A man, with business about a jewel? Some shark, trying to get money out of him even at the last, no doubt. Yet it teased his troubled mind. Some one else had been talking to him about a jewel of late.

Before he could follow up the train of thought, his weeping followers burst in upon him again, carrying the supper-table. The dark little room was filled

with tumult and James felt he must bestir himself to do what was expected of him. His first thought was ever for his wife and children. Baggarley was dispatched to get as many rings as possible, that he might bless each and wrap it up with a tender, written message for every son and daughter. At supper he must force himself to eat, lest he be thought lacking in courage. He must drink, too, to the healths of his children, one and all. There was much to be settled still—Charles to be instructed about his funeral.

"They may not let you have my body, my son, but if they do, I wish to be buried quite quietly at Ormskirk!"

How strange! Charles would be standing in his father's shoes. The eighth Earl! He looked down. One of the rose-and-tan rosettes on his foot-gear was loose—it must be stitched on. But no, after all what did it matter now?

"I would fain bid farewell to Simon Bradshaigh," he said aloud.

"They will not let him in, Father. And it is mighty curious too—he is pressing the affair of this pestilent fellow who wants to see you about a jewel—or so he pretends!"

Lord Derby's face changed. He suddenly remembered.

"Oh, had I but known!" he exclaimed. "Aye, I will see him. Charles, contrive that I see him!"

"Who—Simon, Father?" asked Charles, frowning.

"Nay, nay!" exclaimed Lord Derby eagerly. "The other—the man about the jewel!"

Strange accordingly used his influence with the Office, and Simon (his purse hastily replenished by chance-met acquaintances), with the sergeant.

And so it was arranged that the next day, as the prisoner rode to his death, the quiet man in the dark cloak rode beside him and talked with him in a low tone about the disposal of the jewel—that precious jewel which was his soul.

Bradshaigh followed behind with the grooms and foot-boys, and whispered to himself the hymn to the Holy Ghost:

His promise, teaching little ones
To speak and understand.

His little ones! Though a great man in the world's eyes, Lord Derby, with his simple, loving heart, might well rank among "the little ones" in the eyes of God.

"O guide our minds with Thy blest light"—guide *his* mind, O my God! Comfort him, O divine Comforter!" prayed Simon.

Presently, after all too short an interval, Father Norris rejoined him, relating that the soldiers had pressed up about Lord Derby and forced him back, and that Lord Strange and the chaplain were now riding by him. He seemed much moved and reported that Lord Derby heard him willingly and seemed very well disposed. He had intended, he told the priest, to examine carefully into the matter of the Catholic religion, if a few more months of life had been allowed him.

"But I was able to satisfy him on all points on which he was doubtful," concluded Norris. "And I doubt not, if I can contrive to reach him once more, but that he will wish to make his confession and be received into the Church."

"Will it be necessary for him to declare it publicly, Mr. Norris? For I think he would much dread the excitement and tumult such a change would make about him at the last moment."

The priest reflected.

"No," he said at length. "I do not think he need declare it. Though of course he is free to do so if he wishes—I have no fear for myself."

His face flushed brightly, as though with joy, and a lightning recollection of Mr. Ward shot through Simon's mind. He was so tired and had been through so much that it seemed as though he could feel no more—he was deadened to further emotion. His tall figure drooped

upon his jogging mount, yet as he rode he muttered doggedly from time to time: *Non mea, sed Tua*. It became a refrain, reverberating in his dulled mind, and mixing with the ceaseless thud, thud, of the slowly trotting horses. They were nearing Bolton now; people were weeping all along the road. "Not my will, but Thine."

"This gentleman has business with his lordship, will you let him pass? A crown to the lad who helps this honest merchant to speech with his lordship! Here's my purse, Mr. Norris. See, now, there's your chance! Push up to the left. Make way there! 'Not my will, not my will, not my will!'"

It seemed as though he had been riding thus for years, with a heavy, heavy heart, and the steam of the sweating horses in his nostrils. And now there were cobblestones underfoot. Bolton was reached at last, and it seemed too quick, too soon!

Angry murmurs arose among the roundheads. The platform was only half-built—nothing was ready—there would be another two or three hours to wait.

The prisoner drew up before the scaffold and dismounted before his guards divined his purpose. There was a cry and a movement of alarm, but he did not heed it. Walking up to the ladder by which he was to mount to execution, he bent down and kissed it.

"This is my cross. I accept of it, O my loving Saviour!"

The soldiers who were knocking the rude platform together, paused curiously. The sergeant in charge spoke sharply, and they returned to their work with redoubled zeal, or at any rate, with redoubled noise. It was feared that Derby might attempt a speech, but he straightened himself and silently remounted. He looked serene and smiling, untroubled by the gruesome preparations.

Simon pushed forward by main force, and, turning his horse loose in the

crowd, struggled through the guard, and stooped to enter the low doorway of the tavern behind Lord Derby. His head was swimming with weariness.

Derby greeted him warmly, and drew him with him into the room in which he was to be confined until the grim instruments of execution were ready.

Mr. Norris had disappeared, but Charles, Baggarley and Greenhalgh were present. Derby held Simon by the arm, he was smiling brightly as he was wont to do in the old happy days before troubles had come upon him.

"All is well, Simon," he whispered. "We are fellows—I am received into the true Church of Christ. Poor boy," he added aloud, "you are monstrous tired! Lie down upon the bed and sleep. We will wake you when it is time."

"Nay, nay, my lord! Do you rest awhile," urged Simon.

"And so I will—in great peace, please God! But not yet."

He pressed Simon, still protesting, down upon the bed, murmuring as he did so: "I am happy—I am at peace. The priest will be there! He has promised to stand upon the church steps to pronounce the last absolution. God bless you, my poor boy!"

With the sound of that blessing still in his ears, Simon fell asleep, as much overcome by sorrow as by physical exhaustion. When he awoke the room was deserted and all seemed strangely still. He started up, staring about. The door was open, chairs stood disordered, there was an ink horn, and a glass half-filled with wine upon the table. Simon rose to his feet. The sense of tragedy brooded upon him, but his wits were still blurred, his eyes heavy with sleep.

Lord Derby! Where was he? Could he have escaped at the eleventh hour!

Staggering to the window he looked out, and then reeled back as though he had received a blow. The market-place was crowded, people hung from the windows, clustered on the rooftops; and

there in the midst was the platform, scantily draped in black. Lord Derby stood upon it, talking to a sullen-looking man bearing an axe. All around were ranks and ranks of soldiers with drawn swords.

In another instant, Simon found himself running, fighting his way like a madman across the square. All the people were in tears, murmuring blessings on the victim beneath their breath—they dared not speak aloud. Some of the folk tried to make way for him, believing that he bore a pardon. The troopers struck at him with the butts of their lances as he passed. He struggled towards his objective—the church steps—and came upon Mr. Norris beseeching the crowd.

"Let me by, for God's sake, let me by!"

The priest was a slight man, and in spite of his efforts was borne back by the crowd.

And then came Simon, shouldering through the people. His white face, and blazing eyes startled those who would fain withstand him, and he exerted his strength recklessly.

"Have a care, have a care!" besought Norris.

But Simon dragged him in his wake to the church steps, up them, foot by foot, until at last they stood facing the scaffold. It was not yet too late.

There was a stir in the crowd. Lord Derby had endeavored to speak to the people several times, but the escort raised an uproar which drowned his voice.

"Declare you die a martyr for the Protestant cause, my lord! Declare that you die a devoted member of the Church of England!" roared voices from the crowd.

If he heard he did not heed them, he was looking about, scrutinizing first one side of the square, then the other, his eyes ever reverting towards the church.

"He's talking to the headsman," cried

a man standing next Simon. "The surly wretch will not ask his pardon. Ask pardon of his lordship!" he bawled with an oath.

Then across the square came Lord Derby's clear tones:

"Friend, I pardon thee without the asking."

At the sound of that beloved voice, Simon's heart swelled as though it must burst.

"Lift me up," said the priest in his ear—"lift me up, my son."

Simon seized him in his arms. The crowd seethed about them, some groaning and lamenting, a few jeering with evil triumph. Above the tumult Father Norris's voice rang out, his thin hand clove the air in the form of the cross: "*Absolve te. . .*"

"Behold the head of a traitor!" cried the executioner. He had no answer save the people's tears.

(Conclusion next week.)

Children of a Privy Councillor.

BY SOPHIE MAUDE.

ON the 25th of January, feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, Teresa, Clotilda and I went to St. Peter's. I ran to see if the coin I had put in was still in its place, and I found it. Then the thought of my last visit here, and all that Mr. Henn had said, came back to me; and, hiding myself in a corner of the Blessed Sacrament Chapel, I burst into tears. I prayed Our Lord to come to my help with such a passion of weeping. I don't think I ever shed so many tears in my whole life before, but something in my heart told me my prayer was heard.

The 27th was the anniversary of my father's death. Teresa and I took flowers to put on his grave in the Protestant cemetery. After a time of silence, during which we arranged our flowers, we prayed for some minutes on our knees,

and then Teresa whispered very softly:

"Kate, Monsignor Manning begged me to tell you, he would be at the Trinità to-morrow morning at half-past eight."

My answer was only "all right," and nothing more; but oh, what a deluge of joy flooded my soul at that moment! Here I was at the end of my long journey. I could see nothing else, for that thought absorbed me, and I should have remained on my knees, where I was, forever, if Teresa had not said, "Come." Not one word did we speak in the carriage, but I could not resist smiling. I was so utterly full of happiness. And that night I could not sleep—I kept on smiling. And yet, before I could be a child of the Church I had still to cross an abyss of grief more intense than any that had gone before. I must announce my resolve to my mother. I hardly know how to describe that heartrending scene. Times out of mind it had been my habit to wait in her bedroom and greet her on awaking, with a cup of tea. That morning she slept much longer than usual. Oh, the agony of that waiting for her awakening! At last, she opened her eyes. I kissed her as always. It seemed to me her smile and her thanks were more tender than usual. I sat down near her bed. How should I begin? Time was getting on. I must be there, at the Trinità at half-past eight.

"You have a headache? You are so pale," my mother began anxiously, questioning.

"Mother, I am going to be a Catholic to-day."

My mother gave a little cry, then setting the teacup down beside her she said with a nervous laugh: "Oh, you've so often said the same thing that it doesn't frighten me any more. You won't do it."

"Mother, I never before said '*to-day*,' now I say *to-day*, and I am going."

"No," she said; "I forbid you to leave the house. You have never disobeyed me, and you won't disobey me

now." And speaking in a low voice, half supplication, half command, she held out her arms to me. I never moved. I was afraid of my resolution's being weakened.

"Yet, I must disobey you this time, Mother."

"Then," she said loftily, "remember if you go out of the house without my permission, you shall never return to it again. Go!"

I went as far as the door. I had opened it to go out, when her voice rose in supplication:

"My child! O my child! I know, I'm sure, you won't disobey me." She added these words with such a tone of assurance that I feared she thought she had conquered, so I went and put on my hat and gloves, and then came back to her. Poor mother, she had got out of bed, her white hair, and white night-dress made her look more venerable than ever! She understood my silence was my answer. She held out her arms to me.

"Remember all I shall have to suffer on your account, have pity on your poor mother!" Then taking a few steps forward, she knelt down still holding out her arms to me. My God! if you had not helped me at that supreme moment, could I have withstood her? Without approaching her, I said hastily:

"Darling Mother, I only came back for one moment to make you understand,—my decision is final." Then I tore out of the room.

At the front door of the hotel, a few footmen and couriers were standing, our own footman amongst them; and as I ran by, I heard him exclaim, "Miss—Miss Katharine!" I thought he was following me, so I ran the faster.

I mounted the *scalinata*—hundreds of little steps—I hardly know how I did it,—to the door of the convent, where I arrived breathless and trembling. A poor woman sitting there must have noticed my agitation, and with that royal dignity which is seen amongst the

poor of Rome and no other beggars, she accosted me: "You are sad, child," she said. "Look here, give me an alms, and I will ring the bell for you." Too agitated to know what I did, I gave her my whole purse. She gravely handed it back to me. "I have taken sixpence," she said; "it will bring Heaven's blessing on you." The door opened while she spoke.

"Is Monsignor Manning here?" I asked breathlessly.

"Yes," the portress said. She recognized me as the sister of a person who was already with Monsignor, for we were dressed alike, and she showed me at once into the parlor. They were standing there—Teresa and Monsignor Manning. On seeing me they both uttered a cry of relief, for they feared I should not come. I could neither speak nor stand. One word only escaped my trembling lips—"Mother!"

Monsignor Manning understood. "Yes," he said, "the sacrifice you are making to-day will bring a great blessing on her, believe me."

Little by little I grew calmer. Monsignor told me he had forbidden Teresa to talk to me or to help me in any way, so that my actions could never be attributed to anyone else, but be entirely my own. He dismissed Teresa and talked to me a little by myself. After that he sent me into the church where he said he would presently come and join me. I found Teresa there and I sat down beside her to await his coming. At the end of ten minutes Monsignor appeared in cassock and stole and made a sign to me to follow him into the confessional. I went straight in with him, he naturally showed me where to kneel, but to me it seemed a dream realized, as though I wanted no showing, and had done it before.

He made me make a confession of my whole life without any previous preparation or special instructions; and so well and completely did I make it that

I have never had to go back on the first twenty-four years of my life. I did not receive absolution that day. I was taken immediately to the little Chapel of the Sacred Heart, and there I made my abjuration in the presence of Monsignor Manning, Mother de Bouchaud (the Reverend Mother) and Teresa. It was Friday, during the novena for the First Friday in February in the chapel of the Sacred Heart Convent, so I really am a child of that Divine Heart from the very first moment of my Catholic life. As we came out of the church Monsignor Manning said facetiously: "Well, here you are, a Catholic at last, after so many *contretemps*. Go home now, and come and see me to-morrow."

"Monsignor, my mother told me not to go back to her."

"Well, do as I tell you," said he, "go home. If your mother won't receive you, I am sure Reverend Mother will give you a bed,—won't you, Reverend Mother?" Mother de Bouchaud answered, "Yes," so cordially and sweetly that my heart went out to her with never-to-be forgotten gratitude.

"But," Monsignor went on, "parents often make these threats in the hope of dissuading their children from the Church, but they are only too happy to see them come home again; and they find it a real relief not to be taken at their word."

Of course, I obeyed him and went home at once, and alone, as I had come. My mother was in the corridor, she saw me in the distance. I could see her clasp her hands, then turn her back on me. But I ran to her and threw myself into her arms and kissed her.

"My child," she cried, transported with delight at my return and joyfully pressed me to her! The next minute the remembrance of her displeasure returned to her, and she endeavored to speak coldly, repressing the natural feelings of a mother's heart.

"Well, as you've come back, you may

as well stay, but remember you must work hard to console me for the grief you have caused me."

Oh, how heartfelt were my promises! And yet, hardly a year had gone before I saw in perspective the most frightful agony possible that, by the Divine Will, I must inflict on my dearly loved mother.

The day passed in letter writing to England, to John, to Mr. Liddon, etc. I wanted everybody to hear the great event from myself, and not from other people's reports.

I shall never forget that night: exhausted with fatigue, worn out as I was, I was too happy to sleep, as long as I could repeat, "I am a Catholic!" over and over again, "I am a Catholic!" I kept myself awake, reiterating the joyful words till sleep overcame me. And what joy to be able to say at my awakening, "I am a Catholic!" So often had I dreamed it, I felt almost afraid it really was only a dream,—the delight to find myself safely in harbor after the storm, and to know I am there forever. No joy can be compared to the convert's happiness, unless it be the joy of Heaven, and saying to oneself, "I am with Jesus forever."

On Saturday I saw Monsignor Manning for a few moments, and he arranged a meeting for the following day when he could baptize me and give me absolution from "all interdicts and excommunications." My horror of that terrible word made me give a little cry that made Monsignor Manning smile. "Don't be afraid," he said, "you are by your act of yesterday a member of the Catholic Church; and if you died to-day, you would go straight to Heaven; but there are certain formulas to be gone through, before you can enjoy all the riches of the Church." His words calmed me down, but I sighed for the appointed day.

Teresa, Clotilda and I were exact to time on Sunday morning; Monsignor

was there before us. "There's Mass being said in the church," he told us, "so I have asked that the ceremony of Baptism may take place in a little chapel inside the convent; we shall be quieter there." So we went upstairs, and it turned out that the little chapel was no other than that of Mater Admirabilis. What joy to see once more the holy picture of our Blessed Lady. But great things were awaiting me, Teresa and Clotilda stayed there while I followed Monsignor Manning into a little tribune that looked down on the high altar (and which I have since heard was our Blessed Mother's favorite tribune). There I was absolved from all interdicts and excommunications. I cannot describe what my feelings were. Then Monsignor beckoned me to follow him, and made me sign a paper for the Court of the Inquisition. Quite out of my senses with emotion, I mechanically signed my name. He asked me what name I wished to take for my baptism.

I had never thought about it. He suggested Frances.

"You have been made a child of the Church on the eve of the feast of St. Francis de Sales," he said. I answered, "Yes." Monsignor saw my agitation.

"Poor child," he said smiling, "be brave!"

I went into the chapel. They placed me between Clotilda and Teresa who was to be my godmother. I put on a veil and read a long profession of Faith; a recantation of all the Protestant errors, and then followed the ceremony of conditional Baptism. Teresa held a silver bowl, I bent my head and the words of regeneration were pronounced over me. Suddenly from every side rose the chant of the *Te Deum* in sweet and entrancing accents. At that moment I recalled the promise I had made to Mater Admirabilis before I left Rome, to come and sing *Te Deum* in her chapel as soon as ever I became a Catholic. And here I was—without

thinking of it, or doing anything to arrange it,—in her presence receiving the grace of Baptism and singing the *Te Deum*.

Our Lady had not forgotten me. Ah, was it not her work and a miracle of grace worthy of Mater Admirabilis? And who were the singers? I did not even think of lifting my head to look. I remained motionless, my face hidden in my hands. When it was all over they made me come out into the hall, and there I saw the Sacred Heart nuns who had been singing. All the Community were there; and following the example of Teresa and Clotilda, they wished to kiss and congratulate me. Who could have foretold then that I was some day to be a member of their great family? After a few minutes Monsignor Manning came. He took my hand and fervently congratulated me.

I made my First Communion, February 4, the First Friday of the month, in the Sacred Heart Chapel of the Trinità. Monsignor Manning said the Mass. No ceremony, no instructions were given me. I had been obliged to refuse Mother de Bouchaud's offer to spend a few days at the Convent in preparation. My mother kept me jealously at home. Nevertheless, I made my First Communion with immense fervor, and I was utterly happy on that blessed day to know I had really and truly received the adorable Body of Jesus Christ.

The following day I was confirmed by Monsignor Persico, a Capuchin monk, whom I had known for years as a friend of Clotilda's family. The ceremony was a little bit quaint. Monsignor Manning told us at what hour we must be at the Capuchin church, and there he made us go up to the high altar. At the same moment the bishop himself came in. He sat down in his chair near the altar, while a long procession of Capuchins, all in mantles and cowls, defiled before him from both sides till they formed a great semicircle behind us

in the sanctuary before the altar.

We went straight home after the ceremony was over, and what was our surprise, when we all met in the evening, to hear our brothers describe the whole event, but they had not recognized us in our veils, and never knew that "the two young girls" were their sisters.

Monsignor Manning had hoped to finish his work by obtaining for us an audience of the Holy Father, but Teresa could not bring herself to accept this offer; and he said I was as deficient in prudence as Teresa in the excess of it. Teresa thought she ought to renounce everything that was not absolutely necessary to the Faith, hoping thus to mollify our mother. But I thought that we lost, rather than gained by this overstrained charity, for we were not allowed any intimacy with those of our own Faith; and now we were in Rome again we were further away from Catholic society than when we were professed Anglicans.

Monsignor Manning departed at the end of a fortnight, but Monsignor Talbot knew how to arrange an audience for us. Was not this perhaps already planned by the diplomatic Monsignor Manning? Without consulting us our cousin spoke to the Holy Father and arranged the day and hour, so that we could not draw back, and so Teresa and I went alone together to the Vatican. We waited in a great hall where the Pope would pass when he went out walking. Very soon the door opened and we found ourselves once more in the presence of Pius the Ninth, again attended by Msgr. Talbot and Prince Francesco Chigi, just as when we met His Holiness in the Villa Barberini.

"Here you are at last!" said the Holy Father.

"When we had kissed his foot, he added: "You have made me wait a long time for it—you especially," as he put his hand on my head. "The Lord has been very good to you, my child," he

went on; "you must thank Him by being very faithful. Look now, I've got something in my pocket for you—a rosary, a pure white rosary, because you are a neophyte." He put it in my hand. Teresa cried out:

"And me, Holy Father,—have you nothing to give me? I've been five years a Catholic."

The Holy Father laughed merrily.

"True child, you ought by right to have something, but I was only thinking of this wandering lamb. Look here, Monsignor Talbot you know where, I keep my treasures of rosaries. There is a white one—not so white as this—but it will do very well for her!" He added mischievously, "she has probably stained her soul a very little bit since her Baptism, eh? whereas this one is all pure white."

During Monsignor Talbot's absence to fetch the rosaries, the Pope asked after my mother and my brother—"the little boy whom I used to meet out riding every day." The Holy Father having given us the rosaries, blessed us both, and the things we had brought with us. He promised to pray for us, and above all for my mother. Then, after giving us his hands to kiss, the Pope left us.

The answers to our letters came from England. John said he had far rather see me a Catholic than sad and unhappy as I had been for such a long time; but he really could not understand how I could have embraced such a religion. Mr. Liddon (afterwards Canon) wrote me a most affectionate letter, saying he very much appreciated my strong character, and that he would always be my friend, though I had passed into the protection of the Roman Church, "elder sister of the Anglican."

On her side, my poor mother, received letters from all our relatives and friends, furious with me and with her, saying that I had been sorcerized with

"Catholic mummary" and ceremonies. Poor Mother, sometimes she was angry with me for having brought this torrent of accusation and reproach upon her, at other times she got angry with everybody for writing so unjustly, and wished in her turn to defend and protect me.

Meantime she was pleased to see me happy and gay as in the good old times. But she would never allow me to get better instructed in my religion; so it was only in the confessional that I could obtain counsel and advice.

(To be continued.)

The Cricket.

BY L. MITCHELL THORNTON.

THE summer time is over, the days of rose and clover,
Of lilies in the garden and Cannas lush and tall;
The morns of golden splendor, the noontides warm and tender,
The dew bespangled even—I heard a cricket call.
No more the thrush and linnet will fill each happy minute
With songs of liquid beauty, that never tire or pall;
No more the bluebird chorus, from willows bending o'er us
Will sound a gladsome greeting—I heard a cricket call.
The summer time is over, the pheasant and the plover
Through browning woodlots scurry, the nuts begin to fall;
The maples tell the story, in boughs of crimson glory,
The elms in bronzen branches—I heard a cricket call.
There's frost upon the rushes, and every song bird hushes
Its voice to hear the summons of palm land and atoll;
Soon ours to tread the measure of wintry sport and pleasure,
Across a sodden meadow—I heard a cricket call.

Crystal and Gold.

BY LAURA REID MONTGOMERY.

"SO that's final," said Eric gloomily. "I'm sorry," returned Monica, regret and gentleness in her low voice.

"If you'd just give me time I know you'd care—you are stubborn."

"I'm not."

"Think what I can do for your mother. If we marry I'll build a house to your own plans, and she shall have her own suite of rooms overlooking the lake with a maid to wait on her. That's all she needs, Monica, rest and freedom from worry. With proper care she should live for many years, but with you away at work all day—well, I can't help thinking you are making a mistake. I don't suppose you mean to be selfish." His voice raised on the last words, and Monica caught the doubt he hesitated at expressing. "Love brings back love, you know," he said at last when the silence had grown pronounced.

She glanced at her watch. "I must go. Believe me, Eric, I'm truly sorry. I hope you don't think I—well—"

"No," he answered grimly, "I don't think you misled me as to your intentions. Rosy told me you'd never take a divorced man, said you were too pious—too timid."

No normal girl likes to be thought timid, and Monica was an ordinary, high-spirited young woman who had made her way upwards in the Loop office where she worked. She was religious, naturally, and her religion was an integral part of her character, but she flushed as Rosy's remark was repeated to her. For a moment she wavered. Eric was a well-set-up man, generous and with the means to carry out his desires. As his wife she'd lead a luxurious existence—afternoons she could drive her mother about in the glorious sunshine and return to a well-served dinner that

she had not been obliged to prepare. And she could wear pretty frocks and hats without counting her dimes before daring to order them.

"Going to take a chance with me? Come on, Monica, you know I'm mad about you. Rosy is only waiting for me to drop the handkerchief to her. She knows luck when it smiles at her. We could drive to the City Hall and get the L—"

An unexpected gleam of sunshine had penetrated the grey veil that hung over Wabash Avenue, and it came down past the L. structure and rested on a tiny blue medal that Monica wore.

The little flash of light on the enamel and silver seemed to penetrate the girl's heart, and a sudden smile replaced the gravity of her soft, pink mouth. And a warm rush of happiness glowed within her. All her unworthy hesitation vanished, and her Irish blue eyes were brilliant as she lifted them to the man in the costly clothes who was watching her.

"Rosy is right," she made serene answer, "my religion does not approve of such a marriage. Forgive me, Eric, and forget me. I've made my decision."

"You care more for a silly scruple than for your mother's welfare?"

Her eyes clouded and her lips drooped. Hard, indeed, she found it to have conflicting duties. She adored her mother—they were more like two dear friends than parent and daughter. She had made countless sacrifices undreamed of by Mrs. Blake in order to serve the invalid who had a heart-weakness that kept her from doing anything arduous. And Eric had promised—if her mother should not improve—these thoughts tormented her. She must leave Mary Blake alone in order to earn—through the din and roar of the street she seemed to hear her mother's gay welcome when evening came, and she was entering the boarding house. Mrs. Blake longed for a tiny home, but she could not be alone during the day.

Something struck her hand and her fingers closed on cool crystal. She glanced down indifferently and saw that she held a rosary. The slender links were of gold and the exquisitely-carved beads were of crystal. The tiny cross was beautifully executed, and as she saw the grave Face she lifted her head exultantly. She had received the answer to her silent prayer. She knew what she must do, and she dismissed Eric with a finality that left no room for further argument.

With a black look of anger that startled her he lifted his hat and leaped into his car at the curb. He had the look of a stranger to her—an expression of menace had limned itself about his mouth.

With a breath of relief that the scene was ended, Monica, anxious to get home on her half-holiday, was about to slip the rosary into her purse when she happened to think of the Lost and Found columns. Ought she to insert an advertisement concerning the rosary?

Walking rapidly south, she pondered. She had intended to drop in at the Church of the Little Company of Mary in South Wabash Avenue where she often prayed. Once she had seen the singer, Rosa Raisa, in there. She found she had only a dollar in change and she would not receive her salary cheque until Monday evening, so she decided to wait and insert the notice when she was in funds again.

She left the church with a feeling of courage. She had burned a candle to St. Joseph, her favorite saint, and she had whispered a petition concerning love. Most girls would not be likely to admit a prayer like that, perhaps Monica would not have wished to do so either, but she was safe in throwing herself upon the Saint's mercy. She liked to weave dreams of the future, and she wanted, naturally, to have a home later on with a jolly young man as the master.

Sunday morning she looked first in the Lost and Found section of a morning paper and there was the notice:

"Lost, near Mandel's, a gold-and-crystal rosary. It was dropped from a taxi, and the owner, an aged woman, is most anxious to recover same because of the memories attached."

The street and number were there and Monica went to the telephone-book to call Mrs. Martin.

There was no telephone however. That meant giving up the morning to returning the rosary, for the address was out far North.

"Of course, I could send it by mail, but if an old lady is worrying about it, I suppose I should see that she gets it as soon as possible."

"I suppose so," returned her mother doubtfully; "I do wish I could go with you."

"And," reflected Monica, "if I'd accepted Eric he would drive us both out there."

"I suppose a taxi would be out of the question?"

"I'm afraid it is," answered Monica, regretfully. "Next Sunday we'll have to go somewhere, though, to make up for this lost day. If you had lost the rosary daddy gave you I'd want it sent back as soon as possible."

"Yes, of course. Well, hurry back."

Monica took the L. down town and went over to Michigan Boulevard where she took the motor-bus as the number was in Sheridan Road. She was lucky in getting a front seat on top, and she stared at Lake Michigan with appreciative eyes. Blue with gay little, white-edged waves it glittered in the morning sun, and the sea gulls flying and swooping down gave her a sense of relief from the crowded city. If only she could afford to live where her mother could see that picture from her windows.

When she left the bus she had a feeling of surprise. She had expected to find a very modest little house as there

had been no telephone under the name of Martin. On the contrary, she found the number was a stately place, a rambling structure covering a great deal of ground, and it was on the East side of Sheridan. The back of the house was on the Lake.

"I expect she is some aged servant of the family. That is why I didn't find her name in the book. Probably I'll be expected to go to the service door."

Monica disliked this idea intensely. She didn't begrudge the loss of her precious morning, for she felt it was what she should do; but she flushed as she visioned the side door. Her father had taught languages at a famous university, and—well, with her head held high she ascended the broad stone steps. To her surprise the doors beyond the vestibule were open, and a man was wheeling a chair across the marble foyer.

Monica nodded stiffly to attract his attention. "I have brought back a lost rosary. Will you be good enough to return it to Mrs. Martin."

The man was not in livery. Probably a secretary, decided Monica. He looked at her intently and she detected the surprise in his round face, but he made no move to cross the squares of black-and-white marble that intervened.

"I—I am in a hurry," she added coldly, "I'll just lay it on the table."

"I—pardon my slowness," he muttered, his dark eyes still searching her small rosy face in bewilderment, "I—"

"What is it, Peter?" the crisp voice seemed to fall between them, and Monica had a sensation of having been aroused from a deep dream, so fascinated had she been by the curious look on the man's face.

"The young lady has brought back your lost rosary."

Monica watched as he lifted a trumpet and spoke slowly and distinctly into it.

"Bring it here, then," came the quick answer.

Feeling somewhat like a tardy child the girl approached the chair and held out the beads.

The tiny hands were glistening with jewels and the aged face broke into myriad wrinkles. "My prayer has been answered, Peter. How could I doubt? I shall send a cheque to Father John at once. You've given me more than these beads, although I value them *greatly*. You've restored to me a faith that had faltered and grown weary because of my loss."

"She has just lost a—daughter," whispered Peter, "Anne gave her that rosary."

Monica laid an impulsive hand on the chair, but it was at Peter that she looked. "Be very kind to her," she whispered, "even servants have much in their power and, to lose a daughter! Ah, that is hard. My mother couldn't stand losing me, although goodness knows I'm far from perfect."

"What's that?"

"She is sorry for you," Peter said, his lips close to the trumpet.

"See that she's adequately rewarded and that she leaves her name and address, Peter. I'm going to send for her again."

Obediently he wrote down the name and address, but when he pulled out a cheque-book Monica grew white.

"Please do not do such a thing. I—I'm not accustomed to being paid for doing the only possible thing," she cried.

The old lady seemed to catch the gist of this and her sunken eyes sparkled. "Not many young folks think like that nowadays," she said, then sighed, "wheel me into the sun room, Peter, and bring some tea. Even at this hour I can do with some and so can my young guest, I'm thinking."

Peter wheeled in a tea cart shortly and the French pastries brought a twinkle of pleasure into Monica's blue eyes. She was old enough to work down town, but young enough to have a child-

ish passion for sweets and ices. As she nibbled daintily at an ice fashioned in the form of a pink rose, and eyed the goodies awaiting her choice, she permitted herself an inward laugh as she reflected upon the stringy roast beef and cornstarch pudding that would be served for dinner before she could get back to the boarding house.

"I could not find the telephone number in the book," she said.

"It is under the name of Gordon," replied Peter, who was handing the invalid a cup of tea. The Swatow porcelains brought a gleam of pleasure to Monica's face, and her blue eyes strayed out at the sapphire waves beating against the pier. There were jade lawns and great beds of blossoms to be seen from the open French doors, and she saw a rose garden, too.

"There ought to be a sundial there—" she closed her mouth quickly. She had been thinking aloud. And as she glanced quickly at Peter to see if he had heard, she caught him shaking his head at something Mrs. Martin had muttered.

"There is one there," he answered, "go out and look around at the flowers. Mrs. Martin won't mind."

Presently Monica obeyed. She was puzzled by this place. Peter must be a servant of sorts despite his lack of uniform, for he had not seated himself as a secretary would have done, but had passed the dishes like a footman. He had then stood beside the chair.

"You wouldn't take a reward, but you will surely accept a basket of flowers," called Mrs. Martin, a few moments later as Monica came up the boxed walk towards the sun room.

"I'd love to," answered the girl, dimpling at the thought of the great heavy-headed roses that were spilling perfume prodigally, and turned back between the hedge gates.

Peter found her by the sundial in the center of the rose garden. "I only mark the sunlit hours," he said gaily. "All

right for a bit of stone, but real folks have to count the hours as they come. Mrs. Martin has asked me to drive you home. You would be burdened by this basket, she fears, if you return on the motor-bus."

With the thought of being a modern Alice-in-Wonderland, Monica found herself speeding south in Sheridan Road beside Peter.

"Mrs. Martin lives there?" Monica couldn't resist the personal question.

"Of course. I make it my business to see that she is properly served, too," answered Peter.

"It's a wonderful place," confided Monica, "it looks like a place of dreams-come-true," she added quaintly. "Aren't you lucky to find work there? I work in a Loop office down in a very canyon of stones. And glad to have the position, too," she finished frankly.

"Will you drive with me again?"

A silence grew between them—a stillness that was woven of bright and unsubstantial dreams. The roar of the Sunday traffic swept past them unheeded, indeed, unnoticed. Then Monica pinkened, hesitated and said: "I—well, what time do you have off? Do you have regular hours?"

The daughter of the instructor of languages had forgotten the background of which she was usually inordinately proud. Love had at last cast its bemusing net about her, and she had forgotten that the man beside her should have put on his uniform when driving the Gordon car. He was dependable, this round-faced man with his honest dark eyes and his firm chin. That could be easily read.

"I *have* regular hours," he said, "but they are of my own making. I'm afraid I've let you continue in your mistake because of the novelty of finding a girl like you. I'm Peter Gordon, not an employé. My mother married a second time and was twice widowed."

"But," gasped the girl, "your mother,

didn't she know I—misunderstood?"

He nodded gaily. "She understood and gloried in my amazement," he admitted. "She understands more than most women who can hear. And," he turned and looked down squarely into the black-lashed eyes, "she likes you. Now, are you going to drive with me again? I got what I deserved for wearing the shabby old jacket."

They were waiting on the Link for the traffic lights to change, and a girl in the next car waved a white-gloved hand.

"Hello, Peter! we missed you last night."

"I—I was on duty, Lillian," he laughed, casting a gleeful glance at Monica.

Monica was thinking of an offering she must make to St. Joseph for he had answered her prayers.

St. Edmund Rich.

BY FATHER CUTHBERT, O. S. F. C.

ST. EDMUND Hall still serves to remind the English University of this gentle saint who first lectured in its schools on 'the new Aristotle' far back in the early days of the Thirteenth Century. The 'new Aristotle' meant, of course, the newly discovered books of Aristotelian days which were to mean so much in the development of Mediæval speculation. Yet it is not as the pioneer of the new dialectic speculations that St. Edmund's memory has been kept alive in Oxford traditions, but as the saintly scholar who vowed his chastity to God and the Blessed Virgin.

The story which appears in all the contemporary lives of the Saint and in several chronicles, tells how St. Edmund resolved to dedicate himself wholly to God's service, went to a church and "in the presence of his confessor, promised to give and to vow his unsullied virginity to Mary, the most chaste

Mother of God," and to preserve it all the days of his life; and he recited these words in the church before the statue of the Blessed Virgin. And then he suddenly rose up and placed a ring, which he had procured for this purpose, on the finger of the statue, and fitted it on, saying: "To thee, O most pure Virgin of virgins, Mother of my Lord Jesus, I vow, promise and consecrate, the gift of my virginity. With this ring I plight thee my troth and gratefully adopt thee for my lady and spouse; that so I, a virgin, may merit the grace to serve thee, a virgin, better for the future."

The legend adds that when, after his consecration of himself, the saint sought to pluck off the ring from the statue, lest its presence should arouse wonderment amongst the people, he found himself unable to do so, "though he tried in every way he could"; and this he took as a hopeful sign that his vow had been accepted. The scene of this incident is generally supposed to have been old St. Mary's, the church most frequently used for University celebrations. That at least was the tradition in the Fifteenth Century, though other churches have claimed the honor. It was just one of those romantic incidents which abide in the memory of men because they strike the imagination and reveal as in a sudden flash the beauty of character. And so this incident has endured as an Oxford legend; whilst the story of St. Edmund as the first lecturer on the 'new Aristotle' is left to the history school.

The early University was indeed rich in saints. Within the first half of the Thirteenth Century it had three notable lecturers who were afterwards formally canonized, and two who received a popular *cultus*; yet St. Edmund is the Saint of Thirteenth-Century Oxford; as Grosseteste, popularly known as "St. Robert of Lincoln," was its master mind. This does not necessarily mean that St. Edmund was the greatest of the

saints who found their home in Oxford at that time; but it does imply that there was something in him which appealed more directly to the simple human affections, rather than to the considered judgment of the mind.

The story of St. Edmund in fact is a 'legend beautiful.' It begins in the mercer's house at Abingdon, which lies six miles from Oxford beyond the Bagley Wood. Reynold Rich, the father, is but a passing figure in the story. He was a Godfearing man, says the legend, of moderate substance in this world's goods, but rich in virtue: towards the end of his life with his wife's consent, he entered the monastery at Evesham, and there made a happy ending. So Reynold Rich passes off the stage, and St. Edmund's boyhood is presented to us as encompassed by the watchful care of his mother who "joined a man's heart to a woman's thought." It is Mabel Rich who "by a certain artfulness" instils into the boy a love of mortification and self-denial, who sees to it that he shall be taught letters and the observance of religion; it is she again, who, when Edmund and his younger brother are sent to Paris, warns them against the temptations they will meet with, and "forearms them with wisdom."

When Edmund is twelve years of age his mother sends him off to a grammar school in Oxford; a few years later she sends him to study in the University of Paris; and that he might be inured to Christian manliness, she bade him go as a poor scholar, begging his way as he went in the manner of poor scholars at the religious houses he came to. Yet when he fell sick at Oxford, Mabel Rich hurries to nurse him, and does not return till he is strong again. She had, says the biographer a great faith in her son, "foreseeing his future sanctity." It is evident she set herself to make a man of him; and equally evident that the moulding influence she had, was derived in part from the strong devotion to-

wards herself which she inspired in her children—Edmund's devotion to his mother and family remained with him all through his life. She died whilst he was a student in Paris. Knowing that her end was drawing near, she sent for him to come to her, and on her deathbed confided to him the care of his two sisters. When he himself lay dying at Pontigny, he sent them his pallium and other intimate gifts: the last token of his lifelong solicitude. The strong affection which bound together the mercer's family at Abingdon, governed as it was by the good sense of the mother, is the real beginning of Edmund's story. Out of it emerge quite fittingly the innocence and gentle kindness which were the dominant traits in the saint's character, whilst from his mother's training he gained perhaps that rigid sense of duty and quiet firmness at times verging upon obstinacy which his later history reveals.

Edmund then went to the school of Oxford, and one is quite prepared to find him experiencing a sense of bewilderment, coming as he did from the sheltered sanctities of his mother's house into the rough and tumble of a scholar's life; but he was no milk-sop. He felt the call of a boy's games, and on occasion felt it so strongly that the Mass would hardly be finished when he would hurry off to join in some sport. That makes the real piety of his boyhood all the more convincing; and proves that the vow he made to Our Lady was born of no unhealthy sentiment, but from a real reverence in which he held his soul. One day he had arranged with some companions "to go and sport about the fields," but when the time came some tenderness of conscience drew him apart. As he was standing alone, says the legend, and musing on holy things, he heard a voice which greeted him: "Welcome, my beloved!" and before him stood another boy of great comeliness. Edmund was too shy to answer.

"Do you not know Me?" asked the Boy.

"No," replied Edmund; "nor do I think I have ever seen you before."

"That is strange," said the Boy, "since I sit by you in the Schools. But look upon My face and see what is written there." And Edmund looked and saw written as in golden letters upon the Boy's forehead these words: "Jesus of Nazareth."

The Boy disappeared leaving in Edmund's soul a deep joy. After all these long centuries of heresy, tradition still points to a tree as marking the spot of Edmund's vision.

Having completed his education, Edmund at first settled down to a quiet academic life as a Master of Arts. Then again the mother's influence asserts itself. One night in a dream she appeared to him, and bade him put aside his lectures and study the Blessed Trinity. St. Edmund accepted the dream as indicating his true vocation. He eventually took his degree in theology and was ordained priest. As a lecturer he drew crowds to listen to him. That might well be if we remember that he was the first to lecture on the "new" logic of Aristotle, but besides this he appears to have had an immense personal influence upon his undergraduate audience. For one thing he had a sense of humor; then again he could divine by a keen sympathy the latent character in those who sought his advice; and, perhaps most potent of all was the clear spiritual idealism which governed all his actions and conduct and gave beauty to his countenance.

In his unworldliness he was prodigal of money. Whoever applied to him might empty his purse; and he was careless about his scholar's fees. The one personal 'comfort' his money gave him at Oxford was a small chapel he built in honor of Our Lady in which he said or heard Mass daily. And besides all this there was the missionary's

enthusiasm, which led him to preach to the people in Oxford churchyards and in the adjoining villages. It is not difficult to credit St. Edmund's popularity among the undergraduates of his day: youth quickly responds to enthusiasm and sincerity, especially when it is lightened by a sense of humor.

From Oxford, Edmund was called to be Treasurer of Salisbury Cathedral: an incongruous appointment it might seem to one careless of money. Yet as Treasurer he seems to have won praise for good management—except so far as his own finances were concerned. He always kept open house, so that any traveller might find a hospitable welcome. But not infrequently it happened that, having fed others sumptuously, he must go and beg a meal for himself from some neighboring friend.

At length he was appointed by the Pope to the Primacy of England; and he, the gentle scholar and missionary preacher, whose inmost soul shrank from the turmoil of politics and the distraction of worldly cares, must take upon himself the blood-stained mantle of St. Thomas à Becket. Six years of incessant struggle with the King and vested interests on the behalf of the freedom and purification of the Church, ended in his exile and death in a stranger's land. He was hardly fitted by nature for the burden the pontificate thrust upon him; he was more at home amongst his undergraduates and the poor, to both of whom his heart went out in a winning sympathy.

EVEN those who do not believe in Christ have to submit to the Christian calendar. Their years are numbered from the Babe of Bethlehem. Every Occidental document, from a State paper to a postal card, is stamped with the figures of the year of Our Lord. Christmas, Good Friday, and Easter are perennial tributes to the memory of Christ.

Catholic Readers.

THIS heading is likely to be confusing. It may mean Catholics who read; it is intended to mean Catholic readers who read Catholic literature. Of the first we have an army; here, there, everywhere. Those in the second group may reach the proportions of a captain's command.

This emphatically small percentage of Catholics who concern themselves with Catholic life as represented in books and magazines serving their Faith, is pointed out periodically. But the depressing percentage remains. Nor does there seem any great promise in the offing.

Why? Well, we have the far-reaching lines of the indifferent. Those who do not read a Catholic book or subscribe to a Catholic paper, because a Catholic book or a Catholic paper does not exist for them any more than Duns Scotus exists, or the theory of sound. They eat, do their work, attend a short Sunday Mass, receive the Sacraments triannually, follow the fortunes of their favorite baseball team, complain about the high price of groceries, get pneumonia and recover after a hard battle. A Catholic book? Yes, they heard of one by Canon Sheahan and knew the name of it at one time. And they see the *Sunday Visitor* in the church rack, but spend all morning with the sport sheet and the funnies.

We have the people who think the Catholic book or the Catholic magazine will advertise them; who read a Republican or a Democratic newspaper and are not timid about letting people know where they stand. But to have a Catholic book on the shelf or a Catholic paper on the table—why, the Jones are coming to play *bridge* to-night and the Browns to-morrow night. And the Jones and the Browns must not get the impression that their Catholic neighbors

are old-fashioned or religious people. If we are to live out of doors socially, we must live our religion in the catacombs. You quite probably envisage this type so distinctly, no added analysis is needed. They live around your corner very probably. Every one of them a walking *apologia pro vita sua*.

And we have the intellectual snob; the man or woman who thinks because a book is written by a Catholic it must be dead wood. And a Catholic magazine is something like a prayer book, only larger and perhaps duller. Smartness and brightness and wit and onwardness and the heights and the depths are to be found only in secular magazines whose subscribers run into hundreds of thousands, and which charge a fortune for a page of advertising. A Catholic book by a Catholic writer is not daring in details of sex, nor intimate to the extent of semi-nudity. It does not make light of what we reverence, nor shock us with blasphemies. A book of Catholic tone and touch can not assert "views" which secure a front-page column in the morning daily and make it a best-seller at the week's end. A Catholic of some literary pretensions said, not so long ago, that only laborers and servant girls read our religious papers and magazines. The implication being that the literary minded and those who have "reached" or are "reaching" socially, need something more advanced and sophisticated to satisfy their astute tastes.

Our papers and magazines are not wrought out in those broad, bold lines which characterize the secular press. The field of news is limited; they may not and will not present a table of contents which staggers our faith or shocks our sense of the proprieties: all the more credit to them! The fact that some of the more advanced and liberal individuals within the Faith are censorious on what they call our backward Catholic journalism should not dishearten those

earnest doers in the field of religious publications who are laboring for a cause.

The Catholic weekly paper is the chronicler of the Catholic life of a city or of a state, or of several states. From the Catholic whose mind is not secularized, who himself is not completely self-centered and snobbish, the weekly religious paper will have a warmth of welcome for its own sake and because of the loyalties which are back of it. The Catholic magazine which gives him fact and fiction which are not pietistic nor maudlin but helpful and wholesome will have its place on his library table.

We need many more Catholic readers who read Catholic books, and subscribe to Catholic papers and magazines. We need them not only in benighted sections where Catholic truths are misunderstood or misinterpreted, but also in sections where the Catholic name is well known and influential. If we lack solidarity, if we are provincial and obscure, it is largely because we do not know the whole round of the Church's life in our own country. We need the encouragement which comes from reading the brave things done elsewhere as well as the facts about a thousand reports scattered broadcast to misrepresent and assail the Catholic name. When we are ashamed of our Faith in this present day, it is because we do not know present-day Catholic accomplishment.

Ignorance isolates us. It shuts out from us the great records of our history and the truth of what is happening around us at the present time. If we were living in an age of the world when outside contacts and news from places remote were limited to three or four incoming mails every year, our ignorance might be called invincible. To-day, we not only receive news; it is so frequent and so ubiquitous, we cannot escape it.

Notes and Remarks.

A curious ceremony recently took place on the cliffs of Dunwich, Suffolk, England. A priest, standing above the sea, blessed the graves of an old town which lies beneath the waters. The service is an annual one in honor of St. Felix, who, in 630 A. D., established the first diocese of East Anglia. This year marked the thirteenth centenary of the foundation of the See. In earlier times, when England was a Catholic nation, Dunwich had fifty churches. The sea encroached, however, and took its spoils, until to-day only one church remains, and that Anglican. At the service this year there was a procession. The *De Profundis* was recited and the graves blessed from the crest of the cliff.

On the occasion of the first showing of his talking picture, "Song o' My Heart," in the city of Dublin, John McCormick stated that his one great idea in appearing in this particular production was to offset some of the ridiculous impressions of Ireland that have been given currency by other pictures. That he has done so artistically and to the satisfaction of public and producer is evident from the enthusiastic press reports and the crowded theatres in cities worth while. Why does not more of our Catholic talent throw itself in the way of interpreting to the world some of the beauties of Catholic living? That effort must be limited of course in the world of the moving picture; but who will say that we have lived up to our opportunities in the field of literature?

Extension Magazine commemorates its Silver Jubilee in an enlarged edition, the cover done in a delicate design. There are likenesses in colors of His Holiness Pius XI., His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate to the United States, Cardinals Mundelein, O'Connell, Dougherty and Hayes; also of the founder of

Extension, Rt. Rev. Francis Clement Kelley, Bishop of Oklahoma, and Rt. Rev. Msgr. William D. O'Brien, President of the Catholic Church Extension Society. Other members of the episcopacy and clergy associated in the great work of which *Extension Magazine* is the unfailing chronicler, are presented to *Extension* readers. And those members of the laity who actively co-operate in furthering the prospects for the Church's growth, find a place in the pages of this Jubilee number.

We congratulate our enterprising, forward-looking contemporary, and wish for it the support and loyalty which twenty-five years of undiminishing services deserve. It seems only yesterday since Bishop Kelley ventured on his ambitious enterprise. He had courage and resolution; and enthusiasm not chilled by indifference nor halted by delays. He had indeed very little money when he set out on his pilgrimage to help struggling home churches. But he had plans and dreams and a fighting faith. And men so armed always win.

We were talking recently with a man of judgment who had the opportunity of looking in upon the recent convention of Federated Colored Catholics at Detroit. The edification which he expressed, agreed perfectly with sentiments we have already heard from the lips of priests and nuns laboring among these people. The Negro has his defects, of course, but he has some admirable qualities also with which he has not always been properly credited. In too many cases he has been judged by the occasional "bad man" of his race who has fallen afoul of the law. As one Negro publication remarked, if our newspapers commented upon it every time a red-headed man committed a crime, it wouldn't be long until we would suspect every individual of that type of being a criminal. It appears that we have been too free at times in condemning the

Negro upon what is often rather questionable evidence. Rev. William M. Markoe, S. J., Editor of *The Chronicle*, official organ of the Federated Colored Catholics of the United States, openly attacks what he takes to be the white man's assumption of moral superiority over his black brother. Whatever be our valuation of Father Markoe's opinion, we must admit that he has had opportunities of studying both sides of the question. He says:

I defy any man to prove that the white American is the moral superior of the black. There is no proof but hearsay, gossip and meaningless statistics. From the point of view of formal guilt I believe the Negro to be less culpable; from the point of view of material wrong-doing I believe him to be no more guilty than the white man. For every crime committed by "a big burly black brute" there can be named a worse offense done by a polished white villain, and an offense which carries with it the weight of a greater malice, greater deliberation, greater hypocrisy, and an abused better understanding.

Mr. William Lyon Phelps, the critic, presents a list of one hundred best novels of all time in his department of *Scribner's* for the current month. Many in the list are traditional. "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels," Fielding's "Joseph Andrews," and "Tom Jones." Books by Tolstoy, Dickens, Mark Twain, and Zola are included in the honor roll. Among contemporaries are the names of Kipling, Galsworthy, Wells and Wilder. Mr. Phelps calls the books in his list "the best." Needless to say there are some twenty-five million dissenters at least. But when Mr. Phelps adds his modifying term to what he means by "best books," we cease to dispute:

"Some years ago I printed a list of the best fifteen novels. In response to repeated requests I now expand this to a hundred. I have chosen these novels because I like them. I mean that if I

had to select a hundred novels and could have no others, I would take these."

On the principle of personal choice, Mr. Phelps is quite within his rights. At the same time, there are very many books included in his list which we most certainly should omit, and several omitted which we would carry with us to a desert island. Let it be understood, then, between Mr. Phelps and the rest of us that his "one hundred best" are "one hundred best" for him. And he leaves us free to continue to cultivate our own tastes.

It must have been a great shock and an equally great disappointment to the authorities of the Episcopalian Church when the announcement came of the conversion of the former editor of the *American Church Monthly* to the Catholic Communion. Naturally some very bitter things were said in the first excitement of so momentous a loss, and perhaps they can be forgotten for that very same reason. There was one statement, however, which for its pathos, and above all its fairness, should not be forgotten. Dr. Delany will never have anything finer said about him under any circumstances than came from the pen of one of his former Churchmen during the first trying period of his separation from Anglicanism. The quotation comes from one of the most influential Episcopalian publications, *The Churchman*. It reads:

The announcement that the Rev. Dr. Selden P. Delany, rector of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, New York, and formerly editor of the Anglo-Catholic *American Church Monthly*, has resigned his rectorship because of his purpose to enter the Roman Catholic Church, is of interest to members of the Episcopal Church. Dr. Delany, reared a Presbyterian, has long been prominent and influential as an Anglo-Catholic. Though of strong convictions in churchmanship, as made plain in his proposed change of allegiance, Dr. Delany has always been a fair-minded ex-

ponent of his position. To great numbers of people in the Episcopal Church it will seem that he has made an entirely logical decision. Such a step as that which he proposes to take can scarcely be decided upon without deep searchings of the heart and very real courage. *There are many other Anglo-Catholics who would change their allegiance to that of Rome were it not for personal affiliations involved, both in the present and in the future. The Churchman* wishes Dr. Delany every happiness in his new association.

In these days when history is being rewritten with rather flexible pens we can be prepared for almost anything. We were able to stand up under the blow when the news came that Columbus was a Jew and that he hadn't discovered America; but when the *Melbourne Advocate* tells us that a Rev. Dr. Patten, of Dublin, publicly proclaimed that the "Anglican Communion" was "the Church of St. Patrick" it becomes almost too much. And when the *Advocate* follows up that bit of news with the statement that one or two Melbourne non-Catholics have even claimed that the great Saint was a Protestant, the shock becomes overwhelming. What a fine mess that puts us Catholics in after claiming him for almost 1500 years! Well, anyway, for a Protestant, he certainly made a lot of Catholic conversions.

The consistent refusal of the Church to even discuss a possible union with Protestantism on a basis of doctrinal agreement has furnished new ammunition for the controversialists of our day. Naturally the Church has been bombarded with vigor. At a recent general Church session, for example, Lord Davidson, of Lambeth (ex-Archbishop of Canterbury), had the following to say: "In our endeavor to help forward the fulfilment of Our Lord's great prayer, no helpful word or act comes from the City of Seven Hills.

Members of that Church will not even join us in prayer. Of course, they tell us that the path is easy if we will do their bidding. We have never ceased to make it clear that we can enter no portal of fellowship which has 'submission' graven on its lintel—submission to what would be unendurable, because it is untrue. About that we have no vestige of hesitation."

The good Churchman does not do us justice in talking about submission. The Catholic Church is not looking for anything like a ceremony of surrender. The only submission she cares about, if one wishes to call it that, is the submission which she makes every day of her own life—the submission to Truth. There is no swagger of pride about that. The Church has been given her doctrine, and she cannot discard it. She looks with longing at the millions of non-Catholics the entire world over, and she would do anything short of proving false to her trust to bring these people into union with her. But a common organization and a common belief and a common loyalty at the cost of a single departure of doctrine would no longer be the Church of Christ. The Bishop of Northampton has expressed this unwillingness of the Catholic Church to discuss doctrinal compromises in a way that can hardly be improved upon. He says:

Some of our legislators would have us sit round a table with the representatives of the Protestant religions, pool our respective beliefs, pouring them, as it were, into a seething cauldron, where, in mixing, they may assume some appearance of homogeneity, and come out a simple religion suitable to the child mind, which may be taught in common to all the children, in all the schools. Thus will end, they say, that strife between the sects which is the bugbear of the modern school, and an effectual bar to any real progress in true education. We are asked to connive at, nay, more than connive, actually to assist, in destroying our children's Faith, to create a new body of doctrine—if such an at-

tenuated thing can be called a body—that shall represent to the child the epitome of all the religious beliefs in England. One wonders whether the parents would recognize it as the religion they have been taught and still practise. No, the Catholic Faith is not a mere jumble of doctrines any one of which you can take out and examine separately, and accept or reject at choice. It is one co-ordinated whole, perfect in all its parts, which illustrate and explain each other in the perfect harmony of the mind of Christ, its Creator. We cannot reject one part without rejecting the Faith in its entirety.

Indisputable and as common as deplorable, is the fact that those who write against the Church substitute opinions and speculations for a study of tradition. It is curious to notice how invariably they dwell on the reasons for doubt and disregard the proofs of truth, thus reconciling themselves to clear and positive falsehood. Lord Bacon remarked that “when a doubt is once received, men labor rather how to keep it a doubt than how to solve it, and accordingly bend their wits. What bad use of reason and knowledge is that which laboreth to make doubtful things certain, and laboreth not to make things that are sure still more so!”

President Ortey Rubio made this pronouncement recently in reply to the President of the Mexican Congress:

As Chief Executive, in defense of what is only a theory, namely, the separation of Church and State, I can never fail to be interested or pretend to ignore the religious aspects of the life of society in Mexico. No collective activities should pass unnoticed by the Government, because the Government is nothing if it is not the national administrator. Therefore, whatever may be the convictions of those who govern, they have the duty always to be mindful of the diverse tendencies of those whom they govern.

By this I mean, that it is to be the purpose of the Chief Executive of the nation to

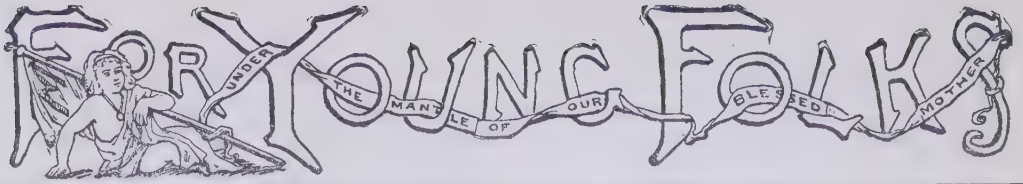
respect and cause to be respected liberty of religious beliefs which is guaranteed by our fundamental charter, and in this regard, no person under my administration shall be made to suffer by reason of his faith or of his worship.

At the same time, however, the Government is firmly determined to enforce the laws strictly, and never to permit that, under pretext of religious activities, individuals go to extremes invading social fields, foreign to the spiritual field of religion, seeking in this way to influence the political life, the economic life or the customs of the country.”

We naturally bide our time before becoming unduly optimistic. The words should foster hope. But words so often remain words, even conceding to President Rubio the very best intentions. We shall watch Mexico with added interest during the coming year.

The remains of a basilica dating from the Ninth Century have been discovered at Narbonne, France, under the cloister of the Gothic cathedral of St. Just. The discovery was made by Abbé Sigal. The basilica is said to have been erected by the Emperor Theodorus, in 890, to replace the great basilica of Bishop Rusticus, which was erected on the ruins of the primitive church of Narbonne. Abbé Sigal had previously discovered a very precious Fourteenth Century text pointing out the location of the basilica, whose discovery now verifies the document.

A spiritual writer of former times says, with as much truth as satire: “Whenever a poor mortal sins publicly, he is shunned, even by his friends, as if they themselves had never sinned. But let me assure you that if all who have committed grievous sins were to die, there would be little need to build many more houses, or to sow much more wheat.” Words which might well be taken to heart by those to whom they were not addressed.



My Buccaneer Ship.

BY ELEANORE PERRY ENGELS.

OH, I have a ship whose red, red sail
Has a blue-green dragon upon it;
And I sail it over a fire-gold sea
With my brave buccaneers who won it!

Oh, I have a cap of black and gold,
And on it a red, red feather;
Right bravely I flaunt my blood-silk cloak,
And laugh at the stormy weather!

Oh, I sail my ship down the purple shores,
Where the wild waves break and thunder;
And boldly I scuttle fat merchant ships,
And share with my buckies the plunder!

Then we hide our ship in deep, green bays,
Go ashore when our fancy chooses;
And we shout our songs down the forest ways,
And laugh when an ape pursues us.

So get you a ship with a red, red sail,
And we'll roam the seas together;
And laugh and shout with our buccaneers,
Whatever may be the weather.

Literal Rastus Finds the Serpent.

BY GERTRUDE McNALLY.

IT was many years since Miss Hittie had moved from St. Anne's parish to the upper west side, but she still took time for occasional calls upon old Father Flannigan, her childhood confessor.

"You see," she was telling him, as she sat now in the austere parlor of the priest's house, "I should like to do a lot of good this summer, and I know of no better place than this River Street district. It has no neighborhood playground, I am sure, and I should enjoy putting some color into the lives of its ragged little urchins."

Father Flannigan looked thoughtfully at the small, grey-haired woman with the big heart. "A born mother," he mused, "and one of earth's finest."

After a short pause Miss Hittie continued: "You know, Father, I was not blessed with the privilege of giving life in a woman's normal way—perhaps that is why I long so to give color. Ruskin says, 'Color is life!'"

"Bless you, child," the old priest answered; "and what can I do to help in this worthy ambition?"

"Well, I thought if you'd be so kind as to allow me the use of the school basement for the summer, I could fix it up into a large, cool playroom."

"But a modern heating plant is being installed there; and besides, Miss Hittie, you said rightly, that it was your desire to reach all creeds. Are you not afraid that only one will come to the basement of a Catholic school?"

"Not when everything will be free," twinkled Miss Hittie. "And as for the new heating plant, nothing could fall in better with my plans. Its cleanliness will add to the basement's appearance."

Thus it was that two weeks later, the school basement at a big but satisfying expense to Miss Hittie, was made into a modern playroom. The floor was covered with linoleum. Small, gay-painted tables were moved in, cretonnes hung, and added lights swayed proudly, showing off new dresses of Japanese paper.

News of "free eats and regular circus fun" spread quickly in the neighborhood where Rastus lived, and soon Miss Hittie's heart was beating high with dreams come true. A fadeless guarantee went with her favorite manner of giving color, which was that of story telling; different hues being used for

different occasions. There was a story to help fuse an attractive glow into the prose of work, and to better illustrate the reward of goodness. Another to instil a love for beauty. But the tales told during the *first* half hour of each day were not sugar-coated on top only; for these were Bible stories.

Miss Hittie now concluded the story of Creation with, "And how many of you children would like to grow a garden of Eden all your own, because you know, we can all make a little Eden of the sphere we occupy?"

"We'd like to plant a garden of Eden in our back yard," said Bridget, an O'Grady twin, "but we don't know how."

"Our Miss Hittie, she can showa you keeds how to planta da Eden," glowed worshipful Dolores, who had seen tears gather in the teacher's eyes when she exhibited huge welts made by her papa, "who whippa her good."

But superior Olie Olson shot a look of contempt at simple Dolores: "The Lord ban all vot makes Garden of Edens."

"No, Suh!" protested Rastus White loyally. "Miss Hittie can makes dem too. Didn't she make a man, upon the blackboard yesterday?"

"To continue," laughed Miss Hittie, "if you children would like to plant little garden of Edens in your back yards, I will buy the seeds and settle them in their new homes down underneath the ground; then you can watch and water them yourselves."

Jacob Sinsky pushed his way to the side of the generous Gentile lady. "Und for the best garden, what will be the prize?"

Rastus gasped. How could anyone with such a nice mammy as had Jacob, still have no company manners? For well, did Rastus remember the friendly Mrs. Sinsky who, not so long ago, had given the pleasant soapman her initialled handkerchief to test with the black grease of the wagon wheel.

"The prize—let me see," pondered Miss Hittie. "The prize will be a big American flag, and one month from the day your seeds are planted I will return to each of your back yards, and give the flag to the owner of the finest-looking garden."

When the squeals of glee had subsided, little Rastus piped: "Please, Miss Hittie, what am a se'pent, an' will we has one in *our* Eden ga'dens too?"

"A serpent is an awful thing that goes about trying to destroy the beautiful and good; a snake is another name for it, and sometimes it takes human form!"

"Did its pappa whippa him in the story you just told?" asked Dolores, feeling of her sore little limbs.

"Not exactly, dear, but the Lord said to the serpent in the story, that it would have to eat dust all the days of its life. However, you children need have no fear of serpents in your gardens if you stay good and strong, and set a watch upon your actions."

"Ah'll sho' nuff set a watch for dat dere se'pent!" promised Rastus solemnly.

Olie Olson who had been unusually quiet for some time, now raised his hand, and Miss Hittie, ashamed of her vague dislike for this young braggart, made haste to seek his inquiry which as usual turned out to be a statement. "Aye yost vant to tell oudt loud, das nobody else but me vill vin das flag!" An assertion which made Pat and Bridget O'Grady quickly raise clenched fists, and Olie subside into silence.

Choosing their desired flowers from a big picture book, was great fun. Declaring, "das flowers were too silly for a big boy vit a fater in the yale house," Olie decided in favor of the sturdy pumpkin plant.

"But pumpkins don't appear until Fall, Olie."

"Das alright, Miss Hittie mam; my pumpkin vill appear in month. Vait and see—*aye ban vill vin das prize!*"

Dolores, her black eyes wells of sorrow, said that her "pappa didn't like flowers, not even danderloins," but maybe the teacher-lady would let her call a certain very pretty spider web her garden? It hung on her back-yard fence behind the garbage can, and in the very early morning when the grass was wet, "her spider web, eet all lights up with shiny dots!"

Pat couldn't decide in favor of any flower. Bridget, who always knew what she wanted, and why, insisted, as soon as it came her turn, on something blue or green, because, "wern't they the colors God liked best?"

Jacob wanted lilies "like his pappa sold to Gentiles at the Easter time," but finally he compromised, on daisies.

At last came Rastus' turn, and without consulting the book he said unhesitatingly: "White mo'ning glo'ies, please, Miss Hittie, dem flowe's dat grow up high, like de white candles upon Mary's altar."

So enthusiastic was the children's response to her garden idea, that the next day Miss Hittie began a series of concert stories upon the music of birds. With the aid of another picture book, she pointed to each bird in turn, and told her breathless listeners, who thought they must be hearing fairy tales, about the sweetness of the nightingale's song, the clearness of the meadow lark, the cheer of the quail's whistle, and the lullaby of the wood thrush. Thus passed a most wonderful month in the young lives of River Street's denizens.

Each time Olie Olson would declare his intention of winning the flag, Rastus would redouble his garden efforts. With every fibre of his small, tense person, Rastus wanted to win that prize. But not for himself! He *already* had a wondrous flag, whose white stars against blue sky was made from mammy's kitchen apron, and red stripes from pappy's underwear. He wanted the flag to give to Dolores—shy, beautiful Do-

lores—possessor of great brightness, for had she not said, when the Olson boy had taunted him about his color, that "*she* thought Rastus' black skin and white teeth just *ever* so much prettier, than Olie's blue eyes or blond hair?"

Rastus was carrying a lot on his mind these days. There was that Garden-of-Eden serpent, which, so far, he had been unable to locate; this made him feel badly, because of his promise to Miss Hittie to keep a watch for it. One day Rastus thought his search was over, for he heard Mrs. Olson, who lived five doors away, call shrilly:

"One snaker in the grass, that's what you is—for shame!" But when Rastus ran to look, Olie was the only one in sight!"

"Get away from here," he cried to Rastus. "You know vell, das Miss Hittie say we mustn't look at one another's gardens, till the time bane up!"

Weightier than any other problem, was the worry of "Brother," who was Rastus' black cat. For "Brother" had changed! He used to stay (asleep it's true) but always close at home with Rastus. Now, he spent his days and nights travelling, returning only to eat. And the morning when Rastus discovered that "Brother's" *favorite* haunt was Olie Olson's back yard where basked Bertha, an alluring spotted cat, was the saddest hour in his life.

He felt so bad that he wanted to run far, far away and hide, but there were important things to do just then at home, and he remembered one of Father Flannigan's bits of advice was to "Never be a quitter." So Rastus stayed, and through tear-dimmed eyes searched the alley's length, for old boxes to haul home and rest his spreading vines upon.

One thing he did not have to do was sprinkle. For a broken waterspout giving drink to ground that thirsted, was making Rastus' chance of winning the flag look promising. He remembered how yesterday, when he had told his

good friend Father Flannigan about the bloom in his Eden garden; due, his mammy said to the broken waterspout, the priest had answered softly as if talking to himself:

"Yes, always that is the way, in order to be the greatest help to people, we must be broken."

The big decision day came at last, and when the lazy sun finally stuck out its head, it found Rastus awake and thinking of the prize.

One by one the back-yard Edens were inspected, admired, then left behind, as Miss Hittie and her happy little brood rode on to view the next. "This is the prettiest garden of them all," Miss Hittie beamed as she stood at last and gazed upon Rastus' efforts.

"Ah's gwine gib mah flag to yo'," the pickaninny whispered to Dolores, and was instantly rewarded with a melting smile. Never had he felt so proud. If only mammy was at home to hear the teacher's praise, and behold the white children's respectful glances. Or if even "Brother" was home—Rastus looked hopefully around, then wistful eyes clouded. Only too well could be guessed his cat's whereabouts!

"Yost vait 'till you see *my* Eden," bragged Olie. "It bane moch better, than black boy's."

Olie's house was the only one that boasted a cellar, and when the group entered his orderly back yard, a cheer went up from the children which even Rastus almost joined, so impressive was the garden sight. For there upon small pumpkin vines sat proudly, a big and beautiful pumpkin.

In the children's minds at least there was no doubt as to whom the prize belonged. Only Miss Hittie and Rastus were silent. The former in order to best arrange the rush of words she wished to say; the latter, because he suddenly saw his black cat "Brother," come sauntering into the yard in a most at-home-like manner. Then he watched

him go over to the glowing pumpkin and walk around and around it.

Miss Hittie watched him too. Her lips were tightly set as if to lock in as long as possible the mounting angriness. "For after all," the peace-lover reminded herself, "it was Olie's own back yard, and what right had she to come and utter denunciation in it? No, the children were too young to understand that pumpkins could *grow* only in the fall; no need to try to explain so profound a law to them."

"But," an inner voice insisted, "you can not keep silent and allow Olie to accept that flag under false pretences when it rightfully belongs to Rastus? Surely, there must be *some way* to explain the mistake in not too harsh a manner?" Then as she watched "Brother," a true story came helpfully to the mind of the great lover of stories.

When at last Miss Hittie spoke, the children lifted inquiring faces, for her voice, which had heretofore carried the flute-like notes of the white-throated sparrow, now sounded as cold as had looked the sparrow's winter background in the picture book.

"Children, I have told you many stories—Bible, Nature, and other kinds, all carrying lessons which I have pointed out. Now, I will tell you a cat story, and the lesson—I'll let you find yourselves." Then, with the subtle touch of an artist, Miss Hittie—her mouth her only color-box—began the cat story:

"Although the cat is a very sleepy animal, it nevertheless has a great deal of wide-awake curiosity. So much so, in fact, that seldom can a human change an object without the cat demonstrating this curiosity by walking around and around the moved article."

By now the children's eyes had followed Miss Hittie's, and were watching "Brother's" like movements.

"I will show you an example," Miss Hittie continued, and striding over to the glowing pumpkin which had lain

intact the past year stored in Olie's cellar, she picked it up and set it upon a bench.

A war whoop from Rastus, and a smothered "Yompin Yimminy" from Olie, made her turn quickly to see the fused pair upon the ground, Rastus on top the larger boy. "Yo' se'pent in de ga'den yo'!" panted Rastus. "Ah's dun found yo' at last," and black fists full of sand, poured into Olie's opened mouth.

"Stop, child!" cried the hurrying Miss Hittie, "do you want to choke him with that dirt?"

"No, ah jest wants he should eats dust all de rest ob his life, like dat o'her se'pent in de ga'den had to!"

And when Miss Hittie forcibly removed the wrathful dust-inflictor, he wondered why her eyes were smiling. Perhaps, thought he, Dolores had told her 'bout de flag, dat now, she was a'gwine ter get?

Silence Helps to Save a Ship.

A ship on the way to Australia met with very rough weather. As the storm increased in fury and the huge waves rose high, driving into the ship with tremendous force, it sprang a leak. Though small at first, the severity of the storm and the difficulty of repairing the damage done, the hole in the boat grew larger, and there was some danger that port would never be reached.

There happened to be a gentleman on board who was very talkative. In fact, even before the accident had taken place, he had been very fearful of something going wrong, and in his thoughtless conversation had alarmed other passengers. The Captain had observed this, and when the storm came on, knowing the great mischief that could be done by a talkative person, he managed to take a minute from his very urgent duties to seek out this almost certain trouble-maker.

"What an awful storm," shouted the overly fearful passenger as soon as he saw the Captain; "I fear that the ship will be sunk, for I hear that the leak is very, very bad."

"As you seem to know it," replied the Captain, "and the others do not, you had better not mention it to any one, lest you frighten them further and a panic ensue. Perhaps, you would lend us your help. Hold on to this rope; don't leave it, but pull as hard as you can till I tell you to let go."

The gentleman caught the rope quickly, pulled with all his might, gritted his teeth with determination, and faithfully tried to do what he could to save the ship. As the storm continued, he worked steadily, apparently unconcerned about any danger. Finally, the storm began to die, the lightning ceased to flash, the waves were less high, the ship rode more smoothly, and the danger was passed. Yes, the ship was safe, and he was released from holding the rope.

However, the Captain did not seem to be very grateful for the part he had played in saving the ship, for no word of thanks was offered. So he ventured in a sly way to hint that such extraordinary service should in some way be rewarded or at least noticed. The Captain listened patiently several times, then on one occasion said, "I only gave you that rope to hold to keep you out of mischief, thus preventing you from alarming the other passengers."

"And it was not necessary for any one to hold it?"

"Not a bit, but it kept you from thinking about the danger, and above all from talking about it."

If you always live with those who are lame, in the end you yourself will come to limp.—*Anon.*

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Autumn announcements include an illustrated edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

—Among the latest volumes of Everyman's Library is Goethe's *Conversations with Eckermann*, with an introduction by Havelock Ellis.

—"The Resurrection of Rome" is the title of a new work by the indefatigable Mr. G. K. Chesterton, whose books, by the way, should have place in all our circulating libraries.

—J. M. Dent & Sons, London, are bringing out a centenary edition of the works of William Hazlitt in twenty-one volumes. The printing is limited to a thousand copies, and will sell for £15 15s.

—A new collection of Miss Violet Meynell's poems—the first since her "Verses" of 1919—is announced by Messrs. Martin Sector. It will bear the title "The Frozen Ocean" and will include the contents of the earlier volume as well as a number of new poems.

—It is regrettable that the beautiful English translation of Montalembert's "Monks of the West," a masterpiece of erudition and research, is now hard to obtain; and no reprint of it is announced. To the Monks of the West, be it said, the most of Europe owes its civilization and conversion.

—"The Mary Calendar," a little book by Judith Smith (Ditchling, Sussex, England), is a collection of the names and characters of plants and flowers associated with the legends of the Incarnation, Our Lady and the Holy Family. It is illustrated by sixteen woodcuts of plants referred to, in broad black and white, simplified and conventionalized somewhat in the manner of the prints in the old Herbals.

—Book Four, Part I., of the "Alpha Individual Arithmetics," by the supervisory staff of the Summit Experimental School, Cincinnati, deals chiefly with division. The method applies the principles of interest, motivation, and correct habit-formation. The young pupils are conducted on a quest by the "little

man," and every step of their journey is beset with problems which they must solve before they can proceed farther. Illustrations in pen and ink add to the realism and the interest of the study. It is a text that ought to keep the young mathematicians eager throughout the class period. Published by Ginn & Co. Price, 48c.

—"Thou Shalt Not Kill," by G. Clement, M. D., a Fribourg doctor of reputation, is, as the sub-title states, "A Brief for the Unborn Child." He bases his argument against abortion principally on medical grounds, though he appeals to conscience and the natural law in a matter in which an alarming number of doctors have followed false teaching, sacrificed principle to expediency, and allowed sentimental emotions to guide. After showing the rarity of cases involving the life of either mother or child, he discusses the less acute conflicts, and points out the futile reasons invoked for criminal operations. Then he sets down a course of conduct for general and particular cases. He sees that religion and morality do not check the unprincipled, but he also sees what increasing medical skill does. In other words, he believes that the medical world is almost convinced that there is never any need to kill by operation, that in every case both the mother and child may be saved. Hence, there is brought about an agreement between medical practice and the natural law. We would like to see this book of 149 pages in the hands of every doctor and medical student! Publisher, Peter Reilly Co., Philadelphia.

—Something well worth while is said by the *London Times Literary Supplement* in a notice of *Conversations Latines*, by M. Ch. Dumaine, a new French publication (Paris, Tralin):

This admirable little manual affords an effective resort to those who maintain that a classical education is useless, that Latin is a language of academic interest only. Latin is a very live language indeed, and no artificial language has taken its place as the *lingua franca* of educated men all the world over. The traveller who goes armed with M. Dumaine's manual of conversations in Latin and French may safely venture into most

parts of the world without being hampered by linguistic difficulties. For even in the smallest hamlet there is usually a priest to be found, and churchmen everywhere, especially those of the Roman Catholic faith, are good Latinists. Failing a priest, it is seldom difficult abroad to find somebody who has been through the mill of a Continental classical education. M. Dumaine's book is not addressed to scholars but to those who, having some Latin at their command, have occasion to use it in their daily life. Every conversation, therefore, is of the sort that may be heard any day anywhere—greetings, talk of food and wine and lodgings, of doctors and policemen and stocks and shares, all carefully tabulated under the appropriate headings. That Latin is, for a dead language, a very lively one is shown by the fact that it is possible to speak of radio, of gramophones, of aerodromes, garages and motor mishaps, of steamer, railway and theatre tickets, in a language that would have been comprehensible to a Pliny or an Erasmus revisiting the world.

—It would be difficult in these days to find anyone who can interpret child life with the insight and skill of Mrs. Mary T. Waggoner. Her juvenile stories have a naturalness, a healthy freshness, and a religiousness without religiosity, that make them delightful reading and effective instruction for young and old. Her latest two stories, one the sequel of the other, "Lady Bird" and "Winnie's Luck," introduce us to a wide variety of characters: the Sisters and pupils of Sainte Cecile's; the happy family at Kearney's Corner; the family at Hillcrest whose imperious mistress rules her household with staccato commands, and imperial thumpings of her cane. Lady Bird, the center of the story, with her convent training, which means charity, faith and buoyant confidence in God and His saints, quite changes the lives of all on the hill top, and lets the sunlight of happiness into the long-closed and dusty chambers of Madame Wharton's heart. Winnie, the daughter of "Mother Machree" Kearney, has the good luck to attend, in place of Lady Bird, a very exclusive summer camp, and in spite of heroic resolution to be loyal to the ideals of Kearney's Corner, is lured away for a brief while by the attractions of wealth and the glamor of "society." These volumes will delight the young folk and all who love their ever-changing over-bubbling enthusiasm. The grown-ups, too, will find pleasure in shaking off the years while living with Lady Bird and

the ambitious Winnie. Published by The Ave Maria Press. Price each, \$1.

—"Vie de la Mère Anne Régis Filliat" is the life of a more than ordinary character. She was a superior of uncommon ability, a foundress, and a holy religious, who carried out her daily responsibilities while living in the presence of God. Though remarkable for her strength of mind and character, she was, nevertheless, gentle and kind of heart (Price, 12 francs).—"Les Audiences Divines et la Voix de Dieu dans les Etres et les Choses," seeks to help generous souls to arrive at union with God. Suffering, silence, and humility purify the soul, urging it to a total surrender of self and a complete love of God, whose voice may be heard in the Liturgy, the lives of virgins and martyrs, nature, and the wonders of Lourdes. All, if we will but hearken, lead to Him and union with Him (Price, 12 francs).—"La Merveilleuse Vie de Bernadette, the Voyante de Lourdes," is an interesting life. The author treats the public life (the days before, during and immediately following the apparitions) in a way that is rather well known. The hidden life (the days in the cloister), which is not so familiar, is emphasized. The humble, innocent, simple of heart, and suffering Bernadette is portrayed in a clearer manner. As ever she is earnestly doing God's will, till death shall bring her once more face to face with her who had declared: "I am the Immaculate Conception." (Price, 15 francs). Publisher, Téqui, Paris.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds.—*Рем.*, xlii, 3.

Rev. Paul Miller, C. S. C.; Rev. Dominic Giacobbi, S. J.

Mrs. Nora Hurley, Mrs. Anna Murray, Mr. Raymond Halpin, Mrs. Tom Hanlon, Miss Mary Mara, Mrs. Mary D. Salter, Mr. William Finnegan, Mr. Henry D. Ward, Mrs. Thomas F. Breen, Mrs. Mary Vogle, Mrs. Margaret Gillespie, Mr. David Fitzgerald, Mr. George Menke, and Mrs. M. McVey.

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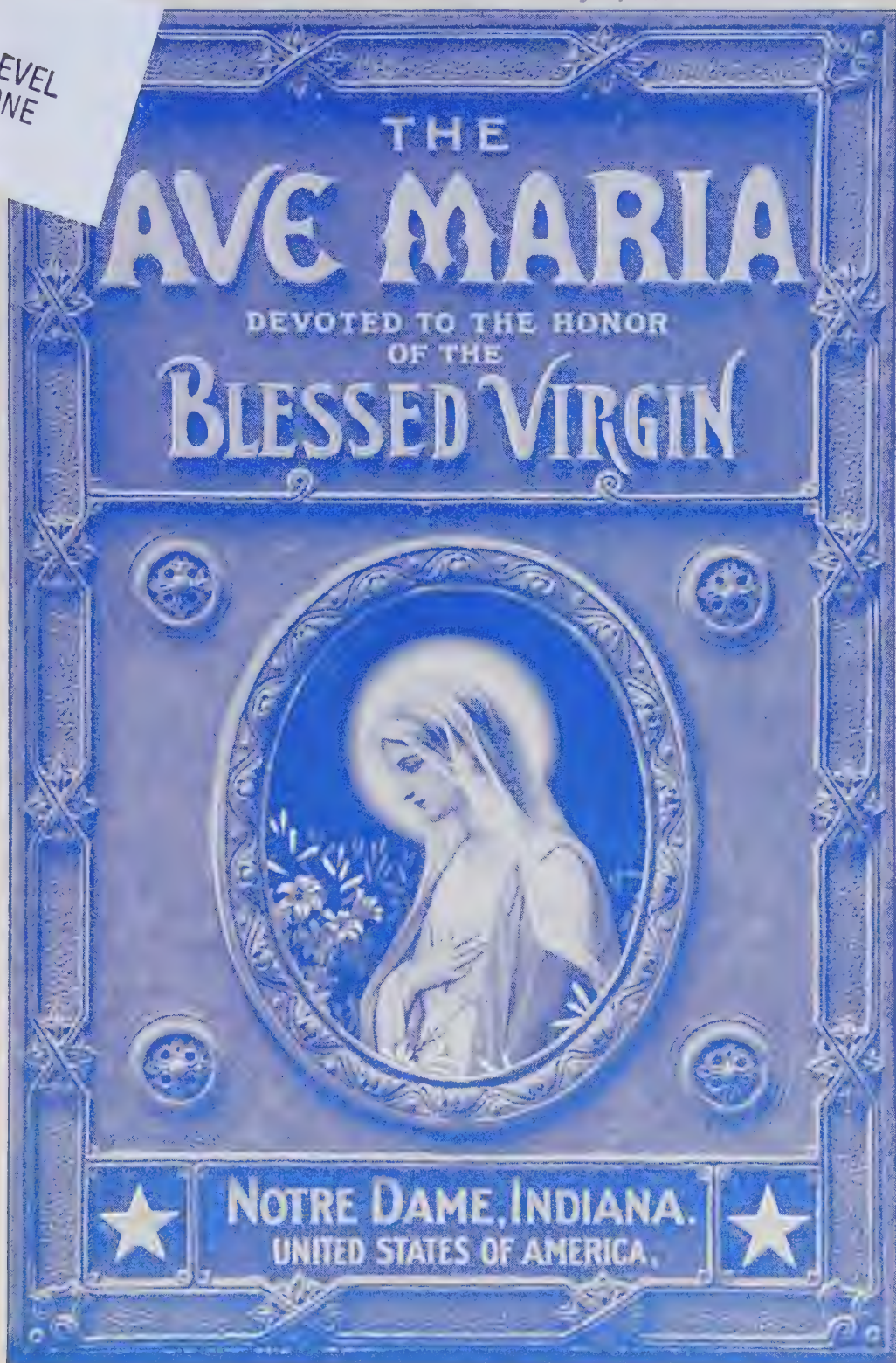
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 18.—St. Luke, Evangelist.
 SUNDAY, 19.—NINETEENTH AFTER PENTECOST.
 St. Peter of Alcantara, C.
 MONDAY, 20.—St. John of Kenty, C.
 TUESDAY, 21.—St. Hilarion, Ab. SS. Ursula
 and Comp's, VV., MM.

WEDNESDAY, 22.—St. Mary Salome, St. Cordula, V. M.
 THURSDAY, 23.—St. Theodoret, M.
 FRIDAY, 24.—St. Raphael, Archangel.
 SATURDAY, 25.—SS. Chrysanthus and Daria,
 MM. St. Gaudentius, Bp.

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

Vol. XXXII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 18, 1930.

No. 16.

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Final Harvest.

BY NORBERT ENGELS.

AND now, a further growing,

O continual wheat,

Is yours! A destiny,

Unending sweet.

Now you are sown to Flesh;

And more than rain

Shall this exalted Wine

Fill and sustain.

Now, in the final harvest,

A soul to greet.

Shall it be mine? Ah, could it be

Pure as this wheat!

Our Chinese Brethren.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.



MISSIONARIES who have labored for a long lifetime in China often admit that they do not fully understand the Chinese; and we, whose acquaintance with them and their vast country is gleaned from occasional dealings with a Chinese laundryman, and rare hours spent over a mission magazine or a book of travel, find it difficult to realize the immensity of the new republic, or its populousness; to appreciate its old, old culture, or to find any meaning in its customs. It is not easy for us even to believe that Chinese Catholics are quite like ourselves; and, if we face the truth, some of them are not. Both in the big

cities and in small, isolated, inland villages there are many, not counting the native priests and nuns, whose fervor and zeal and spirit of self-sacrifice put most of us to shame.

Best known among these, and unquestionably one of the most prominent Catholic laymen in the world, is Mr. Joseph Lo Pa Hong, of whom the *Field Afar* once said that it is certain "no other layman of our generation has brought into the Church so many souls."

Mr. Lo, whose father and grandfather before him spent themselves in the service of God and His poor, was born in 1874. He is a man of means, and the father of a large family. His home is in Shanghai, one of the largest cities of the world with its population of 1,540,000; and needless to say, there is to be found in its poorer quarters much misery of soul and body. To alleviate this, in its many phases, Mr. Lo has founded and maintains two hospitals, a free dispensary, and a Catholic school for boys, in which a thousand pupils are enrolled. He aims to open schools in other cities; he not only *aims*, but expects to *succeed*. "With God helping me I cannot fail," he says, in regard to them. He has been instrumental, too, in establishing the Sisters of the Good Shepherd in Shanghai.

When Mr. Lo was in this country as delegate of the Chinese Catholics to the International Eucharistic Congress at Chicago, our newspapers frequently referred to him as the "Chinese Rocke-

feller"; and he was quick to explain that the title was a misnomer. At home they call him the "Chief of Beggars," he confessed, for much of his time and energy are devoted to soliciting funds to carry on charitable enterprises too vast for his private means to finance.

An intimate glimpse of this great Oriental was granted to our world when he spoke at a banquet given by the Knights of St. Gregory at the time of the Eucharistic Congress. He began by saying, in his hesitant English: "We have the privilege to come from the ends of the earth to give public honor and adoration to Our Lord Jesus Christ in the Holy Eucharist"; and concluded in this wise: "Here in this beautiful banquet hall we are met from all parts of the earth and from all races, in true peace and joy. May this be a symbol of the great eternal banquet in heaven; may we all meet in that great banquet hall prepared by our Father!"

For five minutes his fellow Knights of St. Gregory applauded him. His speech struck the high note of the evening.

But if he is the most widely known of devout Chinese laymen, Mr. Lo Pa Hong does not work alone in his service of Christ the King. Among his associates in Shanghai, for instance, is Dr. Hu-Li-tsong, who was born in Canton, but went to Shanghai as a very young man to study medicine. He had been there but a short time when he became acquainted with a pious Catholic gentleman, of his own race, under whose supervision he began to study the teachings of the Church. Not many months passed before he asked for baptism.

As a physician he quickly rose to the top of his profession in the metropolis; but, first and last, he has ever been a Catholic above all else. Much of his time he devotes, free of charge, to St. Joseph's hospital, founded by his friend, Mr. Lo; and he cares gratuitously for

the children of a large orphan asylum and the five hundred students at St. Ignatius College. Again and again he has brought into the Church men and women whom he was treating; and only the angels can count the infants whom he has sent straight to heaven.

When his wife died a few years ago, it was widely rumored that he intended to become a religious—a rumor which testified to the esteem in which he is held in Shanghai, although it was unfounded. Doubtless, he knew that his work had already been marked out for him.

Until comparatively recently the Dean on Chinese Studies in the Catholic University of Peking was Vincent Ying Lien Chik, another layman of most edifying life and unwearied zeal, one who could bear comparison with an Ozanam or a Veuillot, or with any other intellectual Catholic layman of any other land.

Mr. Ying was a lateral descendant of K'ang Hsi of the Manchu dynasty. He was born in or about 1862. As a youth he was a diligent and brilliant student; and, although a pagan, had a singularly clear conception of the attributes of the Deity and the dignity of the moral law. He read deeply into the various religions of China: Confucianism, Buddhism and Taoism; but was dissatisfied with the teachings of each in turn. He turned to Protestant Christianity, and failing to find peace of mind and soul there, sought instruction from a Catholic. Soon light was given to him, and within the Church he has secured all that his soul craved.

Among his countrymen Vincent Ying was esteemed as a poet, essayist and calligraphist. He held several minor government positions, founded a Chinese journal, called *The Impartial*, and was first to use *Pai Hua*, the ordinary spoken language of the masses, as a vehicle of literary expression. The first

modern school for girls at Peking was founded by him; and he wrote a book against foot-binding.

When Mr. Ying died, about a year ago, he was buried from the Cathedral of Peking with all the honor due to a Knight of St. Gregory. Many of the clergy of the archdiocese attended the funeral Mass, and the students of the Catholic University were present to a man. All were eager to do reverence to one who had exemplified in high degree the lay action which our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI., so frequently asks of his children.

Nor is it only the men of China whose beautiful Christian lives recall the glorious traditions of the Ages of Faith, the women, whom a heartless paganism has always scorned, display, as Catholics, the heroism of which confessors and martyrs are made.

A Passionist missionary, working in the interior of the country, wrote admiringly of one of his parishioners, a very poor woman, who had been converted to Christianity many years ago when she was a young widow, penniless and with three small boys to support. Through the long years she has been faithful; now old and consumptive, she leads the life of a saint. Most devoutly she hears Mass and receives Holy Communion every morning. No weather is inclement enough to keep her from the church, even after her cough has racked her throughout the night, and early morning finds her so weary and weak that she must cling to the walls of the houses for support as she creeps down the street—fasting. Poor as the traditional church mouse herself, the poor know her as a good friend. She is always ready to share her scanty meals; and more than once the missionary priest has had to forbid her to give away the garments and bed clothing which she sorely needs. She says her rosary daily, with intense fervor, and

always fasts on the Feast of the Nativity of Our Lady.

This pious old woman once told the missionary of an experience which she had had, but was quite ready to admit that there might have been nothing supernatural about it. She was very ill at the time, so ill that she thought herself to be dying; and she was alone and in need of care. Suddenly she saw a beautiful lady standing close beside her, holding a glass of water, which she sweetly gave to her. As soon as the sick woman had tasted it she felt marvelously better; but on turning to thank her benefactress she saw no one, nor was the glass to be found in the room.

This old lady is not without rivals in God's service. Many another Catholic woman in that vast pagan country is leading an exceptionally holy life. In the territory of Ankuo, for example, there is to-day a young Chinese matron, named Lui-chin-chu, who became a Catholic seven or eight years ago. Her husband did not object to her change of faith, but his parents did most bitterly; and, as in accordance with Chinese custom, a father-in-law has more authority over a woman than her husband, and all live together in the same house, Lui's lot at once became hard indeed.

Every form of petty persecution was used against her; and when, month after month, she persevered in the practise of her new Faith in spite of countless pin pricks, harsher measures were tried. At last she was thrown out of the house. She rented a room in another quarter of the town; but as soon as he learned of it her father-in-law made life so unpleasant for her landlord that he soon turned her adrift. She then went from one relative to another, spending a few days with each; but plainly such an arrangement could not last for long.

The parish priest of the town, learn-

ing of her fidelity and of the suffering which it was costing her, secured for her a position as a teacher of Christian Doctrine in a neighboring village. At once the father-in-law changed his tactics. He sent his son to bring his wife back, promising a welcome, no further mention of the past, and freedom to practise her religion. Overjoyed, Lui resigned her position and hastened home, only to be imprisoned in a tiny room the moment that she arrived. There she must remain, the old man declared, until she has renounced the Christian faith. At the last report she was being so closely confined that she could not live for any length of time without relief. But not one word of complaint has Lui uttered. When a kindly disposed neighbor offered to help her to escape she refused to make the venture, saying, "Thank you, but I would rather die at his hands than run away. If I flee they will think me disobedient, and then there will be no hope of converting them. I am offering my suffering for their conversion, and while I have one breath of life they cannot prevent my using it to pray that they, too, may some day have the gift of Catholic faith."

Cases such as these are, of course, exceptional in China. They would be exceptional anywhere in the world. But they prove beyond dispute that there, as elsewhere, the Church is holy in her children, and even in those who are neither priests nor religious.

As for the rank and file of the faithful, living in the midst of an overwhelming majority of pagans, Chinese Catholics in every city are, by hundreds, receiving Holy Communion daily; by thousands, weekly. Evening devotions are as well, or better, attended than among us.

Missionaries from more Catholic countries, both priests and Sisters, will be needed for many a day; but year by year the number of native clergy increases. The congregations of native

Sisters are growing in numbers, and new ones are founded from time to time. There are now 2,500,000 Catholics in China; and if the number seems small, it has been reached at the cost of innumerable sacrifices of home, kindred, the ordinary comforts of life, and of many a martyrdom, and against the odds of iron-clad customs, a decadent paganism, and political turmoil. We may well be proud of our fellow Catholics in China, as well as of heroic missionaries who labor among them!

The Living Voice.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

XLII.

SPRING had come again, not with the outburst of sun and flowers which heralded it in the Isle of Man, but with a sudden softness in the air, a pearly lustre on the trailing mists, and the curlew's wild trill.

Fan, running in from the poultry yard, her curls all spangled by crystal drops, announced that she had heard the thristle singing; Grandmamma opined that "a wet February makes an empty sheep-cote," and little Bab asked anxiously: "Will all brother's lambs die then? Have they to die?"

Everyone laughed; Simon rejoined that it was at the end of the month, and the weather was taking up again, so maybe the proverb would not count this time; and he shot a disarming glance at the old lady. If it had been anyone but her grandson she would have felt herself challenged, but Simon could do no wrong in her eyes. She had actually allowed him to keep ewes, though Moor Grange had never carried sheep before. She listened tolerantly to his plea of the shortage of labor and the poor condition of the neglected fields.

Ever since his home-coming last autumn, Simon had gone quietly and steadily about his business of farming the

land. Too quietly indeed, for he had grown very silent. The five elder ladies of the family, sitting in conclave, commented upon the change in him, and his mother exclaimed with a sudden outbreak of tears: "The youth has gone out of him, my poor lad! And he not yet twenty-five!"

"Nay, Mary, nay!" answered Grandmamma pitifully. "'Tis the other way—the youth of him is eating his heart out. We can but wait awhile, and next year we'll have some lasses about the house."

But when the friendly neighbors rode over with their handsome girls, Simon was often in the field or byre. If he did chance to be at home he did not notice them, as Aunt Biddy indignantly averred, "any more than if they had been chairs and tables."

"It's scarce polite, and you should tell him so, Mary," she concluded reproachfully.

But her sister-in-law smiled sadly.

"Nay, leave the lad be," she said.

Towards noon, the sun dispelled the mists. Simon, who was ploughing, paused at the end of a furrow to look about him. It was rather pleasant to be idle for a few moments in the faint warmth of the sunshine. He had discarded his coat and stood in his shirt sleeves, glancing over the hedge at the wheat field. It had looked bare and brown last night, but now in the clear light he could see innumerable little green spikes, scarce a quarter-inch long, piercing the mould in every direction. The sheep were doing well, the heart of the well-tilled field was full of the promise of a bountiful harvest, yet his heart felt like a stone.

"They shall come home, carrying their sheaves." The words came unbidden to his mind, and he sighed. The only sheaves that he would bear would be the prosaic material sheaves which would provide the family with daily bread. But the future, he thought,

could bring him nothing more—love and joy were not to be his portion.

Lady Amelia Stanley had sent word that she and her sister had been re-imprisoned, but that Lady Ann had been allowed to sail for France. This was shortly after Lord Derby's death; they were set at liberty again when the Isle of Man had been reft from the Countess by treachery. For Captain Baggarley had not been allowed to carry Lord Derby's last dispatches to his lady, ordering the surrender of the island. The Commonwealth were anxious to subdue the last plot of royal ground by force of arms, and sent a well-armed fleet against it. The vigilant Countess, as ignorant of her husband's wishes as of his fate, defended herself so well that the puritans were unable to land, until, by the treachery of the Christian family, the garrison was locked into Castle Rushen and the port thrown open.

Charles—Simon could never think of him as Lord Derby—had settled on the small estate of Bidston in Cheshire. The dowager Countess and her younger children, after many months spent in dungeons on the Island, had been allowed to live among the ruined splendors of Knowsley. Its treasures had been rifled, its muniment room gutted, and the family papers, tied up in careless bundles, were carried off to Whitehall. Its fishponds were drained, majestic timber felled, and plaster ceilings shattered. The poor widow's already crippled resources were further taxed by the ceaseless litigation over every petition she sent up in the effort to obtain the fulfilment of the niggardly grants allowed for her children's maintenance.

Simon had waited upon her as in duty bound, but had not had a very warm reception from her ladyship. She was embittered by all the sore troubles which had fallen upon her, and her pride had suffered a cruel blow by the rumor of her husband's change of religion. Mr. Greenhalgh stoutly denied it, and her

ladyship determined to do the like, and loudly proclaimed him as a martyr for the Protestant cause. She felt no inclination, however, to question Simon on the matter, and he, for his part, judged it discreet to say nothing.

Simon thought of these things as the plough ripped through the roots of the old pasture, turning the sods neatly, and exposing the bright, damp loam beneath, all threaded with the pale shoots of springing grass. He inhaled the pleasant fragrance which the spring warmth drew out of the ground. There was the spicy smell of little crushed herbs, and the earth itself was sweet. It was the bridal season—the birds were courting in bush and tree, the larks overhead were rivals, trilling against one another. His mother had had to “chapter” Molly, the kitchen wench, only last night for the heinous crime of “sparking at the gate,” and Fan, his own sister, blushed up like fire whenever Stephen Nevile came into the room. The young man himself was in no better case.

Simon made up his mind that it would soon be necessary to give Fan a dowry, and wondered anxiously what piece of land could be sold to provide it. Last night as they were shutting up the hen-houses in the dusk, he had told her abruptly that she was to keep the poultry money for herself.

“My mother and the aunts are agreed,” he had added, and was touched by the girl’s warmth of gratitude. She clung round him, jumping up to kiss him as of old, yet, as he returned her caress, he thought her soft, hot cheek was wet. He had ridden over this very morning to Greenhalgh with the transparent excuse of asking Master Nicholas’ advice about breaking up the Mill Hey and getting an oat-crop off it; and while he was there, he had praised Stephen, and remarked, as carelessly as he could, that he was going into Liverpool one day soon to talk with Cousin

Massey as to what could best be settled anent the younger children’s portions.

Master Nicholas, it appeared, had been to Massey’s office with his father on the previous day for the very same purpose.

Old Richard had invested a little money in a cargo of merchandise for the West Indies which had brought in far more than he had expected. The little fortune was to be settled upon Stephen, as the eldest boy had already been provided for.

“You have still annuities to find for your two brothers, have you not?” he asked.

Simon had assented. Yes, and for five years more at least; but God was good and seemed to bless their crops. The two men wrung hands hard at parting. The thing was yet in its early stages—there would be time enough for a formal consent to the courtship later on, meanwhile the approval of both sides was understood.

The morning visit had made Simon late at his ploughing, and, though it was dinner-time, he toiled on, anxious to finish this end of the field before stopping to eat. The men had gone home to their meal, and he had the fields to himself. It was hard work tearing through the old sod, and arms and shoulders ached as he steadied the plough, directing the plodding team by word of mouth: “Gee Blossom, aw weigh! Gee Flora!”

There was the chaffinch with his short, gay song! It was the first time he had sung the whole little air this year. The natural joy all about him saddened Simon’s heart in spite of himself. There were daisies—short-stalked and pink-tipped buds at the edge of the sod, and such a pang shot through him at the sight of them that he checked the horses involuntarily.

“My love, my love!” he groaned.

It seemed as though the very thought had evoked her. The horses stood still, hanging their patient heads. Simon, too,

stood as though frozen, his hands grasping the plough-handles, his eyes bracketed upon the vision—for a vision it must surely be! There, but a hundred yards away she stood, upon the summit of the sandy bank, close by the little elder bush which was pushing forth its tufts of crimson leaves. Ann,—it was Ann! Not the pale prisoner, nor yet the gay, laughing girl of the Island; this was a fine lady fresh from Paris—but it was Ann, all the same! She wore a high-crowned beaver hat with a curled brim and a long rosy feather. There were vandyked ruffles at her throat, foaming out above her furred pelisse. Bunches of curls rested on either cheek and she bore a huge muff. How slender her feet were in their high boots, freely daubed by the clay of the lane!

She stood there all alone, gazing at him, her face intent. Then as he did not move, she came towards him, springing down from the bank with a swirl of rosy silks and laces, and tripping across the mist-pearled sod. Simon watched as in a dream, pitifully glancing from her determined face to her little wet feet. He heard the rustle of her swift advance, but seemed powerless to move to meet her.

Ann paused at last, her face dimpled mischievously.

"Do you not know me, Simon?"

The words burst from him—the words which had been in his mind, ever since the chaffinch sang.

"My love, my love!"

Ann ran the last few steps and stood poised before him. She was looking down now, her dark head drooping, but he could see the flushes running up her delicate bent neck. He watched her breathlessly, waiting for the word that was to bring him joy or doom.

But Ann did not speak, she only drew off her left glove slowly, slowly. And then, trembling, she held out her slender hand, with Simon's great signet ring hanging on the fine pointing finger.

"Love casteth out pride, you see Simon," she whispered, "and so I came to seek you."

He flung himself upon his knees on the wet sod to kiss passionately the generous little hand, and then leaping up, he caught her to his breast.

"Ann is a fine lass," quoth Grandmamma approvingly. "And I think the better of her for not standing on ceremony."

"She had nobody to act for her, you see, poor child!" cried Mary eagerly. "After she was received into the Church, her father cast her off, but the Queen befriended her."

"The Queen would fain have married her to a Frenchman, I doubt," observed Aunt Biddy.

"Aye, indeed, but nothing would serve her but to return to England," chimed in Fan. "'Twas Lady Mary who was telling us all about it, for Ann's not one to praise herself."

Grandmamma Bradshaigh had the last word: "Ann's a fine lass," she repeated authoritatively. "She chose her lad and stuck to him; and God bless them both, say I!"

But it was not till two years later, when their first child was born, that Ann opened the little locket she always wore, and showed her husband the yellow curl within.

As he gazed uncomprehending, first at his son's head, covered with dark down, then at her face, she reached up a weak hand, caught at a lock of his hair and drew his head gently down, matching the long love-lock against her secret treasure.

(The End)

CHRIST certainly was not an invention, say what we may. The inventor of the character of the central personality of all history would be more astonishing even than his subject.—*Rousseau*.

Children of a Privy Councillor.

BY SOPHIE MAUDE.

IN August we were back again in Wales. If it had been, as they said, the magnificent ceremonies that attracted me into the bosom of the Catholic Church I should have been well deceived. The chapel, two miles away from us, had not much more than its bare walls without ornament of any kind. Mass was said only once a fortnight. We had to go to confession in the sacristy without any confessional. The priest had no clerical attire; he looked like a farmer. The congregation consisted of a few poor Irish, who, to do us honor, had borrowed two shaky chairs from their neighbors on which we were balanced at an equilibrium as uncomfortable as it was unstable. When winter came we had to face the elements to get to Sunday Mass. We had to drive through deep water that sometimes reached to the carriage doors, the Welsh torrents rushing down from the mountains, swollen with rain. But our exile in Wales was not for long.

In January we accompanied Lucy to Torquay. In the house we rented was a solitary room, very high up; I hastened to annex it. I loved it for its loneliness, and also for the magnificent view of the boiling sea which could be seen flinging itself against sharp rocks. Not a house was in sight; I seemed lost to the world. It was here our Divine Lord awaited me to make known to me the second great grace He wished to give me. Monsignor Manning had prescribed a day rule: one hour's meditation from Father du Pont every morning; half an hour's spiritual reading; examen; rosary; visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and twice a week Holy Communion. Well, one day, I was making my meditation on Our Lord in the crib (manger). The page is still before me where the author says: "It is good to touch in spirit the

wood that serves as cradle to the Infant Jesus; to gage its hardness and feel in imagination the cold He had to bear and the strange discomfort of the tight linen bandages that held Him a prisoner."

There came to me then an intense longing to know and embrace poverty. I did not know in the least what poverty meant, or how my desires might be accomplished. The book went on: "This meditation should conclude with a prayer that we make to Jesus Christ, so that being strongly attached to Him, we may love Him as He wishes, and that through that love we may come to know the will of God."

I made this prayer whole heartedly, so greatly did I feel the wish to love God and to be obedient and poor as He was. Then quite clearly I heard an interior voice that said: "My will is that you follow me in poverty, and that you are mine in Love."

I understood at once that I must be a nun. I had never thought of it before. I did not think that people like me ever became nuns, but the thought of disobeying our Divine Lord never once crossed my mind. I felt quite sure that everybody would agree with me in my opinion, and I kept my secret very secret. But Teresa was something of a clairvoyant where I was concerned.

Often when we were alone she brought forward the subject of religious vocation. I made no answer. One day she said abruptly: "Kate, are you thinking of being a nun?"

Oh, how confused I felt! I thought she would laugh at me for having entertained such an absurd thought. She read my answer in my face, and she went on, "I always thought it would be so."

What a surprise for me! So she didn't think it so very extraordinary.

Teresa sighed. "Here is more suffering for our poor dear mother."

Yes, here was the sword I must plunge again into that tender heart, but

it must first pass through my own; for in future I should always bear in mind the pain I must give her later on.

When we left Rome, Monsignor Manning had placed us under the direction of Dr. Grant, Rector of the Scotch College, so to him I wrote, telling all that had passed. His answer was that for a year I was not to speak of it to anyone—not even to him—and go on with the life I was leading at present; that's to say, go out in the evening to balls and parties, and never contradict my mother's wishes in anything compatible with my religion.

My love of solitude grew stronger. My delight was to escape away into my own room, locking the door and saying to myself: "There now, I am alone." Then I would take up a pious book, or my needlework, and sitting down near my little altar, stay hour after hour alone in my bedroom. In spite of this attraction to solitude I had no scruple as to merrymaking. I was just as jolly as ever, always a great favorite with my cousins at dances, or romps, or any sort of game. I had never heard anything said against amusements and entertainments, so I went to them quite simply; first of all kneeling before my little statue of Our Lady, I used to ask her to bless me and keep me from tearing my dress.

In 1861, John married the fashionable daughter of a member of Parliament. Like her father, she had no religion; she was one of those brilliant girls who love to shine in the great world. The following year I did,* in his turn, married one of the daughters of Admiral and Mrs. Jerningham, an ancient Catholic family. His young wife inherited the vivid faith and love of her ancestors' religion. Beautiful, full of tact and intelligence, she was everything one could wish for. What a contrast between these two marriages! The

first a cold ceremony ushered in by a ball; the other preceded by a week's retreat for both bride and bridegroom, and solemnly presided over by Dr. Vaughan, Bishop of Plymouth, and Dr. Grant, Bishop of London. The contrast was humiliating to the Church of England relatives, and this had the effect of awakening the Catholic aspirations long stifled in Lucy's soul.

It was on this occasion Dr. Grant promised my mother that he would come straightaway to her, the very moment she expressed the wish to see him, but this was the last time our old family friend was able to speak to her. In future my mother seldom remained at home. She was not happy under the new régime. I became more and more her inseparable companion. We spent long months in friends' country houses, or at Tunbridge Wells, the result being great religious privations for poor me. I was often ages without even Sunday Mass.

At the end of my year of silence imposed by Dr. Grant, I wrote to him reiterating my desire to be a nun. In those days I was quite ignorant as regards vocations, and the wise directions given by confessors to those who wish to enter the religious life.

I was astonished that Dr. Grant could suppose that such poor objections put before me for my consideration could have any effect upon the serious decision I had made. I answered to the best of my ability all that he put before me, and probably with self-sufficiency, for I received a "snub,"—a most severe letter telling me I was proud, that I did not know what I asked, and that I was not to speak of it again for another year. I was silenced, but, oh, how different it all was to my former mental struggles! Now I had faith and confidence in the words of the priest; and though I suffered I had no anxiety—I was at peace.

In 1863, Lucy always so delicate, went with Teresa, to pass the winter at Nice.

* Father of Imelda Nicholl, niece of the writer of these *Memoirs*.

Frightful neuralgia kept me a prisoner in my room. My mother refused to allow me to be separated from her. So we two stayed in the country, and our Divine Lord in this way made everything easy for the entrance of another sheep into the Fold.

In the month of March a letter from Lucy announced her reception into the Catholic Church. Ten years had passed since we left Rome, and Mr. Henn had counted on Lucy's being the first of us to be received into the Church with my mother. What had kept Lucy back all these years? First her love for our mother and her faith in her,—she would have followed her blindfold. Then her wish to be a Catholic was more the result of attraction than conviction. It was only after our brother Iltid's marriage that light came to her, and with the light the strength to act. From the moment she saw the truth she determined to profit by the occasion which Our Lord in His goodness offered her by sending her alone with Teresa to a Catholic country. She could never have managed to do it in England, ill as she was, and with the added impossibility of asking a priest to our house.

Everyone received the announcement of Lucy's conversion with long faces of grief and horror. They seemed to think me guilty, though in reality Lucy had kept her secret remarkably well. But I was so utterly happy at the good news that having nobody to share my happiness I went a long walk away from the house to a hillside where I could cry aloud with all my strength: "Lucy is a Catholic!—Lucy is a Catholic!" She returned stronger in health and better than we had ever seen her. Her happiness, the peace of her soul, was reflected in her outward appearance.

It is a remarkable fact that our mother could not let us out of her sight directly we became Catholics. All her confidence was in us; and without knowing it, she praised Catholicism by the

great expectations she had of those of us who had become Catholics. She expected such a lot from us—self-denial, patience, humility—that she never expected in the other members of the family. For instance, Iltid had at one time great difficulty in arranging his marriage; he was sometimes very sad. Then my mother said: "I am surprised Iltid is sorrowful. He is a Catholic; does he not know how to give himself up to God's will?"

While Lucy and Teresa were at Nice, I took a great step. Passing through London with my mother I entered the Jesuit Church at Farm Street for confession, and went into the first confessional I could find. It happened to be Father Gallwey's. Quite simply I made my usual weekly confession. He told me I was to come to him the following day after Communion. I obeyed.

"Father, you told me to come back this morning?" I questioned surprised.

He answered: "State your case."

"Father, I have nothing to state. I only came to you yesterday for my weekly confession."

He was silent for a moment, and then, after a few questions, he said: "You have a strongly marked vocation for religion. You must choose a director, and not go on losing your time."

I told him all about my correspondence with Dr. Grant.

"Very well," said he, "that's a sign that he is of my opinion."

Much taken aback and agitated I returned home to find a letter on my table. It was actually from Dr. Grant, and he told me that considering time and distance our correspondence was a difficulty, and I had better put myself under the direction of another priest. He himself had but one word more to say, and that was that my thought of being a nun was good, but he saw not the smallest probability of my mother giving her consent. I began praying every day to find a director; it was a difficult

problem because we were always on the move. In October of the same year, my brother Iltid, invited us—Teresa and me—to attend a mission in Devonshire to be given by a Jesuit Father at Lyme Regis where Iltid lived. My mother was against it. "Teresa may go, but not you," she said, "for you will come back, your head full of strange ideas," etc. However, on the eve of Teresa's departure she gave in, because the lady's maid who was to go with Teresa fell ill, and Teresa could not possibly go alone. Ah, who can resist You,—You, my God! The Jesuit was Father Coleridge, a convert of about the same period as Mr. Henn, and whose father, Sir John Coleridge, had been my father's friend. Father Coleridge was my brother's guest, and he had at that time a dear little girl called Imelda, his only child, who afterwards became a Carmelite. I could easily talk over everything with this priest. I was still under the impression that a person like myself could never be a nun. But after having heard all I had to say, Father Coleridge said:

"The time has come for you to correspond with the grace of your vocation."

"Oh, Father," I cried, "you heard my confessions, don't you think I am utterly incapable and unworthy?"

Never shall I forget the answer he made me.

"My child, if you only knew who the people are that sometimes Our Lord calls to be His priests and nuns!"

It was a new light to me. Religious vocation then is a gratuitous gift, not a reward for supposed merit. Now we had to consider how to attain the end in view. My attraction for solitude made me think of Carmel. But then, I so greatly loved the poor and the sick that I wished to be a Sister of Charity. Finally, I read about the mission in South America, Paraguay, and my dream was to go there and die far away from home and country. Father Cole-

ridge gave no definite decision; he said I must pray and wait till God showed me His will. For the moment I must work at the reformation of my soul. This would be a remote preparation for religious life. Get up by rule, practise penance, mortification, etc. Some weeks after this, he consulted Monsignor Grant and Monsignor Manning to know how and when the decisive step should be taken.

My mother was already seventy-two and had bad health; we must be very considerate and gentle with her. On the other hand, everybody thought—and I was convinced—that our Divine Lord wished me to be a nun in order to win over this dear soul to the Catholic Church before she died. So there was not much time to lose, but we must go slowly and quietly. Meantime, God had not shown me the Order I was to enter; that was the great business of the moment.

At Torquay was a growing foundation of nuns, consecrated to every sort of active work that is open to women: boarding schools, boys' and girls' schools, hospitals, the housing of the sick, homes for beggars, refuges. With all that they practised great austerity and the recitation of the Divine Office. I became much interested in this new foundation. Little by little I grew fond of the nuns, and very soon I believed I was called to live among them. I wrote about them to Father Coleridge. He told me not to hurry, he said Our Lord had perhaps arranged this meeting to facilitate my entrance into religion. He told me to accept the invitation given me by Mother Margaret, the foundress of the Order, to go and stay a fortnight at the Mother House at Stone, in Staffordshire. I went there almost as one of their postulants. I was attracted by Mother Margaret, and the nuns were goodness itself; soon after, though certain details rather chilled my ardor, I looked upon the thing as settled.

When I got back to Torquay, came a letter from Mother Margaret advising me to leave home without telling my mother. I hesitated to follow her advice as Teresa was against it, knowing that such a step would kill my poor mother. However, I was almost ready to start when a letter from Father Coleridge, written with calm, priestly authority, put an end to it all, but as to the Order of nuns at Stone, he neither spoke for nor against it. I obeyed immediately.

During Holy Week some pious persons made a plan amongst themselves to divide the hours of Good Friday, praying in turn beside a crucifix in the Mission Chapel. I had my hour given me, and while I was contemplating Our Saviour's wounds, especially the wound in His sacred side, I was seized with intense repugnance about going to Stone, a very special horror of it, not in my will or in my heart,—but it seemed to come from a power outside myself. This sudden repugnance caused me some surprise, but I did not pay much attention to it, thinking it was only a passing feeling and not worth a thought. Then I heard a voice,—the same I had heard in my solitary Tower room—"You will never have any peace but in My Heart."

I did not understand the true meaning of the spoken words until after I had been received into the Sacred Heart at Roehampton. It was on Easter Sunday I went to say good-bye to the "Stone Nuns." Certain circumstances showed me very plainly then that God did not want me with them. I wrote and told Father Coleridge everything. He made no observation on my letter except to recommend prayer and confidence.

(Conclusion next week.)

TIME is called precious, because when lost, it can not be recovered. You might as well try to catch a sun ray with a rat-trap. But lost effort can often be made up for by redoubled energy.

October.

BY RENA STOTENBURG TRAVAIS.

OLD and crimson and softly brown, •
Yellow and green, the leaves come down;
And the crickets chirp and the mallards call,
And frosts have ripened the grapes by the wall,
Signs certain enough that this is Fall.

When the sun is a gleaming ball of fire,
As low it seems as the white church spire;
Each breeze that ruffles the wayside rill,
And kisses the pines on Sagamore hill,
Tries to tell me it is Summer still.

So beauty of both is strangely blent
In a gracious season of calm content.
Verdant and brown and golden ways,
Wrapped in a mantle of smoky haze—
These are the soft October days.

The Unwanted Cross.

BY KATHLEEN GARAHAN DE DIAZ DE LA GUERRA.

BARBARA MADDEN was the name of the child with sunny curls who sat on a piano stool with outspread legs, listening intently while Miss Morgan read aloud some selected thoughts from the sermons of a famous preacher; her brothers and sisters also showed their interest by numerous questions. Miss Morgan welcomed these interruptions because it showed that her pupils were learning how to think. Indeed, she frequently allowed the children to argue a small point among themselves without making any pronouncement herself.

She had just been reading very slowly: "If you wish to know whether you really love Jesus, ask yourself, Do you want to learn things about Him? Do you want to work for Him? Do you want to suffer for Him?"

The first two questions brought a ready response, judging by the pleased, alert expressions on the frank young faces; but there was quite a change when the third question was asked. At last the silence was broken by the old-

est child, Mary, who said hesitatingly:

"Well, I'm sure of the first two, but—"

"So am I."

"So am I, especially the first."

Barbara had not spoken, though it was evident that her small, young brain of seven years was working excitedly, while her brothers and sisters were speaking. Then, unconsciously moved by her thoughts, she slipped off her revolving seat, and planting her two small feet firmly on the floor, she declared vehemently:

"I *do* love Jesus—I *know* I do; but I just cannot like suffering." And she looked ruefully at the bandaged finger, which had to be dressed for two mornings by Miss Morgan.

The governess smiled, to avoid tears, for Barbara made a pretty picture in every way as she protested her love for Jesus.

"Of course you do, darling—and all of you, thank God! How nice for Jesus and His dear Mother to hear our little Barbara declaring her love of Him. Such a good prayer!"

And so the little sermon turned into a talk, as it often did, just before the silence that was to follow as the children went upstairs to wield tooth-brushes, sponges and hair-brushes before going to bed.

II.

Life treated Barbara Madden well. She married a brilliant young man in the Diplomatic Service, and thoroughly enjoyed the travel and interesting society which came her way. Always a staunch Catholic, her bedroom was hung with the favorite pictures of her youth; souvenirs and birthday presents most of them—her mother's consoling picture of the Sacred Heart, and Our Lady of the Chair. Aunt Mary's Crucifix, too, was included among her treasured possessions, carefully locked in its beautiful sandalwood case.

Her husband had once laughingly said: "Every time I go on a foraging

expedition for a collar stud or a mislaid address among Barbara's things, I find an odd crucifix in nearly every drawer."

"Well, Richard, what do you expect me to do with them? People will make me presents of crosses, and some of them very good ones."

Barbara liked her acquaintances to know she was a Catholic, for otherwise it sometimes happened that in ignorance of the fact, they made some attack on the Church. This was awkward, for she felt obliged to defend, but at the same time she considered it bad taste to urge her own point of view.

"After all, Barbara," Richard had said, "if the other side starts the racket and there is something to be said for your side, what does it matter?"

"Of course, you think so, because it is still a novelty for you to be a Catholic. But just because my religion means so much to me, I don't like to be aggressive about it. I think it is perfectly absurd, the O'Connors' having that heavy crucifix facing the entrance in their beautiful house. It hits one in the eye, passing into the bridge-room, leaving the dining room,—everywhere. In fact, I don't think it is quite respectful."

"I rather like the idea. Anyhow, most of us are Christians, I suppose, and the Cross is the thing—so to speak."

"I know, of course; and you would be for hanging my 'holy pictures' here, there, and everywhere. While I like that spirit in you, I cannot feel that way—especially in such mixed society as we move in. There is a place for such things."

"Quite, dear; although when we talk of putting a person in his place, we do not mean to honor him greatly."

However, if Barbara was extra discreet about outward display in matters of piety, she had little tolerance for fellow Catholics who had drifted away from the faith, from motives of interest or from laziness. On one occasion, she was returning from Africa, when one of

the women passengers, who had been more remarkable for her wealth than for wit or refinement, approached her:

"I believe, Mrs. Cotton, you are a Catholic. Perhaps you would like this cross and medal. Not being a Catholic myself. . . ."

"Certainly, thank you," said Barbara coldly, not quite knowing what to say in such unusual circumstances. The figure was well made and looked silver, stretched on a black cross, edged with silver. The medal was large and homely with a representation of the Holy Family. Barbara laid the crucifix and medal respectfully in a box with some letters.

III.

The first real cross in Barbara's life was the death of her husband. Clinging for help to her faith, she offered a dogged resignation which took years to assume the peaceful form, which allowed her to go on living happily, if not joyously. On the other hand, it was that sad event which seemed to develop by leaps and bounds the unselfish devotedness of her son and two daughters. A mother's pride in her son's attainments helped to fill some of the gap left by his father's death.

But Barbara had not yet begun to feel old, when God took her clever son to Himself. Then, indeed, winter seemed to set in, and gradually her bodily vigor succumbed also. The task of lovingly tending and cheering their mother was soon made more difficult for the two heroic girls by money reverses. This care had been their chief concern. The investments, which had seemed so sound, and had been chosen for their safety rather than for high dividends, went to smash; and Barbara Cotton, prematurely invalided, passed years in straightened circumstances. This poverty was brightened by the joyous service offered to their mother by Mary and Beatrice. They never seemed to weary of plans, work, economy, in order

to make cheerful their mother's painful existence.

For months they had been storming heaven for funds to buy secondhand an invalid's chair, which would permit Mrs. Cotton to guide herself round the small garden path, and have fresh air and sunshine every day. At last St. Anthony inspired an Australian uncle to send a check, which, added to Mary's house-keeping 'savings,' sent the two girls flying to the address where they had gone on various occasions to see the coveted chair. Alas! It had been sold a few days before, and there was nothing to be done but to go back at once and tell their mother.

"Oh, dear! Beatrice, it is like bringing her back a neatly packed little cross, like the one Aunt Florence sent her last Christmas."

The girls decided they must not lose any further time away from the invalid, who always found the day very weary and painful when left alone. On this occasion they expected naturally that she would be more impatient than ever for their return. It was a surprise then when they entered her room to find her expression one of almost happy absorption, as of a person who has been reading an interesting book and lays it aside on our arrival. On the high table beside her bed was an open box of letters, and in her hand a black and silver crucifix with a medal attached. When she heard their news, she assured them she was not at all saddened by it.

"The fact is, children, I do feel happy this afternoon, or free; certainly quite different from anything I have ever felt in my life. I was trying to pass the time till you should return with my chair"—Mary's eyes filled with tears—but her mother protested: "Not at all, child, listen. I came across this crucifix which was given me by a lady on a sea voyage, who told me she had no use for it, as it were. I was thinking of it all, and of how I had put it away indefinite-

ly, too, as your father might have reminded me; and then I began to think of Jesus Christ—His own very dear Self. It seemed mean to have had so much happiness in my life after His sufferings for us. Or rather, not that seemed mean, for it was His free gift, but to have wanted one long lifetime of love, happiness, health, comfort—everything that He had denied Himself on earth. I knew then, dears, that I had never been humble in my life before. And yet I should have laughed at the idea, had anyone said I was proud.

"But now I know what humility is. You see, I always 'prided myself' on loving God. How do otherwise? I used to think—so beautiful, so infinitely good as He is; and I believed I loved Him. But this afternoon, He gave me light to see plainly that I have spent nearly a lifetime in loving myself much better than Him. Now I want to make up for it, in the years that are left, by loving Him truly. I value the first part of my life as a great, splendid lesson in humility."

"So, children, you can understand that I am glad God did not send the chair after all. It is because He trusts me. He knows I want to suffer for Him."

Emily Brontë.

BY SOPHIE O'BRIEN.

"AND we know that every creature groaneth and travaileth in pain even till now." The knowledge of this community of suffering from St. Paul's day to the end of all time is perhaps what gives the writings of the Brontës the secret of perpetual youth, that makes us turn to the Brontë sisters with ever-fresh interest. New books are constantly appearing, and the subject is not yet exhausted.

Of the three sisters, Emily had the greatest genius and is the least known.

In her life she was not appreciated outside her very narrow home circle. Her immortal novel was coldly received, her poems were neglected. The little volume with the collected verses of the three Bells had only two buyers. The years rolled on. Emily's fame rose. Some of the highest critics placed her prose above Charlotte's; as a poet, all recognized that she far outsoared her sisters in song.

I have said that Emily is the least known of the three sisters. She had no friend to whom she could pour out her feelings as Charlotte did to Ellen Nussey. Anne, her gentle sister, was her only confidante, and Anne was silent about herself and those she loved.

It is to Charlotte we must turn for our knowledge of Emily. The eldest sister loved and admired and feared her younger sister—feared to grieve her, feared to meet an uncompromising "no" to any wish that went against the grain. She has told us the struggle she had to face before she could persuade her sister to print her poems. Emily sang as the birds sing, and with as little thought of reaching the outside world. There is in Emily, in her very reticence and brave spirit, in her genius and her modesty, something that appeals to the imagination. Those who have got under her glamour prefer her to her sisters.

Many books have been written about Emily, and her last biographer has set to work to make as perfect a portrait of her as it is possible to do with the scanty material at hand.* His book is not a controversial one—there are painful controversies carried on about unfortunate Branwell, the brother, whose fate it was to darken his sisters' lives. He had brilliant qualities, which turned to his undoing; and yet the fascination that clung to that strange being has distorted the judgment of some of his admirers.

* "Emily Brontë." By Charles Simpson. London. Country Life Ltd, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Mr. Charles Simpson describes Emily and her love of the moors, her love of animals. "In the kingdom of her imagination, birds and animals had a place with dim, heroic figures. Between them and her there was almost a spiritual communication. She would talk to an injured bird in her hand. . . . Strange pets found their way to the Parsonage—a hawk, a wild goose. . . . The hawk was given away during her nine months' absence in Brussels. . . . She made a pencil drawing of it as of other pets, including the dogs. Of these, Keeper was her constant friend. He worshipped her." All who love Emily Brontë have a warm corner in their hearts for the rough dog that followed his mistress to her grave and mourned for her until death released him from sorrow.

There is a vivid description of Emily and Charlotte in Brussels. The two sisters were a contrast, the elder, small, plain, but for her speaking eyes; the other, tall, good looking, in spite of her thinness. The dress of the two Yorkshire girls made the Belgians laugh. Emily's sleeves were big and "hung about her wrists. Her straight-cut frock seemed a mockery of the full contour of her arms." Emily's reply was: "I wish to be as God made me."

She made an impression on her teacher, who thought the power of her mind amounted almost to genius. They did not get on too well. Monsieur Heger "found Emily difficult. His relations with her were not always harmonious. She was intractable, combative of new ideas and unwilling to accept his authority, though he was her teacher. But she worked even harder than Charlotte, and he had a higher opinion of her abilities. If the years could give back one minute of the Brussels' classroom," how eager we would be to be present and invisible.

"Emily arguing with Monsieur Heger, her expression eager, the mask of her silence discarded; her arms, in those preposterous sleeves, folded on her desk;

a pen, tapping the paper before her, held in her thin hand; and her voice, with its suggestion of Irish-Yorkshire intonation audible in the French she spoke, raised in her eagerness. And Monsieur standing erect, his discourse arrested, his features suddenly contorted (his expression 'like a hyena,' as Charlotte described it), with quick anger; then his stern dignity. Emily's argument instantly cut short. And Charlotte silent, listening, respectfully subdued. Emily is said to have dominated over Charlotte at the *Pensionnat*."

Mr. Simpson tells well the known story of the short life of Emily after her return: the disappointment about the school, her brother's death, her writing and her early death before fame came to her. Anne followed her soon. Charlotte Brontë, alone with her sorrow, poured out in "Shirley" her recollections of her beloved sister—"mine own bonnie love," as she called her; and she did not use tender words in vain.

Miss Sinclair, in her book about the three sisters that remains full of life after many years, had remarked truly: "It is Emily Brontë's spirit that burns in 'Shirley'. . . . It is almost enough immortality for 'Shirley' that she is the only living and authentic portrait of Emily Brontë in her time. Charlotte has given her the wings that wealth can give and they do not matter. She has also given her the wings of Emily's adventurous soul, the wealth of her inner life." Charlotte gave the secret of her sister's greatness: "Her eye seeks and her soul possesses the vision of life as she wishes it." Hers was "a chainless soul."

Some of Emily's poems belong to a long tragic romance that Emily and Anne lived for years, Anne docilely following her sister's tempestuous lead. Some of the Gondal poems that survive tell of wild and tumultuous lives. Of these Miss Sinclair wrote: "The genius of Emily Brontë was so far dramatic

that if you could divide her poems into the personal and the impersonal, the impersonal would be found in a mass out of all proportion to the others. . . . It is she who fights and rides, who loves and hates, and suffers and defies. She heads one poem naïvely, "To the horse, Black Eagle, that I rode at the Battle of Zamorna." "The horse I rode!" If it were not glorious, it would be (when you think what her life was in that parsonage) most mortally pathetic."

What that life was, we all know. We have tiny glimpses of it in the diaries Anne and Emily kept, and which were of a diminutive size, and almost childish in their simplicity. Mr. Shorter published them first, and although they have been often quoted, there is a temptation to linger on them.

In 1845, on her 27th birthday, Emily wrote her last diary. She began with a few words describing a visit of herself and Anne to York, "when they imagined themselves the various heroes and heroines of their Gondal story—a childish entry revealing the child in Emily. Then comes a more personal note: 'I am quite contented for myself: not as idle as formerly, altogether as hearty and having learned to make the most of the present and long for the future with the fidgetiness that I cannot do all I wish; seldom or never troubled with nothing to do and merely desiring that everybody could be as comfortable as myself, and as undesponding and then we should have a very tolerable world of it. . . . Anne and I should have picked the black currants if it had been fine and sunshiny. I must hurry off now to my turning and ironing.'"

Anne's own diary, written at the same date, gives a photographic glimpse that has its charm: "Emily is upstairs ironing. I am sitting in the dining-room in the rocking-chair before the fire with my feet on the fender. Papa is in the parlor. Babby and Martha are, I think, in the kitchen. Keeper and Flossy are I

know not where. Little Dick is hopping in his cage. . . . Emily is writing some poetry."

Anne too wrote poetry, also novels. She had no genius, like her sisters, but she had a pure soul, and Emily clung to her, told her the heroic doings and sufferings of the Gondal Chronicles. If Anne had no share in the doings of the great world, were there not compensations in the confidence of Emily Brontë in the love of Charlotte Brontë? Shall we pity Anne, when we think what her presence meant to her sisters? When we dream of the Haworth Parsonage, Emily towers over her two sisters, and our heart goes out to each of the three, to the gentle soul as well as to the more heroic ones.

A Place of Memories.

BY HESTER SIGERSON PIATT.

BESIDE Dublin City lies the little village of Glasnevin—a village still, though houses have filled the intervening fields—because it holds close its old, distinctive memories, and has put on, as yet, no vestige of suburban smugness.

I think it has changed very little, since, in the Eighteenth Century, it was a modish place for country dwellings; for the trend of latter-day fashion has run south of the city, and Glasnevin stands upon its northern boundaries. Even now a turn of the hilly street brings green fields, and in spring banks of blowing violets, primroses by shady hedgerows and cowslipped meadows.

There are very old houses lining that one steep street; houses with pointed gables, sunken roofs, and oddly-shaped windows flush with the walls. To climb it you pass over an old bridge beneath which runs the murmuring Tolka: river of many memories. For here on its banks the saintly youth, who was one day to become Columcille of Iona, studied under the holy St. Mobhi; here he built

his little cell, among those of the other students, and here he performed his first miracle. For the huts of the students were built, like a little town, on both sides of the river, on one bank of which stood the church. One day the stream was in spate, and Columcille with some of his companions could not ford it to attend Mass until, at his prayer, huts and students were miraculously transported to the other side.

Memories, too, has the river of "battles long ago," when its waters were red from the sandy beach of Clontarf far inland, when Dane and Gael met in their last great battle. Again, when Roderick O'Connor, last Ard-Righ of Ireland, and his Norse allies fought Strongbow and the false traitor MacMurrough—and lost!

On the stream's green, winding banks, a few miles from Glasnevin, still stands a ruin known as King James' castle, for here, it is said, the Stuart King lay on his flight from the Boyne valley, and the battle was lost by his own pusillanimity. It was on his reaching Dublin Castle later that Lady Tirconnell made her famous rejoinder to his unjust complaint that the Irish troops were running—"I perceive your Majesty has won the race!"

But the chief memories of Glasnevin will always be linked with the names of Dr. Delany, his famous friend, the Dean of St. Patrick's, who often stopped there with him, and that dainty and accomplished lady who was destined to find her life's best happiness in the years she spent as the wife of Dean Patrick Delany of Delville in the rustic seclusion of Glasnevin. Not that it can have been so very quiet, either, in the village in the Delanys' time, for Mrs. Delany had a way of gathering distinguished people about her all her life, while Dean Swift, who loved them both, attracted many lesser lights. The courtyard behind the high gates of Delville, which could "comfortably contain a coach-and-

six" (as Mrs. Delany remarked in a letter to her sister), knew the champing horses with postilions and out-riders of the Lord Lieutenant—the famous Chesterfield—when he came to call on the couple. Here, too, came Handel, the great musician, whose patron Mrs. Delany was. When rejected in London, he won plaudits from a Dublin audience at the first production of his immortal "Messiah."

Among the many visitors to Delville came one distinguished only for her beauty—poor foolish Maria Gunning—Lady Coventry. Mrs. Delany's genius for exact description is never better shown than when she describes the dress and deportment of the ladies of her time; and she was very particular about both. Maria's costume comes in for rather severe criticism, though her hostess admits to "a thousand prettinesses" and a "sort of humor that diverts me." Often, too, Mrs. Delany drove abroad to visit her friends, chief among them being the Vesey's of Lucan—descendants of the brother of Patrick Sarsfield—Lord Lucan. It is a long road from Glasnevin to the upper reaches of the Liffey where Lucan House stands in its beautiful grounds.

So exactly has Mrs. Delany described her charming home, and so little has it changed, that, entering Delville courtyard now, one seems to shut out the modern world, and to follow her elegant and stately shadow about the house as she points out the decorations of its great hall; the long alcoved room, still with her shell-work about its cornices where the Dean had his private chapel, and the beautiful drawing-room leading to the gardens she loved.

When one looks at it all, just the same to-day (as it seems) as when she left it nearly two hundred years ago, it is strange to think of all that has happened since the gates closed behind her on her return to England at her husband's death.

Before the American and French Revolutions she went; before the sad year of 1798 in Ireland; before Robert Emmet's death on the scaffold, whose uninscribed grave is said to lie in the old churchyard beside Delville Park,—another, sadder memory of old Glasnevin.

The Power of a Rosary.

Two students were once walking along a road which led through a forest. One of them saw something lying on the ground. He stopped to pick it up, saying, "A rosary! Look how worn out it is." He made a motion as if to throw it away.

"Give it to me," requested his friend; "I will try to restore it to its owner."

"But how will you find the owner?"

"Well, I can try, anyway." Then on second thought he said, "I will place it before a picture of the Blessed Virgin in the next chapel I find open. It may, you know, belong to someone living near-by."

"Even if it did, it is so old and worn it would not be of much use, and is scarcely worth returning."

A little later they came to a roadside chapel. The one who had decided to leave the rosary in the first chapel they passed, went in to do as he had promised. He remained some time in doing his act of charity, but finally he joined his friend. "I did not leave the rosary before Our Lady's picture after all," he explained. "I intend to keep it as a remembrance of one of the most important moments of my life. While kneeling before the picture of the Mother of God, I decided to do what I have had a hard time making up my mind to do,—I am going to be a priest."

"Wasn't it fortunate that I found that rosary and let you have it?"

"And wasn't it more than fortunate that I decided to place it in the next chapel we came to?"

Years passed. He finished his studies;

he was ordained; he labored in various parishes, and then was given a mission to care for by himself. One day he was called to a hospital to see a man, who was certainly dying, and who, in his fevered dreams, revealed that he was a Catholic, for he had said nothing about it when fully conscious. The young priest tried to have him prepare for death, but his heart, hardened by something, was not softened by priestly appeal. There must be a way of having this man do his duty and try to save his soul, he thought, and while he was thinking he began to pray. By chance his hand slipped into his pocket and he drew out the old rosary, which he had carried all these years as a remembrance. At once the eyes of the dying man were attracted.

"Were you taught to say the rosary when you were young?"

"Don't remind me of the rosary," cried the sick man, despairingly. "I owe to a rosary all the unhappiness which has pursued me these many years."

"That can't be true," the priest replied.

"I used to say the rosary every day with my parents," the sick man continued. "My father died; bad companions and books ruined me, and I would not listen to my mother. She begged me time and time again to practise the faith. I decided to leave home. Before I left, she gave me a rosary, and asked me to say it every day, or at least a decade. To please her I promised. But I was scarcely on my way one hour, when I threw away the rosary and stamped on it. Since that day, peace of soul and all earthly happiness have left me. Never shall I forget that day!"

"It must have been about the third of June, 18—," interrupted the priest.

"That was the day!"

"I found the rosary and something more."

"Yes?"

"My vocation to the priesthood."

The dying man was looking steadily at the priest, who said: "Here, take back your long-lost rosary."

Sobbing, and with trembling hands, the dying man grasped the rosary presented to him, and covered it with kisses. Full of glowing devotion and heartfelt repentance and contrition, he received the Last Sacraments, and shortly afterwards breathed forth his soul into the hands of his Maker.

Saved by Charity.

A traveller was making his way across a mountain path one day in early winter. The clear sky suddenly changed, snow began to fall slowly and soon a blizzard was raging. The lone traveller pushed on, hoping to reach a hospice before night came. He scarcely realized that the required effort was tiring him, though he did feel a bit drowsy. Then he became aware of how tired he was and how eager to sleep, which, he knew well, would mean certain death.

He stumbled, fell to the ground, tried to rise, but felt so weary he closed his eyes for a few minutes of rest. Once more he became conscious of the grave danger; he raised himself, and saw close at hand a body almost covered with snow. He quickly realized that another traveller had fallen to sleep,—to the sleep of death, if something were not done at once. Excitedly he jumped to his feet; he chafed the other's arms and wrists, raised and lowered him, hurriedly moved him about to relieve the numbness by quickening the circulation. He worked harder and faster as he saw his efforts were meeting with success. At last the one so close to death opened his eyes. Eventually he was wide awake, and the two proceeded to a mountain refuge near by. Then, when he had time to think, he understood that in saving another's life, he had saved his own.

Discussing the Home.

OUR English word *home* has no equivalent in other languages. The Spaniard's *casa* does not translate it, nor the German's *haus*, nor the Frenchman's *chateau*, nor the Gael's *teac*. *Home* has a wide range of connotation. It is the hostelry where a man lodges, the boarding-house where he eats, the rooming quarters where he sleeps. It is a living place for himself and his family; an abiding shelter which people leave with regret, and to which they return with heart hunger after absence. There affections nestle, out of which buds and blossoms and ripens to rich and numerous fruitage the family tree. People live in and for a home. It is their altar and tabernacle, for which they daily make some brave sacrifice to keep inviolate. It is the shrine of their loves and their loyalties.

What the nest is to the robin, the hole in the rock to the fox, the lair to the lion, the aerie to the eagle, that a human home is to man. It is his refuge to which he flees for the security he covets. In its privacy he veils his secrets. There he keeps inviolate his domestic gods.

In his home a man's heart stays when the exactions of duty call his mind and his body elsewhere. Whatever schemes and ambitions he may take to market or exchange, he leaves his best affections, his most intimate trusts, his deepest loyalties at home. However severe the storms of his politics or his business, he looks for secure anchorage when he enters its harborage. There affection, devotion, loyalty is at least and at last secure.

A home is a house in which people live. And since human beings are more important than the earth upon which they walk or the walls which surround them or the roof which covers them, then people rather than buildings give

classification to where they abide. Homes are not thrifty or contented or religious just because they are of two-story pressed brick with stone trimmings. The bird of peace does not fly into them because the windows are gorgeous in thick curtains and the doors of an ancient wood. Plain living does not shut out contentment. Luxury, it is true, does not fear the wolf of hunger; but there are wolves more treacherous than even hunger, which howl while people eat, drink and make merry.

The little house at Nazareth did not rise out of the hewn blocks of an Assyrian quarry; nor was the woodwork done in Lebanon cedar. But peace was there such as Herod never dreamed of when his captains lounged on couches at his feast and watched his disrobing stepdaughter dance herself into frenzy for the Baptist's head as a prize. To Bethany, where Lazarus and his sisters lived, Christ often went. Very probably it was a comfortable home. But it was not alone the comfort which arises from the circumstance of possession. Happiness stayed in Bethany because there was goodness there as well as comfort. And Christ visited there, because whatever the human possessions of Lazarus, Martha and Mary, their virtues quite outshone their possessions.

The rich are not always lowered into the hell of Dives by their riches; nor are the poor always exalted to the heaven of Lazarus by their poverty. Because, to express a paradox, you will sometimes find rich people who are poor in spirit and poor people who are rich in the spirit of discontent.

Homes are what we make them, we are told by the platitudinarian. So are five thousand other things, including a Ford tractor, and a young lady's boy friend. It makes small difference where we live—whether on Regicide Row or Fish Alley or Columbus, Ohio,—if only we are secure in the possession of God's love, God's truth, domestic loyalties, un-

meddlesome neighbors, a sense of peace with our family, and just enough of things human not to make us forget things divine.

A small boy who is poor is content with the playthings of his own devising, and the child of a peasant manages to forget the frets of teething in the possession of a rag doll. It is not the material things which we have that give us comfort, but subduing in our hearts a reaching for the things which we have not.

Possession does not often bring contentment. Money, lands, talents, honors are not a near synonym for happiness. Peace is the curtailment rather than the enlargement of desire. Summer houses and winter palaces, half a dozen high-powered cars, leisure and travel do not usually make their possessors any happier; nor do those less favored in a material sense feel the want of them. What lies behind those horizons which have never come into our seeing do not stir in us unquiet hearts.

All this is obvious preachment. And yet it is these material, loveless things which our generation seeks in the enrichment of homes. Simpler tastes, reverence, obedience, religion, a quieter outlook, family life and family love,—these create homes. Motor cars, a domestic moving and talking machine, a private swimming pool, a personally owned golf course, maids, butlers and chauffeurs—these are assembled when mansions are built. After which the father is too busy keeping his sons out of the police court to enjoy those nights of peace which were his when he was poor. And the mother is too fretted planning dinners for guests who make merry in secret over her code of table etiquette, to consider her poor rich daughters. God give us more and better homes; more and better fathers; and domestic mothers; and sons with less money; and daughters who can maintain a good blood count without joining a jockey club.

Notes and Remarks.

It is a matter of wonder to serious Catholics that in spite of the warnings and instructions that have been given from the pulpit and in the Catholic press, some of our Catholic people will still give ear to the man or woman who passes them the "chain prayer" with the threat that some great calamity will befall them if they "break the chain." This is downright superstition, and only the poorly instructed and weakly credulous Catholic will have anything to do with it. The catch in the matter is often the fact that the prayer is a genuinely Catholic one like the "Hail Mary" or the "Memorare," and originally the wish to spread the practice of it was praiseworthy; but the addition of threats and promises depending upon the breaking or preserving of the chain is simple nonsense which Catholics should promptly scorn and discourage. It is such practices as these, which our non-Catholic neighbors take as genuinely Catholic, that bring laughter and contempt upon the really beautiful devotions of Catholic religious life.

Speaking at the opening convocation of students of Princeton University, President Hibben said recently: "In the midst of your careers or professional and business life you must recognize also the responsibilities and duties of citizenship."

Which is very true and very general. Duty and responsibility are elastic terms, however, which may be stretched to fit the broadest conscience. In the last presidential campaign it became a duty to shout falsehoods in sections of this country in order to awaken religious hates, which are rarely enjoying a profound sleep. And it was a serious responsibility to whisper secrets in chambers which the most credulous would scarcely accept in the daylight. "Respon-

sibilities and duties of citizenship" is a perfectly safe preachment to give young men on the threshold of life. After they have gone beyond the threshold, however, they will very possibly conceive their responsibilities and fulfil their duties according to the exigencies of politics and the stress of business.

Two American nuns of the Sisters of St. Joseph recently arrived in Shenchow, Tunan, China, where three American Passionists were murdered last year. Both nuns are teachers and trained nurses. In these days of flying heroes, fire heroes and football heroes, you will not find in your morning paper anything about the unostentatious bravery of these two women who, in the midst of life face death. No doubt they prefer to be met at the gates of heaven by the recording angel than at the gates of the landing pier by moving-picture machines and a host of publicity men. Bishop Cannon coming home from England and South America had to face the cameras and the newspaper reporters. These two nuns will face the heathen who works quickly and does not encourage cameras. We recommend the bishop to the prayers of these missionary nuns in his fight against publicity. And we recommend the nuns to the prayers of the bishop, especially when he is remembering "Wets and Catholics."

Efforts to obtain congressional action to promote an international conference to establish a new thirteen-month calendar are reported from Washington. The press of the country supplies a long list of business establishments which are adopting the new count. Business efficiency is given as the compelling reason.

People who are old-fashioned will say: "Let efficiency go, and let us keep our old calendar." But as likely as not their protest will be unavailing. There is an army of slim, pale-faced men and women

whose chief business is to disturb inoffensive people with charts and diagrams to prove that what is right must be wrong, and that what satisfies us does not really satisfy us at all. Most of the world quietly accepts the twelve-month calendar of unequal day distribution. The thirteen months of an equal number of days will not increase wages nor give people less time to gossip, to steal or to hold up banks and service stations; nor more time to pray and prepare for a happy death. During the world war, when Mr. Hoover was furnishing raw material for slogans, we learned to save on meat, bread, sugar, gasoline and daylight. But the only saving we have continued is daylight. And we have a great variety of that. Every small town has a variety all its own.

It may be the same with increasing the number of the months. Niles Center may have twelve to the year, Appleville, thirteen. And if the diversity is extensive enough and varied enough, we may be sending our Christmas cards to Boston when Boston is mailing Easter greetings to us.

If the thirteen-months-to-the-year calendar be adopted it will prove, not that the whole world wants thirteen months, but that a small, persistent, aggressive minority can make the world accept thirteen months, because the world is not organized to resist.

From New York city comes the disconcerting news that several street sweepers on the payroll have never handled a broom in twelve long years. One man, we are told, who received pay as a street sweeper acted as a reception clerk in the Municipal Building. He always appeared for service in the latest cut business suit, and generally wore a bunch of violets in his coat lapel.

New York need not feel too apologetic. The country at large—especially the big cities—realize that sometimes

street sweepers will get into a municipal building or a city hall, because it has been discovered for years and years that there is always some sweeping to be done there. And even if Broadway and Fifth Avenue are not immaculate because street cleaners are passionate for violets and city hall sweeping, city hall and municipal buildings will be all the brighter for the broom. We suggest that all the big cities turn over annually city halls and municipal buildings to civic sweepers who may or may not have a penchant for violets. The inside of civic cups and platters will be cleaner because of these violeted broom men.

Writing of children's prayers, Mr. Edward H. Cooper gives an instance to show that however irreverent these might seem, there is a genuine sense of the presence of God who must judge and forgive. He writes:

The two nicest children of my acquaintance have a way when they are tired, of resuming the day's quarrels in their evening prayers. "God forgive Frances," prays one of them, "for pushing me into the fountain to-day while I was standing on the edge, and then daring to say that I felled in." It is not etiquette to interrupt, of course, a praying companion, so Frances reserves her answer for her own prayers. "God forgive Marjorie for daring to say that I pushed her into the fountain, when she knows she felled in her own self, and that Nanna told her not to stand near the edge." The Grown-ups do not pray out loud, but how often they are inclined to beg forgiveness for the sins of others rather than recognize and be sorry for their own!

Dr. Joseph F. Berry, retired Methodist Episcopal Bishop of Philadelphia, does not believe that one becomes any less a Methodist by acknowledging the good qualities of one's Catholic neighbors. In fact, he has set the example himself by making such an acknowledgment, and giving it publicity in the local

paper of Binghamton, N. Y., where he now resides. Among the ten admirable features of the Catholic Church which he says Protestants would do well to imitate lack of space allows us to select only the following three:

2. The vigilant care it gives to the religious training of its children.

4. Its democracy. There are no lines in the church differentiating the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, as, of course, there should not be.

10. Loyalty to the historic doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church. Its bishops and priests are men of broad culture, and that culture is used to propagate the truths of the Scriptures as they interpret them, rather than to raise in the minds of the people misgivings concerning their authority and value. It has been charged that the Roman Catholic Church is wholly traditional, that it allows no intellectual liberty, and that it takes no forward look. But would you not prefer to be regarded as a bit conservative rather than to consent that the Gospel message should be emasculated by the vague speculations of present-day modernism?

Gullibility is a weakness that does not easily respond to treatment. And it is particularly hopeless when it is found in those who pride themselves on their mental acumen. The famous Thurston remarked on more than one occasion that the College professor is the easiest of all people for the magician to fool. Well, governments have made a similar discovery. The Mexican authorities during the persecutions a few years ago invited a group of Protestant clergymen to see things at first hand. They saw what they saw at first hand, it is true; but it was what they did not see that made all the difference in conditions down there. As a consequence, the astute investigators came back to the United States saying all of the things that their wily hosts knew they were going to say. Russia hasn't been a bit backward in adopting the same tactics. A

Chicago *Tribune* dispatch, coming from Warsaw, enumerates a variety of abuses which travellers in Russia cannot ordinarily pass by unnoticed. Only one group coming from Russia had a different impression according to the dispatch; and curiously enough this was a group of intellectual leaders who, of course, make the best propagandists. We quote:

This was a large party led by Sherwood Eddy, composed of clergymen, rabbis, and others.

This group declared they had seen the most modern prison in the world in Moscow. When asked about the Solovki prisoners' camp they said they had never heard of it.

One hundred thousand prisoners guarded in that place were not noticed by the teachers and preachers. That camp where tortures are inflicted, was not shown to Mr. Eddy and his friends.

One woman member was particularly impressed by the fact that they were permitted to examine unguarded the crown jewels in the Kremlin for half an hour. She hailed that as a new era of honesty and human trust created by the Soviets.

Despite the usual strict custom inspection, the members of the Sherwood Eddy group were not bothered, either entering or leaving Russia.

During their two weeks' stay they were practically the guests of the Russian government. The group remained in Poland one day.

Our American journals, outside the religious weeklies, have little or nothing to report of the cruelties of the Russian government toward Christians who are loyal to their faith. In Moscow, however, for the instruction and intimidation of Christians, there are published official admissions that scores of persons have been shot without trial during the month of September. The following report of the death of a Catholic priest, Father Chrysogonos Przemocki, appears in the London *Tablet*, a story that should stimulate Catholics to increase

their prayers for their suffering coreligionists in unfortunate Russia:

Three years ago, this good priest, who had formerly taught theology in the Catholic Seminary at St. Petersburg, gave to a poor Catholic layman what we call in England "a reference"; that is, a certificate of good character. In Russia, it is a crime for a priest or pastor to issue such documents in respect of their flocks. For this "crime," and on no other charge whatsoever, Father Prżemocki was thrown into prison at Smolensk. As he was sixty-seven years old, the rigours of the place soon brought on such grave illness that the jailers and doctors reported him as unable to endure further confinement. The OGPU, however, refused to mitigate his ordeal; and after a long agony, this captive has now escaped them by the way of death.

Portland, Oregon, has received several hundred thousand dollars' worth of unfavorable publicity during the last few weeks from approximately three hundred Catholic publications, because of a vicious zoning law which has stood as an obstacle to Catholic school development. We would not deduct one penny's worth from that unfavorable publicity, so long as the present building ordinance remains upon the books. It ought to be remarked, however, that all Portlanders are not of the breed that has apparently been responsible for the present building legislation. The city of Los Angeles has been infested for some time with an itinerant "ex-nun" who has depended upon the vileness of her tongue for a certain type of interested listener. In the course of one of her lectures she makes a particularly vitriolic attack upon St. Vincent's Hospital of Portland, Oregon, and upon the Sisters of Providence who conduct it. The non-Catholic doctors of that community, who have come into contact with the hospital in one capacity or another, have not allowed the slander to go unchallenged. With a fine sense of justice and with an edifying display of true man-

hood, they have issued a written denial of the charges made. The fifty-eight physicians signing the denunciation must represent almost all, if not all, of the non-Catholic medical talent of Portland. That display of fairness is certainly refreshing and encouraging in view of recent reports that have come out of the City of Roses. The protest is as follows:

Our daily contact for years with the Sisters and their hospital has thoroughly familiarized us with their lofty standards of personal morals, their unimpeachable character and efficiency. Not being of the Catholic faith, we have no ends to serve except the highest standards of our profession; as medical men, we value our own reputation and integrity too highly to be actively associated with any organization or institution upon which serious reflections could truthfully be cast. Therefore, we regard this villification of the Sisters and their institution as a reflection upon ourselves.

We denounce as the crudest, most malicious form of falsehood, statements like these: That the Sisters are cruelly treated by their superiors; that they are enslaved; that they are deprived of physical liberty; that there are moral irregularities of any kind connected with their Sisterhood or their private lives.

Here is how a reporter of one of our great dailies re-enacts a scene at the recent Eucharistic Congress, at Omaha:

"At St. Cecilia's Cathedral here this morning Archbishop Pietro Fumasoni-Biondi, Papal Delegate, lifted up the Host during a solemn pontifical Mass and repeated the words in Latin, 'This is My Body,' signifying the presence of Jesus Christ."

In these days of technique, when specialists are sent "to cover assignments," it would be well if big newspapers appointed a cleric or a layman who knows rubrical terminology to our great Catholic religious celebrations. A more exact technique should result. Classic football games are not usually "covered" by scriptural exegetes.



Little Girls.

BY EDGAR DANIEL KRAMER.

HOW sweet are all the little girls
With ruffled frocks and ribboned curls,
With shining eyes and laughing lips
And rosy-tinted finger-tips!
To me they seem like pansies set,
'Mid fragrances of mignonette,
In an old garden, all a-stir
With dreams of musk and lavender.

White souls unsullied, free from sin,
They thrill the world and walk therein
With love and faith beyond the wise,
A breath of God and Paradise,—
Until the ways in which they go
With lighted candles seem to glow,
As angels, lifting hands of prayer,
Set blessed haloes in their hair.

Little Texas.

BY MRS. ALFRED DE ROULET.

I.—THE WICKED FROG.

LITTLE Mary Amanthus Ochiltree, commonly called May Manthus, was in a hurry. That specimen of seven-year-old impetuosity was generally very anxious to do something and never had time to wait for anyone. On this particular day she was starting for the kitchen, for there was a delicious smell from the direction of the cook's cabin, and Manthus knew it meant cookies. Old Aunt Seeley, the cook, was her especial friend, and the little girl knew that if she might only get there in time she might view the whole delightful process of cookie making. This process was attended by treats in the shape of bits of sugar and spice, and licking the dough off the big wooden spoon, and scraping the huge bowl, once the cookies

were in the oven. If she were properly discreet and did not tease, Aunt Seeley might tell her the most delightful stories, and perhaps make fancy cookies for tea parties. So it is not surprising that Manthus was in a hurry and said "Oh, dear!" when she heard her mother calling her as she started down the drive.

Mother was on the gallery. Much as May Manthus loved the great porch that ran around three sides of the old Southern house where she had been born, she sometimes wished that it did not command such a wide-spreading view. All Mrs. Ochiltree had to do was to take a leisurely parade about the gallery, and she could easily espy the particular one of her six children that she happened to want.

"All Mother has to do is to step on the gallery and view the lanscapore," said Manthus, "and there we are." She always said everything that she heard her older sister, Sue Ford, say, even if she had no idea what it meant. Sue Ford had said "view the landscape o'er" one day, and Manthus had been charmed by the expression. She didn't know exactly what a "lanscapore" was, but it certainly sounded well! After she had said "Oh, dear!" Manthus felt ashamed of herself and ran back to the house.

"What is it, Mother?"

"Where were you going, dear?" asked Mrs. Ochiltree in the soft voice which was one of her greatest charms.

"To the kitchen to see Aunt Seeley bake. Mayn't I?" said May Manthus.

"Yes, certainly, but take Bobby with you. We are going to clean house to-day, and he is such a mischief. He's into everything. Tell Aunt Seeley that Mother would like you to stay there awhile, and when the cookies are baked

you may each have some and play tea party under the big cottonwood tree. You'll be nice to brother, won't you dear?"

"Yes, ma'am, and thank you for letting us have the party. You are the beautifullest Mother!" and the little girl gave her mother a hug, and taking little Bobby by the hand trudged down the path to the kitchen.

Aunt Seeley was salubrious. She greeted the children with a broad grin. "Yo' all smelt cookies, did yo'?" she asked. "Well if yo' mind yo' mannehs yo'll git some. Yo' jes' recommembah dat yo' all's quality, an' doan yo' go actin' like po' white trash eround my cabin; suah's yo' do, Jimsu's ergwine to git yo' suah."

Manthus was dreadfully afraid of Jimsu. She had never seen him, but had heard so much of him from Mammy and Aunt Seeley, the two old Darkies that had lived in the family since long before she was born, that she knew Jimsu was a terrible being, like an ogre who came to take away children that were naughty and didn't mind their manners.

"We're going to be ever so good," she said. "But will you make us some tea-party cookies? Mother said we could have a party."

"Go 'long, chile, ain't this po' ole nig-gah got nuff to do 'thout makin' kick-shaws?" said Aunt Seeley, but Manthus knew that she would get her cookies, for "Mother said" was always an open sesame to all manner of delights.

Bobby was soon seated on the cabin floor with a colander and a box of nails. Aunt Seeley always knew what to do with babies, and she knew that the baby would sit there with the colander upside down and stick nails into the holes for an hour. Amanthus seated herself and watched the clean brown hands. How fascinating it all was! How quickly Aunt Seeley worked! And as she worked her tongue unloosened.

"Once upon a time," she began,

"theah was a motheh frog an' she lived in a ma'sh by the big riveh. She had a lahge fambly of younguns, an' dey all played in de ma'sh an' membehed dey wuz quality. Dey wasn't none ob yo' po' white trash frogs. Uh—uh! An' dey minded theah maw an' said theah prayehs an' didn't show impudence to grown folks. Dey wuz all pretty behaved 'ceptin' one, an' he wuz the younges' ob the lot. He wouldn't mind his maw, nor say his prayehs, nor act like quality no how, which wasn't no way fo' nobody to do, much less a long-laigged baby frog that was colo'ed green with brown patches all oveh it.

"His motheh sho'ly done her duty by him, an' she spanked him mighty 'phatic pretty near ebery day. 'Yo Tad,' she'd say, calling him that jes' 'cause he usteh be jes' a nordinary tadpole. 'Mind yo' mannehs er I'm ergwine to spank yo' pink.' But dat Tad he knowed too much. It's a turrible thing to know more'n yo' orter. It makes you biggety an' pow'ful disagreeable to grown folks. An' he'd jes' laugh at his maw an' say, 'How yo' gwine spank me pink when I'se green?' That frog had great idees in his min' 'bout growin' up, an' it's pow'ful bad fo' younguns to get such notions. He wuz gwine out in de worl' to seek his fo'tune an' do somepin great, an' not poke 'round all his life on the aidge of a ma'sh. So one day when the little pool of wateh all dried up, an' his maw tole all her chillen to spin some slimy string outen their mouths an' fasten theyselves onteh her back, she'd tote 'em to a safe place where they'd be a plenty of wateh. So the little fellers clumb onto her back an' away she hopped.

"'Now's my chanst,' thought the wicked frog, an' he done slipped off her back and hopped away all by his lone-some. He found a nice puddle of wateh an' sat down to res', thinkin' 'My, ain't it nice to have this heah puddle all to mahself!' An' he kersplashed aroun' all day an' enjoy himself, but when night

come erlong he done got pow'ful lonesome. An' jes' fore dark thar came erlong a boy an' he stopped 'longside the puddle. His maw wuz wif him an' she said, 'You all come erlong home, boy'; an' he said, 'I ain't er comin'; I'm gwine to git dat air frog.'

"Den dat frog wuz shore scared plenty, an' he begun to splash an' try to git away, an' the boy frowed stones at him, an' his maw said: 'Shame on yo', yo' naughty boy! Come right erlong home!' But he opened his mouth to holler, an' his hollerin' scared the frog so turrible dat 'stead of jumpin' 'way, he jes' jumped smack bang into dat boy's t'roat. An' dat bad boy yelled 'Ow, dar's somepin in my t'roat!' an' his maw said, 'Take er drink of wateh, quick'; an' she scooped up some out ob de ribber wid her han's an' guv it to de boy to drink. An' he drunk it all down fas' as he could an' washed the frog right down his t'roat, an' as he wen' down he says jes' once 'glup!' an' dat wuz all. An' eveh since dat time yo' allus heah dat noise in chillen's t'roats when dey's er drinkin' too fas'—'glup, glup.' Dere's a frog in dey t'roats an' dey has ter drink slower an' mind dey mannehs."

"Will you tell us another, Aunt Seeley?" asked Manthus.

"Lan' sakes, chile, whaf for yo' all keepin' me heah talkin' all dis heah mo'nin? Take yo' cookies an' cl'ar out! I ain't got no time to fool wid younguns no more!" cried Aunt Seeley.

So Manthus and Bobby went out under the great cottonwood and had a lovely tea party.

(To be continued.)

TEARS shed over common misfortunes are called "reason's merriment," by Shakespeare. Sorrows are often signs of God's goodness and mercy. A poet says:

Seeds burst not their dark cells without a throe,

All birth is effort, shall not that of grace be so?

The Mosquito Chaser.

BY WILLIAM ALPHONSO MURRILL.

CHRIS had just finished grammar school and naturally felt very proud of himself; but his feathers soon fell when his father put him to work in the cornfield.

In a week or so, however, everything was all right with Chris. His blisters were gone, his back had stopped aching, and he was beginning to enjoy the regular exercise. Raised on a farm, he was accustomed to work; only while at his books he had become a little "soft"; that was all.

But the big question on the boy's mind was not work in the cornfield with his dad, but high school in the Fall. All of the other fellows were going, and he was very much afraid there would be one of the class missing. After days of doubt, he finally mustered up courage enough to talk with his dad about it.

"You see, dad," he began, "the farm work will be about done when high school starts, and I can help you on Saturdays."

"Yes, that's true enough; but how are you goin' to get to the school and back every day?

"Why, it's only five miles over there, and I can walk part way, and maybe pick up a ride.

"But I can't have you catching your death in bad weather, and I won't have you botherin' the neighbors. Maybe I can spare you, and buy your books, and pay your fees; but that daily trip back and forth, I don't seem to see it."

Chris lived in a small village surrounded by farms. The public school, a church or two, and a few stores were the chief buildings on the principal street. The residents had little means and less education, but plenty of community spirit and pride. A prize was given each year for the most attractive yard; the houses were all painted; and

the streets abounded in shade trees. Tourists passing through remarked on the cleanliness and beauty of the place.

It was this village pride that brought to Chris a solution of his knotty problem. Mosquitoes suddenly appeared to torment the citizens and make them bow their heads in shame. Why, soon the whole State would know that they harbored the pests, and people would steer clear of them.

At the mass meeting to consider the problem, Chris begged for the job of getting rid of the mosquitoes. He promised full satisfaction. No one was more surprised than his father when Chris got up and made his speech. But he felt sure if the boy undertook it he would put it through. What he did not know was that Chris had read up on the subject that spring, and had written an essay for his teacher which was highly commended. Yes, Chris was fully prepared to make the fight and uphold the reputation of the town.

As no rival appeared, he was voted the job, to begin at once. If he failed, he got nothing; if he succeeded, they would hold another mass meeting and decide what to pay him. Pretty stiff terms, but the boy was confident of success—and then off to high school!

Chris selected five dependable boys for his assistants, and he arranged to get the oil on credit. Then he carefully explained everything to the boys, showing them the different stages of the mosquito, how the eggs were laid, how the young wiggletails breathed, and how a little oil on the surface of the water would kill them. His slogan was, "all standing water covered or stocked with fish."

The people co-operated readily. They helped to pick up the tin cans, bottles, and other vessels that might hold rain-water and breed mosquitoes. They examined their gutters, looked for holes in trees, and other places where water might stand. They bought minnows and

goldfish for their pools; they opened up their drains, and they cleared out the weeds and underbrush. If anything was overlooked, Chris, or one of his keen-eyed assistants, was sure to find it.

The women who wanted rain-water for their hair were forced by public opinion to keep their rain-barrels closely covered with netting, so that no eggs could be laid in the barrels. All drains, ponds, pools, swamps, or other bodies of water that were liable to become breeding places, were kept covered with a thin film of oil. This was attended to by the boys, and regular trips of inspection made. At first, Chris begged his father for a week to get things organized, then he returned to his work in the field, and managed the mosquito business at odd times.

The weeks slipped rapidly by, as they have a habit of doing when people are busy, and at length another mass meeting was called. Chris was acclaimed a hero, a patriot, a hard worker, a public-spirited citizen, and a pronounced success. When a motion was made to pay him two hundred dollars out of the village fund, there was not a dissenting vote. His father did not vote for it, neither did he oppose it, because none knew better than he how richly Chris deserved it.

The boy paid for the oil and was liberal with his assistants, and still had quite a neat sum for high school expenses. He bought a good bicycle, which he used in ordinary weather, and when it stormed he paid his way on the bus. During the entire school year, his dad did not have to spend a cent for his books, fees, or clothing.

Chris paid his way fully, and made a name for himself besides. Ten years later he was a public health official in a big city with a salary of five thousand dollars a year. But he never forgot his first campaign as a mosquito chaser, nor the five splendid boys who helped him to put it through!

A Kindly Queen and Prince.

A very human story is told of Queen Victoria. It also reveals the kindly heart of her son, the Prince of Wales, who was later crowned King as Edward VII.

On one of her journeys, it chanced that a little boy was most anxious to see her and to meet her; and in order not to miss any opportunity, he decided to find out where she was staying, and at once go to pay her a visit. He learned that she was stopping at a castle not very far from his home.

"I want to see the Queen," he said to the soldier, who was guarding the gate of the castle.

The soldier, at first serious, laughed at the request, thinking that the best way to get rid of the little fellow. But the boy stood his ground.

"I want to see the Queen," he repeated.

Thereupon, the soldier, lowering his gun, pointed it at the boy to scare him away.

"Be off now, quick, or I'll shoot," and he moved his finger near the trigger, as though about to carry out his word.

Naturally, the frightened boy ran off as fast as his legs could carry him, and at the same time cried out with alarm. He had not gone far, when, stopping for breath, he attracted the attention of a passer-by.

"What's wrong?" asked the stranger kindly.

The boy started to reply, but his fear of the soldier as well as his sorrow in failing to see the Queen being strong, he could not speak at once.

"What's wrong?" again inquired the stranger in a kindly tone.

"I want to see the Queen," the boy said finally.

"Well, why not?"

"That soldier won't let me."

"Won't he?" replied the new friend. "Come along with me; I'll take you to the Queen."

Accordingly he took the boy by the hand and started toward the castle. Coming near to the gate where the soldier was standing guard, the boy began to tremble, and, on seeing the soldier raise his gun to salute, he mistook it for a threat to shoot, and off he ran again. The stranger easily caught up with the running boy and assured him that he could safely bring him into the presence of the Queen.

"That soldier won't let you."

"Oh, yes, he will," answered the kind-hearted man, "for I am the Prince of Wales. I am sure that my mother will be very happy to meet you."

Again they started for the castle, walked through the gate, through the spacious grounds, and into the castle, which was some distance back. In a few minutes the Prince had found his mother, the Queen, and presented the boy, who was so anxious to meet her.

"I wanted to see the Queen," the boy said; "but the soldier at the gate almost shot me. Then, the Prince brought me here."

"And I am so glad you came."

She spoke kindly to him for a few minutes, and, to his very great delight, presented him with a piece of money as she ended the happy visit.

"Thank you," he said to the Queen, his eyes shining with delight and his face beaming with happiness. "And thank you," he said to the Prince of Wales. He started for the door, stopped and turned, and then bowed very low. "Good-bye," and he was gone.

The Prince guided him to the gate and past the soldier, who was now smiling in a friendly way.

"Thank you," he said to the Prince, and reached out to shake hands. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," answered the Prince.

DON'T be a critic. And remember that while you are observing other people, they are observing you.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

In a book of instructions composed for Duke Charles of Savoy, in the Fifteenth Century, the author advised him to become well versed in the New Testament, in order that he may be on his guard against the heretics of the time.

—Children everywhere will welcome "The Second Book of Blue Ribbon Stories: The Best Children's Stories of 1930," edited by Mabel L. Robinson, and published by Appleton. If it at all equals the first volume of the series, it carries pages of exciting interest for the young folk.

—A novel to taste for oneself, and when it suits the palate never fails to give unusual pleasure, is one like "Spanish Lover," by Frank H. Spearman, just published by Charles Scribner's Sons. It recalls "Robert Kimberly," "Doctor Bryson," and other books by the same author, who so well deserves his popularity.

—Father de la Taille's recent book "The Mystery of Faith and Human Opinion Contrasted and Defined" (Longmans, Green & Co.) is an explanation of his classic volume on the Mass, "*Mysterium Fidei*." He outlines the argument of his larger work, and gives an answer to the many criticisms that have been made of it. We hope to give a longer notice of this work in a later issue.

—There will be wide interest in Mr. John L. Stoddard's new book, "Twelve Years in the Catholic Church," he is so well known as an author and lecturer. But the title is an unfortunate one on account of some literary productions by renegades. "Within the Fold" would have been very suitable. The evening of life has brought with it its own lamp to the venerable American publicist.

—An interesting and thoughtful book is "Beyond," an anthology of poetry on death and immortality, edited by Sherman Ripley (D. Appleton and Company. \$2.50). It is a collection from works of the poets of all time—from Euripides and Catullus down to Edwin Arlington Robinson. Not all the poems deal di-

rectly with death or immortality, but all of them, indirectly at least, show the poets' view of the end of life and what waits beyond. We were surprised to find no mention of Cardinal Newman's "Dream of Gerontius," one of the real poems on death and immortality, nor any quotation from Bryant's "Thanatopsis."

—"Why We Honor St. Joseph," by the Rev. Albert Power, S. J., is answered by an explanation of each of the invocations of the Litany of St. Joseph. The treatment is new, the thoughts are varied enough to reach both mind and heart, the application of truths to daily life is very practical, and in addition, there is a religious spirit which is certain to foster devotion to this saint, whose dignity and spiritual greatness, virtues, and apostolic works give him a special place in Catholic life. Suitable, as it is, for meditation and spiritual reading for religious, particularly in March, it should also be attractive reading for men and women of the world. Publisher, Pustet. Price, \$1.25 net.

—Further numbers of "Des Fleurs et des Fruits" series, whose general editor is the renowned Abbé Felix Klein, are now to be had. "La Conquête du Mont-Blanc," by Claude Nisson, tells in a thrilling way of the dangers faced and the difficulties overcome in the first ascent and the later explorations of Mont Blanc, whose beauty was thereby opened to the modern world.—"L'Epopée Algérienne" is to the glory of the soldiers, the pioneers and the colonizers, who lived and worked in untold hardships for the honor of France.—"Toujours Prêtes!" by Marguerite Bourcet, reveals in story form the spirit of the Catholic scout movement in France. Scouts, mindful of the glory of God, the Church, and country, and at the same time faithful to their training, and ever willing to be of service to others, face tests and trying circumstances, which they conquer with courageous hearts.—"Le Sauvetage de Jean Paquerel," by M. M. D'Armagnac, is the type of narrative specially suited to the minds of the young, for it

has action and development of character in a plot which blends the serious and humorous. Publisher, Editions Spes, Paris. Price, each 10 francs.

—Exceptionally interesting information about incunabula for Washington is furnished by the London *Times Literary Supplement*. It says:

"The recent ceremony—duly attended by photographers—of handing over the copy of the Gutenberg Bible on vellum by the authorities of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Paul, in the Valley of the Levant, in Carinthia, to Dr. Otto H. Vollbehr, and by him to the American Ambassador in Vienna, was almost the last act in one of the biggest book transactions recorded. It forms part of the bargain by which the Library of Congress at Washington, D. C., pays to Dr. Vollbehr the enormous sum of \$1,500,000 (£300,000) for his collection of 3000 incunabula, or books printed before A. D. 1500. The collection has been on offer to the Library of Congress for some time, and in the interval it has been exhibited in various great centres of the United States, and was at Chicago during the time of the Eucharistic Congress. The United States Government for a long time hesitated to spend so large a sum on printed books, and it was chiefly due to the energy of Mr. Ross A. Collins, a Democrat member from Mississippi, that the Bill for the purchase of the collection was passed, and duly received the signature of Mr. Hoover.

"In this way the Library of Congress at one deal becomes the possessor of the largest collection of incunabula in the United States. The number of books printed before 1500 has roughly been estimated at 30,000, some of which exist only in fragments. The total number of copies now existing of all these works is believed to be 500,000, in libraries public and private. The greater number still remain in Europe.

"Of course, the great gem of the collection is the vellum copy of the Gutenberg forty-two-line Bible from the Benedictine Abbey in Carinthia. As far back as September 28, 1926, its sale to Dr. Vollbehr was announced in *The Times* from Vienna, and the price was then stated to be about £55,000, and that the Austrian Government would claim £5000 as an export tax. What was in fact done at that time was that Dr. Vollbehr paid a large sum down and secured a long 'option' on its ultimate sale. The 'deal,' as stated above, was recently completed, and Dr. Vollbehr passed through London a week or so ago *en route* for the United States in order to be present when the

Bible is formally placed in the Library of Congress.

"We have described this book as the great gem of the collection, because it is, or rather was, the only one printed on vellum not in a public library. Only twelve reasonably complete copies on vellum are known, and only three of these are perfect and complete—the St. Paul, Carinthia (now Library of Congress), the British Museum (acquired in 1846), and the Bibliothèque Nationale (acquired in 1788); the others have one or more leaves missing, and that in the Archbishop's Library at Lambeth has only the New Testament—its counterpart with the Old Testament is in the Landes-Bibliothek at Fulda. What little history is known of the copy which will henceforth take its place in the Library of Congress is told in M. Seymour de Ricci's 'Catalogue Raisonné des Premières Impressions de Mayence,' 1911, p. 32, No. 31; in 1773 it was recorded as belonging to the Benedictines of St. Blasten in the Black Forest, and was transferred about 1800 to the Abbey at St. Paul. It is bound in three volumes in a binding dating from the latter part of the Sixteenth Century."

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Sister Mary Magdala and Sister Mary Ephrem, Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister Mary Celestine, Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister Mary Aquin and Sister Mary Romuald, Sisters of Mercy.

Mrs. Elizabeth Slater, Mrs. M. Coleman, Miss Loretta Fahey, Mr. Mathias Thome, Miss Cecilia K. Lennon, Miss Mary Kohler, Mrs. R. King, Mr. Jeremiah Coffey, Mrs. Ellen Ryan, Mr. Edward J. Lyons, Mrs. Susie O'Keefe, Miss Clara Graulich, Jeremiah, Mary and Dennis Calnan, Mrs. Anna Callaghan, Pora and William Goggin.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

| | |
|--|--|
| SATURDAY, 25.—SS. Chrysanthus and Daria, MM. St. Gaudentius, Bp. | WEDNESDAY, 29.—St. Narcissus, B. C. St. Eusebia, V. |
| SUNDAY, 26.—TWENTIETH AFTER PENTECOST. Feast of our Lord Jesus Christ the King. | THURSDAY, 30.—St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, C. |
| MONDAY, 27.—St. Frumentius, B. C. | FRIDAY, 31.—Vigil. St. Quinctinus, M. |
| TUESDAY, 28.—SS. Simon and Jude, App. | NOVEMBER. |
| | SATURDAY, 1.—Feast of All Saints. |

MIXED MARRIAGES

Catholic pastors and parents and teachers have as one of their obligations the duty of warning young men and women against the dangers which their inexperienced eyes cannot easily see. One of the most threatening of those dangers is the mixed marriage. With all due regard for the many fine non-Catholics who have contributed to the happiness of such marriages in individual cases, the Church knows from long experience that grave dangers hover around even the most promising of such unions. A very eminent churchman, the Rt. Rev. Mgr. A. A. Labing, LL. D., has presented the real situation in a kind but firm and easily understandable way in "Mixed Marriages, Their Origin and Their Results." Instead of attempting to "preach" to the young folks and thereby offend them, let this wise and experienced prelate talk to them through this little pamphlet.

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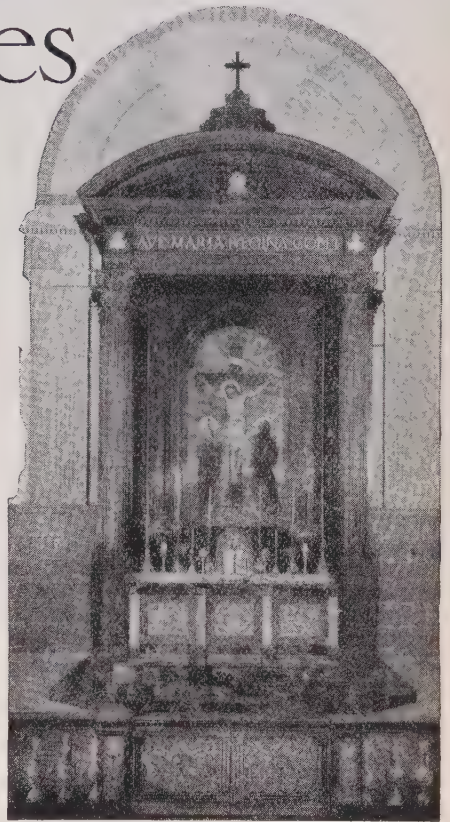
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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 25, 1930.

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The Little Town of Chartres.

BY SARAH LITSEY.

I'LL never be going to a little town again
Without remembering Chartres grey in the rain;
The good town people and the two tall spires
Dreamed by their grandmères and builded by
their sires.

The streets were quiet with wonder and the
houses were shy
That anything so beautiful should stand against
the sky.

The rain made a patter across the wide square
As soft as children's talking, and peace was
everywhere.

As patient as the peasant hands that built it
years ago

The great cathedral watched its people come
and go.

It was dreams that made it holy and the years
have made it grey—

It isn't any wonder that these folk know how
to pray.

Images and Pictures of Our Lady.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.



NE who has made an exhaust-
tive study of this subject (Ed-
mund Waterton, F. S. A.)
tells us that the "English
images and pictures of Our Lady were
pre-eminently conspicuous for their
great beauty," and he goes on to say
that the loveliness of the English illu-
minations is equally remarkable. Even
a cursory glance at some of the old
MSS. in the British Museum will abun-

dantly prove the truth of the latter
assertion; whilst many learned foreign
authorities confirm the former. It should
be remembered, however, that if the
English illuminations were wonderful,
words can scarcely be found to describe
the perfection to which the art of illu-
minating had been carried by Irish
scribes, and which, as well as their mar-
vellous ornamental caligraphy, was
practised by them in all those monas-
teries founded by Celtic missionaries.
Thus it was that this particular school
of illumination continued for some cen-
turies to exist in the north of England,
and was for long misnamed Anglo-
Saxon, though many of the MSS. writ-
ten in that language were frequently il-
luminated by Irish artists or by monks
who had learned their art in Ireland.

The celebrated Book of Kells gives
us one of the most ancient and valuable
illuminations of Our Lady, who is de-
picted in a purple garment ornamented
with shamrock leaves. This garment
reaches to her feet; the sleeves are blue;
above is another robe; and her head is
surrounded by an elaborate nimbus. The
Holy Child is on her knee and is look-
ing towards her, His right hand resting
on hers. He is clothed in a green upper
tunic, with a red border reaching to His
knees; and under this is a yellow gar-
ment that falls to His feet, which, like
those of His Mother, are bare. It is ex-
ceedingly interesting to note in respect
of this remarkable illumination that, up
to the time of the Renaissance, Our
Lady, with this single exception in the

Book of Kells, A. D. 700, "is invariably represented with shoes on her feet—at least with her feet covered,—whilst Our Lord usually has bare feet, and occasionally sandals."

We find in the same unique MS. many instances of the flower sceptres which are placed sometimes in the hand of Mary Immaculate in such scenes as her Coronation, sometimes in the hand of our Divine Redeemer, triumphant over sin and death, sometimes in the hands of the Angels. Again this lovely idea occurs in statues. For example, the great silver-gilt image of Our Lady of Lincoln held in her hand "a sceptre with one flower set with stones and pearls, and one bird on the top thereof." Birds are frequently found in pictures or in connection with statues. King Henry IV. of England, gave to the Royal Chapel of Windsor a statue of Our Lady of silver gilt. On her right arm she carried her Divine Son who was playing with a bird. Barocci painted the Virgin Mother holding her Child and St. John the Baptist in her arms. St. John is rescuing a bird from a cat, which is at Our Lady's feet. This is *La Vièrge au chat*.

Statues of the Blessed Virgin when not sheathed with gold and silver, or made of precious metals, were always colored and gilt. Their introduction into England was for the purpose of instructing the ignorant, as Bede the Venerable tells us when writing of an image of Our Lady, and of the Twelve Apostles with other representations from ecclesiastical history. "They were placed," he says, "in God's house, so that all those who entered the church, even if they could not read, wherever they turned their eyes, might have before them the amiable countenances of Christ and His Saints. This is eminently true, for Popes, bishops and priests neglected no channel of instruction, whether written or oral, festal celebration, painting, sculpture and, as time

went on, even stage representation in the form of Mystery and Miracle Plays. Hence it was that, as a modern writer has well said, "in the Middle Ages, when men's knowledge of ancient history was even ludicrously imperfect and unreal, the Gospel story was both known and understood."

That silver and gold were used to adorn statues at an early period is proved by records at Glastonbury, the most venerable sanctuary dedicated to Our Lady in England, and also from a certain famous image at Thetford, Norfolk, which was much frequented by pilgrims. William of Malmesbury, speaking of the noted "Silver Chapel," built by Ine, King of the West Saxons in 708, mentions 175 pounds of silver and 38 pounds of gold for images of Our Lord, Our Lady and the Twelve Apostles. The Thetford statue was a painted one and very curious, for we read in an ancient chronicle that a special chapel had been erected for it by the monks.

The prior, to increase the devotion of the people to the Virgin Mother or Our Saviour, "caused the image which stood by a door near the chapel to be taken down and new-painted; and as the painter was cleaning it, he found a silver plate well nailed down on the top of its head. He showed it to the Prior, who called the monks and ordered it to be taken off in their presence, and then they found the relics of many saints wrapt in lead with their names upon them, and most of them came from the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem." The chronicler further explains that all of these were placed in the head of the image which Sir Ralf, a monk born and brought up in Thetford, had "caused to be made at his own expense, with a tabernacle adorned with small images, painting, gold, and precious stones."

It was quite an old custom in days gone by to enclose relics in statues of Our Lady, and one by no means confined to this country alone. A very

beautiful example is now in the Louvre in Paris. These images are called in French *Images ouvrantes*, and they became very general in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries. As their name implies they were made to open, and form a triptych containing relics, as we have just seen, or carved representations. Besides Thetford, there are instances of such images at Barking Abbey and at Glastonbury. Relics were also placed in the figures of Our Lord Crucified, as was done in the Great Rood at St. Edmundsbury, A. D. 1102.

The "tabernacles" above mentioned were canopied niches to receive a statue or triptych, and were often on a magnificent scale. For example, we read that in the Lady Chapel at Stowmarket, Suffolk, her image stood in a niche of "tabernacle work," to the making of which Margaret Wetherard, in 1457, bequeathed the sum of four shillings. Again, at Southwold, in the same county, there was an image of Our Lady of Pity "in a very rich tabernacle painted and gilt." The same were found at Peterborough, Lincoln and many other places.

Sometimes these tabernacles were of ivory as were the statues themselves. We know that St. Edmund of Canterbury had an ivory image on his table, and Thomas Willmot, Vicar of Ashford, bequeathed in 1493 to the chapel of St. Nicholas the image of St. Mary the Virgin which used to stand in his study. The images of carved wood were "right well painted and fayre (fair) arrayed wyth golde and divers other colours." Altars and super-altars were also "garnished with silver and gilte and parte golde." Thomas of Barsham, usually known as Thomas of Yarmouth, acquired considerable reputation during the beginning of the Fifteenth Century as a painter and *imagier*, or maker of images; to him, probably are due many interesting specimens of Medieval art which still remain on the altar screens of some of

the Norfolk and Suffolk churches. The lovely "chancel screen" at Southwold must have been an outstanding example.

It is said that artists in the Ages of Faith did not use models for sacred subjects. Christian, or more properly speaking, Catholic artists painted from inspiration. The "Stacions of Rome" in the Vernon MS. A. D. 1370, states that in the portrait of Our Lady by St. Luke, her face was filled in by angel hands.

Made with angel hand, and not with his,
As men in Rome witnesseth this.

—(Early English Text Soc.)

Southey, too, writes of his "pious painter of Catholic days," who is represented on the wall of the Lady Chapel at Winchester as "painting Our Lady from inspiration." This chapel contains some very interesting mural paintings illustrative of the miracles of the Blessed Virgin; amongst them we find the procession at Rome, St. Gregory carrying the picture of Our Lady ascribed to St. Luke, and many other scenes. But the most curious reference to painting from inspiration is that in an old document which records at great length and with much poetic charm how "Prince Edward, son of Henry III." of England, had a vision during the night in which while he slept, there appeared to him "a most lovely Maiden adorned with the flowers of all the virtues, the glorious Virgin Mother of God, by whose prayers the Christian people are helped, and who by the ineffable co-operation of the Holy Ghost brought the Unfading and Eternal Flower."

Presently, in his dream, Our Lady spoke to the young Prince, and bade him go very early in the morning "to the most cunning limner in the whole world, Marlibrun the Jew, of Billingsgate, and tell him to paint a picture of herself and her Son Jesus," which she said would be painted "by Divine inspiration." Then Edward was to send the picture as soon as finished to the chapel

in the cemetery of Barking Church near the Tower of London, and she went on to say that "when Marlibrun should have gazed thoughtfully on the expression of the two faces within the said chapel, he would be so drawn to the love of heavenly things that, together with his wife Juda, he would be converted to the Catholic Faith."

The Church of All Hallows, Barking, near the Tower was so-called because it was the property of the Abbess and convent of Barking, in Essex. In those days with which we are now concerned, it was surrounded by a large churchyard or cemetery, in which stood the chapel spoken of by Our Lady, and which afterwards became so famous as "Our Lady of Barking." Many offerings were given to this shrine. In the household accounts of Elizabeth of York, March 24, 1502, we find: "To Sir William Barton, preest, singyng at Our Lady of Barking, £7 6s. 8d." And in July, 1508, the Duke of Buckingham made "oblation to Our Lady of Barking, 20d." Descriptions of the most noted statues of the Blessed Virgin in Medieval England are too numerous to be given here.

An Invalid's Jottings.

BY JOSEPH CARMICHAEL.

I.

IT has been my lot, for more years than I care to count, to lie helpless upon a couch, awaiting with what patience I can summon, the inevitable call to depart to a better world—as I hope; a call which cannot be long delayed.

I have no living relatives; my worldly gear is more than sufficient for my needs, and I have been blessed with the most devoted of attendants in my man Titley and his good wife—both of them old servants of our family. A few treasured friends are kind enough to enliven

my solitude by an occasional visit; bodily pains are slight and infrequent. I have reason, therefore, to be unfeignedly thankful for a life free from care and anxiety. Yet at times, as is but natural, one is oppressed by the sense of one's uselessness; and weariness and dissatisfaction set in, not always to be dispelled by those usually faithful consolers—one's books.

It has been suggested by some of those who love me, and have discovered my secret unrest, that I should lighten my loneliness by recording, as inclination moves me, the recollections of events connected with the town which has been for so long a time my habitation. Trivial, perhaps, they may seem and insignificant; yet is not life made up of little things? So it has come about that I, John Molyneux, have yielded to these suggestions, and have set myself the task of jotting down the memories born of the scenes upon which my eyes are constantly dwelling day after day. "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance," said poor distraught Ophelia. I, too, will offer these my sprigs of rosemary to such as may deign to accept them, trifling though they be.

My first duty is to introduce my readers to the laboratory in which these transient impressions of people and things have been made to assume concrete shape; in other words, the room and its surroundings where my days and hours are spent. My residence is known in local parlance as "The Tower." Not only does its natural position render it a convenient place of outlook over the somewhat sleepy town beneath, but, as will be seen, the room in which I live possesses more advantages to that end.

The Tower is in the eyes of the townsfolk a building of no little importance. Opinions may differ as to its beauty or imposing appearance; but it is certainly one of the most conspicuous objects in

the town of Wybrow St. Mary. Even at a considerable distance, its huge, ungainly bulk may be seen looming against the sky from the summit of a conical hillock in the very centre of the little town, almost dwarfing by comparison the beautiful, slender Gothic spire of St. Mary's Church hard by.

The Tower owes its origin to an entirely illiterate native of Wybrow, who, having made his pile in Australian gold fields, had drifted back home to enjoy his hard-earned dignity and ease among the scenes of his youth. Moved by the desire of perpetuating the memory of his surpassing luck and instigated, may be, by vague memories of lordly castles seen in picture books long ago, he resolved to build himself a worthy habitation which should serve as a palatial dwelling for his declining years, and render his name illustrious for all time. Alas for the inanity of human ambition! Before the place was fit to serve as a residence the poor wretch was dead—a victim of inordinate love for drink. His money passed to his next of kin, and they preferred to spend their easily acquired fortune in more lively surroundings; they sold the Tower for an old song, migrated to London, and shook from their feet for good and all the dust of Wybrow St. Mary.

The building was not an inviting dwelling-place, and after passing through many vicissitudes stood empty for some years. At length it was acquired by an elderly man of studious habits, who was attracted by its quaint seclusion. He took up residence there, and spent many years in it attended by an ancient house-keeper, and living in a privacy almost eremitical. I had taken a fancy to it long before on account of its unusual features and surroundings, and thus it came to pass that at the death of its owner the Tower became mine.

My "Castle," as I choose facetiously to style it to my intimates, is erected on an eminence which scarcely deserves

any more striking designation than "mound." Its whole area is comprised in an acre or two, and its total height is but sixty feet or so from the level of the Market Square near-by. With ludicrous pretentiousness the natives have dubbed it "Tower Hill!" The eminence is railed round and planted with small trees and shrubs of ragged growth, from whose midst the Tower lifts its ungainly form aloft. The sham battlemented parapet of the building is about ninety feet from the ground; the building itself some fifty feet square. The wall surface is everywhere "harled"—to use a local phrase; in other words it is plastered thickly with rough cement. The small, pointed windows, sprinkled sparsely over the wall space, irrespective of symmetry are of the style vulgarly called "Carpenters' Gothic," with wooden frames and mullions; they are filled with leaded, diamond-shaped panes.

The most curious feature of the Tower is that it has no ground floor. The retired gold-digger, after a long spell of grubbing on the surface of the earth and beneath it, seems to have decided to finish his career as high as possible above it. He therefore caused the lower walls of the building facing east and west to be pierced by broad semi-circular arches, so that the drive leading from the town below should pass under the Tower. The contrivance has given the structure the appearance of an obese giant supported on two diminutive legs set far apart! Beyond the arches is a cramped plot of ground taken up with stable and outhouses.

Access to the inhabited portion of the Tower is gained through a low, pointed doorway in the north wall of the substructure. It leads to a twisted, narrow winding-stair of stone, up which a visitor is compelled to thread his grumbling way—for the stair is a veritable bugbear to all comers—everyone anathematizes it except myself, and that because, for obvious reasons, I am

never compelled to climb its tortuous ascent. But anyone who has succeeded in doing so, without serious damage to frame or temper, has reason to feel more satisfaction with the result than might have been expected; for one emerges from the gloom upon a well-lighted landing from whence a glass door opens upon the lobby communicating with the living rooms of my habitation.

My usual apartment is cheery and bright as could be wished. I congratulate myself upon one of its most striking features, although its achievement was a greivous blow to Wybrow folk; this is an unusually large oriel window, which I had constructed on the side overlooking the town. The natives appear to have imagined that the architecture of the Tower was of purest Gothic, and the oriel has no claim to Gothic, or to any style except the expedient; hence the adverse criticism. The plate-glass front and sides of this recess, extending from floor to roof, form a gazebo and give me unrestricted vision of men and things in the streets and lanes below, while I lie comfortably on my couch.

From this point of vantage, through spring, summer, autumn and winter of each passing year, I look down upon an ever-varying scene, as successive changes flit over Nature's face. I see the houses and gardens, the streets and lanes—never overcrowded—with their many and varied buildings. Straight in front of my window lies the Market Square, the centre of activity; its "Moot Hall" in the farthest corner represents justice and order. To the right, the graceful spire of the parish church uplifts a gilded cross from among embowering trees. Farther afield one sees farms and cottages sprinkling the landscape in all directions, until the rising ground shuts out all view except the sky. Towards the left the dwellings are clustered in a little hamlet—Wybrow St. Peter, vul-

garly called "Peter's"; another church, dedicated to the Prince of the Apostles stood there in primitive days. At the edge of my line of vision in that direction is the silver streak of the canal, often dotted with moving barges.

It is a pleasant room enough in which I pass my days. Books and pictures enliven its walls; its fireplace is constructed with a roomy ingle-nook, under whose shelter my couch can be wheeled when twilight falls. A cushioned seat for visitors is part of its equipment. One side of the room is occupied with what looks like a large cabinet closed by broad oaken doors; open one of these and you discover a deep recess which has been converted into a miniature sanctuary. An altar is there, bedecked with silken hangings; cross, candles, missal and all requisites for Mass are evident; side presses contain vestments and linen. This is my cherished nook whence untold joys radiate, and whither all sorrows are drawn to be sanctified and changed to blessings; for here at frequent intervals is offered that mystic Sacrifice which brings Heaven to men on earth.

This then is practically all my world. For not a few years my life has been spent in these surroundings; here I expect to remain until I am carried out to rest in an even narrower habitation to await the call to rise.

II.

Quite close at hand, its beautiful spire rising above the trees that shroud the main building from view, is the parish church, dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin—a dedication which has given its title to the town. There is a peculiar feature of this spire which gives me great satisfaction. About half way up—too far off for iconoclastic zeal to deface them—there stand in four niches, facing the four quarters, graceful stone statues of the church's patron. One faces in my direction; and it gives me joy to think that Our Lady must

keep special watch and ward over the Tower and its inmates, who form part of the faithful few still remaining in the town which was once her own entirely. No one resents the preservation of these relics of ancient days, if, indeed, anyone has troubled to inquire their signification. One of the "oldest inhabitants" was asked once by a Catholic what ladies were represented by the statues. His answer was ingenious, at least: "Well, Sir, I have heard say, when a lad, as the gentleman that built our church had four wonderful handsome daughters; so he got their images cut in stone, and set them up on the spire as a kind of remembrance."

The interior of the church I have never seen, but I am told that through the zeal of the late Rector it has been restored with exquisite taste, and is now one of the best-kept churches in the county. About that I shall have something to say presently.

The Rectory is invisible from my window; it is, I know, a roomy house standing in extensive gardens. The present incumbent leaves me severely alone; he has been at Wybrow for some considerable time but has never called on me, and I do not expect him to do so now. The previous Rector was one of my dearest friends, and he as well as his wife and charming children were among my most cherished visitors. Every two or three days one or other would put in an appearance at the Tower, urged, as I feel sure, by the sweet Christian charity which reigned in that family.

The Reverend Gervase Royston was the second son of Sir Bernard Royston, a rich landowner in Warwickshire. The eldest of the family had entered the Army, and the remaining son was destined for the Church and the family living of Royston Abbot. But the old baronet had an inflexible will, and that will had decreed that Gervase must sustain the family glory by a suitable marriage; the bride chosen for him was a

certain peer's daughter who could boast of a notable pedigree, and would inherit a goodly fortune. Moreover, Sir Bernard did not hesitate to declare that the union was the price of his continued good-will towards his son. Unless Gervase should accede to his wishes in that matter, the family living would never be bestowed upon him, nor need the young man look to him for support.

But Gervase had his own views: his heart had been given long ago to Mary Cardene, daughter of a former Vicar of Royston Abbot, and the playmate of his childhood. The death of her father left her alone in the world, while Gervase's ordination rendered him a suitable successor to the living, and an acceptable protector to the orphaned girl. Gervase had also his share of the family "firmness of character" (designated in him "abominable obstinacy"), and, refusing to listen to any arguments with regard to Lady Louisa, sought for and obtained a curacy in the south of England, and married Mary incontinently. After that his angry father would have no further dealings with the "rebel"; even when the death of his eldest son in battle left Gervase heir-presumptive to title and estates, the old man refused all communications with him or his wife.

I gathered from the children's prattle that the first years of the marriage were spent in almost dire poverty; but when an old college friend procured the presentation of Gervase Royston to Wybrow, things were entirely changed; for Wybrow was a rich living, and its Rectory spacious and well ordered.

Royston himself was the jolliest of companions, and many an evening has he spent by my fireside in friendly chat over his beloved pipe. His children idolized him, and I can not wonder; he was more like an elder brother to them than a father as regards their little excursions and amusements, yet a striking example in all that was good. Mrs.

Royston was indescribably lovely, with hair of pale gold, and the most delicately tinted complexion I have ever seen; her dark brown eyes gave an added beauty to an already striking face. In appearance she was an exact contrast to her husband, who was very dark, with black hair, yet of undeniably handsome presence.

It comes to my mind that one of the children, speaking of his mother, told me once that he had always thought her the most beautiful woman in the world. He could compare her with nothing less than one of the angels in a stained-glass window in the church—indeed, he scarcely thought that the angel's face was so lovely. He set at rest his childish conscience, as regards any irreverence, by the reflection that perhaps the man who had painted the window might never have seen an angel (which appeared to me quite possible), and had made it as beautiful as he could—never having seen Mary Royston!

There were four children when I came to know the Roystons; some two or three had died in infancy. Gervase ("Jarvey"), the eldest, was a quiet, studious boy, the image of his fair mother; Molly came next, then Bernard ("Barney"), and last of all Apollonia, named after Royston's sister, who alone of all the family still kept up affectionate relations with her exiled brother. The somewhat ponderous name of the baby of the family had been curtailed to "Apple" in ordinary parlance. The girls were fair like Jarvey, but Barney, oddly enough, was not only dark like his father, but prided himself upon being the "ugly duckling"; he was just an ordinarily plain-faced boy, but cheery and gay as his father, and my especial crony. From the formal "Mr. Molyneux" of first acquaintance, I had become finally "Uncle Jack" to all these young folk; and—I almost regret to chronicle it—in later years the avuncular pretence was entirely swept away, and they

would address me as "Jack" simply, and refer to me—still more disrespectfully—at times, as "Old Jack"!

From the children's animated talk I learned much about their parents and the events of the household at the Rectory. Dad played the fiddle—"divinely" according to Barney, who was his willing pupil on that instrument; Mother sang beautifully and played the organ in the church, and all four of the children helped to form the choir, for all were intensely musical. But they had other lesser joys: cricket for both boys and girls, croquet too (tennis had not become popular yet) were constant enjoyments. Royston was a good cricketer, and often joined in their game, as did also Jarvey's schoolfellow and friend, Cyril Latatski—of whom more later.

Then there were rare excursions for hill-climbing, fishing, nutting in season, as well as swimming and bathing for the boys in summer, and skating in winter. But life in the Rectory was not all "beer and skittles"; studies took up most of each day. The boys joined in due time the Grammar School in the town—an ancient foundation, which had fallen into disrepute until the appointment of an Oxford M. A. as head master raised its status to one of surpassing excellence, and attracted many pupils from the surrounding district as well as from the better-class townfolk. The girls studied under both father and mother, as the boys had done previously. It was a busy household and a truly happy one.

The Rector was deservedly popular in the town. He was always approachable, very zealous in the discharge of all duties, and as I have heard from members of his flock, an unusually fine preacher. That he was zealous for the beauty of God's House I gather from the fact that he contributed a large share of the cost incurred in putting it into proper order. Barney mentioned once in the early

days of our acquaintance, when he was always eager to convey any news that might interest me, that he had heard Dad say to Mother that he felt as guilty as David when he looked at the state of the church in comparison with the Rectory. Dad said: 'I am compelled to say too: I dwell in a house of cedar, and the Ark of God—O Mary! that blue paint gives me the creeps every time I see it!' He meant the pale blue paint, you know, which some old jossler daubed on the lovely carved screen at the entrance of the chancel. It was simply awful, as Mother agreed. So now the paint is being scraped off, and they find that there are beautiful pictures of saints on the panels. Pity you can't come to see it, Uncle Jack!"

It will be seen from this that the children never realized any difference in our religious beliefs—indeed, I doubt whether their parents had ever mentioned the fact that I was a Catholic. It certainly never entered into our social relations, nor did it mar in the least the intimate friendship which grew up between us, and was for some seven years a source of joy unspeakable in my lonely life.

(To be continued.)

Children of a Privy Councillor.

BY SOPHIE MAUDE.

WE soon went back to Wales where my mother then was, all unknowing of the terrible blow the sudden fulfilment of which she had only just escaped. The shock of all these serious events brought on frightful neuralgia, and affected my health to such a degree that I was soon really very ill. My mother wished to take me to London doctors. I felt I should never again see my dear home, the glorious Welsh mountains, and rushing torrents bounding from rock to rock. Trying to hide my emotions at every step I took, I said good-bye to it all in

my secret heart—the house, the park, the village where the little children came running out to make their curtsies to us. Oh, it was hard to bear!

On July 16, Father Coleridge gave me the great consolation of allowing me to receive daily Communion and to make a vow of chastity, but he added something which was not altogether pleasant. He put me under obedience to Teresa to make up for my not being yet a nun; and I assure you this little "sham superior" was a thousand times more *excegeante* than a real religious superior would have been. Teresa obliged me to lead a life of utter subjection.

Father Coleridge also made me visit convents while I was in London so as to see if I had any particular attraction to any one of them; and so it came about that I visited Carmelites, Franciscans, the Good Shepherd, etc., but felt no benefit from all these expeditions. I told Father Coleridge impatiently: "Of what use is it my visiting all these convents? The shape of the rooms has nothing to do with the Rules of the Order."

This was practically all I saw during my visits to the various convents.

"You must go to the Sacred Heart, Roehampton, now." He spoke very decidedly.

"O Father," I exclaimed, "it is so far away! And besides, perfectly useless. I have no leaning to that Order. It is French, modern, and they teach the children of the aristocracy. I want an ancient Order, with the Mediæval veils, sandals on their feet, to teach the poor, go out on missions, etc."

Father Coleridge answered quietly, that I must go as I had gone to all the other convents. The following day he told Teresa that as he was soon going to Manresa, the Jesuit Novitiate, near Roehampton, it would be a good opportunity for me to visit the Sacred Heart Convent where he would himself come and join us. So the next day, after a

rather long argument with my poor mother, we set off, much against the grain. I was really exceedingly put out at being forced to make this useless expedition. Just as our carriage arrived at Roehampton, Father Coleridge came into the Convent. We asked to see the two Mothers Fitzgerald, our old friends in Rome.

The visit passed in talking of a thousand things, that had nothing to do with the subject of our visit. We then went over the house, the dormitories, some of the classrooms; and all this time Father Coleridge tried to draw me forward and make me talk with the nuns, but I stayed obstinately in the background.

At last the time came for our departure. We went to the porter's lodge, and I said almost crossly, the tears in my eyes: "It's not the rooms, but the Rules I wanted to see, couldn't you show them to us?" I appealed to Mother Emily Fitzgerald.

"Oh, I did not understand the object of your visit," she answered. "If that is what you want you must come and stay here for three days."

We both exclaimed: "Ah, that is absolutely impossible!"

We were already at the front door, so there was no time to say anything more. Yet that short answer from Mother Emily spoken with so much sweetness and affability made a great impression on me and drew me to her at once. In the carriage I repeated her proposal to Teresa. She said as I did "Oh, impossible!"

That evening, my mother called Teresa to her side and told her that during our absence the idea had come to her that I wanted to be a nun, and she wished to know if it was true. My sister answered, "Yes, it is true." My mother's voice trembled as she said: "For a long time I feared it; but that would not be till after my death."

Teresa kissed her very tenderly,

while she said: "Mother, you only want God's will to be done, don't you?" But my mother answered vehemently: "The Will of God never prevents a child from obeying her mother."

The following day we told Father Coleridge of the invitation to stay at Roehampton and my mother's vehement words. He was pleased with it all. He looked on the conversation with my mother as a great step to my ultimate success.

"Yes, you'll go and make a triduum at Roehampton—three days' visit—excellent!"

And in spite of all we could say, he held to it. We could not understand why, as I had no leaning to that Order. But from that day commenced a long agony for my mother and myself. She never spoke to me about my resolutions, but she understood the threat conveyed in Teresa's evasive answer, and clung to me more than ever lovingly, and her manner was humble and suppliant as though she wanted to win me over; this humility tore my heart.

One day she bought me a rich dress of a color she knew I much liked, and begged me to put it on—I, who hoped never again to wear smart clothes.

In July we went to Tunbridge Wells for a time, and there Mother Emily sent me her written invitation for my Roehampton visit. I had not the smallest hope of obtaining my mother's consent, but to my great surprise she agreed at once. I think she hoped that in giving me all the religious freedom I asked, she would be able to keep me with her. I went through London to Roehampton in order to see Father Coleridge, and he told me not to decide immediately on the Sacred Heart Order.

"There's no question of that, Father," I said laughing; "only I am very happy to pass three whole days under the same roof with Our Lord."

"No matter, do simply what I tell you," he answered very kindly.

On my arrival, Mother Emily gave me certain manuscript meditations which I found were taken from Conferences by Father Barrelle on the Constitutions of the Sacred Heart Society.

The first day I delighted in them. The second day's meditation spoke about the Sacred Heart of Jesus "always an open book that each nun must study unceasingly and on which she must always act." That charmed me. The third day's meditations showed me the life of a Sacred Heart nun as the exact imitation of Jesus, which is to lead an ordinary life with extraordinary perfection.

This last meditation conquered me, in spite of myself I felt I must decide on the Order of the Sacred Heart. It answered all the wants of my soul with the ardent love I had for the Divine Heart of Jesus to whom I should be entirely consecrated. I would say nothing, however, before seeing Father Coleridge. He came towards evening. I went to see him in the parlor, and without any greeting, "Father," I cried, "tell me I may enter the Order of the Sacred Heart. I feel almost in spite of myself thoroughly decided to enter it; but you told me not to do it before seeing you. Say yes, Father—I beg of you, say yes, quickly!"

The Father smiled and answered me with provoking calm: "But, my child, it is a French Order, modern, and the nuns wear a very ugly cap, they don't have sandals, and it is a teaching Order—"

"Oh, it's all the same to me," I said, "that's not the question."

"Oh, it's not the question? What is the question, pray?"

I began by enumerating all my reasons in favor of the Sacred Heart. All that I had understood from the meditations. He listened immovably to all I had to say and his quiet calmed me. Then he told me that he had always thought I was called to the Sacred Heart, but he would not go before the

grace of God. He had only to follow step by step the circumstances Our Lord designed as indications of His divine Will. Then he added:

"Remember the words you thought you heard on Good Friday, that Our Lord wants you in His Heart. *You* did not understand it, but to *me* it was the answer to a prayer I was making for you to know God's will. This assurance will be a source of consolation in the coming battle you must face."

He told me to fetch Mother Goold, and while he talked with her, I might go up to my little room and have some conversation with Mother Emily. The latter came at once, so I announced the good news. She said softly, "But who knows you will like our life? They may make you portress, laundress, class mistress, without ever asking your wishes." "But I am indifferent about employment," I said quite surprised she should make any other suggestion. I could not follow her tactics. "I shall always be where obedience sends me," I wound up my little speech.

"And besides," she went on, "they may send you far away into other countries, even to America, where no traveling can be done but on horseback."

"I am quite ready, that would not matter to me," I said eagerly. And inwardly I thought "I shall perhaps now have the chance of going out riding. I who thought I should never get on a horse again."

Very soon came the Reverend Mother (Goold). I knelt down before her, and asked her to be so good as to receive me into the Society of the Sacred Heart, and she answered "Yes," and blessed me lovingly.

I was happy—oh, how happy! However, the great consultation had to be held about leaving my family. When? How? I must sound my mother without hurting her feelings; try to arrange it all for the feast of St. Stanislaus, November 13. When I returned to my

mother she looked at me anxiously as though she guessed something of what was passing in my mind.

"Mother," I began, "Teresa has told you God calls me to a nun's life. I have decided to enter the Order of the Sacred Heart."

My poor mother turned her head away and said bitterly: "I thought how it would be when I let you go to Roehampton. But it will only be after my death. I don't allow you to go sooner."

Then holding my hands tight with a mixture of command and supplication she cried: "Say—say you will not leave me!"

I kissed her. "Mother, you will let me go sooner than that."

"No, you are necessary to me. I cannot do without you."

I was silent. I thought I had said enough for this first time. My bedroom was next door to hers, and that night I heard her sob and toss on her bed. I asked her if she was ill.

"Oh, only say you will not leave me," she answered in imploring tones.

It had been decided that for the salvation of this precious soul I must go into the Convent as soon as possible.

It was indeed the love I bore her that gave me strength to bear the sight of her bitter anguish. However, my own sufferings were so great I fell ill. In October she took me to London. The old family doctor warned my mother that my illness was caused by mental agony, and that it would be best to let me have my way (everyone knew now that I wanted to go into a Convent).

"Come now," said he, "if she wanted to marry, you would not make so many difficulties, would you?"

"But to be married is not so terrible as to go and shut yourself up in a convent forever," she answered.

"No doubt about it," said this Protestant doctor; "she wants to do a very stupid thing. But after all there is nothing dishonorable about it, and I

can't answer for her life if you refuse her. She loves you, and it is her love for you that is making her ill."

This conversation had a very good effect on my mother. She promised to let me go in November. But when the moment came she refused, and said it must not be till after Christmas. Father Coleridge advised me to give in. Christmas came. She could not make up her mind to let me go.

The weather that January was terribly cold, and Reverend Mother Goold having heard from Father Coleridge that I was ill, made the decision, with his advice, that I must wait till April and then go to the Convent "*coûte que coûte*,"—whatever it might cost." But as often happens when all difficulties are surmounted and the battle won, the cost of the victory is too great for the weakness of human nature. It seemed perfectly impossible for me to leave my mother and make her suffer so terribly. Teresa was my support in this awful trial. She reminded me that our poor mother could not plead "invincible ignorance" after all she had learned and understood about the Catholic Faith, and that the sacrifice I was about to make would perhaps be her only hope of salvation. Finally we made the "Novena of Grace" to St. Francis Xavier, and that put an end to my misery. St. Francis gave me strength for the last and hardest conflict of all. My mother wished to go away and take me with her, but each time she fixed the day for leaving London, one or other of us fell ill, and made it impossible to travel.

Wednesday, April 18, I went early to confession, and then Father Coleridge told me that everything was arranged with Reverend Mother at Roehampton for me to go in on Friday. He had consulted Dr. Grant and Monsignor Manning, and all were agreed that I must not wait any longer. They would both say Mass for me on that day, for they understood what courage I should

want and what grief it would be for my poor mother. As I went back to the house I recalled that other terrible warning, the day I was received into the Church. My mother was getting up and dressing when I went into her bedroom. She noticed my face, and asked if I was ill when I entered so silently.

"Mother, I am going to Roehampton the day after to-morrow, it is now decided." I had strength to utter what I knew would be a death knell to her heart.

"Not yet—oh, not yet!" she said in those accents of supplication that always tore me in two.

"Mother, 'tis the will of God calls me."

"It is quite impossible that your disobedience is God's will."

She was too agitated to finish dressing. She stayed all day in her dressing gown, sometimes on the sofa, sometimes walking about the room, stick in hand. She would hardly let me leave the room. She wanted me to sit beside her holding her hand while great tears rolled down her cheeks. What a martyrdom for us both! My God, but for your sustaining power I could not have endured my heart's agony! When night came she made me lie down beside her on her big bed, holding her hand.

"My child! my child," she murmured from time to time. Then: "You won't be mine any longer. You won't love me any more. You won't be here when I wake in the morning nor in the evening to kiss me before I go to sleep! I have loved you more than the others. I have done everything to please you, and you will not stay with me."

At last came the morning of the fatal day. I went—more dead than alive—with Teresa, to hear Mass, said by Father Coleridge at the Sacred Heart Chapel in Farm Street. We received Communion for the last time together. When we got home my mother was on the sofa. She made one more effort to keep me. She held out her arms and

in a trembling voice implored me to stay with her till the 26th—it was my birthday on that day.

"Only six more days and I will let you go willingly."

She pleaded, but I felt it would only be prolonging the agony if I dared accede to this last delay. Only God knows what a martyrdom it was to two loving hearts. At three o'clock that afternoon the carriage I had ordered came to the door. Hat in hand I went into my mother's room. Oh, her face of anguish! Kneeling beside her I murmured, "Mother, bless me." She turned away.

"I can't," she said breathlessly.

"Mother, say—"May God bless you!"

At last I heard a feeble "May God bless you." It was all I wanted. Kissing the hand I had been keeping so close in my own I got up from my knees. She turned her face to the wall, and it was like that I left her, never to see her again in this world. But I had the comfort of knowing that her last word to me on earth was: "God bless you!"

My sisters, Christina and Teresa, were waiting for me in the hall. Christina hastily kissing me went quickly indoors to see after our mother. At the front door, weeping, stood an old servant who had been with us ever since I was born.

"Oh, Miss Katharine, how can you have the heart to make us all cry?" he said, and leaning against the wall he sobbed like a child.

At last we were in the carriage. During the long hour's drive to Roehampton, we spoke not one word; I was almost dead with emotion.

At the convent we were received by the Reverend Mother and Mother Augusta Fitzgerald. They led us into the chapel that I might at once offer up my sacrifice to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Then Teresa and I had to part, we two who had been for so long but one heart and one soul. Teresa tried to smile at

me encouragingly. She kissed me for the last time. Oh, it seemed to me my heart must burst!

"Mother what is happening to me?" I cried. The kind Mother held me in her arms and made me sit down beside her, my head on her shoulder. It was all like a dream. Little by little I grew calmer, meeting her eyes brimming over with kindness, "You will spoil me," I said.

"Oh, no," she answered smiling—"no fear of that."

From there I was conducted to the Novitiate and I took my place at once among the novices.

So my little boat from a far-off desert shore, after happily landing in Rome, cast anchor once and forever in the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

EPILOGUE.

It was not till nine years after she had become a nun of the Sacred Heart at Roehampton that Mother Katharine Nicholl in the convent in Holland received the news that her mother had herself asked for a Catholic priest. Struck with paralysis she was baptised on her deathbed, and so the sacrifice was rewarded. The author of these Memoirs was afterwards sent to South America. She went to Chili, thus fulfilling a prophecy made in Rome, and to the Argentine later on, where she found her old friend, Mother Augusta Fitzgerald, Superior. She crossed the Cordillera ridge on horseback several times, and was directress of the Sacred Heart Poor Schools.

Her holy death took place at Buenos Ayres in 1913, the year before the Great War.

The Heart of Jesus had given her all she asked—and of her it may be said in good truth—"In the simplicity of my heart with joy I have offered all to Thee, O my God!"

(The End)

The Clockwork Train.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

MARTHA ASKEW thought her small son, Jonathan, the most beautiful boy in the world. He certainly was a very pretty little fellow with his curly chestnut hair and dancing blue eyes, and extra precious to his parents since the two little sisters who had followed him into the world, had speedily quitted it again.

The Askews lived in a tiny cottage perched high on a Yorkshire moor. They had moved up out of the marshy valley because the doctor had said the high air would be good for Johnny. And now here was the child ill again and five miles of snowy moorland lay between them and doctor and chemist! Roger Askew discussed the question with his wife when Johnny was in bed.

"You'll just have to keep the little lad at home while the weather is so bad," said Roger. "It's getting his feet and legs wet; every time he goes to school gives him such colds."

"The child will fair break his heart if he can't go to school," replied Martha. "There's nought in this little place to amuse him in winter-time. And he's such a one for his books!"

"It will be better when summer comes," murmured Roger. "And maybe the folks at the farm will grow a bit more friendly."

He sighed, his face puckering into anxious lines.

"Mr. Biggleswade's man called again to-day for the rent," said Mrs. Askew. "I said I was sorry we were behind with it, and that you looked to pay up for the year when you sold the sheep next week."

"Sheep are fetching awful little," said Askew. "If I could get an odd day's work here and there it would be a help. But the farmers here never seem to need an extra hand."

"They are short of money them-

"THOSE who publish the praises of Mary are secure of Paradise."

selves," declared his wife. "'Tis the same all over—just a struggle against the moor."

"But we're going to win, lass," cried Roger, rousing himself as he noted the discouragement in her tone. "We're going to win, and make this place pay, and watch our son grow up fine and strong, please God."

Martha smiled, but even as she leaned against her husband's shoulder, her eyes wandered to the little window. There was bright moonlight without, and she could see the dark half-hoop of the moor outlined against the paler sky: it looked grim and menacing. The mere sight seemed to bring its pungent smell to her nostrils—that tart savour of heather and bilberry bushes, which had drifted down all summer to mingle with the luscious scent of the red-trumpeted wild honeysuckle which bound all the hedgerow with its coils. There was something baleful even in the flowers that Johnny loved so much. The wild roses sent sinuous green briars creeping through the grass tufts to root and root again, and spoil the pasture. The meadow hay was full of water-avens and mint, the penetrating flavor of which actually infected the milk. Golden gorse and broom sprang up among the potato ridges, and heather cropped up everywhere, even in the tiny garden just before the cottage door.

The rowan trees strewed their tough-rooted seedlings all about, and now winter had come, the land was waterlogged after the autumn rain-storms, the color seemed to be washed out of everything, and all the landscape lay grim and sombre under a ringed moon.

"There's more bad weather coming," said Martha, with another sigh.

Then both were silent, anxiously cogitating over ways and means. Down in the village there had at least been neighbors, here they seemed to be cut off from the rest of the world. The wind howled in the chimney and rattled the

blistered wooden shutters, which Martha now closed. There was plenty of peat for fuel, and the cow and hens would provide the major part of Johnny's diet, but she noted that at supper Roger had carefully divided a potato.

"There'll not be much left after we've paid the rent," she hazarded, rising to bank down the fire for the night.

"I've been thinking," said Roger, "I'll never get these wild sheep down to the market by myself. If it's a fine day maybe I could take Johnny. He'd be a good help and the sheep know him."

"It's a long way for a child of eight," rejoined Mrs. Askew anxiously.

"If the folks up above was a bit friendlier, I'd ask the farmer to give the little chap a lift back in his gig—but as it is—"

He broke off, shaking his head.

But when the fair day came, Johnny's assistance was out of the question. The little boy was wheezing, and there had been a heavy snowfall over night. Roger started off alone with old Shep, the collie, as soon as it was light, but Martha and Johnny were still sitting at breakfast when the little flock came scurrying back past the window. It was a quarter of an hour before Askew arrived, gasping for breath.

He had driven the sheep on to the high road and thought the worst of his task over, when they were frightened by a car, which dashed towards them at inconsiderate speed. Whirling round, they had all made off homewards, out-distancing the stiff old dog in a few moments.

"What's to be done now?" cried Martha, aghast.

"Would the little chap be afraid to stay here alone?" asked Roger under his breath.

"Aye, I would!" Johnny replied promptly. "Take me too, Daddy, if Mother has to go."

"You can't go out with that cough, love," said his mother.

She hesitated, torn between conflicting feelings. The sale of the sheep was imperative. There was hardly any oatmeal left and no flour at all, and the paraffin can was nearly empty. The rent must be paid, too. Johnny was a good, sensible boy and could be trusted not to get into mischief or do anything dangerous, but she could not bear to leave the child for so many hours in such a lonely spot.

"Mother will put some dinner ready for you," said Roger persuasively. "And it will be ever such a help to Dad if you'll stop here alone like a good boy."

"And we'll hurry back as quick as we can and bring you something nice from town," added Martha tremulously.

"What sort of nice?" demanded Johnny. "A book or a balloon? Or only just a sugar-stick?"

"One of them little motor-cars, I shouldn't wonder," said his mother.

"Or a train!" cried Johnny, his little wan face lighting up. "I'd stop here alone if you was to bring me a train! You'll have to take Shep I s'pose, but you could shut Pussy in wi' me."

"Thou shalt have a train then!" promised his father.

Johnny ran from window to window to watch the procession as long as he could. Mother first, with her skirts pinned up, and a big stick in her hand, and then the little shaggy, grey-coated flock, and then Father. Old Shep ran round, barking his queer hoarse bark at the stragglers. All too soon they disappeared: Shep's bark could be heard for a moment or two longer, and then all was still.

At first Johnny thought the silence dreadful, and then noises began and they were even more frightening. Of course he knew that that queer grating noise was only the snow slipping down the roof, but it *did* sound so awfully like some nasty kind of creature trying to get in! A wolf perhaps. Teacher said

there were no wolves in England, but how did she know? She didn't know the difference between a lark and a dun-nock! That funny snuffling under the door might be a wolf smelling for Johnny! Stretching down his hand he could feel the cold draught—perhaps it *was* only the wind. The fire made funny sounds, too, and Pussy wouldn't be nursed—in his nervousness the little fellow clutched too closely for comfort.

It was a bad fair. All the big, tweed-coated men gathered in knots in the sloping, cobble-stoned market-place, were complaining. The bitter wind chafed their cheeks, rasped their noses and added a final touch of exasperation. Among the grumbling crowd, Roger and his wife slowly threaded their way, followed by Shep with drooping tail and hanging head. Many people had withdrawn their sheep from the sale, and had driven them home again in disgust, but the Askews were obliged to take the bad price offered at the auction: they could not afford to wait, and there was no fodder for the sheep at home.

"We'll not spend a penny more than we need, wife," murmured Roger. "We must keep the ten pounds for the rent."

Martha's brow was furrowed with care.

"We must do without bacon, I doubt," she murmured. "But there's the flour—we're bound to pay for the last sack, and then baker will let us have another."

They sought the shelter of a doorway and stood, pressed together, anxiously considering the contents of Roger's shabby old purse. Ten crumpled one-pound notes were set aside for the rent, and the coins in the other division seemed pitifully few. Only the starkest necessities were purchased, and yet there were but a few pence left when the couple turned their weary feet towards home. On the outskirts of

the town Roger paused thunderstruck.

"Missus! We've forgotten Johnny's toy!"

"I hadn't forgotten!" cried Martha, and the tears she had been keeping back with such difficulty, burst forth. "I—I got him a bit of sugar-stick."

Askew's face went scarlet. "Nay, wife, he's bound to have the train. We promised, and—he didn't like to be left."

"But Roger—folk say Biggleswade's a hard man. We promised that we'd pay up when we sold the sheep. He could—he could put us out, I doubt."

She shivered. Furniture had had to be sold to make the last move possible. Another change would spell ruin.

But Roger spoke again through set teeth. "We'll have to break into the rent money. It'll only be a shilling or two. We can't go back on our word to the little lad. Go you on home, my dear, I'll overtake you on the hill."

He turned round and Martha went on, followed by the old dog who was very unhappy at their separation and glanced backward every few paces to watch for his master.

Martha was weary. It had been no easy job to drive a nervous and active flock of mountain sheep, and the return journey was all uphill. The snow on the road had thawed into slimy slush; her feet slipped on it, and her boots were soon soaked. Yet when her husband at length hurried up behind her, she smiled at him.

"Good lad! You've been rare and quick! We'll get back before it's real dark if we hurry. Did you get it?"

"Aye, I got it," rejoined he, in a tone in which dismay and triumph were curiously blended.

Martha stared at the long box under his arm and her heart missed a beat.

"Oh, Roger, what did you pay?" she asked apprehensively.

Askew laughed and caught her arm under his.

"Never you mind, love! Johnny will be proper pleased. It will keep him happy all winter if he has to be much in the house. It has lines to run on and signals and all!"

They were wanting bread, but nevertheless the mother's heart gave a leap for joy.

"Eh, lad, thou art daft! But oh, I'm glad!" she cried.

He had lost that air of premature age, he was excited and boyish.

"It's wonderful how they can make such things," he said with a laugh.

"How much was it, Roger?" Mrs. Askew tried not to ask, but the query seemed to be wrenched out of her.

He held her arm a little tighter as a stinging blast from the moor made them stagger.

"Eight and six."

"What!" she exclaimed, aghast.

"Eight and six," he repeated. "I tried three shops and this was the last they had."

She slipped from his grasp, pushing him from her in a passion of grief.

"We can't! You know we can't! You'll have to take it back. Why, it's half the price ten months' lambs were fetching! And there's nothing we can sell to make up the rent."

"Lass," said Roger, and his voice was hoarse with emotion. "I tell you when I thought of that plucky little chap, all alone up there on the moor, I'd have *stolen* the train sooner than go back without it."

"But it *is* a kind of stealing," sobbed Martha.

"Well, come on! No use to leave the child in the dark a moment longer than we need. You can just keep back enough butter for yourself and the little chap, and take a pound a week up to the farm till we've paid it off."

Martha broke into hysterical laughter. Poor lad! When she thought of the bread and scrape she was obliged to

give him already! In spite of everything she was conscious of a welling tide of relief. He would not go back—Johnny was to have his toy whatever happened!

Roger bent over her, cautiously lifting a corner of the lid.

"Look, love! Won't our Johnny be set up?" he cried.

And for a blissful moment, gazing at the tiny locomotive and feasting on her son's forthcoming happiness, Martha forgot all her cares.

"Eight-and-six short? How's that?" demanded Stephen Biggleswade gruffly.

"The sheep prices went so bad," faltered Mrs. Askew. "My husband is awfully put about. He—we thought maybe you'd let us make it up in butter—a pound at a time."

"We've all the butter we want here," said the farmer scornfully. He was a huge man, six-foot-two in his socks, with shoulders broad in proportion. After a moment he went on indignantlly. "I'm not so very fond of having small-holders on my land anyhow. I know what it will be—broken fences and straying beasts all the time and the rent forever behind. Why were you so late at auction? The prices wasn't so bad early on."

"The sheep turned back on the road and ran home the best part of two miles," confessed Martha. "My husband had to get me to help him drive them down, and we left our little boy alone in the house."

Biggleswade was still frowning at the notes on the table, and made no motion towards picking them up or writing a receipt.

"You've children of your own," continued Martha, with the courage of despair. "You wouldn't like your little Ruth to be shut up by herself in the house all the day. It was for Johnny's health we came here, and he's ever so

much stronger already. But there! There is but one thing we can do. My husband had promised Johnny a train if he'd stop at home by himself—and he was bound to get it for him. He tried all the shops in the town. There wasn't but one left, and it was eight-and-six."

She spoke defiantly now. Most likely someone had been telling tales about the toy.

"It was your money we spent on it, Mr. Biggleswade, and if you can't see your way to wait for it, you had best come and take the toy. Your Ruthie would like it, and I'll—I'll explain to Johnny."

The big man's face was inscrutable.

"Going home now?" he inquired.

Martha nodded. She could find no more words.

Biggleswade swept the notes into his writing desk, scrawled a receipt which he folded and thrust into his own pocket.

"I'll come back with you now," he announced.

The path between the tall, wet heather bushes was narrow and the pair proceeded along it single file, Mrs. Askew leading the way in brooding silence. A numb despair took possession of her at the thought of parting Johnny from his beloved toy. He had put it together so nicely and played with it by the hour on the kitchen floor. She had never really meant to deprive him of it—she had only thought to shame Biggleswade by the offer of liquidating her debt with the child's toy—and now he had accepted it!

As they approached the cottage, the farmer looked sharply about him, noting that all was tidy and in good order. Martha's steps slackened as she drew near the door, and the farmer, stretching out a huge hand, grasped her cloak.

"See here, Mrs. Askew, you leave this to me."

He nodded portentously, and then as she gazed at him apprehensively, tiptoed towards the window.

Johnny did not notice the shadow on the pane. He was absorbed in carving a railway bridge out of a sod of turf, scraping the fragments together with his hands every now and then, so as not to make too much mess on Mother's clean floor.

Stephen turned round with a chuckle which transformed his big red face.

"Eh, it beats all how they make these things nowadays!" he exclaimed.

A few moments later he was seated in Roger's elbow chair, a hand planted on each knee, gazing down admiringly, while Johnny confidently explained exactly how the brakes were set.

"There, I never could work that!" remarked the farmer at length. "My fingers are too big, I expect. What do you say to your mother offering me your train instead of the rent money, eh?"

"Was it—was it a joke?" faltered Johnny, his blue eyes huge with apprehension.

"Ah!" returned the farmer. "But your train wouldn't be any use to me, you see, young man, because I couldn't work it."

Johnny straightened himself and strove to speak nonchalantly.

"I could teach you, I s'pose," he remarked.

"Well," said Stephen, "it's your train now, and I think it's a bit too late to change. But there's something you *could* do. How would it be if you was to let my little girl play with it now and then—with you, of course? How would it be if you was to ask Mother to wrap you up well and let me take you off to the farm now? You could have dinner with us and a good play with Ruthie afterwards. She's fretted to death now the weather is too bad for her to go to school."

It was quite unusual for the taciturn farmer to speak so many words on end, but he did not want to meet Mrs. Askew's eyes just then.

"I'd like it well enough," said Johnny condescendingly. Ruth was only a girl and six months younger than himself.

Biggleswade chuckled.

"You'd oblige me if you'd let the little chap come up two or three times a week, Mrs. Askew," he remarked. "He'll be nice company for Ruth, and I'll bring him back before it's dark."

When Roger came in for dinner he found his wife standing in the middle of the kitchen.

"What's gone with Johnny!" he asked quickly.

She pointed through the window and Roger stared in surprise.

The gigantic figure of the farmer was mounting the moorland path. He held a long cardboard box under one arm, the other was encircling the small boy, perched on his shoulder and apparently shouting information into his ear. Even at this distance the child's gleeful confidence was apparent.

"Yes—it's Mr. Biggleswade right enough," said Martha, answering his unspoken question. "He wants you to go up two hours a day to help with the milking. And, oh, Roger! He's signed the receipt in full!"

Rainy Morning.

BY ROSAMOND LIVINGSTONE McNAUGHT.

A RAINY morning is like a silent psalm,
Leading me into still ways;

Giving my spirit a beauty and a calm
It may not have on other days:

Clouds that spread like kind and shadowy
wings;

Silver rain descending like a meed—
A rainy morning peace and comfort brings,
A psalm that from my window I can read.

The Power of the Rosary.

That the power of the Blessed Virgin works quietly and surely is evident from the following story. A young officer of the Royal Army had been promoted for bravery under fire and for a skilful bit of strategy which not only saved his own troops from disaster, but which also prepared the way for victory in the pivotal battle of the war. The usual praise was accorded him; banquets were held in his honor, at which he was highly and justly commended; and public enthusiasm made him the hero of the hour.

The result was, however, a spoiled young man, for he was not big-souled enough to bear modestly the adulation heaped upon him. He became inflamed with his own importance, reached out for further success and power, and became a worldling, seeking the company of those none too anxious about principle. The descent to a fast and irreligious life was easy; apparently it was unnoticed by any one, at least it was no concern to any one. Still, there was one who did see, and she, his mother, put her trust in the Rosary, while endeavoring to draw him back to that which was good and fine. He was inclined to laugh her concern away, even saying in a joking manner,

"Mother, do you pray for me?"

"My boy," she answered, "success has changed you in more ways than one. You are not a humble hero, and you have been careless about things of Faith. I do pray for you."

"Keep up your prayers, mother. They may do some good."

The heart of the mother was heavy with pain. For some reason or other on that very day the sorrow increased; she had a strange feeling that something more than usual was wrong. What that something was, she did not

know and could not guess, except she felt that it concerned her son. Hence, as was her usual custom in times of doubt and worry, she began to say the Rosary. Even while she was fervently asking for grace and light and peace, particularly for her son, she saw him visibly excited coming up the walk leading to the front porch. He entered the room where she was sitting. He looked at her as if about to say something, then hastily left the room, only to return in a few seconds. Suddenly and with some vehemence, he said, "Trouble, mother. Another officer sneered at my record; other officers who were present laughed, and they also spoke frankly and for a time insultingly. Even while I realized what a silly fool I had made of myself, angrily I struck the face of another officer with the palm of my hand. Of course, that meant a duel. This afternoon was the time for it. He, who is the best shot in the army, came to me quietly and said: 'I am older than you, my boy, and I think that you may make a great soldier; a bit of success has turned your head. The other officers have spoken harshly about you, when you were not present. Some one had to tell you. I did, for the sake of your country and your own sake.'"

"The best friend you ever had," the mother exclaimed.

"Almost," he replied. "I apologized," he continued, "and the apology was accepted; there is to be no duel. I have learned my lesson. Now, mother, shall we say the Rosary in thanksgiving to our *best* friend?"

ST. PHILIP NERI used to say this little prayer every morning: "Dear Lord, keep Thy hands over Philip, lest he offend Thee this day."

THE surest way to correct the faults of other folks, is to correct one or two faults of our own.

Christ the King.

THE Kingship of Christ has always received implicit acceptance. Recently the title was given dogmatic recognition in the establishment of a feast in which the Saviour is honored and invoked as King. Although this Kingship of Jesus was not so external and visible during His earthly life, it was, for all that, a real Kingship.

Christ possessed all these kingly qualities in a supreme degree which we discover in lesser measure among truly great human rulers. He was brave without armies which serve to impress. It requires no great courage to attack and to dislodge the poor, the feeble, the socially unimportant. Christ exercised His attribute of mercy to such. He heard the pathetic cry of the Cyro-Phœnician woman, the shouts of mercy from the ten lepers, the querulous plaint of the infirm man at the Pool of Bethesda. He could have spurned them; or rebuked them for possibly concealed sins. But because they were impotent, His rebuke would not have called forth any reserve of courage. Jesus attacked high places, scourged with unforgettable invective ancient sectaries which had distorted law to countenance avarice and hypocrisy.

Jesus was gentle. His whole earthly life is a lesson of meekness. He was merciful; a Man of the plain people who preached by the highways, near the edges of waters, where summer fields were growing. He ate with sinners, submitting to none of that timidity which is rooted in human respect. He was a King in every attribute of nobility. And he wore no symbol of His Kingship—except His crown of thorns.

"My Kingdom is not of this world." It is not. It never can be. There have been times when the worldly minded in the government of that Kingdom assumed the pomp and the trappings of royalty. They would put on the glories

of the kingdoms of the earth. The results have been little short of tragic to the Kingdom of the Church.

Jesus never gloried in office or paraded in its trappings. His followers were not princes, but hairy-handed fishermen, tax gatherers, truck farmers. When two of them sought preferment He told them they misconceived His spirit which should be theirs. He taught His followers an elementary etiquette in His ritual which encouraged a minimum of fine linen and no tapestry of parade.

Christ was a King, even if His crown was only thorns. You would know Him anywhere. He would quicken your loves and your loyalties any time. He was the associate of plain men, and did not let wickedness awe Him simply because it was entrenched with wealth in high place. Scribe and Pharisee could not cow Him, simply because they reached into tradition and were backed by a noisy following. Christ *was* rather than *appeared* kingly. Human beings wear robes so the circumstance of position may be recognized. Christ the King wore no royal robes, and yet His royalty could not escape you. He *was* rather than *wore* His kingliness.

Christ the King! His followers always know Him for the King He is. He was meek and humble. He possessed nothing of worldly goods. He preached from a borrowed boat, went into His brief triumph upon the back of a loaned beast, borrowed the use of a room for His Last Supper. And the wood upon which He died was given to Him. His earthly home was no more palatial than a carpenter's shop. He who came to serve and to save the world, lived the plainest life of the plain people.

Christ the King! Of all kings, the poorest in His earthly possessions; the least pompous in His appearance. Yet beside His, the riches of Solomon are dust. And the wise kings of the East were wise in truth when they sought and found Him.

Notes and Remarks.

One of the most amazing statements made in political circles during the past few weeks came from the lips of that dyed-in-the-wool Republican, Senator Fess. After he had made a rather vicious but unsubstantiated accusation against the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, he was asked if Mr. Raskob's religion could by any chance have had anything to do with drawing the Senator's fire. Mr. Fess replied that he was not even aware of Mr. Raskob's religious affiliation. If there is any individual in America who doesn't know of Mr. Raskob's religious affiliation it is not the fault of the party over whose political activities Mr. Fess presides. The statement of this newly-appointed Republican leader is an insult to the intelligence of the American people.

We regret that we cannot publish all the letters we get from subscribers telling us for how long a period of time and how intimately THE AVE MARIA has entered into their lives. The following extracts are taken from a very recent arrival from Maryland: "Our family, commencing with my maternal grandmother, have been subscribers for almost fifty years. . . . I am 45 years old, and my mother told me that before I was born she was reading "A Child of Mary," by Christian Reid of happy memory, then running serially in THE AVE MARIA. At that time an uncle of mine had to go away from home, and as he was very much interested in the story, Mother used to write him of the progress of the story each week. Is it any wonder then that on Our Lady's Birthday, when I was three months old, mother took me to church where I had already been baptized "Mary," and our parish priest dedicated me to Our Lady. When I was ten years old Mother gave me a subscription, and then when

I married and came here as a bride she started one here."

Although we do not make it a practice of acknowledging letters publicly we are always happy to receive from our readers additional evidence of the good that THE AVE MARIA is doing and the high esteem in which it is held.

The report comes from Ireland that "there is probably less political activity in the Free State to-day and less active interest taken in politics than at any time during the past century."

This may or may not be a blessing. More likely than not it is a blessing. Ireland has been a political football for so long, kicked back and forth by every kind of party with every texture of political association, that very probably a rest cure will prove serviceable. Irishmen will have more time to give to better farming and to more manufacturing when they are not shouting warnings to the ship of state. Ireland, we think, should have a long holiday away from the field of politics.

The Catholics of England have a sturdy faith. Not only are they not ashamed of being Catholics, but they take an actual pride in professing their religion, and in defending it also when the occasion requires. Perhaps that is one reason why the Catholic Church has commanded the respectful examination of so many non-Catholics of note in recent years. The Brooklyn *Tablet* cites an excellent example of the courage which characterizes the typical English Catholic. It seems that the Mayor of Canterbury invited Basil Barham, well-known journalist and author, to be present at the unveiling of a memorial to his great-uncle, the Rev. Charles H. Barham, author of "The Ingoldsby Legends." The invitation might have been gladly accepted, but in it was included the information that the Very Rev. Dean Inge would be the officiating

prelate. Mr. Barham declined, giving his reason in words which the Very Reverend Dean Inge would profit much by meditating over. He wrote:

You must, however, excuse me from being present at the unveiling of the memorial, as I gather that it is to be done by the Very Rev. Dean Inge. There is no personal reason for my attitude, neither do I adopt it merely because I am a Catholic. I feel that, acting entirely in ignorance and with, of course, the best possible motives, that worthy cleric has done more than any man alive to harm the cause of religion, and, consequently, I cannot be associated with him in any way.

That valuation has been seconded with but slight variation by another courageous English Catholic, Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton, who is now in this country as the guest of the University of Notre Dame. Mr. Chesterton dismisses the gloomy Dean in an interview for the press with the following brief but effective comment: "As for Dean Inge, he would say almost anything that was against Christianity."

Sir John O'Connor, the distinguished Irish attorney and banker, who was ordained priest last year at the age of 61, preached his first sermon recently in St. Patrick's Church, Soho, London, England. Significantly enough his subject was the Good Samaritan.

Most American parish priests will say Sir John followed not unsuitable professions to fit him for his vocation. Pastors have to be excellent pleaders for faith and morals, and, to all intents, bankers, when it comes to maintaining parochial finance.

It is reported that Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State to two Pontiffs, will not publish his memoirs within a year or two as was reported. His efforts to terminate the world war and later to lessen its tragic consequences will furnish the future historian with first-hand documentary material. Also

the inside facts about the Vatican Treaty are more secure in the keeping of Cardinal Gasparri than is true very probably of any other of the signatories. But the former Papal Secretary of State is not to have his memoirs published for fifty years—long after his death and long after the deaths of all the actors in that quiet drama of the making and consummating of the Vatican Treaty. The wisdom of the great churchman's decision we can not question. Fifty years from now the memoirs will be more truly appraised than they would be to-day. Many of the misunderstandings and much of the bitterness we witness now may have disappeared then. And the learned will take more dispassionate minds to the consideration of the documents.

A short time ago the *Christian Century* asked the opinion of Protestant clergymen in various parts of the country concerning such practices as praying for rain. It seems that the majority of those who replied considered such supplications as futile, and therefore a useless expenditure of energy. We believe that hundreds of thousands of good Protestant laymen must have been shocked at the results of that vote for the very same reason which impelled D. L. A., the columnist, to write the following well-reasoned comment in *The Tidings* of Los Angeles:

If the majority of American clergymen believe that praying to God for rain is useless, they might as well turn in their Roman collars (if they wear any, most Protestant ministers don't any more) and start working at some other job. We have always supposed that the duty of Protestant ministers is to help the members of their congregation to pray to God for help of all kinds, material as well as spiritual. If the ministers have come to believe that God cannot answer prayers for rain, then, logically enough, for them God is no longer omnipotent, and cannot do everything. If they don't believe God can give ma-

terial help, such as answering prayers for rain, curing an illness or aiding one to overcome difficulties in the business world, then they have no reason to believe that He can cure a soul sick with sin or aid one to fight against temptation.

If such is their belief, then, in remaining in the ministerial profession, they are sailing under false colors, pretending to help the members of their congregations pray, when they themselves do not believe the prayers will be answered.

In Chicago, Protestant ministers are planning an extensive "salesmanship" campaign to induce their flocks to attend Sunday services. The Chicago pastors are convinced that the pews here are so empty on Sundays they should awaken some concern. Most of the pews are rented, but very few occupied. One minister, Dr. Howard R. Brinker, pastor of St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church, declared not long ago that people should be taught to regard the lack of attendance at church on Sunday as a sin.

Frankly we are inclined to think it will not prove so easy as it seems to get the Protestant laity to consider non-attendance at church on Sunday a sin. When so basic a doctrine as the propagation of the human family, as ordained and commanded by God, is subjected to the strictures of the ministers of five or six Protestant sects, are we to expect the Protestant laity will have any tenderness of conscience in the matter of occupying a pew on Sunday? It will be difficult to convince a man it is sinful to stay away from his minister's Sunday sermon and lawful to take means to limit the size of his family. A New York judge said a few weeks ago when refusing to ban a questionable picture from the screen, that what was considered indecent years ago is not indecent to-day. Morality in this country, outside the Church, is largely a matter of

public approval. What people dislike for themselves — alcohol, Sunday games, etc., — is sinful for others. What people approve of, no matter what the laws of God and nature assert to the contrary, is permissible. Hence divorce, birth control and cognate immoralities have the approval of the most advanced scientific (and ministerial) thought. Looking upon the wine when it is red or white is a mark of final perdition. Divorce and birth control are details of temperament and housing.

Protestant ministers must come to realize that straining out the gnat and swallowing the camel will not make the gnat any larger nor the camel any smaller. It is absurd to any right man's conscience that he may divorce five wives in succession and keep successively five voluntary childless homes with no sense of sin; and then to feel he is losing his soul if he misses a Sunday sermon he can hear over the radio.

The Catholic Church makes it obligatory to hear Mass on Sunday. And because she is what she is to the Catholic, he recognizes her right to do so. By the Protestant his church is not so recognized. And when the time comes for him to give such recognition he will very logically go over to the Church which claims it by divine right.

A decrease in the membership of the Presbyterian church from 2,400,467 to 1,984,208 was announced recently by Rev. Dr. Minot C. Morgan, co-pastor of the Fifth Avenue Church, New York City. The report was submitted at the Presbyterian meeting of the Fifth Avenue Church.

Many reasons are given to account for the shrinkage. And quite likely they will satisfy the leaders of the churches interested. It is not unlikely, however, that the tendency of churchmen to preach on subjects foreign to a Christian pulpit will prove a compelling rea-

son for the decrease. Sanitation, naturalization, tag days, politics and prohibition may be emptying the pews. There are millions of old-fashioned people who attend the Christian church to pray to Christ and to hear His life and work explained and extolled. Church modernity only turns away the religious minded, and does not gather in the ungodly.

The marriage of King Borias of Bulgaria of the Orthodox Church and Princess Giovanna of Italy, a Catholic, has not been approved by dispensation according to the *Osservatore Romano*, Vatican City newspaper. To the news item is added the information, which Catholics take as a matter of course, that if any dispensation is granted it must carry with it the condition that all children born of the marriage must, without exception, be baptized and brought up in the Catholic faith.

This may silence all manner of conflicting rumors for a week or two. And then news of some kind of compromise will appear in the secular press. But there will be no compromise so far as the Catholic Church is concerned.

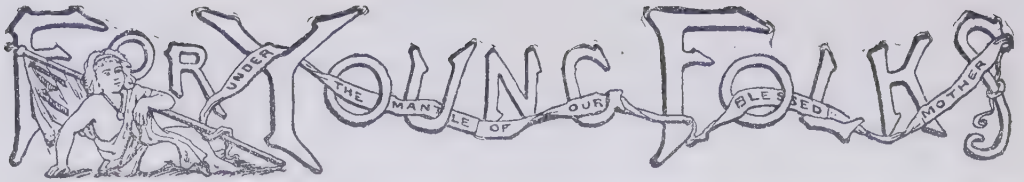
In a recent radio debate on the taxation of church property between Judge I. Balch Louis, of Pelham, N. Y., and Lawson Purdy, former president of taxes and assessments of New York City, Judge Louis argued for church taxation. "The continuance in the State of New York," he said, "and in many other States, of the practice of exempting the property of religious institutions has no valid foundation. It is a relic of past ages. . . . My suggestion is that so long as tax-exempt institutions seek to acquire land wheresoever they will and build there as palatially as they will, their right to tax exemption . . . should be limited unless and until they shall have obtained the consent of

the Community through its constituted authorities to acquire land and build thereon."

Churches and charitable institutions are exempted from taxation because they are engaged in a work which has in view the worship of God and the care of God's people. If state houses and all institutions which carry on the work of the State are tax exempt, the houses erected to the Ruler of every State and those institutions which bear the burden of caring for those of His children who can not care for themselves, should be tax exempt too. God provides for the State very much more than the State provides for itself. He collects no funds for His guardianship, and He never leaves office carrying into civil life a fortune made as a result of dishonest public service. When churches become as dishonest as state houses and city halls they should be taxed to the limit. But so long as they are houses of prayer and sacrifice let them remain untaxed. They serve as places where people may meet and pray for the country to be saved from the politicians who levy the taxes.

A novitiate has been opened at the Maryknoll Hong Kong Convent, China. The congregation is indeed for Chinese women. Vocations to the religious life, we are told, appear to be numerous in China, and a number of applications for admittance to the new congregation have already been filled. The Sisters of the community will take simple vows of the Third Order of St. Dominic. The purpose of the Order will be to furnish native Sisters for parish work, especially teaching in schools. And girls without education will be accepted for convent housework and vestment making.

Undoubtedly the new community will do a great work, helping to take to the people of their own race the Faith which has already come to themselves.



Day Song.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

ROSE-LEAF baby
Sleeping in your cradle,
What shall I buy you?
A silver ladle
To dip up fortune
From a golden bowl
And pour out blessings
On your baby soul?

Dew-eyed baby,
Violet breathing,
What shall I bring you?
A flowery wreathing
Of bud and bloom
To shower your way
With roses, roses, roses
All the day?

Blue-eyed darling
Waking up and smiling,
What shall I do
For your beguiling?
I know, I know—
All day long
I'll hold you close
Singing you this song.

Little Texas.

BY MRS. ALFRED DE ROULET.

II.—IN THE DOG TROT.

WHEN May Manthus woke up the next morning she heard the pitter-patter of the rain upon the shingle roof.

Rain, rain go away,
Come again some other day,
she said as she hopped out of bed and ran to the window.

"You needn't be afraid but that it'll come again," said Sue Ford sleepily.

It rains often in Texas during the winter, and from November to Febru-

ary there is scarcely a day when it does not rain some time. Once in a while there is a 'Norther'—a cold, fierce storm from the North,—and then it is likely to snow; but where Manthus lived there were not many snow storms. Texas children do not pay much attention to the rain. They never dream of staying home from school because the sky is crying. They just put on strong rubbers and their hats and run off happily quite as usual. Generally they all went around bareheaded.

Every spring Mrs. Ochiltree fitted her children out with sombreros. At first these hung decorously upon pegs in the hall, in a long row, looking like little hornets' nests, but after a few weeks they were all scattered to the winds of heaven. The puppy had eaten Sue Ford's. John Morgan had used his to carry eggs and had broken some in it. Ethel Maria had lost hers down the well, and only Manthus' and Robert Lee's were in any kind of repair, and theirs were generally not to be found. All the Texas summer, the little bare heads had bobbed around the old place, hair tossing in the wind and skin tanned by the loving sun. Poor, cold little Yankee children had to wear hats, but not Lone Star babies. So when it rained very hard those who could find them put on their hats in deference to "Motheh" who had queer notions on the subject, and those who couldn't find them worried not at all about ordinary little showers.

On this particular morning the rain was like that Shakespeare tells us of. Manthus had heard Sue Ford read it out of her reader, something about "mercy" and it "dropping like the gentle rain from Heaven." So after breakfast, as house-cleaning was still going on, she

said, "Motheh, I'm going to take Bobby and play under the dog trot."

Her mother said, "Very well, dear. Put on your rubbers."

The dog trot was a favorite spot. Like all Southern houses the Ochiltree mansion was built with a view to coolness and ventilation through the long hot summer. It was a large frame house, set on piles two feet high, and at the middle a room was left out, so to speak, just a floor and a roof connecting the front with the back rooms. This was called the dog trot, because in the old hunting days the dogs went in and out of it freely. Large doors opened into it from either side, and in warm weather (of course in Texas doors are always left open both in front and back) a good draft was made by the breeze entering from all four directions. If there was any breeze anywhere one could keep cool here. In the warm afternoons callers were always entertained in the dog trot, where the ladies in their white muslin frocks wielded their great fans, and the men in white linen and Panama sipped mint juleps and smoked.

Beneath the floor of the dog trot was a space about three feet high, and here May Manthus and Bobby played house. It wasn't high enough for the older children, so they had it in peace, and the two children enjoyed it thoroughly.

May Manthus was the mother and three-year-old Robert Lee the father of a family quite as large as Texas families generally are, for in Texas one rarely sees less than five or six little folk in one house. There was, of course, the rag doll, Jessie May; and Major, the puppy, and seven or eight dolls of varying ages and styles down to the clothespin clad in a bit of pink calico. The collection was not choice, for the older children had a habit of passing on to the 'small fry,' as they called Manthus and Bobby, any dolls too dilapidated for their own use, with the remark: "Heah, May Manthus, this'll do for you to play

with in the dog trot," but Manthus did not care. She loved them all devotedly, but the conflicting elements in her family caused her much anxiety. Jessie May, the big rag doll, behaved with much propriety; she was never greedy. But Majah, the yellow puppy, was far from being well-mannered, and snatched everything he could get off the table, even trying to eat the broken bits of china which served the little folk for dishes. It was very difficult to keep him from chewing the arms and legs off the dollies, and equally difficult to keep Bobby from using Jessie May to spank Majah. Besides these inanimate objects, the children played with a whole family of toads.

Manthus had some doubts about playing with the large brown toads which hopped around the garden, because one of her brothers had said when she caught one "Look out, you'll get warts if you touch that." But as she liked the sleepy, tame little creatures she adopted some of them into her family, though she didn't care as much for them as for the horned toads and tree toads. The tree toads were gay little fellows. Bright green in color, they could change their hues, generally looking just the shade of that on which they perched. This was so that they could not be seen if other animals wanted to catch them. Amanthus liked their piping note and loved to play with them. There were two who lived in the big cottonwood tree by the dog trot who were her great friends. She would go to the trunk of the tree and call "C-r-r-r-r-k!" as nearly like their note as she could, and down they'd come hopping right to her. She'd take them in her hand, talking to them, as she always did to everything living, and carry them off into the playhouse under the dog trot.

"Good morning, Hop o' my Thumb and Beanstalk," she said gaily, for she had named them for her two favorite fairy tales. "How are you all this morn-

ing? Did you have a nice bath in the rain, and do you want your heads rubbed?" The little toads would blink their great eyes at her in satisfaction as the slim little cool fingers softly rubbed their heads. Manthus' special favorite in all her family was her little horned toad. Of all her "toadies," as she lovingly called them, she liked this little fellow best. She named him "Friny" and when her mother asked her why, she replied:

"Grandfather told me one day that his name wasn't toad but Frinysomah (Phrynosoma), and that was so long that I call him 'Friny' for short."

Friny was devoted to Manthus, and was as tame as a kitten. He would crawl after her on his short legs, his beautifully colored body, spotted in red, black, gray, and brown, shining in the sun.

"Slow as molasses in January," Morgan said, for the horned toads cannot jump at all, and are very slow and clumsy in their movements. Upon his head were four spines, called horns, and they gave him a very funny and fierce expression, but he was gentle and affectionate.

On the rainy morning under the dog trot Amanthus had gathered all her pets about her. The tree toads were hopping around Friny who sat and blinked at the flies which passed his nose. The dolls were set around, and Manthus and Bobby were playing it was slave days, and the darky doll, Lizy Jane, was minding the baby. It was not a very troublesome baby, but Lizy Jane had to rock it and sing to it, and what she sang was the song with which old Mammy always sang Bobby to sleep:

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home;
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan, an' what did I see,
Comin' for to carry me home?
A band of angels comin' after me,
Comin' for to carry me home.

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home.
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home.

When the baby was asleep, it was time for dinner, and Lizy Jane had to cook the meal.

"Lizy Jane," said Manthus, "I want dinner in half an hour. We'll have corn bread and pork chops and hominy and sweet potatoes."

"Lan' sakes, Missus!" said Lizy Jane. Manthus had to do the talking for both of them, but she didn't mind that at all; she liked to talk. Indeed she would have enjoyed talking the greater part of the time, had she not been restrained by her mother's ideas on the subject. Little Lone Star children must be "seen and not heard" when their elders are present.

"Lan' sakes, Missus, how you 'spect this po' ole Niggah gwine ter get dat ah' ready in half an hour," Lizy Jane continued, grumbling like Aunt Seeley, but dinner would be ready at the right time, cooked upon Manthus' little tin stove. Of course, it was only make-believe corn bread, and hominy made with sand and water, but it was just as much fun to have Lizy Jane cook it. The great trouble was that Bobby, whose imagination was not his strong point, would insist upon eating the sand tarts, and complained of his sister's cooking when he found them not to his taste.

"Natty pies!" he said. "May Manthus made vehy natty pies!"

"Lizy Jane made them. They're not pies; they're corn bread," said his outraged sister, but Bobby stuck to it, and only the sound of the dinner bell saved the little folk from a fuss.

"Children," said their mother's voice above them, "you all quit fussing. It isn't manners, and come to dinner, for Grandfather is here."

Both children scrambled out from under the dog trot and the family party was over.

(To be continued.)

The Importance of Details.

One night, about two hundred years ago, there was a quiet and yet excited knock on the front door of a house on a deserted side street of Paris. The knock was repeated. The door was opened slightly and cautiously.

"Who are you and what do you want?"

The stranger, pulling back his cloak, showed a badge of authority. "The Foreign Minister desires your presence at once. Make all possible speed."

The householder, believing that something of importance was in the air, rushed with all haste to his master's home, where he was given instructions tersely and quickly.

"Travel by day and night, so as to reach Basle by the third day. Take your stand on the bridge there between two and three o'clock in the afternoon. Speak to no one. Carefully note all you see; in particular watch for a man with a cane. Then return at once and report."

The deputy started off at once. There must be no delay, if he were to reach his destination on time. Yet, in spite of his haste, he had plenty of time to think of the suddenness of his task and the mysterious purpose of it. He was at a loss to understand just what importance was attached to his strange mission. But duty urged him on. It was not for him to question. He, as a good soldier of France, must obey.

Arriving at Basle, he took a careless, easy, and sometimes lounging position on or very close to the end of the bridge. He was keenly anxious not to miss a thing, for experience had taught him that details count. Nevertheless, something of his anxiety and excitement wore off, as he watched each passer-by: now a child at play; a peasant returning home from market; a peddler selling brooms; a nurse with several children. Then, his pulse

started to beat fast and his whole being was filled with excitement, which he sought to keep concealed, when he saw a man with a cane come slowly down the street and onto the bridge. "Speak to no one," had been the command; "carefully note all you see." He looked at the man with fixed eyes, saw him peer over the bridge into the water below, then, apparently unconcerned about anything, the man with the cane tapped the pavement of the bridge three times with his cane, and continued on his way without looking to right or left.

At length the clock struck three. The deputy rushed to get his horse. He rode steadily and even with more speed than he had come. As soon as one horse was tired, he made arrangement to change to another. Naturally, he was greatly excited, but his excitement was due most of all to the fact that he might have missed something, and he would be put down as a failure and lose his position. Arriving at Paris, he went immediately to the Minister, who listened with deep interest to every detail about the man with the cane, and he was visibly on edge when he was told about the striking of the pavement of the bridge three times with the cane. "Very good!" he said to the deputy; "you have brought important information. Silence as usual."

The Minister at once took the word to the King. That night thirty thousand French troops advanced upon a famous city and took it, without the loss of a single man. The tappings of the cane of the strange man on the bridge in effect had meant: one tap, city prepared for battle; two, city partially prepared; three taps, city without any soldiers whatever. The failure of the deputy to note one of the tappings of the cane would have indeed been costly.

"DEVOTION to the Rosary is an evident sign of predestination."

A Boy Who Taught Himself Mathematics.

The following story records a remarkable example of a boy, self-taught, who became a great mathematician. He had talent, indeed, but he worked hard to develop it, and under most trying circumstances.

It is said that the Duke of Argyll was one day walking in his gardens, when he saw lying on the grass a Latin copy of Sir Isaac Newton's celebrated "*Principia*." He gave orders to one of his servants to carry it back to his library. However, a young gardener, standing by, claimed ownership of the book.

"This book belongs to you?" questioned the Duke.

"Yes, my lord," was the answer.

"Do you understand geometry, Latin, Newton?"

"I know a little of them."

"But how," the Duke said in wonderment, "did you come to a knowledge of these?"

"A servant taught me the letters of the alphabet."

The Duke's curiosity was quickened; at the same time he did not understand how the learning of the mere letters of the alphabet could bring about a knowledge of other subjects such as geometry.

"I first learned the letters of the alphabet," the boy continued his story. "I was eight years old then. At that time the masons were at work upon your house. One day I was watching them and drew closer to get a better look. I saw the architect used a rule and a compass, in making his measurements. I asked what they were and how they were supposed to be used. That day I discovered that there was a science called arithmetic; so I bought a book of arithmetic, studied it for some time, and finally could say that I understood all of it. I was told there was such a thing as geometry; I bought a geometry, and, as with arithmetic, I studied it for

some time and finally could say that I had learned it. Then I heard that there were good books about these subjects in Latin; so by myself I studied Latin and learned it. I later heard that there were also good books in French; so I learned French."

"And you have done all this without a teacher?" said the Duke with admiration and amazement.

"That is what I have done, my lord."

"And the only start you had was the letters of the alphabet?"

"Yes, my lord; but does one need anything else to learn?"

This boy, who was only eight years old when he began to teach himself, was eighteen on the day that he came under the observation of the Duke of Argyll; and, judging from the simplicity of his answers, he was still unaware that he had accomplished anything remarkable. Certainly it is the story of a poor boy, who developed himself by hard work.

It is to the credit of the Duke that he drew the young man out of obscurity, providing him with employment which gave him an opportunity to study the sciences in general.

Edmund Stone, which was his name, not only became a great mathematician, but also became noted for his knowledge of music, painting, architecture; in fact, of all the sciences which depend on calculations and proportions.

"WHILST you forgive some wrong done you, you still bear in mind the injury which you have received rather than the pardon which you have granted. This you show by the very words you use, by your abrupt manner, by your denying the offender those acts of courtesy and charity which before the offence you would not have withheld. In fine, to pardon injuries to the full and to render good for evil, manifests a virtue which is of the most perfect and at the same time extremely rare."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Macmillan Company announces the "Collected Poems" of Katharine Tynan, with a foreword by A. E. (George W. Russell).

—A new story by Hilaire Belloc, published in London this month by Messrs. Arrowsmith, is illustrated with seventeen drawings by G. K. Chesterton.

—Not to many modern authors who write serious books, is fully due the praise which Caxton bestowed upon Chaucer: "He condensed his matter into short, clear sentences, eschewing perplexity; casting away the chaff of superfluity, and showing the picked grain of expression, uttered by crafty and sugared eloquence, in writing not void words, but having all his matter full of high and quick sentence."

—"Mère Marie de la Passion" is the life of a gentle and noble soul. She desired God to fill her life as completely as He did that of St. Francis of Assisi, her exemplar and inspiration. She loved God in created things; she tried to abandon herself wholly to Him by seeing His will at all times, and endeavoring to follow it perfectly. She had a particular devotion to the Passion; and she believed that to die wholly to the suffering Christ was to suffer patiently with Him and for Him. For the most part, the story of her life is told from her letters, which reveal that she had a spirit of holiness and a charm of character. Publisher, Téqui, Paris. Price, 9 francs.

—The study of Church history in high schools has been considerably handicapped by the lack of good texts, which should be neither meagre outlines nor complex treatises. A nice balance has been struck in "Church History," by the Rev. John Laux, M. A. The outstanding spirit of the different periods, the important events, and the biographies of eminent persons are given with sufficient completeness in a style that is clear and interesting. There are hints for further study, numerous illustrations, maps, frequent excerpts from the writings of the Fathers, Doctors and Popes. Of particular interest is the

history of the Church in the United States with a chronological table of events. All in all, a text which should make Church history an attractive study for the pupil, and interesting reading for the average Catholic, and even non-Catholic, layman. Published by Benziger. Price to schools, \$1.69 net.

—As practical and serviceable a missal as we have seen anywhere is "Christ's Gift, the Mass," edited by Daniel F. Cunningham, Superintendent of Schools in the Archdiocese of Chicago. The Masses of the Sundays and Holydays only are given, but in a way that makes them easily usable. There is no turning back to find commemorations, or the Preface or the Gloria and Credo, etc. Each of these is repeated with every Mass and the young boy or girl is spared the confusion of trying to follow the priest in a book that has the prayers in a dozen places. The volume is beautifully bound and has a number of good illustrations, besides a summary of Christian doctrine, and an abundance of fine devotional prayers. Published by Benziger. Price, \$1.20. To schools, \$0.90.

—"What Civilization Owes to Italy," by James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., Sc. D., a new and revised illustrated edition has a special appendix on what the United States owes to Italy. The modern world, prone to point with pride to mechanical inventions and material prosperity, and to assume a general mental superiority, fails at times through malice and wilful blindness, and again through mere ignorance, to give credit to a nation whose glorious history is a record of superb achievement. This book may not silence the unfriendly, but it should be a treat for those who love intellectual and spiritual greatness. Priceless treasures of painting, sculpture, architecture, music, the arts and crafts; great accomplishments in science and law; a world-wide literature; scholarship in religion and philosophy and education; men and women of inspirational lives and works;—all, as this informative book reveals, are to

the honor of Italy, and place a debt on the world,—a debt which it has accepted slowly and even now not fully. Published by Stratford Co. Price, \$3.

—"Harry Brown at Barchester," a novel about boys and for boys (grown-ups would enjoy it too), by William F. Hendrix, S. J., weaves a story around the important classroom, chapel and campus activities of the year Sophomore A. There is plenty of athletic action: a last minute touchdown at football, a final-second shot in basketball, a baseball game in which a triple play features, and even a victory in a tennis tournament. Besides, there are many other incidents equally interesting, some of which concern the deeds and difficulties of the boys at class; and others which tell of the fearful tornado, a thrilling rescue, and the various misfortunes created by the villain. Humor and sorrow and joy crowd the pages. Readers are certain to like Harry Brown, the splendid spirit of the members of his family, and the general wholesome attitude of his fellow students. Published by Benziger. Price, \$1.75 net.

—The Institute of Social and Religious Research, an independent agency applying scientific method to the study of social and religious questions, sponsors "The U. S. Looks at its Churches," by C. Luther Fry. The author analyzes the data collected by the Federal Census of Religious Bodies and draws some conclusions, the complete statistics for which are given in the Appendix. The total adult (those under 13 years of age are not counted) church membership is only 55 per cent of the total adult population; there are 20 per cent more women members than men; millions of dollars are invested in church property; eleven States (all Southern) are numerically Protestant; there is no State with a Catholic majority. The author's particular conclusions regarding the Church are as follows: there are 12,300,000 Catholics (not counting those under 13 years of age); the enrolment in parochial schools is increasing, while that of Sunday-schools is decreasing; 6.6 per cent of priests are listed as non-graduates. We shall not quarrel about the

low figures given for the adult Catholic population, but we do see the need of a reliable Catholic census. The happy increase in parochial schools means that Religion is being taught daily instead of weekly. We refuse to believe that 6.6 per cent or even that .6 per cent of priests have not the equivalent of a college degree, according to the standard of reckoning recommended by the North Central Association last summer. Certainly it has been a mistake, and unfortunately, still is a mistake not to give one degree for the work done in the collegiate seminary and another for the work completed in the theological seminary. Published by the Institute of Social and Religious Research, New York. Price, \$2.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Walter Fitzmaurice, Diocese of Green Bay; Rt. Rev. Msgr. P. C. Winters, Diocese of Scranton; and Rev. A. D. Cormier, Diocese of St. Johns, N. B.

Sister M. Anastasia and Sister Helen Angela, Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Boniface and Sister M. Ursula, Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister Mary of St. Rosalie, Sisters of Our Lady of Charity; Sister St. Clare, Brown County Ursulines; Sister St. Mary Zephyrine.

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May they rest in peace!

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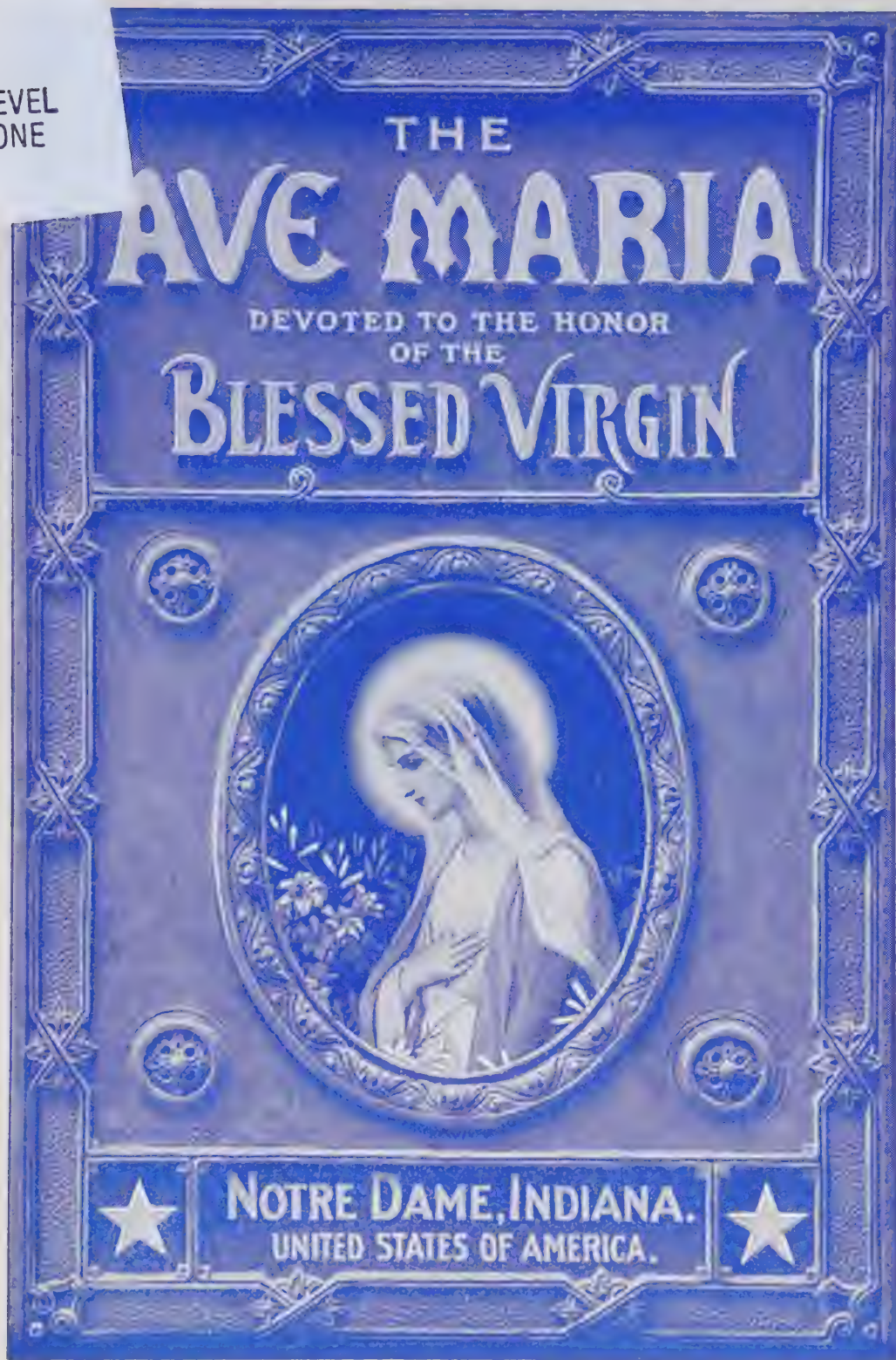
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FOR YOUNG FOLKS

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 1.—Feast of All Saints.
 SUNDAY, 2.—TWENTY-FIRST AFTER PENTECOST.
 St. Victorinus, B. M.
 MONDAY, 3.—All Souls' Day.
 TUESDAY, 4.—St. Charles Borromeo, C. SS. Vi-
 talis and Agricola, MM.

WEDNESDAY, 5.—SS. Zachary and Elizabeth.
 THURSDAY, 6.—St. Leonard, C. St. Illytd, Ab.
 FRIDAY, 7.—St. Willibrord, B. C. St. Engel-
 bert, B.
 SATURDAY, 8.—The Four Crowned Martyrs.
 St. Godfrey, B. C.

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LA MADONE
(Dagnan Bouveret)
(Salon, 1889)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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No. 18.

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Autumn.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

AS she who grieves for one who slowly dies,
So Autumn sits with sad and mournful eyes,
Viewing the gorgeous wreck which time has
made:
The tattered banners of Spring's gay parade,
And Summer's waving pennons drooping low,
Like shredded tapestry with fire aglow.
Her court all desolated of the green,
Glad splendor of the tree leaves' glossy sheen;
Her limpid pools with sodden leaves defiled,
Her forest floor with rich mosaic tiled,
This soon to merge into the waiting earth
And shape the wonder of a season's birth.
Through aisles which once the wild bird filled
with song
Now sounds the drawn-out, dolorous tree-frog's
gong,
And by the rotting log once decked with
flowers,
The cricket wails through lonely, solemn hours.
Queen of a kingdom fading day by day
She braids her hair for sleep. Then, far away,
The north wind rises, shivering down the sky,
And Autumn trembles, and prepares to die.

Three Newly Beatified Martyrs.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

AMONG the one hundred and thirty-six English martyrs who were beatified on December 15, 1929, by Pope Pius XI., are three women. Their heroism is equal to that of their male companions; indeed it appeals to us more strongly from the very fact that they were

women; and that they were executed for having sheltered and assisted the outlawed priests. The Penal Laws that, since the accession of Elizabeth, in 1558, weighed so heavily on the English Catholics, had been rendered more oppressive by an act passed in 1585 that made it high treason for a priest to enter the Queen's dominions, and felony for anyone to receive or assist him.

For the next hundred years, many martyrs were executed under this law, among them Margaret Clitherow, Margaret Ward and Anne Line, who now rank among the servants of God, publicly honored by the Church.

The first was a Yorkshire woman, the wife of John Clitherow, a master butcher and a citizen of some importance in his native city. As one of the bridge masters of York, he was entitled to use the prefix Mr. before his name. In 1571, he married Margaret Middleton, whose father was one of the sheriffs; her mother after her widowhood became the wife of Henry Maye, whose name will occur in the final tragedy of our heroine's life.

At the time of her marriage, Margaret was, like her husband, a Protestant; but whereas he troubled little about religious matters, she was drawn to the faith that was still practised by many York Catholics. Her biographer and confessor, Father Musk, tells us that finding "no truth or comfort" in the new doctrine imposed by Government, she made herself acquainted with

many Catholics, who, in spite of oppression, remained true to the ancient faith. In 1574, she was received into the Church, and from that day she lived a life of extraordinary fervor, and was more than once imprisoned for refusing to attend the Protestant service. John Clitherow never resented his wife's conversion; he even allowed her to bring up their three children as Catholics, and although fully informed of the hospitality she extended to priests, he left her free to follow her own wishes in the matter; some years later at a tragic moment for both, he proclaimed her "the best wife in all England."

Margaret seems to have combined in a rare degree the duties of an active and careful housekeeper with a spiritual life of prayer and penance. She fasted three times a week and often spent hours on her knees at night; but her confessor quaintly assures us that these austerities were carefully concealed from outsiders, and that "she was of very good liking, as though she had fared most daintily every day." He adds that to her beautiful and gracious soul, "God had given a body with comely face and beauty correspondent," and that in all her actions, she showed a "sharp and ready wit." Mysticism had not blunted her perceptions of everyday matters; she often gave her husband wise advice concerning his business, and governed her household with a kindly but firm hand. Beloved by her Protestant neighbors, whom she was ever ready to assist in their troubles, she was often warned by them when a visit from the priest hunters threatened her house. A few years only after her conversion, the condition of the Yorkshire Catholics became one of extreme difficulty. In 1581, new articles were added to the Penal Laws: assistance at Mass was punished by imprisonment; and in 1582, two priests, Father Lacy and Father Kirkman, were executed at York for their priesthood. The following year

three other martyrs won their crown, among them Father William Hart, a noted apostle whose influence in Yorkshire was great.

From the first, Margaret Clitherow set aside a room where Mass might be celebrated in a house next to her own. Far from dreading the arrival of a priest, she welcomed the coming of any one bearing the name and authority "of a Catholic priest." Hearing Mass was her great devotion, and no risk seemed too great to secure this blessing. The spot where the martyrs suffered—a desolate plain outside the city—became a place of pilgrimage, where, at night, accompanied by her friend, Anne Teshe, Margaret often made her way; it is still well known, the old maps being in existence that mark where the gallows once stood.

In 1585, an addition to the penal code made the mere presence within the kingdom of "Jesuits or seminary priests" high treason; and pronounced to be guilty of "felony" those who received or aided a priest—felony entailed death.

This new menace did not disturb Margaret's peace: "If God's priests dare venture to my house, I will never refuse them," she said. "By God's grace all priests shall be more welcome to me now than they were before."

More than once John Clitherow had been summoned before the Council of the North to answer questions as to his wife's religion, but he was not in the house when on March 10, 1586, the priest hunters appeared, searched every room and arrested Margaret, her children and servants. No priest was found, but a Flemish boy, whom she had received from charity, being threatened with the rod, showed the hostile visitors the room in the next house, often used by priests, and also a hiding place filled with vestments, church plate and linen.

In consequence, Margaret and her husband were imprisoned in York

castle in separate cells, and on March 14, she was taken to the Guildhall charged with being a "Papist," with harboring priests and hearing Mass. She pleaded in answer that she was guilty of no offence, no priest had been found in her house, and the only witness against her was a terrified boy, "who," to quote her own words, "with an apple or a rod you may make say what you will."

When Judge Clinch asked her how she would be tried: "I will be tried," she answered, "by none but God and your own conscience," and to this resolve she clung, knowing that if she consented to a trial by jury, her servants, children and friends would be called as witnesses. In case of her refusal to accept a jury, the law condemned her to what was known as "*la peine forte et dure*,"—to be pressed to death"—a fearful alternative.

The judge, a weak man, but whose sense of justice made him realize that it was a crime to condemn this prisoner on the slender evidence of a child, implored her to consent to a regular trial, but she was obdurate.

Her next prison was a house on Ouse bridge; she went there on foot, her countenance calm and cheerful; and, as she walked, she scattered alms to the mendicants assembled to see her pass. The horror of the death to which the law condemned her, her youth—she was not much above thirty—her spotless character as a wife and mother, enlisted many sympathies.

Judge Clinch was miserably torn between his conscience and his abject terror of seeming to favor a Papist. More courageous was a certain Parson Wigginton, who solemnly warned Clinch that neither by God's law nor man's, ought this prisoner to be condemned to death. The Lord Mayor of York for that year was Henry Maye, Margaret's stepfather. He came to the prison, and on his knees implored her to save her-

self; but to friends and foes, she replied: her conscience would not allow her to demand a trial by jury.

John Clitherow, informed of his wife's impending fate, became like a madman: "Let them take all I have and save my wife—she is the best in England," he cried. His excited condition was such that the authorities released him from prison, but on condition that he leave York immediately.

Clinch, weak though he proved himself all along, would gladly have found an excuse for delaying the execution, but other members of the Council were eager to make an example that should terrify the Catholics; and finally it was fixed for Good Friday, March 25. Margaret, informed of the decision, prepared herself for the coming ordeal by continual prayer. At times she was interrupted by visitors, chiefly by ministers, whose arguments must have wearied her sorely. She asked leave to see her husband; but on her compliance on matters of religion being made a condition, she exclaimed: "God's will be done! I will not offend God and my conscience to speak even with him."

Her last night on earth was passed in solitary prayer, and it is pathetic to note the loneliness that enveloped her. No priest was admitted to assist her, and no Catholics suffered to approach her. Toward morning, her jailer's wife saw her put on a linen habit that she had made for the purpose; she then knelt down and prayed for three hours, till the sheriffs came to fetch her. She had carefully dressed her hair, and her linen garment was carried loose on her arm. She walked barefooted to the place of execution, with a cheerful countenance, at which the bystanders marvelled. One of the sheriffs having bade her "confess that she died for treason," Margaret, in a firm, clear voice, replied: "No, no; I die for the love of my Lord Jesus." The second sheriff, Gibson, dissolved in tears, re-

treated, leaving the hideous program to be carried out by his colleague. The martyr lay down on the ground, clothed only in her long white tunic, her face covered by a linen cloth, her hands were bound to two posts, a sharp stone placed under her back and a heavy door laid upon her. After a few moments of cruel questioning, to which Margaret quietly replied, the beggars, enlisted for the purpose, piled stone weights upon the door. A cry came from beneath it: "Jesus, Jesus, have mercy on me!" Then silence; and after fifteen minutes of torture the suffering soul went home.

According to custom, the remains of one who had been executed for treason were thrown into a hole, but Catholics were watching, and eight weeks later, the body was rescued by them and carried a "long journey," until it could be honorably buried in a secret place. The documents that state this fact add that the holy remains were as free from corruption as if Margaret had only just died. But the faithful of those days were trained to caution, and the spot where Margaret Clitherow's remains were laid is unknown. Of her children, we know that Anne, her eldest child, was several times in prison for the faith; but she finally succeeded in leaving England, and became a nun at St. Ursula's Convent at Louvain. Henry, the eldest boy, was educated at Douai, sent there by his mother; in 1590, we find him at the English College in Rome. His younger brother William, also a priest, was several times imprisoned, and finally banished for his priesthood.

Although the blessed martyr's grave is unknown, her left hand, preserved at the Convent of the Institute of Mary at York, is, according to an ancient oral tradition, a precious relic. The Convent itself is an historic house, its founders were almost contemporaries of our martyrs; and in the dark days of persecution, its inmates rendered valuable service to the persecuted Catholics.

This hand has been preserved in its present home from time immemorial, an old slip of paper kept with it, stating the martyr's name and fate. It was the good fortune of the writer of this article to venerate this relic, a small hand, the fingers of which are contracted by pain; it was probably cut off when Margaret's body was taken the "long journey," that ended in giving her an honorable, but to us, an unknown grave. Of John Clitherow, we only know that between 1586 and 1593, he married again.

The fact that our martyr's life was written by her confessor, Father Musk, who died only in 1617, after suffering imprisonment for the faith, helped to keep her memory green during the dark ages of persecution.

Among the Protestants whom party prejudice had not blinded, the fact of her having been executed without a trial, on the slender evidence of a terrified child, may have excited some sympathy, but the barbarous circumstances that accompanied her death are a terrible example of the treatment dealt out to Catholics when Elizabeth Tudor ruled England: they had neither justice nor mercy to expect.

Two years after the martyrdom of Margaret Clitherow, another Margaret laid down her life for the faith in London. Margaret Ward was of gentle birth, but owing probably to reverses of fortune, she took service as companion to a lady of distinction. On being told that a priest, Richard Watson, who had long worked on the mission, was confined in Bridewell prison, heavily ironed and half starved, she determined to visit and assist him—no easy matter, Watson being a marked man. During his first imprisonment at Bridewell, he was so depressed by the torments he suffered that he consented to go to the Protestant Church, and was set free; but, filled with regret and remorse, he soon repented, sought a Catholic priest to

whom he confessed his weakness and obtained absolution. Not content with this, he went to the church where he had attended the heretical service, and proclaimed in a loud voice that this service was that of the devil, not of God. We may imagine the turmoil created by this declaration. Watson was arrested, taken back to Bridewell, heavily ironed and confined in a dark cell, where he could neither stand nor lie down at full length.

After a month of this imprisonment, he was removed to a room at the top of the house, where he was pursued by the ministers who, encouraged probably by his past weakness, never ceased to threaten him if he persisted in his resistance. It is here that the charity of Margaret Ward revealed itself. She knew that Watson was looked upon with certain misgivings by the Catholics; his past weakness and his somewhat theatrical retraction went against him, but his isolation moved her to compassion. She began by taking provisions to the prison; but only after some weeks was she allowed to see him.

At first, she never saw Watson alone, and the loaves she brought were cut open before he got them. Finally the jailer's suspicions were set at rest; and when the prisoner informed his visitor that if only he had a cord long enough, escape was possible, she promised to assist him, brought him a cord and arranged that two Catholic watermen should wait under the window the next morning before daybreak. In the end, Watson, having miscalculated the height of the building, fell heavily, broke his leg and arm, but was rescued by the watermen. Unluckily, he forgot the rope in his hurry, and the jailer hastened to arrest Margaret as the one person likely to have played a part in the adventure. She was loaded with irons, hanged up by her hands and cruelly scourged, but her spirit was unbeaten. When asked if she was guilty, she

boldly answered that she gloried in her deed, deeming it a good work "to deliver an innocent lamb from bloody wolves." She was then condemned to death for felony, but promised life and liberty if she would attend the Protestant service.

When told to ask the Queen's pardon, she replied with unconscious irony, "that the queen, in her place, would have acted as she did." Margaret Ward was executed at Tyburn on August 30. With her were martyred Richard Leigh, a secular priest, Edward Shelley, a gentleman, Richard Martin, guilty of having given a glass of wine to a priest, and John Roche, one of the watermen who helped in the escape.

Father Watson, having found a safe refuge, had changed clothes with Roche; but the jailer of Bridewell was on the watch, and the waterman was arrested. He frankly confessed how he came by the clothes he wore and was condemned for his share in the attempted escape. Like Margaret Ward, he showed an undaunted spirit, "by which," we are told, the bystanders "were greatly moved," but this case is another example of the vigilance with which the Catholics, even humble folk, were spied on and denounced.

Of the third "Beata," Anne Line, we know enough to mark her as an extraordinarily holy soul. As a girl, her conversion to the faith condemned her to poverty. When she became a widow she devoted herself to assisting the missionary priests; and her confessor, the famous Father Gerard, relied greatly on her courage and devotedness. Advised by him, she arranged that the hunted priests should find change of clothes and the requisites for saying Mass in different places, where, we are told, she "served them with a mother's love and a servant's devotion."

Her health was wretched: she seems to have suffered from dropsy as well as other infirmities, but her intrepid spirit triumphed over her physical drawbacks,

when the service of God was concerned. One of her confessors, himself a martyr, had promised to obtain for her the same grace, and a vision of Our Lord carrying His cross seemed sent to prepare her for the coming ordeal. One day, in the spring of 1601, Anne's house was suddenly broken into by priest hunters, led alas, by an apostate! The priest, Fr. Francis Page, had just celebrated Mass in presence of a group of Catholics. He made his escape, but the altar and vestments were evident signs of his presence, and Anne was immediately removed to prison and brought to trial before Judge Popham, a bitter enemy of the Catholics. She was at that time unable to walk, and was carried to her trial in a chair. The only evidence against her was that of one man who deposed that he saw in her house an unknown individual who was certainly a priest. This was enough, and Ann Line, condemned to death, was sent to Newgate to prepare for execution.

She suffered at Tyburn on February 27, 1601, at the same time as Fr. Mark Barkworth, a Benedictine, and Fr. Roger Filcock, a Jesuit. At Tyburn, she again protested that she regretted nothing except not having done more for the cause: "So far am I from repenting having harbored Catholic priests that I wish with all my soul, that where I have entertained one, I could have entertained a thousand." Her companions were both holy priests. Father Barkworth, on hearing his sentence, fell on his knees and cried: "Thanks be to God!" On the way to Tyburn, the Benedictine and the Jesuit, stretched on the same hurdle, sang a psalm of thanksgiving; they had been close friends in life, and rejoiced to die together.

Anne Line was executed first; as her dead body hung from the gallows, Father Barkworth saluted it: "O blessed Mrs. Line!" he cried, "who hast now happily received thy reward. Thou hast gone before us, but we shall quickly fol-

low thee to happiness, if it please God." His own agony was cruelly prolonged. While the hangman was doing his bloody work, the martyr was heard to say: "O God, be merciful to me."

Our readers will agree that among the 136 English martyrs who, on December 15, 1929, were beatified by Pius XI., the three women whose stories we have told, deserve a mention. At the cost of their lives, they helped God's ministers to keep alive the light of faith when the persecution started by Elizabeth and her ministers was at its worst. In the great picture that is unveiled only when the new "Beati" are proclaimed, their figures are duly outlined, and in the mention made of each one of the one hundred and thirty-six elect, their heroism is proclaimed.

An Invalid's Jottings.

BY JOSEPH CARMICHAEL.

II.—(CONTINUED.)

YEARS speed quickly as one touches upon old age. Jarvey had gone to Oxford with Cyril; Molly was in France finishing her education; Barney, a grammar school-boy still, and little Apple were rapidly growing out of childhood's ways before I could realize it fully. But they were still my constant visitors, and did more than any others to enliven my solitary lot. Parochial affairs claimed more of their parents' leisure as time went on; and Royston and his wife looked in upon me less frequently than of yore.

It was Apple—a serious, prim little person of twelve—who first stirred my fears of coming trials. The day was chilly, and the ingle-nook was more attractive than the oriel window, and Apple was sedately seated opposite to me on the cushioned settle. Both she and Barney were always thoroughly outspoken about home affairs—proof of their transparent guilelessness.

"Uncle Jack," she said, after the absentees had been discussed, "Jarvey seems to have done something to displease Dad and Mother. I don't know what it can be; but they have been looking very grave lately, and I have been wondering what could be the reason. Then yesterday I happened to come into the back drawing-room while they were talking together in the other room, and I heard Dad say, 'I cannot reproach the dear boy; he is too reliable to act rashly.' Then I appeared, and they broke off the conversation."

"But why should you think it was Jarvey they were discussing?"

"Because there had been a long letter from Jarvey that very morning; I suddenly remembered too, that it was since Jarvey had taken to writing so often and such long letters, that Mother and Dad had begun to look so serious. I wonder what can be the matter!"

I consoled the little maid as best I could, and sent her home in a less anxious state. But I could not help feeling disturbed by her story.

Nothing happened to increase my uneasiness, except that I saw nothing of Royston or his wife for some time. Barney and Apple, however, would frequently appear. The former began to bring his fiddle with him and would entertain me therewith. I do not profess to be a musical critic, but I can only say that the boy seemed to show promise; he tackled his instrument with all the ease of a practised player, and I was delighted to listen to music which certainly charmed me exceedingly. Barney seemed to have no suspicions or anxieties on his parents' part, and Apple never again touched upon the subject which had at first aroused my fears.

The weeks slipped by and Molly was home again—a finished product, with pure Parisian accent, yet still the same charming, unspoiled maiden as of old. Then came Jarvey on a flying visit. He

just ran in to say, "How do?" but little more. I thought him looking more serious than usual, and he was certainly more subdued in manner.

At last Royston himself appeared.

"You'll blame me for neglecting you, old man," he said, after greetings were over. "But I purposely kept away; you will understand why when you have heard my story."

Then he explained what it was that had been weighing so heavily upon him of late—Jarvey had become a Catholic. His constant association with Cyril Latatski—himself a thoroughly good Catholic youth, whom he had loved and admired from childhood,—had turned his thoughts to Cyril's faith, which was proving such a tower of strength amid the temptations and insidious allurements of a world whose dangers he was only now beginning to realize.

"But do not think that I blame the boy," Royston said with much emotion. "To tell the truth, Jack, I have begun to envy him. I had a long talk with him the other day, and it made me very uncomfortable. I wouldn't say anything to you; I felt that it was better to avoid any risk of breaking our friendship should I succeed in remaining here as before. So I confided in Father Vesey."

He paused to let the fact sink in; for he saw my excitement.

"You went to consult him?" was all I could manage to ejaculate.

"Yes, by night—like Nicodemus," he added, with a quiet smile. "And now I am resolved. I am a Catholic at heart, and hope soon to be one in reality."

"But what about Mrs. Royston and the children?" There was consternation in my voice. "I rejoice to hear the good news—I need not tell you that,—but it will mean trouble."

"That will be all right, thank God!" he answered promptly. "The fact was that Mary had talked to Jarvey too, and got him to send books to her on the

quiet; so that when I timidly broached the subject, I found her full of delight at my decision. Molly will follow, I feel sure; she has seen a lot of Catholics in France. Apple, too, has no prejudices. Barney, of course, is older; but I hope he will come round in time. So pray for us, Jack, won't you?"

Then we discussed ways and means. Duties at Wybrow must, of course, be relinquished at once. The Head Master of the Grammar School would supply for a time. Royston had an idea of teaching, if he could get work; did I know of any opening? My heart went out in pity, yet admiration filled me. How brave he was!

"Mary is a courageous little woman!" Royston exclaimed enthusiastically. "She can get music pupils in a town easily, she says; then Molly has excellent French, and that can be turned to account. It puts heart into a chap to meet with such pluck in face of danger!"

Mingled with the thankful joy that filled my heart at this unforeseen solution of vague fears, were uncontrollable apprehensions of real trials in store for the Royston household. With all his brave front, Gervase Royston, as I could see, was alive to the possibility of overwhelming anxieties as to the future. True, he had never relied upon his father for help, and they had weathered many difficulties in the fight with poverty; for there had always been an assured income to count upon, tiny though it might be. But just now there was nothing tangible to hold on to. However, while I lived they should not starve!

Later in the evening Barney appeared—I had half expected him.

"You know the news, Jack. Dad told me he had been to tell you," were his first words. "I feel as though everything had turned topsy-turvy! Of course, I've never been a religious sort of chap like Jarvey, and all this changing of religions doesn't appeal to me much. But I

back Dad for doing the right thing—weird as it seems! Dad took me out for a tramp round Maudston, and told me all about it. We shall be leaving here, it appears almost immediately. Dad is going to-morrow to see about some place to go to. We turned into the church just now, as we reached home—'just to say Good-bye,' Dad said. He felt it awfully, I could see. After all he's done there—to have to leave it! It's beastly enough for a chap like me; what must it be for him—and for Mother! As we came out, Dad gave a sort of farewell glance at the statues up on the spire; and he said in quite a husky voice: 'It's not an easy thing, Barney boy, to have to turn one's back on all that one has grown to love as I love this!'"

Barney has been almost soliloquizing, as he rambled on in a monotonous voice. He was evidently tense with emotion. It had been a relief to him to confide in some one; and he would naturally shirk mention of such things at home while so much uncertainty hung over them all. I did my best to cheer him up, and then switched on the talk to less emotional subjects. He left me in a more cheerful mood than I had hoped for.

During the week I saw nothing of the Rectory household. Mrs. Royston, as I knew, would be arranging matters as to the organ and choir; for it was understood that they were leaving very soon—for their annual vacation, it was supposed. Doubtless, too, there would be many matters to settle regarding housekeeping affairs, and the like. So I was not astonished at being left alone. Nor was I altogether sorry; for it was a kind of apprenticeship to the state of increased loneliness which the loss of them would entail. Then, quite unexpectedly, Gervase Royston appeared. His smiling face and animated bearing reassured me. Evidently, things were going well with him.

"The most amazing thing has happened, Jack!" he cried exultantly. "My

good old Dad has come to his senses! Read that!" And he thrust a telegram into my hand.

Father very ill, nearing the end, begs you to come without delay.

APOLLONIA.

"That means that our troubles are practically over," he said. "How good God is to us!"

Sir Bernard and his son were fully reconciled before the old man passed away. Sir Gervase and Lady Royston now reign at Royston Abbot, deservedly loved by all who come in contact with them, despite their change in religious belief. "They that seek the Lord shall not be deprived of any good."

III.

Beyond the huddled houses of the suburbs of the town, raised on a slight eminence some two or three miles distant, stands Winningston. Seen from my window, with the help of field-glasses, it resolves itself into a group of low-roofed buildings surrounding a red-brick dwelling house draped with clinging ivy. Terraced gardens lie in front, and a distant hill covered with trees forms a background to a charming picture. It was originally a commodious farm house, but considerable changes and additions have transformed it into a handsome residence.

Winningston Farm, as it still continues to be styled in the district, is the cherished country home of some very dear friends of mine, who love it exceedingly, and spend there many months of each year. They are the Countess Latatski, the English widow of a Polish Count, her son, Count Cyril, and her sister, Miss Anna Blakeley. The Countess had left Poland at the early death of her husband, and had settled permanently in England, after disposing of their Continental property. She possessed considerable means, and had been attracted to Wybrow when visiting an English lady of the neighborhood with

whom she had been at school in Paris in her girlhood. Finding Winningston an ideal summer dwelling place, she had acquired it and adapted it to her purpose. The young Count had been but two years old when they migrated from Poland, and had grown up a thoroughly English boy.

The coming of the family to Winningston almost coincided with that of the Roystons to the Rectory of Wybrow St. Mary. The Grammar School was gaining a reputation just then, and as Cyril Latatski had outgrown governess tuition, his mother deemed it well to send him there as a day-boarder, during their stay at Winningston. So Cyril would ride down on his pony every morning, lunch with the Head Master and his family, and ride home after studies were over. It was just about the same time that "Jarvey" Royston, about Cyril's age, became his fellow pupil. The acquaintance thus formed, strengthened by the friendly relations which soon grew up between the Rectory and Winningston, deepened into the closest intimacy. The brotherless Cyril found brothers and sisters in the charming children of the Rectory, and was soon on the footing of a beloved son with Gervase Royston and his beautiful wife. Holidays were spent together in the Rectory grounds, or, for a change, the whole tribe would receive the kindest of welcomes at Winningston.

The Countess was still a young woman when she came to Wybrow—about the same age as Mrs. Royston. She was strikingly handsome, with dark hair and eyes and a richly tinted complexion. She was tall and graceful too, with a dignified presence; but more than all that, she was singularly kind and winning with a natural simplicity of manner which attracted one at first sight. Her sister, Miss Blakeley, was some years older; a quiet, retiring woman with plain features and grey hair. She had once been in the novitiate

of a religious Order, I believe, until ill health forced her to leave, and the disappointment had clung to her for life.

Cyril came with his mother and aunt to make my acquaintance soon after their arrival at Winningston, and we became great cronies. It was he who originated the title "Uncle Jack," which became the familiar appellation in use among my juvenile guests. It was through Cyril, indeed, that I got to know the Royston clan.

"Jarvey Royston and I are great chums, Uncle Jack," said Cyril in one of his frequent chats. "His people are jolly nice, too; I often go there. Would you like me to bring Jarvey and some of the other kiddies to see you some day?"

Politeness obliged an affirmative answer, and thus my circle of acquaintances became bigger and livelier than I had ever dreamed of.

The Tower—if not its owner—seemed to occupy an important place in the amusements of the Rectory children. Cyril, Jarvey and Barney were chatting away to me one day, when Barney remarked impulsively:

"The Tower makes a splendid castle in theatrical games, Uncle Jack!"

When I inquired the meaning of the statement, the older boys looked sheepish. Cyril explained eventually that the "kiddies" took delight in playing improvised dramas sometimes, and that he and Jarvey, "when there was nothing very particular on hand" (cricket, fishing and the like, I suppose) did not mind helping. Cyril, it appeared, was always to be depended upon to construct the plot of the drama, which must of necessity include bold, bad barons, damsels in distress, heroic knights, innocent peasant folk, and—above all—the "fortress" (my Tower, in fact) to whose "deepest dungeon," pending his summary beheading, "yon dastardly caitiff" was ordered off. Barney, it appeared, while delighting in

such dramatic interludes, was inclined to resent the perpetual rôle of villain and would sometimes imperil the production by refusing to play it. But, as the author and stage-manager put it, when appeal had been made to me, as to the propriety of so regular an assignment of ruffian parts to one player, "Barney is the only chap fitted to act them; his inky locks and piercing black eyes are the very thing for murderous freebooters and wicked barons. You could not imagine me or Jarvey in such parts!"

It must not be gathered from this that Cyril claimed to possess good looks—which Jarvey, with his clear blue eyes and bright candid expression undeniably had; what he meant was that the traditional type of villain was allied to black hair and ferocity of mien. As to his own appearance, it was his delight at one time to proclaim that the distinction of the "ugliest chap in our school" had been unanimously awarded to himself.

At the period of this episode, when he was about thirteen, he was certainly not what gushing ladies would style a "pretty boy." He had a bad complexion, a wide mouth (generally on the grin) and lank, sandy locks; but he had splendid eyes which were really grey but changed in tint with every varying emotion. There was something very attractive in his expression too—spite of freckles and muddy skin—which atoned for lack of positive beauty. With all these drawbacks he was indeed a splendid little fellow—obedient to his mother's every wish, staunch to his friends, honest as the day, and thoroughly upright and good, without a trace of anything like priggishness. To me he became inexpressibly dear as our acquaintance ripened into affectionate familiarity.

Thursday became the usual day in each week on which Fr. Vesey was so good as to come to the Tower to say Mass. It grew into a custom for the

Winnington folk to drive down on that morning and come to the Sacraments in my little Oratory. Afterwards there would be a merry breakfast party which Fr. Vesey would join. In this way Cyril was able to get to his classes as usual without making a special journey back to Winnington for breakfast. Those meetings were always notable events in my monotonous career. When they ceased with the departure of my good friends to winter in a more southerly climate I still had Cyril to console me; for his mother wisely considered that his studies would suffer from so complete a change, and always left him in Fr. Vesey's charge during the winter.

(To be continued.)

All Souls' Eve in Brittany.

BY ANGELA FRANCIS.

IF you look at a map of France you will find that Brittany occupies the northwest corner, three sides of which reach far out to sea. Its coast towns are famous as holiday resorts, but for the most part it is a grey, dreary land, that breeds men and women of great courage and unusual strength of character. It would be difficult to find a greater stronghold of the Catholic Faith than sea-girt Brittany. The Bretons are a people apart from the rest of France, descendants of the ancient Celtic race, and having their own language and customs. They have the same splendid indifference to things material that is a characteristic of the Gaels of Ireland, and their strange, ancient tongue is understood by the Welsh. They earn their bread mostly by fishing and farming, both callings demanding unceasing toil and great heroism, for the land is mostly granite, with here and there patches of arable land, where the Breton wrests a living for his wife and family.

They have three great ideals, Faith, home and country, and in those parts

farthest from civilization, are violently opposed to the helps which modern science has given to humanity, regarding all machines, even the simplest, as the work of the Evil One himself. Religion plays perhaps the greatest part in his everyday life; your good Breton would never dream of doing the most trifling act or starting on a journey, even the shortest, without first invoking the blessing of *le bon Dieu*, or good St. Anne, the mother of Mary, who occupies a very warm corner of his simple, faithful heart. Waking, sleeping, working, his thoughts and aspirations are with his Creator; and from his earliest years until venerable old age, he never entertains the slightest fear of death. Death to the Breton is as natural as eating or sleeping, and he speaks of those who have passed on as though they had taken a short journey to another province, there to wait until the living join them. Their names and good deeds are constantly on his lips; not for him is the song of one Saxon poet:

... Such, such is Death,
No triumph, no defeat;
Only an empty pall, a slate rubbed clean,
A merciful putting away of what has
been. . . .

Instead, the Breton sings:

... The earth of one's Fatherland,
Of what should it be made
But of those who are buried in it? . . .

Therefore All Souls' Eve is a most important day in his uneventful life, and he celebrates with great solemnity what he calls "The Feast of the Dead."

Early in the afternoon takes place in the little church of the village the Black Vespers; and no good Breton would dream of being absent on this day of days. The glory of the women's caps, some of them of priceless old lace, and treasured as heirlooms, is hidden for this occasion under the hood of the huge black mourning cloak worn by young and old among them. They kneel side by side with their men folk in the

dimly-lit church, heart and soul at one with the priest. After the absolution, they intone a Breton canticle, a simple thing, yet vastly impressive, telling of the shortness of this life and the length of eternity, which is followed by a prayer for the departed. Then the congregation wanders out to the cemetery, to kneel by the graves of their loved ones. Most Bretons are wretchedly poor, and headstones on the graves are often just roughly-hewn slabs of slate, yet each is provided with a little stone basin for holy water which is used by the relatives and friends each Sunday on their way from Mass.

At one little village in the heart of this granite-grey land, there is a charnel house where the bones and skulls of the dead are heaped up for all to see. On this night, the oldest woman in the village takes her stand beside this terrible object lesson, and intones a kind of hymn, weird and unearthly, bidding all behold the rotting bones of those they once loved, of their now pitiable state, and to ponder well on the foolishness of setting store by the passing vanities of this life. After each verse the congregation murmurs: "God pardon the dead!" The darkness of the night, the flickering light of the thin wax candle each carries, and the infinite sadness of their voices, add to the solemnity of this great Feast. Woe to that unfortunate who forgets or neglects to pray for the dead; a curse is supposed to rest on his head.

When these exercises are over, the folks repair to the inn, or the house of a neighbor. They drink black coffee, and relate weird, uncanny tales, suited to this occasion and to the black month of November, until a quarter before midnight, when each repairs to his own home and shuts and bolts the door. On the table his good wife sets out new bread and milk and, if they can afford it, a piece of smoked bacon. The hearthfire is built high, for it is known

that the dead are very cold, and it would be impolite, to say the least, to leave an empty grate for the spirit visitors whom *le bon Dieu* permits on this night to return to this earth, and plead with their friends to assist them with Masses and prayers.

Modern society condemns this practice as a ridiculous, superstitious fancy, but to the Bretons it is a stern reality, a duty to be carried out with reverence and faithfulness each year that passes. Indeed, who could reproach their simple faith that the dead are so near them on this night as to be in need of the simple material comforts they knew and loved in life?

As the Night goes on, a band of pious singers parade the streets of the village, and sing the hymn for the souls of the dead. They speak in the name of the departed, telling of their slow agony in the cleansing flames of Purgatory, reproaching the living with inconstancy in forgetting their memory, and reminding them that one day they too will be in dire need of prayers and Masses. They knock on doors and windows, saying:

... We come on behalf of Jesus
To wake you if you are asleep ...
So that you may call upon God
To have mercy on the souls of the dead ...

Within the poor homes the people arise, fall on their knees and repeat the *De Profundis* slowly and reverently.

Such is the Feast of the Dead in Catholic Brittany. Would to God we could learn the lesson of care and love for the departed as well as the Breton has learned it! Ignorant and unlettered he may be, but he is well versed in the science of Heaven, and his religion is not a garment to be donned on Sundays, but a living, splendid reality. He realizes to the full that this life is changeful and passing; and if he is a little careless in worldly matters, what of it, if he has prepared a house for himself in another land, where the smile of the gentle Christ will rest upon him?

Sorrow.

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

I.

I SAW her coming and was so very fearful.
 I ran to hiding from her joyless eyes.
 For I thought, she will silence song and all
 the cheerful
 Ripples of little children with her sighs.
 Hooded and cloaked, and on her chin a finger,
 She passed with Shadow as her sole attendant.
 And in my hiding I was fearful she might linger
 Just long enough in passing to hear my heart
 pant.
 But she went, nor waited at all, nor looked for
 me,
 And where she passed the road grew very
 black,
 For Shadow walks beside her constantly,
 And frightens the faltering and the timid back.
 But they say, who have walked along with her
 awhile,
 That she is gentle and will sometimes smile.

II.

And I felt the coward's shame, she being gone,
 And the road she went so steep and very
 winding.
 "I will follow," I said, "until I come upon
 Her." And with husbanded strength I rushed
 not minding
 My friends, my books, the ease for which I long.
 "I will find her," I said, "somewhere upon
 the road,
 And I will kneel and humbly confess my wrong.
 She has no friends at all and no abode;
 She is lone as a beggar with a sack of tears,
 As shunned as a white leper shouting his
 shame.
 Yet she has brooded with a thousand Lears
 And won a thousand Desdemonas fame.
 For our Shakespeare who often strolled the
 streets with Laughter
 Sometimes in quieter moments sat with her."

III.

I hurried after climbing many a hill
 To find her at last closeted with Death.
 One watched beside a bed, dry-eyed and still,
 To whom she gave sighs to ease each diffi-
 cult breath.
 Next she went where a bowed man worked
 without any hope,—
 Gray walls, gray rocks, gray earth, a suit of
 gray,—

Locked in with dark at the day's end to guess
 and grope;

But when she touched him he knelt and be-
 gan to pray.

She stopped a youth who ran madly down
 with Pleasure

To the world's rim vaulting from year to year.

She hurt him with pain, as though she doled a
 treasure,

And Pleasure fled from him shaking with fear.

Courage went from my heart when Pleasure
 had flown

And I was afraid in the dark with her alone.

IV.

And she said, "David walked before me in
 Death's Valley

Smiting his head at the memory of his shame;

And Ruth in the fields of the stranger was
 fond of me,

For I wove her dreams of the home fields
 whence she came.

That Mary, who brought her spikenard for
 His hair,

I gave her tears to wash His road-tired feet.

Simon of Jona, I plucked him from despair,

And ran after Judas, but alas he was too
 fleet!

My name is above the heavens, it is the Lord's;

They have named with my name His road to
 Golgotha,

And Himself gave His mother for love-gift my
 seven swords.

Did He not call me to Him when He saw

The city that would not, of dome and minaret?

And do I not keep all the secrets of Olivet?

V.

"The tall centurion who shouted his belief,

Did I not pierce his heart with pity first?

And that sob for mercy which saved the gib-
 beted thief,

Did I not give to him while his brother cursed?

My shadow veiled the sun when God hung dead

And ghosts marched up the hill to adore the
 Cross.

And did not she, who made her lap His bed,

Choose me for her sole companion after the
 Loss?

And every day I sat with her till evening

Up there where her Fruit fell red-ripe at
 the hour of three.

In look, in tone, in her gentlest whispering

They said she was the figurement of me.

I was with her all the day, and at night
 would creep

To my silence when I had folded her in sleep."

The Trains Ran on Time.

BY W. R. D.

“JONAS, can't you stay at home and rest?”

“No, Martha dear. If I do, I shall certainly lose my place.”

“Well, but can't you get somebody to relieve you?”

“There are fifty men waiting to take the place. But they will not take it for a day. Of course, we'll not be able to stand the strain if it lasts much longer. But things may change soon; and when they do, the man that is fortunate enough to have the job will keep it. So I'd better hold on.”

“But it is three days now that you have been having only four hours' sleep in the twenty-four. What if something should happen?” And the woman turned pale and shuddered.

“Keep up heart, Martha. It's only a war of the railroads. They're cutting rates, and they have to make it up some way; and the easiest is to let out half the force and make the other half do double work. But, you see, it can't last. So give me a kiss, and take care of Bernard and Mattie; and may the Lord be with us all!”

And Jonas Barkley strode off with his basket, through the piercing cold, along the path to the main switch at Hope Station, an eighth of a mile away.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon. The mercury had been going down since four o'clock in the morning, and the weather-reports stated that it would stand below zero after sunset. There was to be a fall of more than forty degrees from the comparatively mild temperature of the night before. It was a time when wakeful sentinels were needed at the switches.

The sun sank red, and the darkness came on. Train No. 21, the outbound night express from the city, stood upon the side track at Hope Station, at 7:49,

waiting for the inbound No. 19 to pass at 7:52. The switchman for No. 21 was at his post; and the engineer thought he saw a man at the main switch, too. At least there was a lantern on the ground. But the switch was two hundred feet away, and the night was dark, and things could not be seen distinctly. The headlight of No. 19 rounded the curve a mile above Hope Station, and the train came dashing down the straight line with the rumble of growing thunder. At 7:52 the engine reached the switch. There was a sound upon the frozen air as of something sharply snapping. At once the engine jumped the track, ploughed its way for a dozen yards through the brittle soil, and then rolled itself up into a shapeless mass. The tender was flung out over the lantern at the switch. The baggage car drove ahead and went to splinters against the ruins of the engine. There was a horrid orchestra of sounds—grating, grinding, crushing, breaking,—making a dismal *obligato* with the hissing steam to the shrieks of a hundred voices.

The great man of the *Morning Lyre* was in his sanctum. He touched a button. In half a minute a young man opened the door and entered.

“Ferrett, there has been an accident on the N. S. E. & W., at Hope Station. Take the nine o'clock train and find out all about it.”

Ferrett retired. It was known to those who were interested in knowing such things, that the N. S. E. & W. was working its men over time, and was making money in the rate war.

The nine o'clock train made a circuit about Hope Station, and was then run back to the platform, so that Ferrett alighted near the scene of the accident. The outbound train had also made its circuit. The coaches of No. 19 had been pulled back and were moving toward the city with a new engine.

The night was bitter cold and dark.

Fifteen or twenty men, muffled to the eyes, were heaving away in silence. The baggage car (that had been) lay like a pile of kindling wood about the wreck of the engine. The tender had been lifted, and at the switch-rod there was a great pool of frozen blood. The general gloom was just visible in the light of the heavily smoking torches.

"Anybody hurt?"—it was Ferrett who spoke.

"Switchman, engineer, and fireman killed."

"Any one else?"

"No. Postal clerks and baggage men seriously injured."

"What was the switchman's name?"

"Jonas Barkley—the best man on the road."

"Did he live here?"

"Yes: just down the road. See that light? That's Jonas' house."

"Did any of the other victims live hereabouts?"

"No."

"Who were they?"

As the officer answered, Ferrett wrote the names.

"How did it happen?"

"That's all a mystery. The switchman was right here at his post, and there was no obstruction. So I think we'll never know anything about it."

Ferrett started down the pathway which showed in the starlight and the glare of the torches. As he neared the switchman's house, the door was flung wide open and a woman rushed out, bareheaded, into the cold. A man with a lantern followed her; then another man with a lantern. The second overtook the first; and catching up with the woman after she had passed Ferrett, stopped her to cover her head and shoulders with a heavy shawl which he had brought from the house.

As the other man was passing, Ferrett joined him.

"Is that Mrs. Barkley?"

"Yes. We brought her the news a few

minutes ago, and there was no keeping her in the house."

"What was the cause of the accident?" Ferrett went on.

"No one knows anything about it. Jonas is the only man that could tell us, and he is gone. She says she knew something was going to happen. She says he was working overtime, and must have fallen asleep at the switch." And the man suddenly pushed ahead to be rid of his questioner.

Ferrett saw that there was no further information to be obtained. But he had enough for a purpose; so he made his way back to the station to inquire about the possibilities of getting into the city. He found that the next train was due after midnight. But an engine was to pass Hope Station about eleven o'clock, and it wanted but a few minutes of that hour. His credentials as a member of the press secured him a place on the engine; and at 11:50 he was standing beside the great chief of the *Morning Lyre*, telling his simple, carefully worded story.

"Ferrett, sit down for a few minutes."

The chief took his pen. Then he knitted his brow, and kept them knitted whilst his pen went cautiously over the paper. It was five minutes after twelve when, having closed and addressed an envelope, he said:

"Ferrett, take this out to Bonds, in Pluto Place. See that it is given to him. Accept no excuses. There must be an immediate answer."

"Yes, sir."

Without another word the young man left the room. On his way downstairs he telephoned for a cab to be sent immediately to a neighboring drug-store. The cab reached the spot almost as soon as he did. Stepping in, he said:

"Drive as fast as you can to Doctor Smith's, near Twenty-fourth and Gage. Let me out at the corner."

At Twenty-fourth and Gage, Ferrett

left the cab; and, telling the driver to wait for half an hour, made his way around the block to Pluto Place.

Pluto Place was one of those double city-blocks set apart for the elect of mammon. No house of Pluto Place faced upon the vulgar street. The houses all faced inward upon the street which ran through the middle, and which had been condemned as a thoroughfare, in favor of the elect. The thoroughfare had been converted into a greensward adorned with trees and shrubs and elegant flower-beds. On each side of this stretch of park there was a drive. Beyond each drive was a milk-white sidewalk. Beyond each sidewalk came more greensward and flower-beds, where other white walks led up to the portals of exclusive mansions. Back against the streets that bounded Pluto Place, east and west, were located the stables,—a meet daily vision for the humble eyes of the plebeians who had been so rash, so presumptuous, as to build over the way.

Ferrett stood in the outer vestibule of No. 4 Pluto Place, with his finger on the electric button. He had been pressing the button for two or three minutes, when, suddenly, light flashed through the jewelled glass of the door. Yet there was no sound within. The light was only a signal turned on from some distant part of the house, and was meant to indicate that the bell had been heard and would soon be answered. Presently there was a shadow on the glass; the next instant the door was opened abruptly by a large man, who gave a quick, piercing look into the eyes of the little Ferrett.

"I want to see Mr. Bonds."

"Please to step inside, sir." (The door closed.) "I do not think Mr. Bonds will wish to see you at this hour—I am sure he will not."

"Then you must take this message to him."

"If I wake him, I shall be discharged at the end of the month."

"If you do not wake him, you will be discharged to-morrow."

"Why, what is the matter?"

"Business of the greatest importance, and which he must know without a moment's delay."

The man accepted the message, bade Ferrett be seated, locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and then disappeared back into the gloom. He was thus careful, in the presence of the visitor, to conceal the approach to his master's room, which was directly at the head of the grand stairway. Arriving at the sleeping apartment of Bonds, he opened and closed the door softly, and, turning the switch, lit up the room as he was accustomed to do at seven o'clock on those dark winter mornings.

"Mr. Bonds!"

"Well, Jerry! All right! I'm awake. But is it seven o'clock already? I do not feel as if I had slept half an hour."

"Sir, there is a messenger downstairs."

"What does he want?"

"Here is a letter." And Jerry, dreading the consequences of his action, handed the envelope to Mr. Bonds.

Bonds, feeling that there must be some sufficient motive for Jerry's rashness, received the plain envelope, opened it immediately and unfolded the letter. He looked at the heading, "Office of the *Morning Lyre*"; then at the signature, "I. Blackmail." Between there was a brief history of the accident, with special stress laid upon the cause—the sleeping switchman. Then came the essential paragraph:

"Nothing but hard persuasion will keep it out of the papers. I have been over to the office of the *Prevaricator*, and have seen Shilling and Quarter. I have also sounded Lyebell of the *Evening Holocaust*. They are all bent on having a sensation. A strong argument will be needed to bring them to their senses."

There was also a postscript which ran as follows:

"P. S.—The bearer of this note, Mr. Argus Ferrett, is at the head of the case and holds the key. The presses must be going at half-past two."

"Half-past two!" And the eyes of the owner of No. 4 Pluto Place quickly sought the clock which swung its pendulum right opposite the bed, its figures always in full view to the mighty Bonds when he waked each morning to the schemes and plots and counter-plots of the day. He was thinking to find it six or even seven o'clock, and the whole matter beyond repair, when the clock gave a single, soft-toned murmur like the brushing of the bow upon some mellow violin,—a sound destined to prolong sleep rather than to disturb it. It was one o'clock.

"Jerry!"

"Yes, sir."

"Entertain the gentleman downstairs, and return in four or five minutes for the answer."

The door closed noiselessly. Jerry was gone, and his misgivings, too.

Bonds, in purple robe, sat at an inlaid ebony secretary:

Pay to the Order of I. Blackmail

One thousand dollars.

(acc. advertising)

N. S. E. & W. R. R. (per Bonds.)

Pay to the Order of Argus Ferrett

One hundred dollars.

(acc. freight commission)

N. S. E. & W. R. R. (per Bonds.)

"That ought to be enough for that Blackmail to quiet those other fellows with."

Downstairs, Jerry informed Ferrett that the answer would be ready in a few minutes.

"It is a cold night, sir. Might I offer you a little brandy?" As Jerry said this he touched a spring in a large, square coat-rack. A panel rolled away and revealed a recess garnished with a tiny decanter and tiny glasses.

"If you please."

Jerry placed a glass apart, and beside it the decanter. Ferrett rose. The per-

formance over, another mysterious touch to the invisible spring brought the panel silently to its place.

"I will go for the answer, sir."

Bonds was again in bed. He handed Jerry the two envelopes. Half a minute later Jerry gave them to Ferrett.

"Will you light a cigar, sir?"

Back went another panel, and there were the black cigars in a crystal box.

"Take another with you, sir, if you have far to go."

"Good morning!"

"Good morning!"

Ferrett retraced the route he had taken upon leaving the cab.

"Back to where we started. Drive fast." And away they went over the granite.

The driver received his fare and a *pour-boire*; and in a few minutes Ferrett stood at the desk of the chief. Blackmail received his letter without a word of comment. Ferrett retired to a desk at the end of the room, there to take a glance at the contents of his own envelope and to await further orders. He had already discerned the import of his enclosure when Jerry handed it to him at No. 4 Pluto Place; but he had restrained his curiosity during the cold ride through the city. Blackmail, anticipating the successful issue of Ferrett's embassy, had, within the hour, prepared identical letters for Shilling and Lyebell. In the letters he had written:

"Most reliable information has been obtained. The accident was occasioned by the sudden fall in the temperature—a thing that can not be guarded against. Owing to the molecular modification induced by contraction, a rail broke under the enormous weight of the engine. The incomparable vestibule system introduced by the energetic President Bonds saved all the passengers from accident. The N. S. E. & W. will provide, with its usual promptness and generosity, for the families. The trains will run on time. . . ."

Ferrett had hardly seen what was in his envelope when he was summoned by Blackmail.

"Take these to Shilling and Lyebell. See them personally and at once,—Shilling first. Give them the names and other details. I shall not want you until four o'clock in the afternoon."

The letters were delivered. Presses were going at half-past two. The "correct" account of the terrible accident appeared very early that morning in the *Lyre* and the *Prevaricator*, and its correctness was vouched for by the *Evening Holocaust*. The evening *Truth*, zealous for the "real" truth, tried hard with black headlines to arouse a sentiment of indignation. But nobody paid any attention to the piping of the poor little *Truth*.

The checks were cashed. Blackmail and Ferrett were busy on other cases. In twenty-four hours the wreck on the N. S. E. & W. was forgotten: the public wanted something new. The trains ran on time.

Afflictions.

"It is good to be afflicted," exclaimed the Royal Psalmist. In truth adversities are disguised blessings, revealing that God knows what is best for us in this earthly life, which after all is a mere pilgrimage, a shadow that passes. Who would not bear even seven sorrows, realizing that to walk in the valley of shadows is to have a Good Shepherd as guide?

God watches over us; and He who looks with providential eyes on the sparrow and the lilies of the field, will care for us, leading our steps aright, if we but put our trust in Him. Keen sorrows, intense pain, heavy crosses should be precious treasures, for they can be made sanctified adversities. So a young man spoke of a wound, which he had received years before: "It saved me from the folly and vanity of youth; it

made me cleave to God as my only portion, and to eternal glory as my only hope; and I think it has now brought me very close to my Father's house." A much older person said the same: "In this disease I have learned how great God is, and what the evil of sin is; I never knew to what purpose God was before, nor what sin meant, till now."

The Jews, wayward in Palestine, walking in sin, and forgetting God in the days of prosperity turn to Him when trouble comes: "Upon the rivers of Babylon, there we sat and wept: when we remembered Sion. . . . And they that carried us away, said: 'Sing ye to us a hymn of the songs of Sion.' How shall we sing the song of the Lord in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten. Let my tongue cleave to my jaws, if I do not remember thee. If I make not Jerusalem the beginning of my joy. Remember, O Lord, the children of Edom." So also the royal Wenceslaus of Bohemia in defeat raised his thoughts to God: "While I had my army all about me, I could find but little time to think on God; whereas now, being stripped of all earthly dependence, I think on God alone, and betake myself wholly to His providence."

"Now I begin to be a Christian," exclaimed Pascal, when adversity came to him. At least we can try to bear patiently those afflictions that fall to our lot, even though we have not the courage to welcome them with joy. Yet a brave heart would say: "The Lord deals so tenderly with me in my afflictions, that indeed I think the strokes, as it were, go nearer His heart than mine."

The Cathedral of Amiens in France is often called "The Bible of Amiens" on account of its many beautiful statues and windows representing prophets, and scenes of Holy Scripture. Ruskin gave one of his most popular books this title.

The Old-Fashioned Home.

GENERALLY people shun being called old-fashioned. It suggests backwardness, remoteness. An old-fashioned man might make you think of hearth slippers and a nightcap; an old-fashioned woman, one who does not understand bridge, wears shoes for comfort, and winter clothing for warmth. As for the old-fashioned girl—the species seems extinct.

We may mention also the old-fashioned home. It was a place where parents and children were held together in a community of life. A little kingdom, so to say, where the father was provider, and buffeted with a circumventing, relentless world. He was king of the home kingdom, but not often did he exercise in the extreme his royal prerogatives. As we think of him, he seldom spoke in command or threat to his subjects; but when he did, it meant that James, Thomas or Margaret had received the ultimatum. He talked neighborhood news, or politics, or business, or religion of evenings from his unpretentious throne before a grate fire or below the light in the warmth of his sitting room. And if the younger members of his household went out, they were home betimes. He saw to that. He was cheerful and fair-spoken and was graced with that quieter dignity which is delightfully remote from pomposity. Fatherhood was to him a calling, and his life illustrated that calling in all its traditional nobility. He assembled rather than exacted obediences. In his home you heard no high, harsh voices, which are sure signs the peace dove is flying or flown.

The old-fashioned mother (we all remember her) assumed the actual ruling of the family kingdom. And what a sweet rule was hers! Those little anxieties, those insistent questionings about good company and good health and prayer and religious practices,—these were the clouds which careered across

her sky and shaded somewhat her whole day. And she would not be without them; she could not be without them. Solicitude would fashion them if they did not exist. She was a doctor of medicine to small bodies and a doctor of theology to young minds. She could win over an unquiet son with sweet, unpretentious preachments which are as old as life and as elemental as the first letter of the alphabet.

The old-fashioned boys and the old-fashioned girls;—is, indeed, their species extinct? Boys who are mother-lovers of fact, not fiction mother-lovers of some popular song. Girls who really nestle about the quietly aging woman who gave them their first thoughts, not fictitious girls we hear about in bedtime stories? Some such old-fashioned boys and girls remain in the life of our time, no doubt. But one does not find them in frequent coming and going. The boy who invites his mother to see his favorite "talkie" for her pleasure and to get her opinion of his taste does not often pass our way. No doubt there are girls who go to Mass with their fathers and make neighborhood calls with their mothers.

Efforts are not wanting to revive the old-fashioned home. Fathers' Day and Mothers' Day come annually. But a one-day official expression of devotion by wearing a white carnation in the top buttonhole will never make up for the three hundred and sixty-four days when the buttonhole is vacant. Sons and daughters who are true parent lovers, will not need the civic urge and the white carnation to make them remember. The white carnation is always in bloom in their hearts.

This is the age of slogans. "More and better cars." "Do it now." "Say it with flowers." We should like to add another if we had the slogan-maker's gift. A slogan which would not be a high call to buy and sell a home; but a slogan to bring back the home we used to know.

Notes and Remarks.

One incident which many American newspapers did not deem worthy of even a mention in their detailed report about the recent airship disaster at Beauvais is the fact that the Sisters of Mercy from a near-by convent gathered at the little school-room, where most of the bodies lay, to spend the night in prayer for the unfortunate victims. Was the omission designedly made? We do not know; but certainly there was enough of the clash of the unusual in this edifying event to give it the news value of at least a passing mention in an account that was spread over columns and pages of space. It is safe to say that the relatives of the deceased appreciated this single incident much more than the hundreds of trivialities which continued to be published for days following the unfortunate disaster to the R 101.

Speaking at the "Semaine Internationale Catholique" before representatives of ten European nations in the city of Geneva, Right Reverend John Noll of Fort Wayne, gave expression to a thought which needs emphasis. "One of the most convincing refutations made by enemies of the Catholic Church against Catholics is the fact that there is little prejudice in sections where Catholics are very numerous, while there is a combination of hatred and fear of the Church in sections where the Church has hardly a foothold, and is, therefore, practically unknown through personal contact." Anyone who has lived in a country predominantly Catholic will subscribe to the truth of Bishop Noll's assertion.

Speaking of America, Bishop Noll declares: "We have no active anti-clerical or anti-Christian groups of any consequence, although at different intervals in our history, notably during the political campaign of 1928, the latent anti-

Catholic feeling in many sections was capitalized by political leaders and others who sought an opportunity for making money by the circulation of anti-Catholic literature." The fact, however, that we have not openly hostile groups does not indicate that there is not always latent prejudice which needs only the presence of such an issue as the 1928 campaign to call it forth. And even when there is no such issue, as, for example, following the World War, militant and self-seeking propagandists awaken religious hates for any reason or for none. Prejudice is the chief cause of religious persecution.

It was a wise move when the Chancery Office of the Diocese of New York objected to the debate between Abbé Dimnet and the agnostic, Darrow, upon the question "Is Religion Necessary?" In the first place the question is not a debatable one; in the second place it couldn't possibly lend itself to a brief presentation before a mixed audience of many mentalities and violently conflicting emotions; in the third place the affair would probably resolve itself into the kind of debate that Mr. Darrow has so frequently conducted; in the fourth place a Catholic priest has other and more important duties than lending himself to what, for many people, is simply a public spectacle at so much a head, with the privilege of shouting for one's favorite no matter who is the winner. A priest has no place in such surroundings.

Speaking before the Legionnaires in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, Cardinal O'Connell asserted this truth which, it would seem, needs unflinching reassertion: "If the time should ever come, which God forbid, that our beloved country will be driven again to face the horrors of war in the defense of her rights, her liberties and her sacred honor, we know from the tradi-

tions of the past that the conflict will not be of her seeking nor undertaken for mere military glory or for gain or conquest; and we know too that the Catholics of this land, guided by the unfailing light of eternal principles, will, as ever before, fight valiantly and die bravely in the just defense of their country."

The story of Catholic contribution to the national defense in the past gives the fullest measure of assurance to Cardinal O'Connell's patriotic prediction. The late World War and every previous war were supported by Catholic men and by the money of Catholics. Not more generously, perhaps, than will be discovered among those of other religious beliefs. But certainly not less. All of which has been pointed out and set down statistically and tabulated time and time again. But that did not prevent Kleagles from clamoring in Klaverns about Catholics not honoring the flag even before our Catholic boys were freed from the trench vermin they brought back with them from Northern France. "Lest we forget" is a fetching phrase to set above the gates of cemeteries within which Catholic boys who served are at rest and do not care any more for poetry and tombstones. But in life they heard themselves called enemies of the flag under which they served; called such by Kleagles who came out of their Klaverns and began a high shout for the supremacy of the white and Protestant race after the war was over; when the world was again made safe for democracy and night-gowns.

The very news of a certain type of conversion has its missionary influence both inside and out of the Church. One of the most edifying of these striking conversions is so unusual in its surroundings as to justify special repetition. In the church of St. Nicholas in Freiburg there was ordained recently a

Dominican friar named Getaz, who, before his conversion, was one of the prominent champions of Bolshevism in Switzerland and president of the organization of Socialist Youth. The first Mass of this interesting convert was made more than usually notable by the fact that at it he gave communion to the Editor-in-chief of *The Courier de Geneve*, a fellow convert, and once a fellow worker for Socialism among the youth of Switzerland.

Catholic weeklies should not surrender to discouragement in the matter of circulation. *The Universe*, a London Catholic weekly, reports a sale of 97,000 copies every week for the past seven months. *The Universe* is in its seventeenth year of publication; but it does look superannuated, to judge from the vigorous subscription list. One speculates how many American Catholic papers can assert as large a following of subscribers? Probably some in our Catholic centers reach it. As a rule, however, the number of subscribers is not given, and so one is left to one's speculation.

The Rt. Rev. Peter E. Amigo, bishop of Southwark, England, has received word from Rome that a decree has been signed for introducing the canonization causes of Blessed John Fisher and Thomas More, noted English martyrs. English-speaking Catholics everywhere will rejoice to see the two great Englishmen set officially in the list of canonized saints. Blessed John Fisher, Cardinal Bishop of Rochester, is a shining light out of times when so many lights set in ecclesiastical high towers were very dim indeed. His splendor is all the brighter for the waning lights around him. The gentle, whimsical Blessed Thomas More, England's Lord Chancellor, has a world-wide following. He stands before the laity as St. Thomas à Becket stands before the episcopacy, a

man who would not purchase life at the expense of conscience. English Catholics have to remember the shames of Henry VIII., the double dealings of Elizabeth and the cruelties of Cromwell. And the memories are painful. But they have only to think of the unyielding heroisms of St. Thomas à Becket, Blessed Fisher and More to feel a sense of comfort in a past which shows shadow and light.

The Rev. John B. Ascham, superintendent of a Children's Home supported by private donations and public taxes, had the effrontery a short time ago to urge the practice of birth control before the Rotary Club of Cincinnati. The Rotary Club of Cincinnati in turn had the bad taste to allow propaganda of that type to be expounded apparently without protest. Some time ago in an Indiana city a similar speaker made a thinly veiled and vicious attack upon the Church under the disguise of a lecture on Mexico. To the complaint of a Catholic member, a national executive replied that Rotary would not countenance anything in the nature of an attack, however indirect, upon the religious beliefs or institutions of any of its members, and that steps would be taken to prevent the lecturer in question from repeating his offense. Rotary had better do something about the Rev. John B. Ascham and do it quickly.

Already Archbishop John T. McNicholas has addressed a letter of warning to be read before all congregations of his Archdiocese, and the letter carries some very plain language as the following quotation indicates: "It is our duty to safeguard our Catholic people from the contagion of false teaching and from the corrupting influence of bad morals. We therefore solemnly warn them to beware of the Rotary Club, or any other club or society which, under its auspices, permits a speaker to address an

audience on moral questions in a sense that is opposed to Catholic teaching." The Archbishop's words are a challenge to Rotary and to all other societies of a similar type. If such organizations allow themselves to be made the tools of anti-religious and anti-Catholic lecturers they may as well scratch their symbols and slogans out of existence and go into the work of propaganda altogether. One does not expect, of course, that such organizations can successfully throttle every individual propagandist before he actually delivers his insults. Once such an offense has been committed, however, something ought to be done in a very decisive way. The Rotary Club of Cincinnati has a duty to perform.

To the bigot who feels that people must hate one another for the love of God, it might be well to recall the witty saying of Sir Horace Plunkett, a Protestant, in his effort to bring the Orangemen to live amicably with their Catholic neighbors: "We all know," said Sir Horace, "that those who differ from us in matters of religion will be adequately punished hereafter. So why harbor bad feeling now?" If we could allow God to judge the right or wrong of our neighbor's belief, without taking it upon ourselves to punish him for what we believe his errors, the world would soon be a very happy place to live in.

One of the unexplainables is the fact that certain popular superstitions continue to exist in the face of so much evidence to the contrary. One would expect, for example, that those who laugh so loudly at certain minor absurdities would at least snicker a little at that most absurd of all absurd contentions that intelligence and Catholicity do not thrive well together. With some but not much hope of changing the minds of those people we quote this bit of testimony concerning the position of Cath-

olicity in England from the lips of Francis J. Sheed of London, former University Professor and now a publisher. According to *The Catholic Mirror*, Mr. Sheed said in a speech at Kansas City:

The peculiar thing about the literary situation in England to-day is that while Catholics number only two millions in a total of forty millions—that is, one of every twenty Englishmen is a Catholic—the three greatest poets, the greatest satirists, the three greatest novelists, and so on down, are Catholics. Certainly the three leading satirists of England are Father Ronald Knox, Chesterton, and Belloc; as the three leading poets are the Catholics Alfred Noyes, Belloc, and Chesterton; while the three leading novelists of this generation are the Catholics Joseph Conrad, Compton Mackenzie, and Maurice Baring.

It is interesting to note in connection with the testimony just given that the records of Oxford bear eloquent witness of how well Catholicity and intelligence can get along together. "Three outstanding converts to Catholicism," to quote an N. C. W. C. feature, "Father C. C. Martindale, Father Ronald Knox, and J. S. Phillimore, who entered the Church within a period of about ten years, were regarded as the most brilliant men of their respective classes at Oxford, winning most of the scholastic honors."

Our coreligionists of Holland are not backward in recognizing the radio as a means for propagating Catholic truth. The bishops of Holland, in a joint appeal to their flocks, urge very earnestly the use of the radio as a means of hearing Catholic instruction.

"The radio is at present," they write, "the most potential means rendered by God, and by man's intellect devised, to reach the masses. Ere long not a home will be found where the radio does not penetrate. Its importance for the Catholic Church is quite obvious therefore.

For by means of it she is enabled to accomplish more adequately than heretofore the mission entrusted to her by Our Lord, 'Going, therefore, teach all nations.'"

Like the newspaper, the magazine and even the stage, the radio may serve the cause of truth quite as effectively as it is made to serve many other causes. The bishops of Holland are alert for the propagation of truth.

The Southern Cross (Australia) quotes an interesting paragraph from an article by Mr. John Hallet in the *Fortnightly Review* on the subject "French Catholic Revival."

"The return to the Church has been one of the most remarkable phenomena of French life in the last fifteen years. At the beginning of the present century, it was scarcely possible in France for a devout Catholic to occupy any post in official life; and a Catholic *savant* or a Catholic intellectual would have seemed almost a contradiction in terms."

The World War, however, according to Mr. Hallet, "gave a sudden and violent impulse to the incipient Catholic revival, and carried it to triumph."

We have been hearing and reading so much about "infidel France" and about "anti-clericals" and "freethinkers," it would seem as if the French nation were already lost to the Faith. But certain so-called intellectuals do not represent the masses which make up a nation. Nor do their anti-religious declarations expel beliefs which have received the acceptance of the national conscience.

"Is not a cynic," asks a South Carolinian of the *Columbia Record*, "all right in his place?" The editor admits he is, but confesses to a doubt that the cynic will ever get there until after his death. Let us hope the editor means heaven; where, we are assured, even a cynic will be satisfied.



Rainbow Bubbles.

BY LILLIAN M. HOWARD.

MOTHER Westwind gave a party
Once upon a rainy day.
She invited all the children
Of the other winds to play.
All the little winds together
Blew a rainbow bubble round,
Stretched it far across the heavens,
Touching water, sky and ground.
Oh, how beautiful and brilliant,
Fragile blue and gold it shone,
Till a wicked little sunbeam
Pricked it—puff—and it was gone!
But there'll be another party
On another rainy day.
So watch out for rainbow bubbles
When the Westwind's children play.

Little Texas.

BY MRS. ALFRED DE ROULET.

III.—REUNION.

A VISIT from "Grand," this was what the children called their mother's father, was always a great event. Every one of the little Ochiltrees was devoted to their grandfather, and indeed Major Morgan well deserved the title his grand-children had given him. An ex-Confederate soldier, he was the hero of many thrilling adventures; and nobody in the world could tell such wonderful exciting tales as "Grand." The kindest, gentlest of souls, the best of citizens, in everyday life, the Major's eyes would kindle as he told of some fierce charge of the cavalry regiment to which he had belonged, and which had been a famous one during the great Rebellion. Of all his daughter's

children his favorite was Amanthus, for the little girl looked like the grandmother, whose quaint name she bore.

"Hello, Touslehead!" he exclaimed, as the little girl came dancing up to him. Manthus almost never walked; she danced along on one foot. "I couldn't stay away from you any longer. Come and give 'Grand' a good, big hug, and tell him you're glad to see him."

"Deed I am, sir." Every fluffy yellow curl on Manthus' head stuck straight out, and flew all about her face in tangled confusion. Just curly enough to be fluffy, her hair was never in place and was the torment of her life. Her gray eyes grew nearly black with excitement, and her cheeks a deep rose-pink. "Deed an' 'deed, I am, sir; and I hope you are going to stay forever and ever, amen."

"Not quite as long as that, Sweet-heart, but I'm going to stay a few days, and then I'll take you down to the plantation with me, if Mother'll let you go."

"O Mother!"—the little maid's tone spoke volumes,—“may I go?”

"It's just picking time and she has never seen the cotton picking. I'll bring her home all safe and sound," promised "Grand." Mother said she could go, and Manthus could hardly contain herself with delight.

The rain had ceased and the sky was as blue as if it had never been clouded. The Bermuda grass, which grows in such profusion, makes the Texas lawns like velvet sown with diamonds as the raindrops sparkle upon it. Late roses bloomed in beauty within the garden walks, shedding their fragrance upon the air, cool and sweet after the shower. The great sycamore trees upon the lawn were ruffling their leaves in the breeze.

Over the gallery, the fox-grape vine hung in long festoons, and on the lawn the tall clumps of pampas grass beckoned invitingly. Strains of music could be heard in the distance. After dinner "Grand" said: "How many Ochiltrees are going to the reunion?"

"Everyone of them," cried Morgan. "We wouldn't miss it fo' anything, even if our 'Grand' wasn't in it."

"He isn't just in it, he's *It!*" cried Manthus, and "Grand" laughed.

It was the day of the Confederate reunion, and the whole town was alive with excitement. Mixed as is the population of Texas towns, many Northern people having come there since the War and entered into business, much of the old Southern feeling still remains. Upon State occasions there are more Confederate and Texan flags to be seen than American ones; and this does not argue any disloyalty to the present Union, but only a loving remembrance of the past. The Square was gorgeously decorated. Flags and banners were everywhere, while the grandstand, erected for the speakers in the center of the Square, from which, as in most Southern towns all streets started, was draped in bunting and twined with graceful branches of rattan and wild smilax. It was a grand rally of all the old Texan soldiers and many famous speakers were present, but none received more hearty welcome than old Major Morgan. A perfect storm of cheers arose when his tall, erect figure, for he was straight as an arrow although seventy-five, appeared. His kind, genial face with its white hair and white imperial commanded respect and love. It was too much for Robert Lee. He was not used to excitement, and was completely carried away. Breaking from his mother's detaining hand he made a dash for the platform, and reaching it just as there was a lull, he waved a tiny Confederate flag and shouted "Hurrah for my 'Grand'!" The old man caught him to his heart, and

from every side went up the shout "Hurrah for 'Grand'!"

When quiet had been restored the speeches went on and Manthus listened with shining eyes, while Robert Lee, returned to his mother, went quietly to sleep quite unconscious that he had made the speech of the day.

After the speeches were over, all returned to the cemetery to decorate the graves of those who had lost all the honor in the fight, and Manthus and Bobby went home tired and happy to beg "Grand" for "just one story, one little bit of a story about the War," before they went to bed, and "Grand" with a baby on each knee told the story of the dance at the Palmettos.

"In the spring of '63 I was captain in a cavalry regiment stationed near Lexington. There was plenty to do, and it was almost impossible for any officer in the regiment to get leave, but I was a favorite with my Colonel, and managed to cajole him into letting me go to see my mother who lived on a plantation about ten miles away. So one day in early June I rode off with a light heart, under orders to be back at day-break next day, as our regiment was to move southward.

"I was in such a hurry to get home that it seemed to me as if my horse crawled, but he was as fleet a beast as the one who carried young Lochinvar, and he brought me to the plantation just at supper time. What a gala time there was! Everybody rushed out to see me. My mother and sisters welcomed me joyfully, the dogs barked and the Darkeys swarmed from the quarters, for our Negroes had mostly remained faithful to us; and while my father and I were away they stayed and guarded the place."

"Where was Grandma?" asked Manthus.

"Well, she wasn't Grandma then," said "Grand" with a little smile. "There was a great deal of excitement

at the old place that night, for there was a little dance given in honor of my sister's birthday, and all the people for miles around were invited. The house was decorated with syringa, and early June roses wreathed the mantle over the great fireplace. It was a beautiful sight—one of the few peaceful interludes in those grim years of struggle for a cause where all was lost save honor." The old man bowed his head for a moment; his eyes grew far-away and misty in expression as if seeing into a past of sad and painful recollections. Amanthus slipped one little hand into his, and he came back to the present with a quick smile at her and a squeeze of the dear little hand.

"The house was lighted with candles and old Uncle Rastus played the fiddle. The company began to arrive about eight o'clock, and it was a curious thing to see the ball costumes. You know Southern people gave their all to the Cause, and there was little money for clothes. Some of the young women wore faded frocks, mended many times with exquisite neatness, and some of them were even fastened with persimmon-seed buttons. But what if their flowered muslins and dimities were darned and patched and faded? The faces above them were pure and sweet, the eyes lit up by the twin fires of love and loyalty. On their breasts were roses, and their soft locks were garlanded with flowers; and they danced with as much courtliness and grace as though gowned in silk and brocade at a court ball. The uniforms of the men were even more remarkable. The officers wore patched and faded butternut gray. Nearly all the trousers had been frayed out, and trimmed so often around the bottoms that they were very short, and one pair, those of Captain Johnston, were tucked into his boots because they had been cut off to make cuffs for his coat sleeves.

"There was one man present whose clothes were particularly noticeable. They did not seem to fit him anywhere. He wore a pair of my father's old trousers, much too large for him, and one of my old coats. As his was an unfamiliar face I asked my sister who he was.

"That is your sister's prisoner," she said, laughing a little. "Six weeks ago I was out riding with old Uncle Peter Jasper on his mule. We were looking for a cow that had strayed away when we stumbled upon a Yankee officer lying by the roadside. He had been out on some detail duty and his horse had fallen across a log and thrown him, and there he lay with a broken leg. Your sister was quite equal to the emergency, I assure you. "Will you surrender and give your parole?" I asked. "I will," he answered soberly, but I saw his lips twitch and heard him mutter to himself, "needs must when the devil drives." I thought that most unflattering, but the poor fellow was suffering, so that I couldn't help feeling sorry for him. Jasper and I managed to get him boosted up on the mule, and I tied him on with my sash and steadied one side, while Jasper did the other and so we brought home the victim of my bow and spear. He's nearly well now, and is really a gentlemanly fellow, though he is a Yankee. He wouldn't wear his uniform to-night because he thought it would be discourteous, so we found some clothes for him. Doesn't he look stylish?" and she laughed merrily.

"Quite taken him into the family, haven't you?" I asked teasingly. Her cheek flushed, but she got even with me by remarking slyly: "Miss Hill has helped nurse him, or perhaps he would not have gotten well so quickly."

"Miss Hill was my sister Sally's best friend, and had been visiting her all winter, and Sally knew that I liked her very much. I saw the Yankee laughing

and talking with her at that moment and didn't like it, but there was no help for it, as he was in our house and must be treated with all courtesy. I had no reason to suspect that Miss Hill saved all her smiles for me. Though she had always been most pleasant she had never shown preference for me over anyone else, and all the men of the neighborhood hovered around her like moths round a candle.

"So I greeted the Yankee Captain courteously, and the dance went joyously on. Several of the men had arms in slings and some had to limp through the dance, but nothing marred the gayety of the occasion until, when dancing with Miss Hill, I saw my mother beckon. Excusing myself, I hastened to her side. 'What is it?' I asked her.

"'Jasper has just come in from town, and says that he saw a party of men coming this way. If they are Federals or guerillas we are in danger. Some one must ride to the Camp for help.'

"'What is it, Mother?' Sally's voice asked anxiously, and in a moment we explained.

"The dance ceased, and all, realizing that something was amiss, crowded anxiously around our little circle.

"'Jasper says he couldn't get near enough to see, but he thought they were guerillas,' said Mother.

"'I'll ride at once to the Camp and bring back a troop; you can hold the house until I return,' I said.

"'No!' It was Sally's voice which spoke short and sharp. 'You are needed here to protect Mother and save the house. I know the road with my eyes shut and I shall go.'

"'No—No!' the voices of the men rang out. 'Let me go,' cried one and another. 'You shall not,' it was the Yankee's voice which commanded, and Sally flashed a look full of pride and determination upon him, yet with something softer lurking in its depths.

"'You may be killed—' But she interrupted him.

"'No woman fears death for the sake of the South?' she cried.

"'We are all wasting time,' said my Mother. 'Sally is right. Go, dear; these gentlemen will hold the house until you send aid. It should come within an hour and a half.'

"One quick glance she cast around, then catching up my cavalry cloak, she threw it about her, and with my cap upon her yellow curls, Sally was gone.

"Doors and windows were quickly barricaded; lights were put out, and the rays of the full moon streamed through those windows which were not yet closed. A rapid consultation was held, and I was stationed at a window beside the door, for there we supposed the principal attack would be. The Darkies were sent upstairs to shut the windows and doors. The women were ordered to stay on the second floor in a large room protected by the gallery, and the men were disposed to the best advantage to guard all openings. Mattresses were placed before the windows from which we were to fire, and the large outside shutters were bowed out so we could fire through the narrow openings. Tables and chairs were piled against all openings.

"We were scarcely ready when we heard the clatter of hoofs up the avenue and a band of sixty or seventy men came in sight. In a moment's time half of them spread out to surround us, while the rest made a wild rush for the doors to storm the house, evidently supposing it undefended. They were met by a deadly fire, each one of us aiming carefully, helped by the bright moonlight. They fell back as quickly as they came, making for the cover of the trees and shrubbery. Then came a rapid and reckless firing at the windows where the flashes from our muskets revealed our presence, but we kept them well off

for some time by our calm, steady fire, which picked off every man that came within range. I heard a quick exclamation behind me and turned to see the Yankee Captain, who said: "Thank God they're not Federals; I can fight too!" and fight he did. I never saw better marksmanship, and well for me it was that he was beside me.

"The guerillas drew off and held a consultation, and the next thing we knew, one of them rushed with a bundle of blazing brush to the gallery to try to fire the house, his companions trying to protect him by a rapid fire. A ball grazed my forehead, and I knew nothing for a moment. I had a vague idea of having heard a woman scream and then of feeling soft hands about my head. I came to myself, dazed and stupid, to hear the Yankee say: 'He's not killed; don't cry. He'll be all right again in a moment.' But what really waked me was the dropping of something wet on my face. I opened my eyes to look into the tear-gemmed eyes of Miss Hill who bent over me. One look and I knew that all was right between us, and I sprang up and grasped my gun feeling that I must win this fight or die for the girl I loved.

"You must know, children, that these guerillas were the worst of men. They belonged to neither side, but were criminals and deserters from both armies, who made the war but an excuse for violence and crime. They spared no one, and women and children were burned in their own homes, robbed, or left for dead by scoundrels such as these who were trying to destroy my old home. When the man threw the pile of brush upon the porch, the Yankee shot him and threw water over the flames before they could spread. Miss Hill would not leave us, but stayed close behind handing me ammunition until a wild shout from the back of the house told us of an assault there. I sprang up

the stair, the girl in my arms, then, catching up a sabre, dashed to defend the passage-way. Our sabres did deadly work, but the enemy forced us in, back down the great hall to the steps. We fought hand to hand, contesting every inch. At the stairs we stopped, reinforced by those who had guarded the upper floor and who now poured a deadly fire down upon our assailants, who, maddened with wounds and rage, fought like demons.

"There was a wild *melée*, and in another moment we would have been overcome when we heard the shrill note of a bugle, and my own troop came dashing up the avenue and fell upon the guerillas who turned to flee. One of them aimed a parting shot at me which would have killed me had not Miss Hill flung herself against me. The ball grazed her arm making just a flesh wound, but serious enough to scar the beautiful arm forever.

"The house and all our lives were saved, though many were wounded. That's the end of the fight, but it's not quite the end of the story, little ones, for your Aunt Sally married the Yankee Captain, and when you go to the plantation to-morrow, if you'll ask her to show it to you, you'll see the scar on the arm of your own dear Grandmother. God bless her and all good women!" and the courtly old man raised his hat.

(To be continued.)

The Castle of Sorrow.

If you are going south on the road to Lauson, and by chance, see the old man at the crossing of the lanes, stop for a friendly visit. He may, if the spirit is upon him, particularly when the mist is falling or the stars are about to come out,—he may tell you some stories of the long ago.

"The years grow old," he will start, as if musing. "There at the break of the

hill you can see the Castle of Sorrow that was once the home of joy. The shadows are about it now, and the gloom of night will soon cover it. Ah, the foolishness of a young heart! Listen to the winds crying the sorrow of broken hearts.

"It was long ago that the only son of the good folks, whose ancestors had lived in the castle for generations, came home from war. Feasted as a hero for his brave deeds, he at length won the heart of the loveliest daughter of the Count, whose manor you passed on the left, three miles down. Built like the soldier which the stars form on a clear night, brave as the crowned knight of the tournament, good-souled as one with peace of conscience, as the public knew him; yet, it was whispered that the soldier life had hardened his heart, so that he was unkind, bitterly unkind, to his parents, making him unworthy to be the mate of the Count's daughter, whose gracious ways were as the fruit of good deeds, whose beauty was as the loveliness of all that is fair, and whose soul was as the lily. Would that the sorrow of the castle had never come!

"But the Count, eager for more of that of which he already had too much, demanded that the bridegroom promise a castle and a large wedding gift for the bride. Deep despair rushed upon the lovers, for the soldier had little but honor and love to offer. His parents saw his dejection, and when they learned the reason for it, they gladly tendered him all that they possessed, asking only that their remaining days should not be in want. They say he took all without so much as a word of thanks. We do not know. Perhaps the honors were raising his head to the sky; perhaps the pride of glory had seized him; most likely it was the wounds received in battle,—wounds which made him delirious at times and brought him close to death. Anyway, one evening, just after the

mist had fallen and the bitter snows were rushing from the mountain, he heartlessly drove his parents into the night.

"The young wife learned what had been done, and rushed out in search of them. Not far down the road she found the old couple, for the steps of age had not taken them far. Blinded by the snow, as they were, shaking with the cold, and torn with grief, they stumbled like children learning to walk. It was no easy task to guide them back to the castle and the warmth of the log fire, before which they used to sit and sip the warm soup. Ah, the scared eyes and terror of face!

"The young soldier, worn with the pain of the wounds, at times somewhat conscious, seemed to realize the crime he had committed. Yes, it was when his mind was gone that the evil was done. But, perhaps, I must not judge, the unkindness, the bitter unkindness had been done when he was well. He grew worse, crying out with fearful tones; then he would raise himself on his arm to try to peer out the snow-banked window, as if to look down the frozen road, where drifting shadows formed walking men and women.

"The priest came early the next morning. He talked to the soldier still delirious, whose fever was going away quietly. At length he opened his eyes, staring at first; then his mind gradually cleared and he recognized the priest. 'Father,' he said, 'I have had a fearful dream. Last night I took my parents to the door and put them out into the cold night. I saw them stumbling through the snow, and I would not go to help them. Thank God, they are here and safe!'

"Slowly the priest replied, 'It was the fever. And now that no harm has come to them—' He paused. Then seeing something with other than eyes of earth, he prepared the soldier for death.

"So the castle became one of sorrow."

"And what about the old parents?"
you may ask him.

"They lived some years after."

"And the young bride?"

"Took care of them, making them happy."

"Well, was there not more joy than sorrow?"

"Ah, it is the Castle of Sorrow, because since that day no children have ever made merry in the large room and spacious halls."

Thus the story of the man at the crossing of the lanes will run. If you question him to find out whether or not it is true, he will reply: "Ah, yes, a story." Then he will ask a question: "Should not children love their parents and be kind to them? Ah, so much, that even if fevered dreams come, they will be guided by hearts of love?"

The Praying Soldier.

A soldier in the army of Lord Cornwallis was daily observed to be away from his quarters and from the company of his fellow soldiers. He began to be suspected of absenting himself in order to give information to the enemy; and on this suspicion, no doubt increased by the malice of his comrades, he was tried by a court martial, and condemned to die. The marquis, hearing of this, wished to examine the records of the trial; and, not being satisfied, sent for the soldier to talk with him. Upon being questioned, the condemned prisoner with great earnestness disavowed every treasonable practice or intention, declared his sincere loyalty to principle, to his sovereign, and his readiness to live and die in his service. Being further questioned, he stated that the real cause of his frequent absence was that he might obtain a place of retirement for the purpose of saying some prayers, for which, as his lordship knew, he had no opportunity among his

worldly comrades, who had insulted and ridiculed him, and who had become his enemies merely on account of his being faithful to his religion. He said that he had made this defense at his trial, but the officers paid no attention to it.

"So you pray daily?"

"Yes, sir."

"And that is the reason that you absent yourself from your company?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you did this in spite of the fact that you might get into trouble?"

"I was not thinking of trouble; I merely wanted to live as I would wish to die, if we were ordered into a battle."

"As you have prayed you must, I am sure, have considerable aptness by this time?"

"As to that, your lordship, I do not know."

The marquis then, strangely enough, insisted on the soldier's kneeling down and praying aloud before him. The soldier hesitated for a second, but did as requested, pouring forth his soul into simple prayers, which he had learned long ago. His evident sincerity won the heart of the marquis, who said that he was satisfied that no man could pray in such manner who was not used to the practice of prayer.

Not only was the sentence of death revoked, but the marquis received the soldier into his special favor, placing him among his personal attendants, and in this way prepared him for promotion.

A Little Historian.

When Adalbert, the historian, was a little boy, he used to listen to things which his father related; and because he was attentive and had a good memory, the books which he wrote when he became a man were very interesting. He liked biographies and histories better than story books, and he was a great reader.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"An Interpretation of Francis Thompson's Hound of Heaven" (Benziger Brothers) is the work of a teaching nun whose name is followed by an "M. A." Its scholarship may be judged from the fact that while, on nearly every page, quotations from the poem are misprinted, on page eleven there are six mistakes in a selection of two lines. A teaching brother contributes a harmless preface.

—We have just received a new hand-missal from the Pustet Company, which is ideal in every respect. It is very serviceably bound in leather, the print is clear, commemorations are given with a minimum of cross references, and there is a fine, clear musical notation for the prefaces and for the services of Holy Week. An interesting feature is an appendix containing "Cantus ad Libitum" of the "Glorias" and the various prefaces. Price, \$6.

—"Yesterdays of an Artist-Monk" is a delightful autobiography of Dom Willibrord Verkade, O. S. B., translated from the German by John L. Stoddard (P. J. Kenedy & Sons, \$2). It is the story of an extremely human artist, a Protestant, following the dreams of his profession, travelling from one country to another, but meeting at every turn some phase of Catholic life that arrested him, and turned him in upon himself. He finally succumbs to the lure of Catholic life, and finds himself a Benedictine monk, at Beuron, where he still consecrates his art to the glory of God and the honor of Our Lady. There are delightful pages in this volume recording the impressions made by Catholic life upon one who was outside its pale. It is a story simply told with no attempt to "write up"; an artist's grateful confession of the goodness of God in calling him to devote his life and talent where they shall undoubtedly do the most permanent good.

—A textbook of Metaphysics for our Catholic schools has been a keenly felt need for many years, and has been supplied by Doctor Charles Miltner, C. S. C., and Doctor Daniel O'Grady, in a new publication of Macmillan,

"Introduction to Metaphysics." No text-book on Metaphysics is exactly light reading. The student finds it difficult to follow any treatise on abstract subjects. But years of teaching in which they have had opportunity to sense the student's confusing difficulties in this study, have made it possible for the authors to enlarge and exemplify those parts that particularly need a wider explanation. They have been at pains to avoid those finer questions which might interest specialists in the subject, and to give a complete treatment of the large fundamental problems that will supply a solid basis for philosophical reading and discussion to the general college student. There is a simple, clear and adequate enough discussion of the Concept of Being and Reality; Change; The Categories of Being; Substance and Accident; Personality; Quantity; Space and Time; and Casuality. There are, too, a series of topics for discussion, and suggestions for supplementary reading at the end of each chapter, which are a distinct help to the student of Philosophy. Price, \$2.25.

—"God with Us or at Home with Jesus," by the Rev. Albert F. Kaiser, C. PP. S., with Foreword by the Rt. Rev. Joseph Schrembs, D. D., is a timely restatement of old truths with an application to modern conditions. Proofs for the existence of God, the need and the reality of an unchanging moral law, the necessity of prayer, the value of the interior life, and the sacramental life of Christ are given brief but adequate treatment. In the exposition of the nature and the end of man, the author is undoubtedly at his best, writing with a vigor which is sincerely convincing, especially in the study of the dangers to the Faith: false science, false religions, false philosophy, Godless education, evil companions, and commercialized journalism. There is almost the same high standard in the sequent explanation of the supernatural virtues (humility, mortification, zeal, courage, modesty), and the advice for the preservation of the virtue of chastity is sane and spiritual. Certainly this book requires reflective reading, is

stimulating with thought, and should promote zeal in the daily practice of Catholic duties. Publisher, Pustet. Price \$2.25 net.

—"De Relatione Iuridica Inter Diversos Ritus in Ecclesia Catholica," by Alexius Petrani, S. T. D., studies the various Oriental—commonly called Greek—rites from the sources: Papal Bulls, the responses of the Congregations, especially the Congregation of the Faith, and the constitutions and writings of Benedict XIV. The names and numerical membership of each rite are given; the different disciplines are shown; the precedence of changing from one rite to another is explained; and the authority of Rome stated. In particular, the privileges of each rite are fully developed in regard to fast and abstinence, proper feasts, the Liturgy, jurisdiction in reserved cases, and the Sacraments. The general principle is laid down that each should follow his own rite in the conferring, the administering and the receiving of the Sacraments. Undoubtedly, the subject-matter is of more practical value to priests in Europe than to those in this country, where questions involving the different rites are met with but infrequently. Publisher, Taurini, Rome. Price, 6 lira.

—Anyone who read, several months ago, an article by Dr. Selden Delany in *Collier's* weekly on his reasons for the falling off in Protestant churchgoing, was hardly surprised at the announcement of his conversion a few months later. Indeed, that conversion had taken place long before his formal reception into the Catholic Church. He was conscious of a hopeless confusion in the Anglo-Catholic Church; of a lack of authority; of a ceremonial that was nothing more than a "transplanted vine" from Catholicism, that thrived but poorly in its new soil. Stimulated by a desire to bring his fellow believers with him into Roman Catholicism, and believing that he was commissioned by God to accomplish this work, he remained with them and tried to solve their difficulties until he was convinced that this sort of view was an illusion which he must dissipate, and which he did dissipate by taking the final step to Rome. The story of his difficulties, the examination of the

Anglican arguments, and a study of the claims of the Catholic Church, with a keen analysis of the state of the Anglican body within the Episcopal Church, is interestingly written in "Why Rome," a volume which he finished before making his submission to Rome. Catholics will find in this book a good picture of the Anglo-Catholic mind, and, perhaps, a reason why many who seem so close to the gates of the Church do not enter; and Anglo-Catholics will see in its pages many things that will make them reflect seriously on their own position. Published by Lincoln MacVeagh. The Dial Press. Price, \$2.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. J. H. Crowe, Archdiocese of Chicago;
Rev. J. F. Looney, Diocese of Altoona.

Brother Mary Joseph, C. S. C.

Sister M. Louise, Sisters of St. Benedict;
Sister M. Gabriel, Sisters of the Precious Blood; and Sister M. Stanislaus, Sisters of the Visitation.

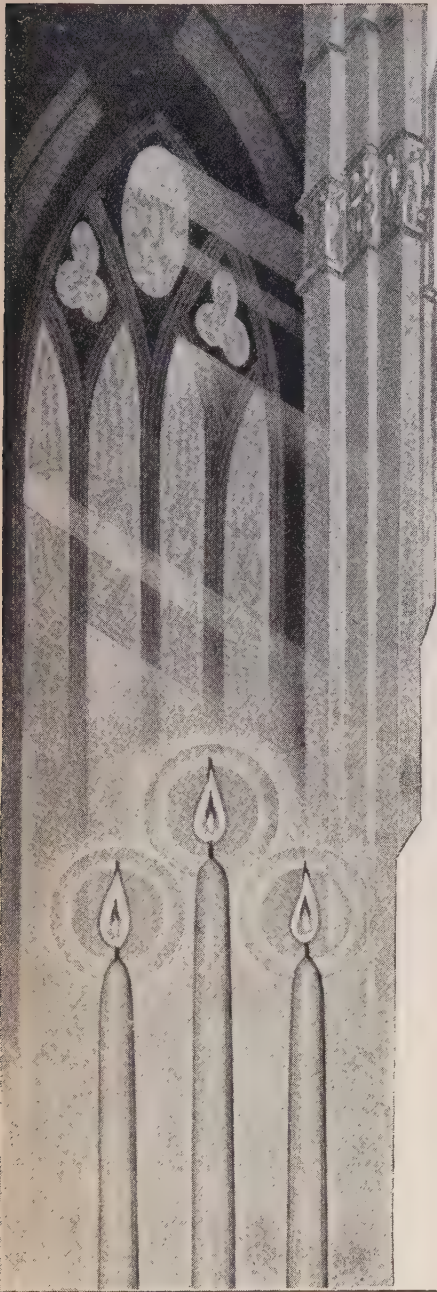
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Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)

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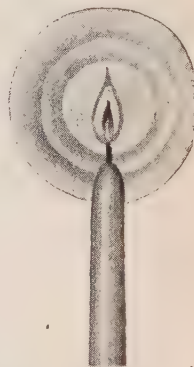
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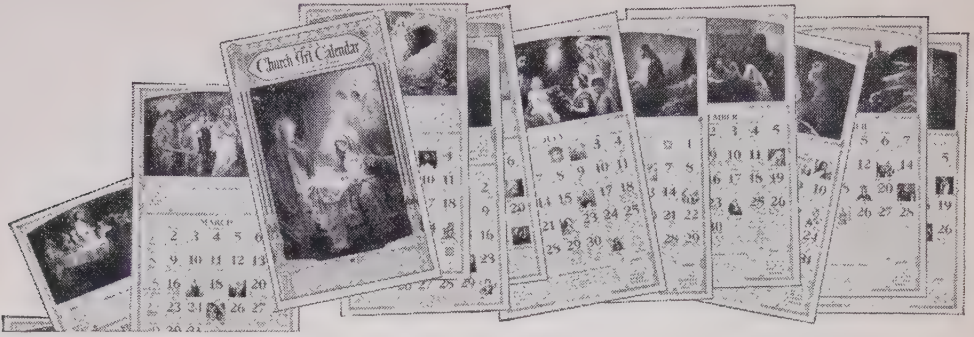
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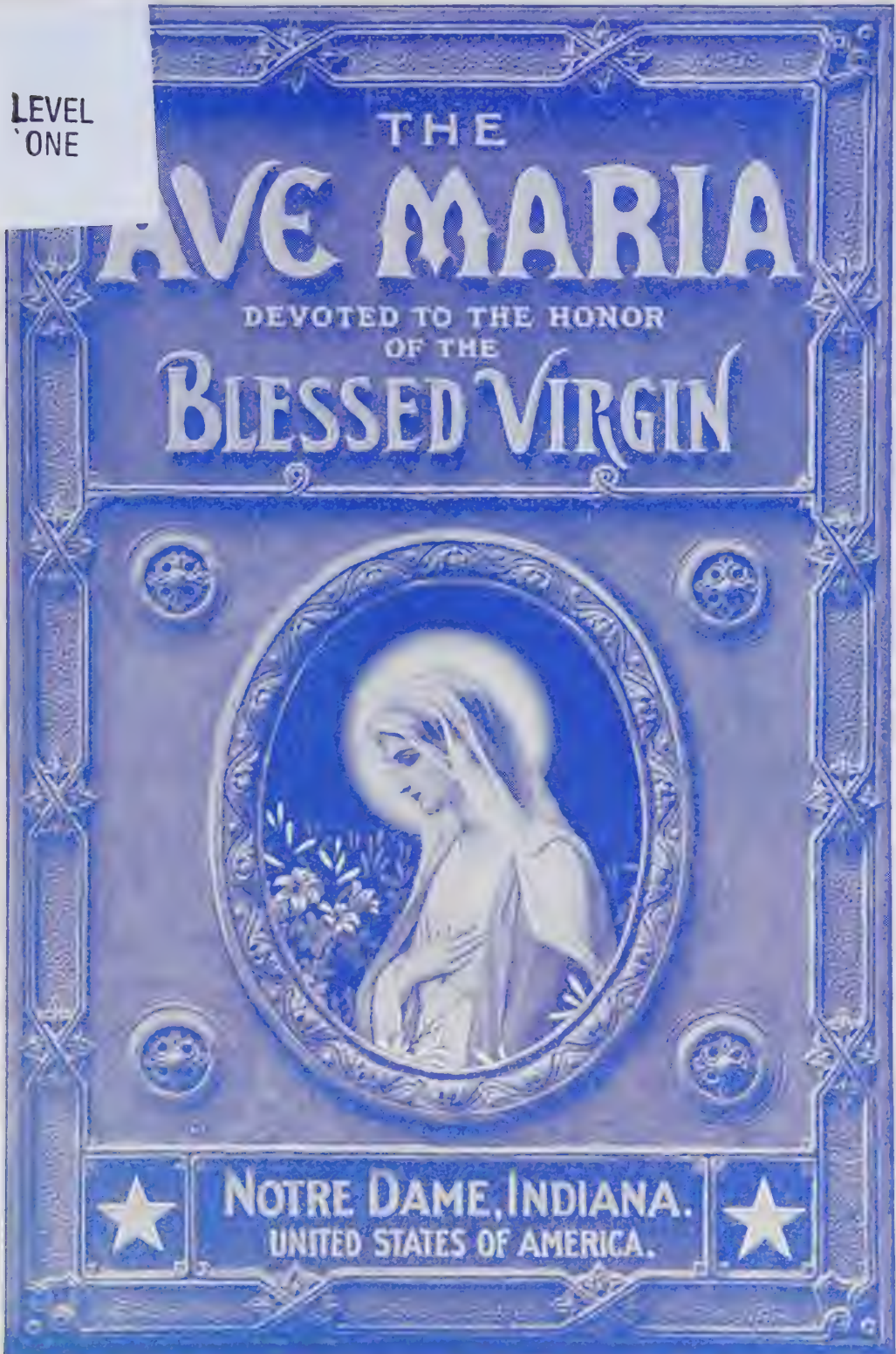
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

| | |
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| SATURDAY, 8.—The Four Crowned Martyrs. St. Godfrey, B. C. | WEDNESDAY, 12.—St. Martin, P. M. |
| SUNDAY, 9.—TWENTY-SECOND AFTER PENTECOST. St. Theodore, M. | THURSDAY, 13.—St. Stanislaus Kostka, C. St. Didacus, C. |
| MONDAY, 10.—St. Andrew Avellino, C. | FRIDAY, 14.—St. Josaphat, B. M. St. Lawrence, B. |
| TUESDAY, 11.—St. Martin of Tours, B. C. | SATURDAY, 15.—St. Gertrude, V. St. Malo, B. |

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The particular teacher in each of our parishes who has the responsibility for the school plays has a real responsibility and some real worrying to do.

To select the right kind of a play and to put it across amid the difficulties that commonly present themselves in school surroundings is an actual accomplishment.

Below are three plays for the boys in the Grade Schools — plays that have been "tasted, tested, and approved" by school Sisters the country over.

"The Ship in the Wake" is the dramatization of a boy who thought he was "It" until certain events proved the contrary. "Pug Halley" tells what can happen to a bully in the right kind of a boy's school; "Ted" is the hero of a queer set of circumstances which have just enough of the athletic in them to keep the boys cheering.

Father Carroll knows playwriting, and boys, and the limitations of parochial halls. He has combined his knowledge and skill into three plays that will "Go!"

*"The Ship in the Wake" has been successfully performed
in 280 parish school halls.*

*"Pug Halley" and "Ted," more recent plays, have gone
over the 100 mark.*

THE AVE MARIA, Notre Dame, Indiana



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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Sonnet.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY, LL. D.

WHEN on your heart the griefs of many
years

Press with a weight that hardly may be borne;
When through the sleepless night you long
for morn,

Yet dread the moment when the morn appears;

When you are fain to weep, but have no tears

To soothe the anguish of your own self-scorn—

O weary one, you are not all forlorn,

There is a Mother who both sees and hears!

There is a Mother thronèd in the skies—

Can she forget the Seven Swords of pain?

Can she forget the sorrow when her eyes

Gazed on her Sinless Son for sinners slain?

Turn then to her, and on her blessed beads

Ask for the gift that answers to your needs!

About Purgatory.

BY THE RT. REV. ALEXANDER MACDONALD, D. D.

SOME years ago, being in San Francisco, the guest of the Most Reverend Archbishop, I found in his library an old number of *The Catholic World*. It contained an article on the revelations of St. Bridget concerning Purgatory, from which the writer made excerpts. I put them down here as I copied them at the time:

"There is a place (state) terrible and dark in which is seen an inwardly glowing furnace, and the fire has no other fuel for burning than demons only and live souls.

"Above this place there is another, where the pain is less, this being no more than the failing of the powers in respect of strength, beauty, and the like. Even as, if we use a comparison, a man had been ill, and when the sickness and pain had gone, he should be wholly without strength, until he gradually recovered. Above this is a third place where there is no other pain than the craving to attain unto God. In the first place there is the handling of demons, there are presented to the soul the forms of deadly worms and wild beasts, there is the heat and cold, the darkness and confusion, which proceed from the pain that is in hell. Some souls have a less pain, others a greater, according as they have satisfied or not for their sins while they were in the body. Then the master, that is, the justice of God, putteth the gold, that is, the soul, in that other place where there is no suffering save a failing of the powers, where the soul will abide until it find refreshment at the hands of its friends or from the ceaseless good works of holy Church. . . .

"In the third place do many linger and for long, among whom are those, who, whilst they lived in the world, had no great desire of attaining to God."

"Many die in the world so just and innocent that they at once attain the vision of God."

"And after this was heard from Purgatory many voices crying, O Lord Jesus Christ, pour forth Thy charity upon those who have spiritual power,

and then we shall have a greater share than ever in their chants and lections and oblations."

"Now above the place from which this cry was heard appeared, as it were, a house within which many voices were heard saying, 'The blessing of God on those who succor us in our need.' From this house an aurora seemed to spring, and beneath the house were seen clouds which had nothing of the light of the aurora, and from them came a mighty voice saying, 'O Lord God, give of Thy incomprehensible power a hundredfold reward to each one of those who are lifting us into the light of Thy Godhead and the vision of Thy Face.'"

In 4 Sent. *Dist.* 21, Quaest. 1, Art. 1, St. Thomas intimates that where the Church hasn't spoken definitely concerning Purgatory, we should go by the teachings and revelations of the saints. I have gone carefully over the Treatise on Purgatory attributed to St. Catherine of Genoa, and cite here the salient points of her teaching.

"I do not think it is possible to find contentment to be compared with that of the souls in Purgatory, save only that of the saints in Paradise. And every day this happiness increases, by the influence of God upon the soul in proportion as this influence does away with that which impedes it."

She likens the remains of sin in the soul to a rust which the fire of Purgatory consumes, and says that "so far as the will of those who are detained in Purgatory is concerned, they cannot even say that the pain they suffer is pain so content are they with the will of God with which their own is united in perfect charity." On the other hand, however, she continues, "the pain is so great that no tongue can tell or intellect conceive it, if God does not make it known by a special revelation."

"When the soul finds upon itself the stains of sin, and sees that these can not be removed in any other way, it

willingly plunges into Purgatory. . . . And realizing that this is the means appointed to cleanse away these stains, it considers Purgatory a great mercy of God."

"It is true that the love of God which fills the soul gives a happiness so great that it cannot be expressed in words. But this happiness does not in the least lessen the pain. Nay, it is the love itself that gives the happiness which causes the pain. So the souls in Purgatory at one and the same time enjoy the greatest contentment and suffer the greatest pain. And the one does not prevent the other."

"If a soul were led into the presence of God without being purified from every stain, this would be doing it a grave injury, and inflicting upon it a pain ten times greater than that of Purgatory. . . . It would rather suffer a thousand hells than stand in the presence of God without being completely purified."

Holy Church has passed upon the writings of St. Bridget and St. Catherine. But this only guarantees them to be free from aught against faith or morals. At the same time we may infer that they are worthy of pious belief. Fundamentally the two are in agreement, but there is considerable difference in detail.

St. Bridget says that the fire of Purgatory has no other fuel save demons only and live souls. One would infer from what St. Catherine says that love is the fire which causes the soul to suffer and consumes the rust of sin upon it—the cleansing fire of the love of God. The Greeks deny the existence of a material fire in Purgatory, but the Latin Church favors the opposite view, and there is a decision of a Roman Congregation forbidding the giving of absolution to a penitent who should deny out and out that the fire is material. Theologians, however, are hard put to it to explain how material fire can act

upon a bodiless spirit. St. Thomas says it is the same fire which purges in Purgatory and punishes in hell (4 Sent. dist. 21, quæst. 1, art. 1, solutio 2^a).

Even if the fire is not material, there is no question that it causes pain after the manner of material fire. But the fire of Purgatory is a cleansing fire, that of hell is purely penal. This is, as St. Catherine tells us, because the souls in Purgatory suffer willingly and even gladly, knowing that they are being freed from that which impedes their entrance into heaven. The lost spirits, on the other hand, suffer against their will, and their suffering is the more intolerable that they know for certain it will never end. Hope dies in hell, and all things die when hope is dead.

Very interesting and suggestive is what St. Bridget says about the three stages of Purgatory. And it stands well to reason. God has in the other world His penitentiary and His hospital. The penitentiary is for incorrigible sinners, and the sentence is a life one. The hospital is for souls that are sick with sin, whether venial sin or mortal sin not fully expiated in this life. The justice of God condemns to the penitentiary; the mercy of God opens a place of healing in the hospital.

Between the stirrup and the ground,
He mercy sought and mercy found.

But he had to go to the lowest place in Purgatory, the operating room in God's hospital. St. Bridget seems to say that demons are the surgeons in that operating room. But consider how in this world those who are suffering from a grave ailment willingly undergo severe operations in our hospitals on the mere chance of adding a few short years to this life of toil and trouble. How much more willingly do souls, sick with sin, or the effects of sin, go to the lowest place in the hospital of God, knowing that once they are healed they never will be sick again!

The second stage of Purgatory corre-

sponds to the period of convalescence in the hospitals of this world. The operation is successful and the wound is healed, but there remains a great weakness and inability to move about freely. One is miserable in a way, but oh, so thankful to God that one is recovered, that the pain is over as also the danger of death, and that one may look forward with certainty to going back home again. This is the second stage of Purgatory, as St. Bridget pictures it for us.

The last stage is the longing for home. The hospital is a great place to go when you are sick. But when you are beginning to feel well again and are on your feet, you want to get away from there. Certain sights and sounds and smells are rather unpleasant reminders of what you have been through, and

Be it ever so humble, there is no place
like home.

What, then, must be the longing of the souls that have reached the last stage of Purgatory to be delivered from that place of exile, and to join the great multitude of all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues in the City of God, beautiful beyond the thoughts and imaginations of men! They get glimpses of it in that last stage, the Saint intimates, for she saw there an aurora, which would appear to be the dawn of the Eternal Day. And yet if we may have reason to think that many who have no great sins to expiate escape altogether the first and even the second stage of Purgatory, the Saint tells us that many do linger, and for long, in this third stage because they had no great desire to get to heaven while here below, and were disposed to agree with the fool of a man who said that this is a pretty good sort of a world if it would only last!

Very consoling is the statement of the Saint that many go forth from this world so good and innocent that they at

once attain the vision of God. Who would not be of the number! It is possible for every one of us so to live as to merit this great privilege by leading a blameless life and satisfying fully for our sins. Penance, good works, alms-deeds and a patient bearing of the trials of this life, will win it for us. Happy those who get their purgatory in this world!

The Protestant idea that faith alone without good works ensures for every believer at death eternal life, is opposed to the whole tradition of the Christian Church, to reason, and to common sense. Thank God for Purgatory, the Intermediate State! It serves to justify our indulging the larger hope for the salvation of mankind.

To my mind the strongest reason for the existence of this state of progressive purification of the soul in the other world is to be found in these words of St. Paul to the Corinthians, I, ch. 13:

Charity is patient, is kind; charity envieth not, dealeth not perversely, is not puffed up, is not ambitious, seeketh not her own, is not provoked to anger, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

This is perfect charity. Show me the man who possesses it and I will show you one who can go straight to heaven the moment he dies. For such and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. But if a man possess not this high perfection, which comparatively few attain in the present life, there remains for him the middle state where he must be schooled into a love that is wholly unselfish. If nothing defiled can enter heaven, neither can any form of selfishness find a place there.

One of the profoundest sayings in all literature is this of St. Augustine's: "Two loves built two cities, one the love of self unto contempt of God, the other the love of God unto contempt of self." It is the love of self that has got to be burnt out of people by the fire of Pur-

gatory. And there are so many forms of it! There is greed, which is the love of money; there is lust, which is the love of sensual pleasure; there is anger, which is the love of revenge; there is vanity, which is the love of applause; there is pride, which is the love of place and power. And besides the individual self, there is the corporate self: the family, the community, the race, the nation—society, in short, be it civil, political, social, or religious. Multiply the love of the individual self by the number of members in the society and you get an idea of the power and intensity of the love of the corporate self. How many crimes against God and man has it not led men to commit! It is needful, therefore, that there should be a place in the other world where the multifold forms of the love of self shall be purged away, and there shall remain only the pure gold of the love of God above all things for His own sake and the love of our neighbor as ourselves for God's sake.

What St. Bridget tells us of the three stages of Purgatory will serve to reconcile certain statements of her own, of St. Catherine, and of St. Thomas, which appear to be conflicting. Thus, what St. Thomas says the general sentiment of Christians is opposed to the idea of evil spirits having anything to do with the holy souls, will be true of souls in the second and third stages of their purification, not necessarily in the first and lowest stage described by St. Bridget.

Again, the excruciating pain of Purgatory, which St. Catherine insists on so strongly, will be found in that first and lowest stage, which I have compared to the operating room in our modern hospitals, not in the second and third stages where St. Bridget says there is no pain but a failure of the powers of the soul, and, in the third, a homesickness for heaven.

What we read in the Offertory of the

Mass for the Dead goes to bear out what the Saint says about the first stage: "Lord Jesus Christ, King of glory, free the souls of all the faithful departed from the pains of hell and the deep pit." Here the word "hell" cannot be understood of the place of the damned, whence no one is ever set free, but aptly describes the place in the neighborhood of hell of which St. Bridget speaks. Some writers refer the words to the moment of the soul's departure from the body, but this interpretation cannot be made to square with the idea of freeing souls already departed from their pains. Of course, it is only great sinners who have done no penance, or at least nothing like adequate penance, for their sins that are consigned to the lowest place in Purgatory referred to as the first stage.

St. Thomas says (*loc. cit. solutio 2^a*) we may gather from private revelations made to many that the place of Purgatory is in the underworld, in the neighborhood of hell, but that individual souls may, by a special dispensation, get their purgatory here on earth, for the instruction of the living and in order that they themselves may find relief through the suffrages of the Church when their condition becomes known to their friends. He also says (*solutio 5^a*) it is possible that the demons accompany the holy souls to their place of purgation and assist in the process. This accords with the revelation made to St. Bridget.

Let me, in closing, draw the reader's attention to the beautiful prayer which the Saint heard the holy souls offer to God for those who help them. There can be nothing more meritorious in itself or profitable to us than to come to the relief of the suffering souls. This is true charity. We can help them in so many ways: by the offering of the Holy Mass, by making the Way of the Cross for them, by our alms, by our prayers, especially the Rosary and Litany of the

Blessed Virgin and the Rosary of the Holy Wounds, lastly, by gaining the almost countless indulgences applicable to them that are attached to so many daily practices and devotions. So shall we secure their powerful intercession now and when our turn comes to go hence.

An Invalid's Jottings.

BY JOSEPH CARMICHAEL.

IV.



CHANGE follows change in this ever-varying world! It seemed but yesterday that Cyril and his Rectory friends were boys and girls, when lo! he and Gervase had blossomed into young men! In an incredibly short space they had finished their school course at Wybrow and were bound for Oxford. For studious Jarvey had won a bursary, and, as the Countess laughingly said, if one went to Oxford the other must go too—"David and Jonathan are inseparable!" was her conclusion.

So to Oxford both went, to return now and again in still more manly guise, to delight with their presence all of us to whom both were so dear. The result of their constant association upon the religious belief of Jarvey and others has already been told.

Then, to the consternation of the whole world, came the dread tidings of war. The youth of the nation was stirred to patriotic action, even before conscription became the order of the day; our two beloved ones were not behind hand. Both, as I heard from the Countess, had hastened to enlist in the ranks; numbers were needed, and there would be no lack of officers, they had argued, so neither would trouble to secure a commission. The poor Countess was inconsolable at the prospect of the separation from her boy and the possibility of losing him entirely.

"I know he must go," she told me amid tears. "The Germans are his hereditary enemies—for he is Polish by birth; but above all he must be on the side of right. My dear husband would never have hesitated to send him to the front; but I am a widow, and he is my all!"

I tried to comfort the poor mother by pointing out that a private soldier was exposed to less risk than an officer; an authority had told me that six weeks was the average length of time of immunity for a subaltern at the front. There was danger for all, of course, but greater for some than others; and we might well hope that our dear ones would be numbered among the fortunate majority who would escape with their lives, whatever risks they had to run.

"I dread the thought of the mixed rabble of humanity with which the dear boys will have to mingle constantly—they who have led such sheltered lives always! What will be the result?"

"One result will be the effect of their good example of upright, courageous manhood; that will prove a godsend to many with whom those two lads come in contact," was my answer.

During training time we got pretty frequent news of them. Things were trying at times, but both were athletic, and, beyond fatigue, nothing more serious was reported. Then came the farewell visits. Jarvey went to his own people, of course; but he called at Wybrow to pick up his comrade and to bid good-bye to us all. Both were full of enthusiasm; they looked spare and bronzed after their time of preparation, and were eager for the fray.

"I know you'll keep up Mother's spirits while we are out at the front, Jack," Cyril said confidently. "And I'm sure you'll bear us in mind whenever you have Mass here."

"Mass will be offered for you both every Thursday," I rejoined, "and I shall pray daily for your safe return."

"That's awfully good of you, old man!" he answered, with his charming air of humble appreciation. "Mother has promised a daily Mass for us, so we start full of hope!"

It was a dreary day when, the parting words said, the two dear boys left to join their regiment.

V.

Everyone remembers—those especially whose hearts were full of anxiety for loved ones who were taking part in those scenes of carnage—the agonies of fear, sinkings of heart, dread of evil tidings, and the hundred other miseries of that long period of suspense. No need to recall them. We endured them, each in our measure, with all the patience at our command.

The war came to an end at last, and our two young warriors—beyond a few trivial casualties—came through unscathed. Each, naturally, hastened to join his own people. Countess Latatski happening to be at Winningston just then, Cyril came straight thither as soon as he was free. On the very day of his return, the dear lad rushed down to greet me. He had improved marvellously. The "ugly duckling," as we had sometimes styled him, had imitated the hero of that infantile narrative, and developed into an entirely different personality as far as outward appearance went. The sandy hair had darkened to chestnut brown locks; in the heightened color of his skin his freckles no longer showed; his wide mouth—his least handsome feature—was concealed by a thick, red moustache. The big grey eyes, with their rapid changes of tint, were still the dominating trait of a face which was now little short of handsome; they gave charm and vivacity to an expression, always attractive, even when Cyril was delighted to style himself, "the ugliest chap in our school."

Cyril was immensely proud of himself at having attained to the "dizzy height of Corporal," as he put it. His

mother was no less proud of it, for it witnessed to his devotion to duty. It was a delight to us all to find him just his old attractive self—barring years.

After a week or two spent with his mother, Cyril left on a visit to his childhood's friends, Sir Gervase and Lady Royston at Royston Abbot. The visit seemed to me shorter than I had expected; for in another week or two a somewhat chastened Cyril, as it struck me, looked in upon me to bid farewell; he was off to London to arrange about getting a commission, as he had decided to enter the army permanently.

The Countess left very soon after, and it was not for some time that I learned the reason of the sudden change of plans—for I had been given to understand that the Countess and Miss Blakeley were to join Cyril at Royston Abbot, and after a short stay there would proceed to their own place in the south of England, where Cyril might enjoy a well-earned rest.

It was Barney who put me in possession of the facts of the case. He called at Wybrow principally to see his old music master, a Swiss, who was organist at the parish church, now that the Roystons had left, and who, in the early days, had given Barney proper organ lessons to fit him to take his mother's place in due time. Barney's forte was music, and it was to consult old Mr. Kuhlman as to a fitting master in some continental town to whom he could apply for lessons. His aunt Apollonia was anxious to travel a little, and she was willing to accompany Barney and provide a home for him with herself.

Barney had changed less than the other boys during his quiet life at Royston. He was then sixteen, but looked younger. I had many questions to put about my old friends; and we got more than one long talk together, for he occupied my guest room in the Tower. I said nothing about religion, for I had heard from Sir Gervase himself that

the lad did not show signs of wishing to become a Catholic; and they all wisely forbore to press him.

When I touched on the subject of Cyril, Barney's tongue was loosed.

"I'm tremendously fond of old Cyril, Jack," he cried enthusiastically, "but he has been disgracefully used!"

I expressed astonishment, and Barney proceeded to give me an explanation which it evidently relieved him to pour forth. Cyril and Molly, as he reminded me, had always been great chums in the past, and when Cyril appeared at Royston, Barney took for granted that the old familiar intercourse between them would be resumed. But after Cyril had been but a few days with them, a change was apparent in Molly's attitude towards him. Instead of the former friendly, almost sisterly, air she had always shown, a constraint seemed to have sprung up. Moreover, Barney's father and mother appeared to be troubled about something or other, and even Jarvey got moody and solemn.

It was Cyril himself who cleared up the mystery to Barney.

"I was in the gun-room, one day," he told me, "when old Cyril looked in. 'Busy, Barney?' he asked.—'Not particularly,' I said—wondering what was coming. 'Come along with me to the Station, then.'—'The Station! What for?'—'I'll tell you on the way,' he said.

"It was not so much what he told me, as the circumstances which had led to his telling it, that set my back up!"

Cyril, it appeared, had come to Royston to tell Molly the tale he felt sure she already knew—of his desire to make her his wife. But keen disappointment had met him. Molly could never marry him; she had resolved to devote herself to God in the religious life.

"She wanted to be a nun!" cried Barney bitterly. "Imagine it! This was the outcome of her conversion to the Catholic Church! It seemed to me barbarous, preposterous! I said so, with every kind

of exaggerated epithet that occurred to me: Poor old Cyril let me exhaust my indignation, and spoke no word until I was silent—having no more reproaches to hurl at the Catholic religion.”

“‘I knew you’d feel it, old chap,’ he said; ‘and I can quite understand your point of view. But you’re mistaken, Barney, in condemning our religion as inhuman and the rest.’ (I had forgotten in my rage that it was *his* religion too.) ‘I love Molly,’ he went on, ‘and always shall. I admire her more than ever, indeed; and I cannot blame her. No human love has come between us; and I thank God for that, even though the pain in my heart is greater than you can realize.’

“Then Jarvey appeared in the dog-cart with the luggage, and soon the train carried Cyril off. It took me some time to swallow my angry feelings. I cannot understand it at all, but I have left off trying now!”

From all this I gathered that Barney, at least, had not yet been blessed with the gift of faith—poor lad! It was not difficult to conjecture that Winningston, where he had first dreamed of happiness to come, would be for many a long day distasteful to Cyril Latatski. Barney’s narrative had grieved me deeply. Should I ever set eyes upon Cyril again?

VI.

To the extreme left of my range of vision, as I lie on my couch in the embrasure of the oriel window, is a cluster of houses huddled together; they represent the hamlet locally designated “Peter’s.” Formerly the place must have been of greater importance, or it may be that in Catholic days even so humble a place as Peter’s was considered worthy of a church. However that may be, a church once stood there, though no trace now remains, dedicated to the Prince of the Apostles; hence the distinctive title—Wybrow St. Peter—still belonging to the hamlet officially.

Beyond the houses rises Helydon Hill which forms the background to that

portion of my panorama; it is of considerable height, its lower slope clothed with an extensive wood of beech and fir. The wood is the favorite haunt of Wybrow lads in spring and autumn; bird-nesting attracts them in the former season, beech nuts—to be had by the handful for the mere trouble of picking them up—in the latter. Older visitors of more æsthetic tendency are attracted thither by the wealth of ferns and wild flowers—violets, primroses, wild hyacinths, orchids, and the like—which clothe the depths of its dells in the early part of the year.

At the very entrance of the wood, standing a few yards out of the public path, a small cottage was, a few years ago, the residence of one Sara Ketterley, a “jobbing dressmaker.” She was accustomed to work for her clients at their own houses in the far-off days when ready-made clothing was rarer than now—at least in such backwater places as Wybrow,—and mothers of families were not above lending a hand to the dressmaker in the fashioning of garments for themselves and their households.

A small, slight woman of 40 or so, with thin, sallow features and sparse strands of greying hair drawn back from her face, Miss Ketterley had gained from her nearest neighbors the character of “keeping to herself.” She made friends of none of them, and restricted her conversation to the claims of the barest civility when addressed by any. She seemed to have no relatives. The postman had never been known to deliver a letter at her cottage, which, by the way, also “kept to itself,” apart in the shadow of the wood.

But when, on a certain day, the postman actually called at the cottage, the unusual event summoned inquisitive matrons to their doors. When, owing to the absence of the tenant, the postman had been unsuccessful in attempting to deliver the letter by pushing it under

the door, he found himself, as he repassed their houses, the centre of observation on the part of the assembled ladies, one and all eager to render help.

They at once informed him that the missing householder had gone down town to work. Their stout, gossiping spokeswoman, Mrs. Hussick, had seen her with her own eyes, passing that very morning "with her little bag on her arm and her umbrella in her 'and."

So the letter was left with Mrs. Hussick, who kindly offered to act as the postman's understudy. Thus it came to pass that all the neighbors learned all about the letter. It was in a soiled envelope, and had evidently been closed by somewhat unclean hands. The address was in a man's untidy, rather shaky handwriting, and the postmark was that of a town a few miles distant from Wybrow. Mrs. Hussick reaped little satisfaction from her custody and prompt delivery of the letter, and the report she was able to render to her gossips was but meagre.

"She looked that startled when I gave it into her 'ands, that I says—in sympathy like: 'Oh! I do 'ope it ain't bad news, Miss Ketterley,' I says. But she says in that hasty, snappy sort o' way she has: 'Nothing of the sort. Just a business letter,' she says. And off my lady walks with barely a 'thank you!'"

A few days later, when the letter incident has become ancient history, Mrs. Hussick—always with an eye on the lane, for in her housewifely capacity she lost as little time as possible in uncalled for "cleaning up"—observed a strange man pass her window. Her house was the last in the lane except that of Miss Ketterley, and curiosity moved Mrs. Hussick to peer from her door after the stranger. He walked with a stooping gait, and dragged his feet as though fatigued. His clothes looked shabby; he had a dilapidated mackintosh hanging over one arm and walked with the help of a stout stick. He turned

round at the slight sound made by Mrs. Hussick's movements, and she saw a fallow, thin, grey-bearded face, before she hastily retreated within to continue observations from the shadow of a lace window curtain.

As the lane curved a little, the watcher could see Sara Ketterley's door from her own window. In due time the stranger reached the cottage; his manner was peculiar, for he did not knock or show any inclination to enter at first, but loitered about, giving cautious glances all round before approaching the door. He was not at once admitted when he had knocked; he moved towards one of the windows and peered in, then crossed to the other window. But after thus inspecting the place and thereby making known his presence, he was at last admitted; for the watching Mrs. Hussick, who had run for a moment to her fireplace to set right a boiling saucepan, just caught sight of him as he was setting foot across the threshold of the cottage. For some time the inquisitive matron kept Miss Ketterley's dwelling under observation, but no further movement was discernible, nor was the stranger seen to repass on his way to the town.

Two days later the whole countryside rang with the report of a dire discovery. A man's dead body was found by a child lying in the wood behind Sara Ketterley's cottage. A little girl bent on gathering primroses came upon the corpse, and rushed home shrieking hysterically. The police were informed, and the body removed to the town for an inquest to be held.

The remains were those of a total stranger—an elderly man with greying hair; his garments were shabby, but in his pocket was an envelope containing a five pound note. A worn mackintosh and a little black bag lay on the grass beside the body, and an empty bottle which had contained brandy had been thrown down there, as though the man

had just emptied it before lying down to sleep. There was no sign of violence.

Mrs. Hussick and her cronies were voluble—in the manner of their kind—in declaring to all who came in contact with them the startling fact of the strange man's visit to Sara Ketterley on the day before the finding of the body. Consequently, the police were soon engaged in investigations. It was matter of astonishment to find that Sara Ketterley had vanished altogether. None of the neighbors had seen her since the day of the arrival of the strange man, and no one knew her whereabouts.

Yet on the day previous to that fixed for the Coroner's inquest, Miss Ketterley was observed to pass the row of cottages occupied by Mrs. Hussick and her gossips, and to enter her own cottage.

"And My Lady looking as cool and unconcerned as though there had been no murder at all!" was Mrs. Hussick's description to her next-door neighbor.

It gave much satisfaction to all the row to witness a call upon Miss Ketterley later in the day made by no less a personage than the Police Inspector, who spent some twenty minutes there. It was felt that the claims of justice were in a fair way of being satisfied.

The biggest room at the Royal Hotel was crammed to the uttermost on the morning of the Inquest. Mrs. Hussick and her neighbor, Mrs. Bonding, had been summoned as witnesses, and gained an easy entrance; but many would-be spectators of the proceedings were shut out for want of room. Mrs. Hussick had arrayed herself in her black silk gown, black shawl and a new black bonnet—a formidable erection, culminating in a bunch of grasses quivering with jet beads; "It seemed more respectful-like to the dead to put on mourning," she confided to her neighbors, "and black always comes in useful in a family of so many old relations as ours."

Miss Ketterley was the observed of

all observers. "I shouldn't care to stand in 'er shoes!" Mrs. Hussick whispered to her companion. Yet the poor faded female looked more scared than guilty, as she sat on the witness' bench awaiting her turn to give evidence.

Mrs. Hussick beamed with importance as she rose to answer the Coroner's interrogations. She was one of those witnesses who need repressing rather than encouraging, having a natural tendency to wander off into minute details entirely irrelevant, and when the Coroner—as was continually the case—recalled her from her wanderings, she was profuse in apologies to "his Worship"—as she prided herself in styling him. Her evidence related to the delivery of the letter to Miss Ketterley, the visit of the deceased to that person's cottage, and the identity of the dead man with the stranger who had passed her door. Sundry allusions to opinions stated by neighbors and others on the facts of the case were ruthlessly suppressed by the Coroner.

The small child, Mary Pettit, spoke to the finding of the body. Mrs. Bonding corroborated Mrs. Hussick as regarded the delivery of the letter.

(To be continued.)

A Famous Irish Pilgrim Monk— Saint Gall.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

HISTORY tells us that "the monastery of St. Peter at Luxeuil, was founded in the kingdom of the Franks by St. Columbanus, a Scot, fervent in zeal and sanctity;" and if we turn to the annals of this distinguished home of piety and learning, we find that "under the crozier of Walbert" the number of monks had risen to six hundred. Thus it was that from Luxeuil, missionaries, alone or in parties, went forth daily to found new monasteries at a distance. Indeed, at this period,

we are told by a contemporary writer that "throughout the whole of Gaul, in the castles and cities, in the plains and desert places, armies of monks and communities of nuns abounded everywhere." Irish faith and Irish fervor swept like a tidal wave of blessing over the land, and the Mother House was the centre, the spring and source of their labors. Nevertheless, we know that after a while they were driven from it; though through one of those wonderful mysteries of grace, what had been the most bitter trial was the very means by which Almighty God extended their usefulness to other countries.

Columbanus decided to preach the Gospel to the pagan population on the right bank of the Rhine. He accordingly embarked at Mainz, and ascended that river as far as the Lake of Zurich. His chief companion was another Irishman named Gall with whose story we shall now concern ourselves. Gall, like his great master, was daringly bold, and hesitated not to help when, axe in hand, Columbanus cut down the sacred oaks under whose shadow the tribes inhabiting those wild and beautiful regions worshipped their pagan god Woden with strange rites in the dark depths of their forests. St. Gall was "well-educated, a learned and eloquent preacher," who could discourse in the German language as well as in Latin.

They had to live upon wild birds, or upon woodland fruits and berries. At Bregenz where they remained for three years, they soon managed to cultivate a garden of vegetables. Fish they caught in the lake. Columbanus himself made the nets, and Gall threw them into the water, bringing in great draughts of fishes. There is a fine old legend which tells us how one night, sitting in silence in his boat amongst his nets, he heard the demon of the mountain call to the demon of the waters. "Here I am," replied the latter. "Arise, then," cried the demon of the mountain, "and

help me to chase away these strangers who have driven me out of my temple; it will need both of us to get rid of them." — "Why, what good could we do?" retorted impatiently the demon of the waters. "Here is one of them now close at hand whose nets I have tried hard enough to break, but I have never succeeded, for he prays always and never sleeps. All our labor will be in vain." Whereupon Gall made the sign of the Cross, and said to them: "In the Name of Jesus Christ, I command you to leave these regions without injuring any one." Then he hastened to the shore and told the Abbot who instantly rang the bells for the Midnight Office; but before the first psalm had been chanted, the furious shrieks of the demons could be heard growing fainter and fainter in the distance echoing among the mountains, as those evil spirits of flood and fell fled wailing over the waters of the Lake of Constance.

When Columbanus determined to cross the Alps into Lombardy, St. Gall was seized with fever at the very moment of departure, and had to remain behind. But on his recovery, he redoubled the zeal of his apostolic labors, and deeply saddened though he was by the absence of his beloved master, he set about finding a suitable retreat for the site of that monastery which, little as he dreamed of it at the time, was destined to become one of the most celebrated religious houses in Christendom. He asked "the deacon Hiltibald" to help him in his search, and Hiltibald led him to a wild solitude enclosed within wooded heights; it abounded with abundant streams and deep narrow valleys, but these valleys, as the deacon pointed out, were inhabited by bears, boars and wolves. "If the Lord is with us, who can be against us?" said Gall calmly, and having taken some provisions in his wallet and a small fishing net, they set forth.

Towards evening they reached the

point where the torrent of Steinach hollows a bed for itself in the rocks. As the saint walked on praying, his foot caught in the thick undergrowth and he fell. The deacon ran to raise him up, and as he did so, Gall exclaimed: "Here is my chosen habitation; here is my resting-place forever." Then arranging two hazel boughs in the form of a cross, he fastened to it the relics he was carrying round his neck, and spent the night in prayer. Whilst still engaged in his devotions, a bear came down from the mountain to collect what remained of the pilgrim's meal. Gall threw him a loaf, and said to him: "In the name of Christ, leave this place; the neighboring mountains shall be free to us and to thee, but on condition that thou dost no more harm to man or beast."

From that day onwards, this celebrated apostle of German Switzerland dwelt in solitude with ten or twelve companions. He refused the bishopric of Constance, offered him by the Duke of Alamannia, for his sanctity and austerity had soon become known; and again, some years later, on receiving a deputation of six monks, Irish like himself, from Luxeuil, whom that Abbey had sent in the name of the community to pray his acceptance of the dignity of Abbot, he declined the honor. These two incidents, even apart from the holy and solitary life he led, preaching and edifying the people in the neighborhood of his retreat, "and receiving visitors and disciples in ever-increasing numbers,"—these facts alone, we must repeat, would be sufficient to account for the extent of his influence, seeing that they were the result of that profound humility which is the foundation of all sanctity, and the means by which God's most chosen souls have, without a single exception, wrought wonders, established famous Orders and charitable institutes, and converted countless thousands to a knowledge of His Truth.

Authorities tell us that "when St.

Gall died, the entire country of the Alamans had become a Christian province," and around his lowly cell were already the beginnings of the great monastery which, under his name, as has been said, was to become "one of the most celebrated Schools of Christendom;" and one of the principal centres of intellectual life in the Germanic world.

It must not be supposed, however, that it was enabled to accomplish such a glorious destiny in the space of a few short years; for when we see it between 820 and 920, it had become a town in itself! It was "a well-inhabited house," says the chronicler, because besides some three hundred monks, "there were many students and beneficed persons who resided within it." There was an oven in which a thousand loaves were baked at a time! For making beer, there was a malt-kiln for one hundred measures of barley. There were so many mills that every year ten new mill-stones were required to replace the old ones. There was a garden also to provide herbs and medicinal plants for the sick, and a hostel for travellers, which was built within the walls.

This marvellous monastery was surrounded with workshops, buildings of all kinds and stabling. The circuit filled the whole valley from one hill to the other, so that not only the houses which the settlers had built for themselves, but also a church stood within the enclosures of the Abbey. Moreover, it must be noted that the magnificent Abbey-church and monastic buildings were constructed by the monks themselves, as has been the case at Buckfastleigh in our own times.

But it is interesting to read that the religious in the Middle Ages were often assisted by the Guild, or Confraternity of Builders, the members of which were many of them knights and nobles who might be seen tied to carts, and, in a true spirit of penance and humility,

drew these cart-loads of lime, wood or stone. In fact, the Abbot of St. Pierre de Dives in Normandy, in a letter to the monks of an English monastery, describes the zeal with which rich and powerful nobles undertook to work like common laborers. He adds that "during the night tapers used to be fastened on the carts, and that men used to watch, chanting hymns and canticles."

The hospitality, too, of the monks was simply unbounded, and larger sums were spent in feeding poor persons and entertaining pilgrims and travellers than in supporting the whole community. But space forbids any further details of this world-famous monastery of St. Gall, begun in utter poverty in a far-off foreign land, amidst intensely hostile pagan people, by one humble Irish monk!

Autumn Days.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

THE sumachs down the road have lit
 Their scarlet lanterns bright and gay
 To guide their autumn friends who like
 To take at dusk their southward way.

The robin with his banjo sings
 No more among the autumn trees;
 No more through twilight's golden hours
 The thrushes sing sweet melodies.

The brook has put away his flute
 And plays no more his merry tunes;
 He merely hums a little song
 Of June-time rose and summer moons.

Soon from the north the snow will come,
 And gently falling here and there,
 Will hide the gardens and the fields
 Beneath a silvery mantle fair.

But underneath the snow the brook
 Will hum a cheery, happy song,
 And dream of summer friends he had
 When thrushes sang through evenings long.

He knows the robins will return
 To sing their songs to him again,
 When spring comes back with sunny days
 Once more to garden, field, and glen!

Four Score and Seven.

BY SISTER MARY CATHERINE.

BETS was watching the lightning bugs corked up in the empty bath-salts bottle. As her round hazel eyes followed the bulky shadows of the bugs in their labored crawling under the cloudy blue glass, her curly gold forelock swayed gently over her desk and her head pushed farther and farther out of the neck of green and grey striped sweater. Why didn't the old things light up the way they did out on the bushes? All they did was crawl around and around. "Come on," she breathed. "Get hot! Get hot!"

Bets leaned forward on the foot doubled up under her short green jersey skirt. The vast diamond-checkered back of the girl in front hid her from Sister Judith, who was just talking and talking anyway. Bets joggled the bottle until at last there came from behind the misty glass a washed yellow flicker. That was *how*! She twirled the bottle around in her hands—another brief, languid glimmer. She turned a cautious eye on Jimbo Canavan in the next seat, but his plump face, clean pink above the turned back collar of blue shirt, was straight ahead. Jimbo Canavan! Looking at Sister Judith as if he was the best kid in the room! The tip of Bets' slipper reached for his bare knee, but before she could give him a good prod she saw through her swinging forelock that Sister Judith's glasses were glittering down the aisle at her.

"Elizabeth Cotter," asked Sister Judith sweetly, "don't you think that it might be an act of genuine kindness to let James Canavan alone? He's paying attention for the first time since he came into my grade."

Bets tossed back her hair and fixed her eyes on Sister Judith's face. Her hand clutching the bath salts bottle crept by inches into her lap.

"Don't you think so, Elizabeth?" persisted Sister Judith. "When it's only once in my grade?"

"Yes, S't'r," said Bets. She always said "Yes, S't'r," when Sister Judith asked her a question like that. "Don't you think that it would be nice if you knew whether the class is working at history or penmanship, Elizabeth Cotter?" or "Don't you think that maybe you could wrest your eyes from that extraordinary fly on the window sill, if only long enough to hear that *blows* has no *z* in it?"

Bets shot Jimbo Canavan a quick, hard look. All on account of him she'd have to make believe she was listening to Sister Judith. And the bugs lighting themselves up in her desk where she couldn't see them! Jimbo was red right around to the back of his neck and into his orange-colored hair. He was laughing, and his fat face was folded up over his eyes.

Sister Judith was starting to talk again. "Well, when Father O'Gara heard that this class had memorized the 'Gettysburg Address,' he decided that since we have such short notice about the Memorial Day celebration, one of you had better say it there in Mount Pleasant Cemetery to-morrow morning. There'll be an old soldier present—one dear old soldier—just four score and seven years old himself, the only Civil War veteran left in the Home. He fought very bravely at Gettysburg, Father says, and so the Lincoln speech will be highly appropriate. This old soldier will be the guest of honor, but there'll be ever so many people in the cemetery—the mayor, Father O'Gara, the minister of the Unitarian Church, all the children of this school, and of course of the public schools, too. One of them is going to speak, an eighth-grade boy; that's why I want the little fifth-grade child who represents Holy Angels to do us credit. And the rest of you must act as if you realize what a

favor you have received in being born under the flag of the United States."

But they weren't listening to Sister Judith any more. The classroom had become alive with hands. "Pick me, S't'r!" "No, *me*, S't'r!" "Aw, S'T'R!" "I could say it good, S't'r. Listen! 'Four score an' seven years ago our fathers. . . .'" They strained out of their chairs like jockeys in a race. Their hands clawed the air.

Bets sneaked a sidelong glance at Jimbo, and was swept by cold scorn of him. He was clamoring like the others, the big apple, all hot and damp! Who'd want to say pieces to an old soldier? An old goat covered with whiskers like the row of New England poets over the blackboard—like the second woolly one that wrote the "Children's Hour!" The day they read the poem Sister Judith had showed them a picture of this old bird with three kids hanging on him and kissing him on the beard, and Bets couldn't look at the picture. It made her mouth feel furry—like the day Jimbo had fallen flat on his stomach in church and she had stuffed the silver fox collar of her velvet coat into her mouth to keep from laughing out loud.

The arms were still going up and down like signals on a toy railroad. "Aw, S't'r! Aw, S't'r!"

Sister Judith waved her hands over the racket. "Oh, mercy, mercy!" she was saying. "I couldn't choose all of you, could I? Besides, Father O'Gara has already done the choosing."

"Aw, S't'r!" The hands fell slowly. The taut bodies went limp with disappointment, then strained forward again. "Who, S't'r?"

Sister Judith hesitated. "Since we have in this grade a little girl whose great-grandfather gave his life for the Union Army at Gettysburg it seemed, well, fitting to Father O'Gara that she should deliver the 'Gettysburg Address'—even," she added more warmly, "if this little girl is not always the most

attentive pupil in the room or the one who tries hardest with her lessons."

A definite uneasiness crept over Bets. Pops was always telling company that his grandfather was killed in the Civil War. Suppose Sister Judith ever meant her! Well, she wouldn't do it. That was all—she wouldn't say pieces to any woozy old Four Score and Seven! Let 'em try and make her—just *let 'em!* But she grew more uncomfortable as she saw Sister Judith's eyes resting dubiously on her.

"I think, though," Sister said at last, "that this time the little girl will try her best, just to please the dear old soldier. Won't she, Elizabeth Cotter?"

"Aw, S't'r!" Envious eyes whirled around at Bets.

She was aghast. Hot rebellion surged up within her. Hot words of protest crowded her lips. The cemetery! A holiday that she had been waiting for since Ascension Thursday—in the *cemetery!* When she could be around the corner on the Tom Thumb golf course whacking the ball through the tree and the windmill and all the other hazards; when she could be down at the lake in her new red bathing suit watching Jimbo flopping around trying to do the goldfish dive that she had made up. The *cemetery!*—the Protestant cemetery at that! If it was even the Holy Sepulchre over in Wexbury with the fat baby angels on the little kids' graves and the enormous crosses with thick stone lilies on the big people's. In the plain old Protestant cemetery there were only brown slabs covered with greenish mold and big gray chunks with "Here lies Salina Wintermute" and "Sacred to the memory of Ethan Fricker" on them.

She stood up to tell Sister Judith that she wouldn't say the speech, and then she remembered Pops and sat down again. Pops would kill her if she ever told a Sister that she wouldn't. So, young lady, you refused to do what the good Sister asked, hey? That holy

soul slaving her young life away for you nasty little ingrates, hey? She'd have to do it. Pops would kill her dead.

When Sister Judith gave out the dictation papers, Jimbo printed on the back of his, "I bet you get stuck on the speech in the semeterry," and held it up high for Bets to see, but she was already too mad to mind him.

She went home from school that afternoon still in a cold fury, her gold forelock swinging savagely from under her green velvet *beret*. As she stamped along the neat new little streets she whacked each of the young maples with her literature book dangling from her hand on two feet of strap. She trod, too, on the fresh grass, except where somebody that lived in the house was in the window or on one of the porches. On the cement walk leading up to her own new little home, a white English cottage with small, latticed windows and a green and heliotrope tiled roof that was all tiny gables, she kicked up the sod toward the trim, stunted evergreens either side of the door.

Moms was waiting for her in the living room, almost lost in an overstuffed chair. Moms was so small and sweet that when she wore her hair short she looked about fifteen, but now she was letting it grow, and it was drawn back with bobbie pins close to the sides of her head into a little gold knob that you could hardly see. When Bets banged the door Moms waved the baby's yellow dimity romper, which she was finishing with fine net ruffles, and called, "Hello, my Betsy Curlytop! What's this I hear? Sister Judith just called me up to tell me about to-morrow. Just think—you're to be the only child in Holy Angels to speak! Betsy darling, I knew you'd do father and me credit before you were through." She pushed Bets' hair out of her eyes. "What's the matter, horey? You don't seem especially pleased about it." Moms was watching her closely. Then Moms

went out toward the kitchen. Bets knew she was going to the Frigidaire.

Bets chewed her peanut butter sandwich morosely and drank her chocolate malt in long sips. Wasn't it just like Sister Judith to call up? Moms was supposed to tell Pops so that Pops would get on the job with the "Gettysburgh Address." Pops would be terribly proud because Bets was to say the piece to old Four Score and Seven in the cemetery.

For the rest of the afternoon she sulked about the yard, flicking bits of gravel off the back of her hand at Moms' forget-me-nots and Johnny-jump-ups, and at the stiff, bright tails of the bluejays dipping their heads into the marble bird bath. From the side entrance of the house next door a fat old man with a square, loose pink face and a frieze of gray whiskers, called over to her, "Hello, there, little missie! Would you like an old fellow to come down and play with you?" Her eyes darted around to all the windows of the near-by houses; then she reached for a scrap of gravel and without looking at the old man, shied it over at him, just grazing his beard. As she thumped up the steps to the kitchen door his eyes followed her in pain and shock.

Moms was broiling the steak for dinner. The baby was in her crib in the nursery, quietly pulling the rag stuffings out of a taupe sateen kangaroo. Bets whisked her out into the living room and sat her on the radio beside the amplifier. When she turned on the power, a man was saying: "Northern New England, slight showers. Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, somewhat cloudy." Then Bets swung the volume dial all the way around and the man began to squawk right in the baby's ear, "Northern Middle Atlantic States, fair with a slight increase in temperature." The baby got scared and began to scream, but by the time Moms was in from the kitchen to her she was

yelling in her crib, the radio was turned off, and Bets was sullenly pushing a corsage pin through the meshes of the screen in a living-room window.

After dinner Pops said that Bets was to wash the dishes and give her mother a little rest, for heaven's sake. She banged around in the green and white kitchen, snapping the water off and on from the cold, bluish metal faucets, splashing the suds out of the green enamel dishpan all over the tiled floor, and slapping the delft blue luster plates and cups into the wire drainer. She felt like breaking a couple of them, but she didn't dare with Pops in the living room. Above the clacking of the dishes she heard him say to Moms, "Will you listen to that kid smashing up the family china? A normal young un would give her right eye to deliver that address, but this girl of ours acts as if she had been offered an outrageous insult. And imagine, it's the first time she ever was picked for anything. I thought the Sister wouldn't select Bets to clean the board for her."

Pops took complete charge of the speech, just as Bets had supposed. He bundled her into the living room, waved toward one of the big rockers, and handed her the literature book open at the "Gettysburg Address." "Now, plug, sister," he called back at her. "I'll give you half an hour. The educators say that you kids have lightning memories. Show your poor old papa what a smart girl you are."

She really didn't have to study the piece at all. She knew it perfectly, because Sister Judith had kept her in one whole afternoon to learn it. She swung her legs over the thick arm of the chair and kicked at the iridescent silk fringe of the floor lamp beside her. Then she stretched her legs out in front of her and caught between her scuffed slippers the high back of the reception chair. She rocked crazily for a while, the chair dipping backward and for-

ward with her on the frail curves of its mahogany feet. After that she slid away down in her rocker and banged her heels softly on the shining end table. Pops, out in the library, began to boom the "Stein Song," and then she banged her heels hard because she knew he couldn't hear her. Every once in a while he tiptoed heavily in to sneak a look at her, but then he stopped singing the "Stein Song," and she had time to swing her legs clear of the chair and to open the book and mumble words with her eyes on the ceiling.

Finally he strode in with his watch in his hand, stern and business-like. "Now, Betsy," he said in a deep voice. "'Four score and seven years ago. . .'"

While she was saying the speech Pops' big red head bobbed up and down, up and down, very wisely; but when Bets paused suddenly after the part that went "we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground," and asked, "What comes next, Papa?" he stopped nodding and grabbed the book. Even then he couldn't find the place, for he said crossly, "A whole half hour and you don't know it? Begin all over." The second time she tried to fool him at the same place, but he hadn't taken his eyes off the page, and he shouted, "'The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here'—go on, sister, go on!"

After she had said the speech perfectly, he brought downstairs a flat-backed case with a funny, wooden-faced fellow that needed a haircut in it.

"That's your great grandpop, Bets," said Pops, "the one that had to get killed to give you a chance to shine before your classmates. He's buried out in Mount Pleasant in the ground consecrated for Catholic soldiers."

Bets didn't say anything. The poor dodo had a blue bow tie and a collar with big points sticking up toward his chin. He had one hand plastered between the buttons on his coat and the

other on his knee with his fingers turned in. He needed a haircut, but he didn't have a beard. Hope spurted up in her. Maybe the old fellow from the Veterans' Home wouldn't have one either.

Pops looked down at her. "Couldn't you think of something kind to say about your ancestor?" he asked.

"No whiskers," said Bets.

"Huh?" said Pops. "Whiskers? Holy smoke, Bets, he was only twenty-one when the bullet got him! But if you want whiskers, sister, wait until you see your boy friend to-morrow. He has the finest crop in the State."

Next morning Moms called Bets early because Sister Judith was going to meet her in the convent to take her over the speech and put some expression into it. Moms made her wear a new dress of pink shantung, made like a big girl's with two little shoulder capes and a circular skirt, and brushed her hair until it glistened like gold embroidery floss. Her new pink dress, the first one she had ever had with a real waistline, for a bunch of whiskers!

"You look so sweet, honey," Moms said. "And father and I know that you're going to do *beautifully*."

"Better not come to this house if you don't," Pops called out through his shaving lather. "And say, sister, refrain from jiggling around as if your legs were pinned on with safety-pins, will you? Do that for your papa."

In the Sisters' parlor she fixed a sullen eye on an immense picture of an angel in pink and silver armor skewering a scraggy demon through the neck, and hurried through the speech.

"You do know the words, Elizabeth," said Sister Judith, "and that is something to be grateful for, but you say them as if you were a fourth-rate radio speaker or a door-to-door agent for Fuller brushes. Now let's put some expression into it."

Before Bets went over to the school to meet the other children she had said

the speech twelve times, going up on all the *dedicates* and down on the *deads*, coming out loud on *nation* and *battle-field* and in *vain* and soft and reverent when she said *God*. Although she didn't mean to she stumbled a couple of times at the part where she had fooled Pops the night before, and Sister Judith made her begin the whole thing over again.

The Holy Angels' children arrived at the cemetery just after the public school boys and girls and were lined up opposite them, with the soldiers' graves stretching along between, rows and rows of clipped green mounds with small, grey headstones and rain-dulled American flags flipping in the breeze.

People began to saunter down the smooth pebbled walks or to step out of cars. Pops hopped around the front of the blue sedan to help Moms out. When they were seated on camp stools right across from Bets, Pops pointed out to Moms his grandfather's grave away down the plot, and Moms kept nodding—only she couldn't have known which one it was because they were all exactly alike. Then Moms smiled at Bets. No matter how often Pops said things Moms always turned her head back again to smile at Bets.

Jimbo Canavan was down the line two from her. He had on a clean white waist and knickers. He knew that she was looking at him because he was wiggling his ears at her, but he never turned his head.

It was easy to tell which was the kid from the public school. All the kids had American flags pinned on them, and his was bigger than the other kids', but Bets could have known him anyway. He was the kind of kid that ought to get picked to say pieces in the cemetery to old soldiers. He was like a long, white rabbit in silver-rimmed glasses, twitching his flat nose and fiddling at his bit of whitish hair with his long pink hands.

All of a sudden the people began to turn their heads toward the road. A

big green Pierce-Arrow with crossed flags fluttering on the hood rolled slowly up the gravel. Two thin, young boys in khaki uniforms, shot out of the driver's seat, swung the door open wide, and lifted carefully into a wheel chair, that another boy in khaki had trundled up beside the running board, something wrapped in a fuzzy, navy-blue blanket with a cloud of soft white at one end. It was Four Score and Seven! And that was what Bets had to waste a good holiday to say a piece to!

The people stood in respectful silence while they wheeled the little old man down the path past the rows of graves between the rows of children and left him there on the Holy Angels' side in the shade of a great linden tree. In acute dismay Bets saw that all that you could make out of him were whiskers—little tufts and knots and bunches and clusters of soft, feathery white with a long feathery beard hanging out over the blanket. He had more whiskers than all the patriarchs and prophets in the Bible History and all the American poets put together. If you screwed up your face you could see his eyes, like bits of bright blue sky through a thick white cloud that somebody had shot two little holes in. It was going to be like saying a piece to whiskers that had no one attached to them.

As soon as they got the old fellow settled they began the Memorial Day program. First there was singing and then talking. The mayor was the worst. He waddled out in his morning coat with his high silk hat upside down in his hand, and he was looking at the people as if he had done a trick, and rabbits or chickens or something would come out of the crown any minute. He talked and talked and talked. He said "the foes of Dame Democracy," five times, and every time he would scoop out a big chunk of air with his free hand, wring it out, and drop it into his hat. He said "undubitable exigencies" twice, and

both times he shook his freckled finger one-two-three, as if he was scolding the wad of sandy fuzz between his ear and his glazed bald head. Bets wanted to push him over to see whether he would bob right up again like the tumble toys on the Christmas tree.

The boy from the public school was announced as Master Atwood Spencer. He stepped out on the grass, wrinkled up his flat nose, and said that his speech was on an original topic—"What the Civil War did to sublimate the ideals of American young folk of the Twentieth Century." His nose kept twitching and his red eyes blinking all the time behind his silver rimmed glasses, but he knew his stuff. He knew all the dates and battles and generals and marches and skirmishes and headquarters and winter quarters and strategies. He never had to stop to think of a word. If *she* ever should forget! Maybe she'd forget that part that she had fooled Pops on—"we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground." "This ground"—What came after "this ground"? Oh, lady, lady, if she ever got stuck with Pops in the front row! "We cannot hallow this ground. Now we are engaged in a great civil conflict"—that was it—no, it wasn't—that was at the beginning. "We cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate"—if she did stall, she'd wag her hand at Jimbo. He knew the signal. He'd prompt her. Maybe he wouldn't, though, the big dumb bell! "Hallow this ground"—Pops would murder her.

The little white rabbit in the glasses was bowing, and the people were looking at one another and saying what a clever boy he was. Then Bets heard "Little Miss Elizabeth Cotter, great-granddaughter of Private Thomas Aloysius Cotter, who gave his life for the Union at Gettysburg." Father O'Gara nodded over at her, and Moms smiled. Pops cleared his throat loud as if he was going to give the speech.

She walked out from the ranks of Holy Angels. After she had curtsied she put her hands behind her back so that Jimbo would know if she got stuck. On the other side was old Four Score and Seven. If his little bits of blue eyes hadn't been shining through all the white hair and beard you would have thought he was dead, he was so still. But Bets didn't think very much about him when she had begun the speech. She was thinking of what Pops would do to her if she forgot the piece. "We have come to dedicate a portion of the field"—she was getting near the part she couldn't remember. Moms' grey eyes were round and scared, like the baby's when Bets was making faces at it. "It is altogether fitting that we should do this." She was almost right up to it. Pops was tapping his foot on the grass as if he was getting nervous, too. "We cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate"—she was there—"we cannot hallow this ground."

She stopped short. There was a second of awful silence. She waggled her hand gently behind her. What was the *matter* with Jimbo? She jerked her fingers faster. The mean worm! She turned her head toward him ever so slightly. Maybe he was scared to prompt with Father O'Gara watching him. She saw Pops getting redder and redder and Moms' lips trembling as if she was praying. Bets turned in fury and looked at Jimbo. His pink face had gone white. His mouth was opening and closing, and his eyes were trying to pop out of his fat cheeks. He shook his head at Bets and shrugged his shoulders. The dumb-bell!—the big dumb-bell!

Then from somewhere on the right she heard a soft whisper, "The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here." It wasn't very distinct, but she could recognize the words. She whipped them up, and the rest of the speech came into her head after them. When she made her curtsy at the end, all the

women smiled and murmured, "The little darling!" and Father O'Gara said, "Good old Bets!" with his lips.

The whole crowd was finishing up with the "Star Spangled Banner" before Bets began to wonder who had prompted her. The Holy Angels' line wasn't down that far, and the public school kids were on the other side of the soldiers' graves. The only one on the right of where she had stood was Four Score and Seven, sitting motionless in his wheel chair. He couldn't have told her the words. He was like a baby, all done up in absorbent cotton, and he hadn't been paying any attention to the celebration at all. She looked over at him. He *couldn't* have done it—but there was nobody else, nobody else either. Four Score and Seven *must* have done it! The game old sport! Not afraid of getting caught prompting a kid—with the minister and the mayor and all the people and Father O'Gara watching him! The good old bird!

Afterwards the mayor came up with Pops and shook her hand. Moms put her arm around her.

"Oh, honey, once you had mother so nervous! I thought that you had forgotten what to say!"

"But she remembered all right, didn't she?" said the mayor.

Bets turned around to look at Four Score and Seven. The two cadets were pushing him toward the Pierce, but he was hanging out of the wheel chair and peering back at Bets. One little eye was bright and blue, but the other one was flashing open and closed in the white hair around it. He was winking at Bets! She turned away from the mayor and Moms and Pops to wink and wink back at him. And when the Pierce-Arrow rolled down the road to the cemetery gate, old Four Score and Seven was still nodding at her through the plots full of monuments and tombstones, and she was waving both hands at him.

St. Dorothy's Victory.

St. Dorothy, the holy virgin of Cesarea in Cappadocia, was apprehended by Apricius, the governor of that province, on account of her professing the Faith of Christ. She was put under the care of her two sisters, Crysta and Callista, who had apostatized, that they might shake her constancy. But she brought them back to the Faith, for which they were afterwards burnt to death. The governor ordered Dorothy to be hoisted on the rack, and she said to him, as she lay upon it: "Never in my whole life have I felt such joy as I do to-day." Then the governor ordered the executioners to burn her sides with lighted lamps and behead her.

Whilst she was being led to the place of execution, she said: "I give Thee thanks, O Thou, the lover of our souls, that Thou callest me to Thy Paradise!" Theophilus, one of the governor's officers, hearing her words, laughed, and said to her: "Hear me, bride of Christ! I'll ask thee to send me some apples and roses from this paradise of thy Spouse." Dorothy replied: "Well, and so I shall." Before she was beheaded, she was allowed a moment for prayer, when lo! a beautiful child came to her, bringing three apples and three roses. She said to him: "Take them, I pray thee, to Theophilus." Then the executioner struck off her head.

Whilst Theophilus is jocosely telling his fellows the promise made him by Dorothy, he sees a boy bringing three fine apples and three lovely roses, who, as he gave them, said: "Lo! the holy virgin Dorothy sends thee, as she promised, these gifts from the Paradise of her Spouse." Theophilus was beside himself with surprise, for it was February; but, taking the gifts, he exclaimed: "Christ is truly God!" He openly professed the Christian Faith, and suffered a most painful martyrdom.

Remembering the Dead.

THE communion of saints is closely related to the communion of souls. We communicate with the saints in glory by way of petition; with the souls in suffering by way of intercession. We pray to the saints seeking to secure their help; we pray for the souls hoping to win help for them. The church militant, so to say, turns the eyes of the church triumphant on the church suffering. The suffering faithful in Purgatory cannot lessen their suffering by any voluntary act of expiation as they could if here on earth; the faithful in heaven are secure in bliss and cannot add to their merits. The militant faithful are undergoing their period of trial. They can merit, they can increase, they can struggle and rise in the scale of perfection. They can secure assistance for themselves and for all those in the temporal sufferings of Purgatory, who cannot help themselves.

Heaven is a state of glory which is secure; Purgatory, a state of expiation, which is limited in duration, but neither the time nor the extent of the suffering can be lessened by any personal work of the sufferers. In the visible Church souls can merit for themselves, and through their prayers can help the imprisoned souls in Purgatory.

The Church, from which we receive doctrinal affirmation about the souls in bliss and the souls in Purgatory, has given definite approval to the communication which exists between the souls in conflict here on earth and the souls in suffering in the state of expiation. Prayers of petition to Our Lord, to the Blessed Virgin and to the saints in behalf of our suffering dead have been composed, approved and enriched with indulgences by the Church. Devotions without number—the Rosary, the Way of the Cross, indulgenced visits to churches on certain feasts—are all made applicable to the holy souls. Indeed

there is scarcely a prayer or a devotional act in the ritual of the Church which may not be turned over to the account of the suffering souls. The most important religious act of the laity, and the most intimate—Holy Communion—may be offered for the lightening of their burden and the lessening of their days of waiting. The limitless spiritual plenitude of the Mass has been made available for their alleviation.

As an additional act of recognition, the Church has set apart the month of November as the month of the Poor Souls. It is the remembering time; the days of grace when we recall those whom we had forgotten. November follows November. Those who could help last year are themselves calling for help this year. If they helped when they could, no doubt they will be helped in return. Our mercies are never wasted. The bread cast upon the waters always returns.

A November will come when we, too, will be away. The places we frequented, the people we knew and met will meet us no more. It will be well, therefore, for us to make friends now who will be in a position to help us later.

If all this seems trite and pietistic, be assured it is not more so than all those ancient Catholic truths which are moulded into established and traditional forms through ages of iteration. Whether what is written here is old and trite does not matter so much. If only it puts us into the November mood, the mood of remembrance, the mood of resolves to pray for our suffering ones departed, the triteness of these paragraphs or their want of literary warmth is not of the least consequence.

“Have pity on me, at least you my friends.” If the pity that remembers and will continue to remember the suffering souls of those near to us and those less near be awakened by what is here written, surely the language of the message need not unduly concern us.

Notes and Remarks.

Some complaints are heard from rig-
orists against the use of loud speakers
at Eucharistic Congresses. They take
away from the solemnity and dignity of
divine worship. One can not see why a
device, neither large nor clumsy, which
is installed so people may hear sermons
and instructions which otherwise could
not be heard at all, takes away from the
dignity of worship. It is not comforting
for fifty or a hundred thousand people
to sit, blank-faced, watching the dumb-
show performance of a church orator
two or three hundred yards away. Nor
is it edifying to witness many of the
more nervous among the spectators con-
versing with one another during the
stress of waiting. There are rubricians
so rigorous they would have churches
lighted with candles and heated with
wood stoves. And they cling so to tra-
dition, they would have a priest refuse
to answer a sick call because it comes
out of the telephone, and not out
of the mouth of a man on horse-
back at midnight.

"I saw clearly," Cardinal Hayes is
reported to have said in a newspaper
review in San Francisco recently, "a
trend toward temperance before Pro-
hibition came in. I noticed people were
not drinking so much at dinners and
private affairs. I asserted some years
ago that Prohibition was very unwise
legislation, since all the people did not
accept it; and Prohibition was not a
virtue, but that temperance was."

Shortly before the advent of Prohibi-
tion, drinking in public was frowned
upon as an evidence of undiscipline and
low mentality. Now it indicates social
smartness and brave adventuring in the
excitement of getting drunk by the
younger set; and by the much more than
younger set.

There was a time when mail robbers

and voluntary defaulting bankers and
all such as were tempted to tamper
with federal laws grew white at the
thought of the long, strong arm of fed-
eral power. If the central government
is now less feared and less respected it
is largely because it has been forced to
spend its strength in feeling hip pock-
ets for whisky flasks, and peering
through key holes to discover the ini-
quity of privately owned stills.

The Sisters of the Poor Child Jesus
in Germany have written us of the
financial difficulties which confront
them in their work of caring for the
orphans. We commend these worthy
Sisters, along with all similar Catholic
workers, to the charity of our readers.
Their address is: Sisters of the Poor
Child Jesus; Kalk, Kloster Mariahilf;
Bertramste 16; Rheinprovinz; Deutsch-
land.

Recently the secretary of the Catholic
Welfare Council criticized President
Hoover for his somewhat infelicitous
telegram of felicitation to American
Lutherans. The secretary was criticized
in certain quarters for being too out-
spoken and rather undiplomatic, and
wanting in discretion. Catholics in big
business or in diplomacy or in the some-
times questionable labyrinths of politics
are always administering the opiate of
caution to us even when we are bowed
down under the most pressing insults.
"It does us harm," they assure us. They
help to "shape the whispers of the
throne," and they know. Catholics must
learn to suffer and to surrender. So
long as we are permitted to live, we
must not assert ourselves. If we do,
the agents of big business and the
diplomats and the office hunters may be
smoked out of their security in political
speak-easies. If the President of the
United States were to send a telegram
to any organization, religious or politi-

cal, which contained an implied offense equivalent to that against Catholics in this recent telegram to the American Lutherans, the President would be roundly scolded. And all the bishops, clerical and lay, the pastors, the elders, the vestrymen, and the laity would shout, "Amen, brother!" But if a Catholic speaks he is "injuring the cause," because he is smoking out certain politicians and big business gentlemen who move, so far as their Catholicity is concerned, on rubber heels.

In Spain, road courtesy demands that all passers-by offer help to the autoist who is experiencing car trouble. Recently Señor Graells, a native of Barcelona, was assisted by two charming young people when he was in dire straits, because of gasoline shortage. "Whom am I to thank for this help?" Señor Graells asked when the two Good Samaritans had finally landed his gasping machine in the automobile inn.

"I," said the young Miss, "am the Infanta Doña Mercedes, and this is my brother, the Infante Don José Eugenio."

So Señor Graells had the honor of having his machine pushed to a service station by the nephew and niece of the King of Spain. The report does not say whether Señor Graells was thankful. But we presume he was.

English Catholic weeklies are giving considerable space to Cardinal Bourne's reply to the Lambeth Conference pronouncement on birth control. The Cardinal Archbishop took occasion to give his answer when speaking at the opening of new schools at Swansea. The distinguished English prelate is reported to have been more vigorous than is his wont, due, no doubt, to the complete abdication of traditional Christian ethics by the Anglican bishops.

"It is recognized," the Cardinal declared, "that the prelates who adopted

this resolution have abdicated any claim which they may have been thought to possess to be the authorized exponents of Christian morality." Their resolution, the Cardinal asserted, is an "abandonment of unbroken traditional Christian teaching."

The direct teaching of the Catholic Church on this subject, binding on every man and woman, is set down by His Eminence in unmistakable phrases. "Any direct interference with the natural consequence of the marital relationship, namely conception, whether within the marriage state or outside it, is an unnatural vice, sinning against the nature which God has bestowed upon us, and therefore grievously displeasing in His sight."

All which is clear, and quite free from needless theological or medical terminology.

After attending a capacity audience performance of the Passion Play at Oberammergau, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford met the former actor of "Christus," Mr. Anton Lang. The auto manufacturer and Mrs. Ford were very much moved at the affecting portrayal of the Passion, and complimented the earlier "Christus" who was prologuist in this year's production. To give more tangible evidence of his artistic appreciation, Mr. Ford offered Mr. Lang his choice of any automobile the city of Munich had on sale. The news note does not tell us whether Lincolns are on the Munich market.

A speculative columnist wonders pensively why the former Princess Giovanna of Italy wept the morning she was married to King Boris of Bulgaria in the church of St. Francis of Assisi. It should not require a long search to discover. Quite likely the young princess was lonesome leaving her father and mother, the king and queen of Italy,

who are domestic people and love their Giovanna. And be sure she loves them. She has brothers and sisters for whom she felt the pain of loss. And her Italy, the country of her birth, of her childhood and youth, she was lonesome after that be sure. And her Rome of ancient things and mysteries and dim churches—she missed Rome no doubt. It was not so easy for the future queen of Bulgaria to witness the vanishing skies of her native country, and all the countryside, and her own people whom she knew and loved.

Queenship is golden in the narratives of foreign correspondents and in the faded pages of far-away romance. But young queens can be as lonesome as exiled peasants, and amid the glamor of their throne rooms can sigh for home. And no doubt this explains why Princess Giovanna, a young girl out of Italy, could weep so mournfully the morning she was married to a king and stepped into queenship.

More than 10,000 persons attended two mass meetings at Minneapolis, Minnesota, recently as a part of a three-day celebration in honor of the spiritual pioneer of the Northwest, Father Hennepin. It was the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the missionary's discovery of the Falls of St. Anthony. A statue of the great missionary, the gift of the Knights of Columbus, was unveiled following the Sunday morning Mass. Judge Thomas D. O'Brien, of St. Paul, recounted the splendid contribution of Father Hennepin to the pioneering of the Northwest. Vicomte Theophile de Lantsheere, first secretary of the Belgian Embassy in Washington, represented the Belgian Government.

The two hundred and fifty years which have gone by since Father Hennepin adventured for God in the wilderness beyond the lakes may be eloquent of tardy recognition. But it is often so.

In these rush days, when ideals are more and more drifting toward material successes as the evidences of greatness, and when the triumphs of the spirit are less and less, we should be grateful, perhaps, that men of all creeds and of none pay a delayed tribute to the humble priest who, as Governor Christianson said, "came not to found an empire but to seek spiritual values."

One of the many misconceptions about the Catholic Church is that the Pope must be an Italian. Of course, our people know how absurd that report is; but for purposes of refutation it is well to keep in mind the following tabulation from that excellent publication, "The Bulletin of the Catholic Layman's Association of Georgia." It says: "If such an arrangement, the election of an Italian Pope, satisfied Catholics, others should have no objection. But as a matter of fact, there have been among the Popes thirteen Frenchmen, thirteen Greeks, six Germans, two Spaniards, six Syrians, three Africans, one Englishman, two Dalmatians, and six of smaller nationalities. St. Peter was a Jew."

Let us not forget that, as Möhler remarks: "Without the Scriptures the true form of the sayings of our Blessed Lord would have been withheld from us. We should not have known how the God-man spoke. Yet the Catholic does not derive his faith in Christ from the Scriptures; for he had it already, before the first Epistle and the first Gospel were written. His faith dates back to St. Peter's confession at Cæsarea Philippi: 'Thou art Christ, the son of the living God.'"

The latest marriage and divorce statistics issued at Washington are not comforting. The year before last for every 61 marriages contracted, 10 collapsed in the divorce courts. Last year

the proportion was 60 to 10. The increase, though slight, indicates anyhow that we are moving in the wrong direction. In the year 1928 there were 195,939 divorces, and in 1929 the total ran up to 210,455. And so the number grows year after year with pendulum regularity.

Any country, no matter how prosperous, or how efficient the agencies for its social and moral uplift, which witnesses the slow destruction of so basic a division of the State as the family group, cannot afford to fiddle. Newspaper paragraphers, magazine humorists, stage comedians pass out their witticisms about marriage just as they do about the mothers of large families. And the divorcees and the voluntary childless laugh and take comfort.

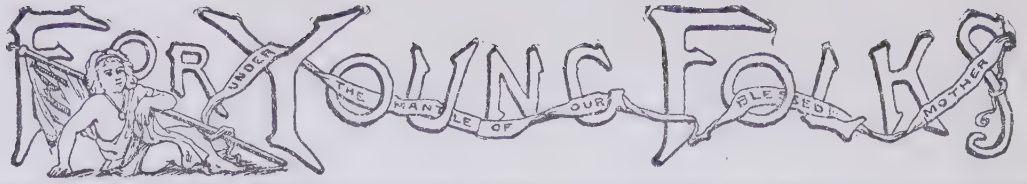
A nation is not fundamentally more sound than its aggregate of homes. Levity about marriage and the large family may secure millions of laughs and incidentally millions of dollars. But perhaps the fiddlers are getting their inspiration out of a burning Rome.

At this writing we are still waiting for the report of the President's Law Enforcement Commission. It has labored more leisurely than any most cautious commission heretofore. Sounds of lesser discords are heard from time to time coming out of Chambers; but the sessions continue. Perhaps when this note is printed a report will be before the country, and the morning papers giving expression to varied comment. As likely as not the Commission will announce that there is at present in the country a general disrespect for the Prohibition Amendment which is the law of the land; and that it is the duty of good citizens to respect the majesty of the law by obeying it. And it is equally likely that citizens will continue untamed in their disrespect and disobedience. Because until people accept Pro-

hibition as beneficial and necessary for themselves and for the nation, they will evade it. The common consent of all the good and near good accepts human life and human property and virtue as sacred. Therefore the good and the near good do not murder or steal or violate defenseless women. When Prohibition has that universal approval behind it, there will be no evasion or disrespect to distress the makers of law and order. Nor will a Commission in Chambers be needed to coax or frighten Mr. Citizen into his obedience.

"Why do you Catholics take so much trouble to prove the primacy of St. Peter?" asks a captious critic. The answer is plain, and may be briefly stated. Christ said to him: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church." "Confirm the brethren." "Feed my sheep." Is it not significant that whenever the names of the Apostles are enumerated in the New Testament St. Peter always heads the list? In the Acts, it is recorded that while *Peter* was speaking, "the Holy Ghost fell on all them that heard the word." St. Peter is mentioned as many as 195 times in the Gospels and Acts, and the other Apostles, reckoned all together, are mentioned only 130 times. Search the Scriptures, friend.

Dr. Selden Delany, a recent distinguished convert from Anglicanism, notes that the position of the Papacy has been immensely solidified and strengthened since the War. Whereas before the great struggle only a few nations sent diplomatic representatives to the Vatican, there are now ambassadors from practically every nation in Europe and the Americas, except the United States. "This means," he declares, "that the Pope is now the spokesman of Christianity to most of the nations of the world."



Strange Processional.

BY EVANGELINE C. COZZENS.

THE sacristy door opens in the East,
In solemn pomp the choir boys appear;
The deacon and subdeacon and the priest
And pastor's cat and dog bring up the rear.
Strange worshippers within the holy fane
Stare open-mouthed at this unholy sight,
And wait an outraged sexton with his cane
Put cat and dog to a deserving flight.
Contented, as if under holy spell,
Both beasts in reverence hear the solemn Mass,
Sung by the kindly voice they know so well,
Then in recessional, dignified, they pass.
Saint Francis to the wild beasts and the birds
Preached sermons in the forest glade;
The snow-white Unicorn, tradition says,
In adoration to the Virgin prayed.

Little Texas.

BY MRS. ALFRED DE ROULET.

IV.—IN THE COTTON FIELD.

IT was a very happy May Manthus who sat proudly beside her Grandfather upon the front seat of the buckboard next day. On the back seat was Mother with Mammy beside her holding Robert Lee—good old Mammy, whose mother had been Grandmother's slave, and, as Mrs. Ochiltree's maid, had nursed every one of the children. Her old black face was wrinkled and seamed; the kinky hair under the snowy turban was white, but the eyes were bright and kind as ever. To her mistress, Mammy was devotion itself; to the children she was a tyrant of the most severe type, but a loving tyrant too.

It was the freshest of mornings, the

air cool and sweet. The horses trotted along swiftly, tossing their fine heads, quite oblivious of the roads over which they were trotting. Texas roads are very poor to travel on, for the soil is the black gumbo which is soft and spongy with the constant rains.

When the rain ceases and the mud dries up, the children play hide-and-seek in the holes in the roads of even the town itself, where only the main business streets are paved. To strangers this state of things is terrible, but the Texans are used to it and they jog along through the mud careless of any possible danger.

All along the side of the road grew a forest of splendid trees, oaks, cedars, and pecans heavy with nuts, as were the hickory and black walnut trees, and there were graceful elms and the majestic cottonwood.

"Grand," said Manthus "what kind of tree is that with such bright green leaves?"

"That's the *Bois d'Arc*, Honey; most everybody calls it the *bodark*, and it means "bow wood." It makes the finest bows of any wood in the world, and the Indians used to come all the way from the Dakotas to cut it for their weapons."

"It's mighty pretty," said Manthus. "What is that lovely field, all purple, with a big round spot in the middle just like a bald head?"

"That's a field of alfalfa," he answered. "And that bare spot came from a disease called root rot, which attacks the plant and runs right down to the root. The farmer was lucky to be able to kill it out before the spot grew any larger, for I have often seen it spread fifty feet in a circle.

"Do you see that little river, Manthus? That marks the beginning of my

place, and you can see the cotton fields beyond."

"There's Grandmother at the door! Oh, doesn't she look too dear for anything!" cried the little girl, and her Mother answered, "Indeed, she does."

Mrs. Morgan bore her seventy years with the same dignified and gracious calm she had worn when radiant youth had enwrapped her and made her the belle of the Virginia plantations surrounding her father's estate. Then her silver hair was the softest brown, her cheek was as soft as down, unwrinkled as a child's, but the deep blue eyes were no sweeter and the lips no tenderer than now. Under the gentle exterior there was a will of iron, a principle for right which none could shake; but everybody loved her, and to her grandchildren she was even a little nearer perfection than their mother.

With a lovely smile of welcome for her guests she stood on the steps of the old-fashioned house which Major Morgan had built years ago and Manthus sprang out of the buckboard to hug her violently, saying:

"I'm so glad we've come, you dear, precious, lovely Grandmother!"

After an exchange of greetings, the little group entered the old house. The two children, tired with the long drive, went early to bed and slept soundly all night. The next day they rose bright and early.

"O 'Grand,' have they begun to pick the cotton yet?" asked Manthus, as the Major came down to breakfast.

"No, children; not yet. You see the cotton is spoiled if it gets wet while picking, so we never start until the dew is off the ground. Don't you worry, I'll take you with me when I go to the field."

So Manthus ran about the yard feeding the chickens and playing with the cats, Jessie May under her arm. Manthus never went anywhere without Jessie May and Bobby stayed just as close at her side. Before the yard was half

explored, "Grand" rode around from the stables on his beautiful chestnut horse, and said:

"Come, Ladybird, the pickers have started to the field. You and Bobby can have a ride if you'll hang on tight."

"Deed I will," Manthus cried, and he swung her up behind him, while Uncle Nicodemus who, with the other Negroes from town had come to help with the picking, put Bobby up in front on the Major's big cavalry saddle.

What a wonderful sight was the cotton field! It stretched its snowy beauty in every direction as far as the eye could see. As it was the last picking of the year, the leaves were nearly all off the bushes and the large bolls were bursting with the fluffy white masses. Along the rows the Negroes were working. The skilful fingers, long accustomed to the difficult task of stripping the cotton from the pod to which it clings, rapidly stripped the seed and lint from the pod and threw them into a bag fastened around the picker's waist. When he reached the end of a row he emptied the contents of the bag into a huge basket standing there. All about the field were men and women pickers and even little pickaninnies who picked the low plants and were called "Bumble bees." All were busy and happy, laughing and talking, one bunch of pickers listening to a ghost story told by Uncle Rastus, over seventy years of age, but one of the fastest pickers on the field despite the "misery in his bones." In another part of the field a group was singing, but all ceased when the Major appeared and everything was silent and decorous. All knew it wasn't "mannehs" to sing when "de white folks weh visitin' the fiel'."

"O 'Grand,'" cried Manthus, "isn't it lovely! How do all those lovely white puff balls get there? Won't you tell me all about it from the very first of things?" Manthus was very fond of hearing about the beginning of things.

"Well, the very first of a cotton field is breaking up the ground and plowing it," said her grandfather. "Here in Texas we do it in January, throwing the soil up into ridges with a depression in the middle of each into which the seed is thrown in March by means of the seed planter. This looks like a wheelbarrow with a hole in the middle and a bucket set on top of the hole. A mule draws it while a Negro drives. The planter has a sharp trowel on it which opens the ground as the seed drops from a hole in the bottom of the bucket."

"I'd like to see it planted some time," said Manthus.—"Then what do they do after that? How long does it take for the seed to come up?"

"Sometimes it will be up in three days, but it generally takes about a week. At first the plant is just a stem with a leaf at the top, then later it branches out, and there appears a flower among the bright green leaves. This flower lasts only three days, and is at first snowy white with a slight canary color. The next day it is pink, and the third, it is deep red. When the petals drop off there is left behind the little round heart in the calyx, and this grows and grows until it is a large boll the size of a hen's egg. When this is ripe it bursts open and inside are the seeds and cotton. The Darkies say that it takes three days from seed to stalk, twenty-seven days from bud to flower; the flower lasts three days and the boll is forty-seven in getting ready to burst, making eighty days from start to finish."

"Is that all there is to do? It seems to me it's easy to raise cotton—just stick a seed in the ground and wait till picking time," said Manthus.

"No, indeed; that's not all, and it's not so easy as it looks," said "Grand." "When the plants first sprout they grow too close together and they have to be thinned out. This is called 'chopping out,' and it has to be done by the Darkies with their hoes. They have to be

very careful to cut out the poorest plants and leave the good ones. After chopping out comes weeding and cultivating with plow and hoe, because when the plants are growing they must have as much moisture as possible and the soil has to be turned over and over. After that the ground is allowed to dry, and during this period we say that the crop is 'laid by.' Generally a month elapses before the cotton is ready to pick. It is picked first in September, the first bolls bursting then, but there are four pickings in season, the last being in November."

"What do they do after it is picked?" asked Manthus.

"After the cotton is weighed, the Darkies are paid so much a pound for picking it. It is taken to the gin, and there a machine separates the seeds from the cotton. The seeds are used for planting next year and for several other things. We make cotton-seed oil out of them, and the meal that is left after the oil is extracted makes good feed for cattle. After the seeds are separated from the cotton it is pressed into the huge bales, which you have so often seen, and sent to town, and that's as far as I can take you, little girl. You'll have to be much bigger than you are now to understand how it is made into frocks and pinafores."

"Thank you ever so much. It was lovely to know the first of it. I wonder where Bobby is; he was here just a minute ago. He couldn't get lost, could he, 'Grand'?"

"Not with all the hands about. I'll tell the overseer to find him," said "Grand," but before he could speak further a squeal of delight was heard, and Bobby appeared riding on the shoulders of Uncle Rastus, who was carrying his basket of cotton to the wagon. The old man was grinning broadly, and set astride of his neck Bobby clung with his sturdy legs like a little horseman, one hand waving a bunch of cotton, the other clutching the Negro's snow-white

top-knot. As he saw his sister he called out "Bobby's havin' pow'ful nice time. Bushes all got white hair like Uncle Rastus, an' they let me pick some!"

"Hurrah for the youngest picker," said "Grand" laughing. "Better look out Uncle, or he'll take your head for a cotton bush."

"All right, Sah, I reckon so," said the old Darky as he swung the little boy to the ground. "But I'm feahed my ole haid ain't wuth as much as a cotton bush these days, Massa."

V.—A PRODIGAL SON.

It was the day before Christmas, and Manthus was set to mind Bobby, for all the older children were busy either preparing Christmas gifts or helping Mother or Aunt Seeley in the cook's cabin. It was warm and sunny, and the children were hatless on the lawn.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" hoarsely carolled the big Shanghai, and Bobby said "Nice big rooster, laid me an aig fo' dinner."

"Why, Robert Lee, ain't you a baby," said Manthus, wise with her two extra years. "Roosters don't lay eggs."

"Roosters do," disputed Bobby; "laid me a nice boiled aig fo' breakfast this morning."

"Oh, no, dear; it's not that way at all," returned Manthus. "Roostehs come from eggs, but hens lay 'em."

"Me likes roosteh aigs best," Bobby replied stubbornly, and Manthus gave up the subject in despair.

"Come and see Polly," she said. "Morgan taught her to say that, just listen."

The parrot was swinging from his perch on the gallery and screeching: "Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas," over and over again, proud of having learned something new. As the children drew near Polly called "Hello, Polly," and hopped along the perch toward Bobby. That young gentleman was much insulted.

"Go 'way, ugly bird," he said.

"Hello, Polly," repeated the parrot.

"My name is not Polly," said the little boy with much dignity. "My name is Wobe't Lee Ochiltree," but as Polly only reiterated "Hello, Polly," Bobby stamped with rage.

"Me wants Motheh," remarked Bobby, a fatal speech, for Manthus had been warned that on no account was he to be allowed to disturb the party in the kitchen.

"Do stay with sister," the little girl coaxed, "she's powerful lonesome without you."

"Me wants to go feed Mo'gans prairie dog," said the cross little boy.

"Oh, Bobby, I believe you're surely getting teeth, you're so cranky. Don't you remember the prairie dog bit you the other day?" said Manthus. "Bad doggie made a bite on Bobby's hand,—horrid bite. Mother had to wash all the tooth marks off with antiseptics."

"Nice clean teeth, all white and clean; doggy had nice clean teeth," declared Bobby, but in remembrance of the cruel nip those 'nice clean teeth' had given him, he decided to seek other pleasures, though, boy-like, he was too proud to let his sister know he had changed his mind.

"Now me want half-day sucker," he proclaimed next. This delicacy was a huge gumdrop on the end of a stick, and its real name was 'all day sucker,' but Bobby, having been presented with one by his elder sister, had chewed it up, stick and all in one short morning, loudly proclaiming, "T'ithn't all day thicker, 'tall! It's only half-day thicker, tho theah!"

"There isn't any, dear. You come in the hammock and I'll tell you a lovely story," urged Manthus, and Bobby consented, his little fat legs trudging after her to the big hammock slung between two live oak trees in a pleasant and shady spot.

"I'm going to tell you about the Prodigal Son," said Manthus.

"Want hear 'bout Proggiwal Daughter," said Bobby, still fussy. He was usually the pleasantest little chap, but the excitement in the air had gotten on his nerves.

"Oh, darling; there wasn't any. There never is; it's always sons. You listen and see what a nice story it is." So Bobby cuddled down by his sister and listened to the sweet little voice. He loved Manthus dearly. Sometimes the two little folk had disagreements, for both had tempers of their own, and Manthus was little more than a baby herself and found it hard always to give up. But generally they played nicely together, and whenever Mother said: "Now Mary Amanthus, I put you on your honor to take care of little brother," she could always be depended upon to do it.

"Once upon a time," began Manthus, "there was a little boy and he lived with his father. I reckon he must 'a' been born without any mother 'cause she wouldn't 'a' had such doin's at her house, and of course fathers are too busy to tend to such trifles as children when there's ranches and cotton and real important things to tend to. This little boy wasn't very good, and at last he took all his pennies out of his bank and ran away from home. At first he had a good time, leastwise I reckon so, 'cause it doesn't say much about that. But after he'd spent all his money for half-day suckers and jujubes and chocolates and all sorts of things, he was hungry. He didn't have any cake or cookies, not even corn bread, and he had to go and eat pig feed and sleep in the corn crib.

"It was a powerful ugly way to do and the first thing he knew he was homesick. He remembered all the pies and doughnuts and 'lasses and fig preserves he usteh have at home, and he wanted to go right back there and get some goodies, but he was afraid his father would spank him pink, and so he

stayed and stayed till he just couldn't stand it any longer. Then he got up and started toward home fast as he could go, not stopping to think and 'fraid he'd get scared again. When he was a long way off he saw his father coming and he said to himself 'I reckon I'd better go and say 'scuse me mighty quick before I get spanked,' so he ran to his father and said: 'Father, I have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight, please excuse me.' And his father said, 'Certainly, child, certainly, have some candy?' and then he knew it was all right, and that's the story of the Prodigal Son," and Manthus concluded morally, "And don't you ever act like that."

Bobby had been deeply interested. Young as he was he had passed through such crucial moments as the Prodigal when his fate trembled in the balance between a justly deserved spanking and forgiveness. His mind dwelt less upon the moral of the tale than upon the very agreeable behavior of the Prodigal's father.

Seeing his own father crossing the lawn, he rushed up to him and with his most engaging lisp proclaimed, "Me ith Proggiwal Thon. Div me thum candy, do!"

Mr. Ochiltree did not fully understand this speech, but he seldom refused anything to the black velvet eyes and bewitching dimples of his youngest. The word candy was perfectly intelligible, and a ready hand sought his pocket for a nickle (There are no pennies in Texas wherewith to satisfy childhood's demands). And Bobby was the richer by a five-cent piece, the mate to which at once found its way into Manthus' eager outstretched hand.

"Me likth to be Proggiwal Thon, me doth," gurgled Bobby, and Manthus, sharer in his ill-gotten gains, could only say:

"O Bobby, they generally do!"

(To be continued.)

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Messrs. Sheed and Ward, London, announce the following books: A new edition of G. K. Chesterton's "Greybeards at Play," first published thirty years ago; an English translation by Father Leonard of "St. Theresa in her Writings," by Rudolph Hoornaert, who includes a summary of Sixteenth-Century Spain from the literary, social and political points of view; and the first volume of a posthumous work on "Jesus Christ," by Leonce de Grandmaison and translated by Dom Basil Whelan, O. S. B.

—"White Horsemen, the Story of the Jesuit Martyrs of North America," by Mrs. Thomas Concannon, M. A., D. Litt., based on the Relations de la Nouvelle France, and other sources, was originally published in serial form in the *Far East*. This is an inspiring little book. The narrative is spirited, the main facts are set forth in an attractively heroic manner, and in general, the treatment is popular and most interesting—the type of book that readers, young and old, will read with eagerness and delight. Publisher, Herder. Price, 90c.

—Though the plot of "The Bascomb Boys on the Gridiron," by the Rev. H. J. Heagney, is somewhat hackneyed and two football games are not played wholly under modern rules, nevertheless the average boy will like this story. Al, the cowboy cousin of Ted, enters St. Andrew's, goes out for the team, and finally wins a place on it. Plenty of action is supplied by the football games, the evil deeds of three villains, the puzzling character of a doctor, and the hunt for the buried treasure. Publisher, Benziger. Price, \$1.25 net.

—"Eucharistic Whisperings, Being Pious Reflections on the Holy Eucharist and Heart to Heart Talks with Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament," adapted by Winfrid Herbst, S. D. S., from the German translation by Ottilie Boediker, is the fifth volume of this splendid series. These prayers are heart-thoughts with an unction of spirit that is cer-

tain to foster devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and to develop the practice of living in the presence of God. Those who sometimes find it difficult to speak to God in their own words, or who lack the necessary fervor in telling Him about their daily concerns, their hopes and sorrows and joys, could use this booklet with great profit. Publisher, The Society of the Divine Saviour, St. Nazianz, Wisconsin.

—The author of "The Spirit of God and the Faith of To-day," Richard Roberts, does not accept fully the historicity of the Gospels, believes that the healing of the cripple at the Gate of the Temple by St. Peter was not necessarily a miracle, holds the gift of tongues was not an actual gift of tongues, and in general inclines to naturalism in his explanation of the facts of the Gospels. Moreover, he does not admit that the Holy Ghost is truly God; yet he sees the need of the presence of a living Spirit for the renewal of religion in the world to-day. The particular work of that Spirit would be to foster devotion and prayer. How weak and inadequate and un-Catholic is this book! Publisher, Willett, Clark, Colby, Chicago. Price, \$2 net.

—"Mary Rose in Friendville," by Mary Mabel Wirries, is a most delightful story. Mary Rose, worn with her charitable work at Rose Gables and worried about her soldier-fiancé, Tim, who has been reported missing in action, goes home for a visit. Some of the incidents seem so trivial: the painting of a room by a boy, the organization and work of the "detectionives and flanthropists," and the picnic; others are seriously important: the First Communion, Tim's return, the alumnae reunion, and the changing of a name to Mrs. Timothy Malone. All, as this gifted author uses them, are sources of gentle humor and genial fun, swift action, sprightly dialogue, general joyousness and solemn responsibility. Publisher, Benziger. Price, \$1 net.

—"The Church of the Early Centuries," by Professor Amann, translated by E. Raybould,

Ph. D., is Volume XV. of The Catholic Library of Religious Knowledge series. The first part sketches the Church in the Pagan empire: the propagation of the Church, the persecutions, the interior life manifested, the doctrinal controversies, and the peace that came with the Edict of Milan. The second part has to do with the Church in the Christian empire: the religious controversies of the Fourth Century, the barbarian invasions, the East in the Fifth Century, the Occidental schisms and the effort toward reunion. In general, the treatment is clear, not technical, and sufficiently complete, so as to describe in a faithful and informative way the Church of the early centuries. Publisher, Herder. Price, \$1.35 net.

—The vigorous and ever-active Archbishop of Liverpool, the Most Reverend Richard Downey, Ph. D., D. D., has found time to contribute the volume, "The Blessed Trinity," to the Treasury of the Faith series (Macmillan Company, 75c). One can hardly expect anything new or original in a treatise on the Blessed Trinity, but one will find a difficult theological treatise put in clear English, with as much simplicity as the subject will allow. General notions of the Trinity, a statement of the Catholic doctrine, and the Scriptural texts from the Old and New Testaments that bear upon it, are followed by a brief but quite adequate treatment of the Divine nature and processions, and the temporal mission of the Divine Persons. Laymen will find in this volume a very real aid in getting hold of so profound a subject; and the theological student will find it valuable as a guide in his study of a difficult tract.

—"De la Salle Brothers," by Rev. Brother Bernardine, F. S. C., with Foreword by his Lordship, the Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, is not a mere history of this Brotherhood. The government of the Order, the formation of its members, the inner life of the community, and the spirit of its schools are clearly set forth. In addition, there is a brief life of St. John Baptist de la Salle; and in a summary are given the countries in which the Order has foundations, together with the

number of Provinces, schools and approximate number of pupils.—"Christian Architecture," by James Moffat, is a concise, somewhat technical and yet popular exposition of the different types of architecture: Græco-Roman, Byzantine, Romanesque, Gothic, Renaissance, and Modern.—"St. Gerard Majella, C. SS. R., by the Rev. John Carr, C. SS. R., is the record of a saint whose life was a continuous miracle. As a lay-brother, he was in turn gardener, sacristan, cook, tailor, refectorian, infirmarian, carpenter and porter. Through these obediences he became holy. Noted for his perfect obedience, self-denial, spirit of prayer, zeal for souls, and love of God, he was also a wonder-worker. Publisher, The Catholic Truth Society of Dublin, Ireland.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xliii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. McEntyre, Archdiocese of New York; Rev. P. Dominick Barthel, O. S. B., S. T. D.

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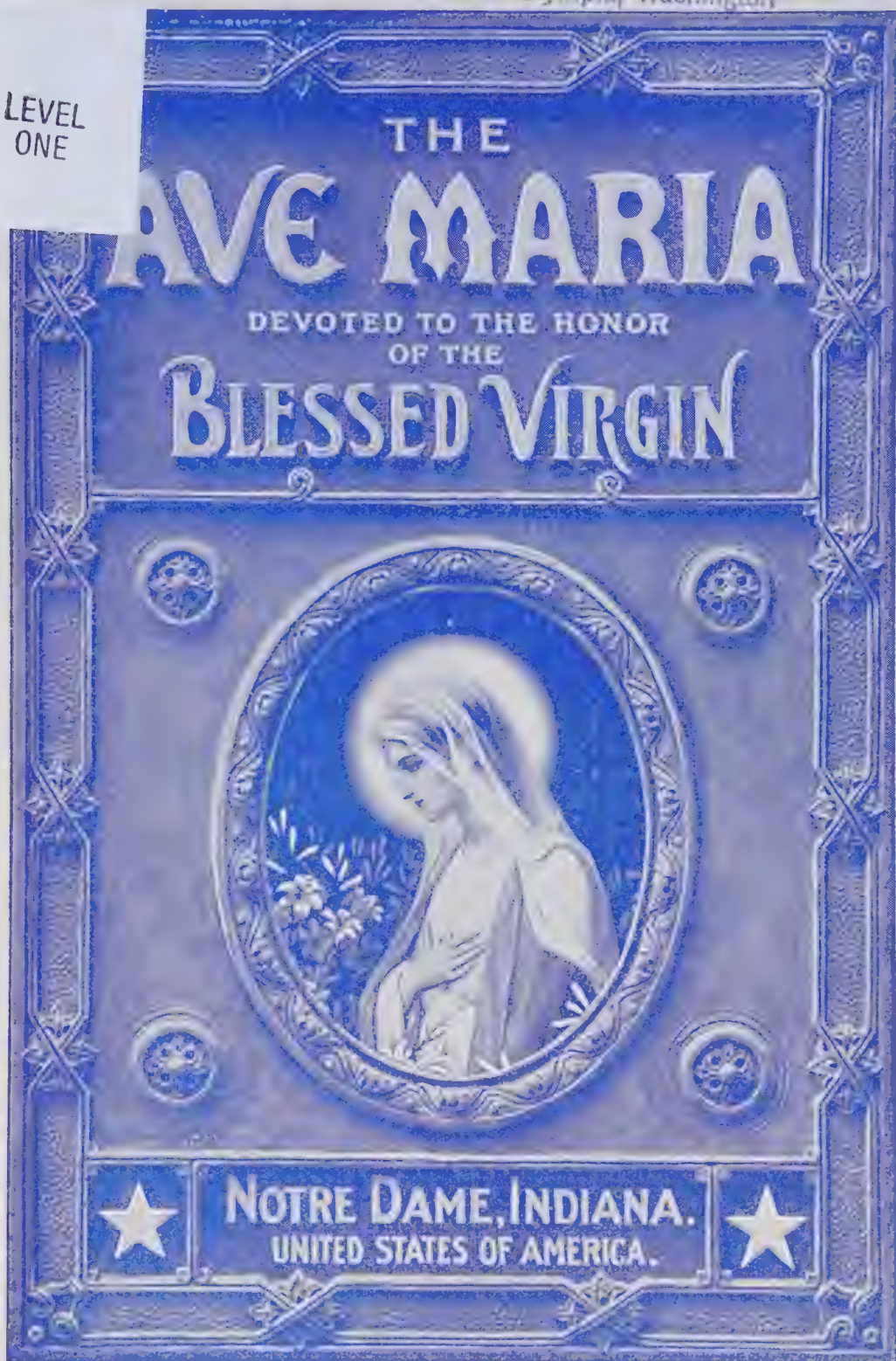
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

| | |
|--|---|
| SATURDAY, 15.—St. Gertrude, V. St. Malo, B. | SS. Peter and Paul. St. Hilda, V. |
| SUNDAY, 16.—TWENTY-THIRD AFTER PENTECOST. St. Edmund, B. C. | WEDNESDAY, 19.—St. Elizabeth of Hungary, W. |
| MONDAY, 17.—St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, B. C. | THURSDAY, 20.—St. Felix of Valois, C. |
| TUESDAY, 18.—Dedication of the Basilicas of | FRIDAY, 21.—Presentation of the B. V. M. St. Columban, Ab. |
| | SATURDAY, 22.—St. Cecilia, V. M. |

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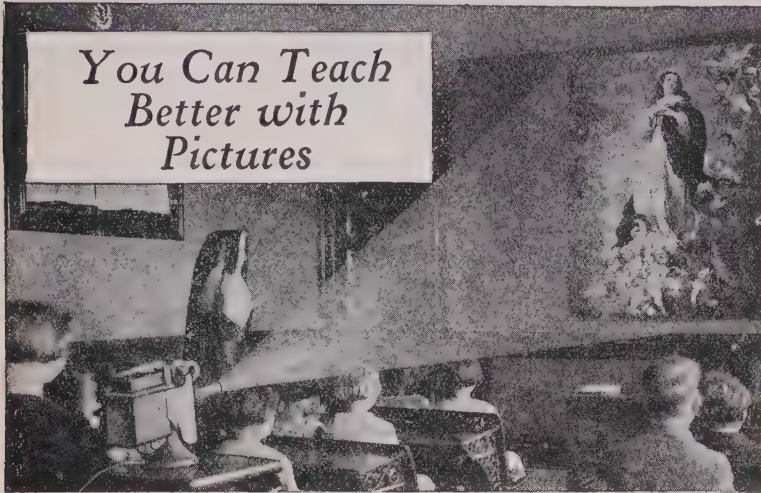
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Wishing.

BY LIAM P. CLANCY.

I WISH I were in Ireland,—
At home or anywhere
Within a hill-girt valley,
Or on a mountain bare:
I'd travel hill and hollow,
And I'd sail the ocean wide,
To see the gold gorse burning
Upon a green hillside.

I would that I were going
To where the blackbird's call
Rings down the quiet valley
Beneath Glounn's waterfall:
It's little I'd be heeding
The lure of London Town,
Could I hear the gay lark singing
Above the mountains brown.

I wish I were in Ireland,—
At home or anywhere
About the glens of Antrim,
Or on the hills of Clare:
No trouble I'd be knowing,
And no grief might e'er betide,
Could I see the gold gorse burning
Upon a green hillside.

HAIL MARY! When she heard it for the first time from the lips of Gabriel she conceived the Word of God; and now whenever human lips repeat these words her breast is moved at the remembrance of that moment unique in heaven or on earth; and all eternity feels the thrill of the happiness she then experienced.—*Lucordaire*.

The Unromantic Catholic.

BY STANLEY B. JAMES.

IT is to Sir Walter Scott (the centenary of whose death will be celebrated in two years) that the beginning of the Catholic revival is generally credited. The glamour which he threw over Medieval times incidentally revealed the Church as, at least, picturesque. In place of the harsh iconoclasm of a former age there was awakened a new interest in ancient institutions. He made it possible for his generation to sentimentalize over the ruins of abbeys which its predecessors had ruthlessly spoiled. Even if monks and nuns lived infamous lives, it had to be granted that cowls and coifs had a romantic appearance. Friars might be vagabonds, but they were jolly rascals who looked well in the picture. Masses for the dead, the invocation of saints, incense and altar lights, though they might suggest superstitious practices, were pleasing stage-effects, and the footlights enabled one to forget their more sinister meanings. Such was the nature of the reaction created by "the Wizard of the North."

Gradually the romantic movement deepened. From admiring the Church as a picturesque institution, certain Victorians, chiefly associated with that "home of lost causes," Oxford, began to imitate her practices and profess many of her beliefs. Could not the Articles of the Church of England, it was

asked, be so interpreted as to permit the hearing of confessions and a Catholic view of the Blessed Sacrament. Before long, Anglican clergymen might be seen going about attired in the habits of religious, dangling crucifixes from their girdles, and displaying shaven crowns. It was all very novel and exciting, and gave religion an additional charm. Emerging from the prosy Protestantism of the preceding age into this refurnished Establishment was like stepping into fairyland. Thus was it through the gateway of Romance that the Church, in numerous instances, reentered English life.

It is still observable that many who entirely repudiate her authority keenly appreciate what may be called the sentimental value of the Church. The toleration extended to her is largely due to the respect felt for an ancient institution which, though now an anachronism, has an appealing quaintness. This romantic character is often supposed to comprise her sole claim to survival and to be the main attraction which draws converts within the Fold. In the estimation of many, she has no longer any spiritual substantiality, and is but a paste-board structure having no more reality than stage scenery.

There is, however, one consideration which might cause those who hold this view to pause before coming to a final verdict. The position of the Church in the United States, where she is more than holding her own and, indeed, promises to become a still more powerful factor in the religious life of the nation, is unique. There she finds herself in a community peculiarly modern in its outlook. There is something antagonistic in the atmosphere of North America to Medieval institutions.

The principles of the Revolution have fashioned a civilization which, according to critics like Hilaire Belloc, is quite unlike that, of even present-day Europe.

Architecture, political methods, social customs, proclaim other ideals than those of the past. In the clear light of the Republic, the stage apparatus of feudalism stands revealed for what it is. The deceptive glamour of the theater has there no chance. Institutions which still hold there own in the older parts of the world, no sooner touch transatlantic shores than they wither and die. The prevailing industrial utilitarianism and scientific efficiency make fashions which have nothing but their antiquity and picturesqueness to recommend them look ridiculous.

The States, in fact, are fiercely opposed to all those values which are supposed to constitute the Church's sole stock-in-trade. Yet, as has been seen, this "feudal" institution, this "Medieval anachronism" flourishes on their soil. Battlemented castles, moated granges, monarchy, hereditary titles, the ideals of militarism have never been able to root themselves deeply there. The cult of antiquity, the acceptance of tradition, as tradition, must remain for Americans the fad of the few; it cannot become a general sentiment.

The position of the Catholic Church in their country, on the supposition that it represents only an outworn European romanticism, is therefore a problem. It is as though one were to find Teutonic phrases embedded in a Slavonic language, or plants indigenous to African swamps on Alpine heights. The thing, on the theory mentioned, is a contradiction. The only solution is that the values represented by the Church are universal, and that such romance as pertains to it is not of the skin-deep type imagined, but is of its essence. If it were no more than the moonlit ruin of Scott's novels it could not have survived, much less flourished, in the commercial and industrial community of the West.

A fact leading to the same conclusion

is the attitude towards his Church of the average Catholic, whether in America or elsewhere. It would be untrue to say that he is indifferent to its picturesque and dramatic aspects, but it is quite clear that they do not constitute for him the chief thing. In England, for instance, it is often found that the faithful worship in some humble and shabby structure within the shadow of some cathedral whose architectural glory throws it into the shade. Or it may be that the "Mass" celebrated in the nearby High Anglican edifice far outbids in point of exterior splendor anything that the priest of the neighboring Catholic church can manage to secure.

It is not Catholics who best describe the artistic glories of the Institution to which they belong. It is a significant fact that the novels which do this with most success are generally by non-Catholics. It was while still outside the Church that Sigrid Undset, the famous Norwegian convert, wrote those stories in which her country's Catholic and Medieval past lives again. It remains to be seen whether her later work will show the same appreciation of the picturesque past. It would not be surprising if it did not.

It is not an uncommon experience on the part of converts that actual participation in the life of the Church dissipates the glamour through which previously they had seen her. Even the greatest mysteries they find accepted with a matter-of-factness which, at first, is somewhat disillusioning. One goes to confession or receives Holy Communion without any of those thrills which had been previously imagined. Everything is so much more casual than one had expected. Indeed, it is possible to sense a measure of hostility to anything like excitement. As for the stage effects—processions, ceremonies of various kinds—they are all part of the business of the Household of the Faith. The statues

before which, in the novels we had read, devout worshippers knelt with uplifted, pleading countenances—they look a little faded and tired. Tallow drips unheeded on the shrines of saints. The smell of stale incense proves anything but romantic. Seen from within, the Church is a much more prosaic affair than had been thought.

The reason for this process of disillusionment is clear. The same kind of thing is observable wherever the spectacular is exchanged for the practical view-point. The mountain which, in the distance appears like some mighty cathedral reared by superhuman builders against the sky, to the actual climber is but a mass of rock and scrub; he sees nothing of the soaring peak it is his intention to conquer. The regiment swinging down the street to martial strains presents quite another appearance to the recruit engaged in the drudgery of barrack life or dodging shells in muddy trenches. The worker observes only the seamy side of the work. It is, as the proverb asserts, the spectator who sees most of the game.

It is in a similar fashion that the exterior and interior views of Catholicism are contrasted. For us who are on the inside, our religion is a definite and practical business. We are not in the Church for the sake of æsthetic emotions, dramatic thrills, sentimental heroics. Our religion is not a pose. The urgent matter that concerns us is the glory of God and the salvation of our souls. We like to approach our Sacramental Lord with fitting dignity and to worship Him with such beauty as we can command; but that is not for the purpose of effect, it is solely because He is worthy of all the honor we can show Him either by interior disposition or exterior action.

Moreover, while others perceive only the staging of the Catholic life, we are familiar, in the case of our own souls,

with those intimate details of struggle and failure where moral ugliness is more apparent than artistic beauty. The sympathetic observer sees the haloed saints; more familiar to our thoughts is the painful Pilgrim Way, with its mud and boulders, its memories of defeat, its long stretches of dulness, its fatigue and stinging humiliations—the road by passing along which triumphantly they became saints. And, though our own failures may be more glaring than any others, they are not the only ones.

The Church Militant is made up of men and women in all stages of imperfection. We know that ecclesiastical robes, even, may hide serious flaws of character, and that ecclesiastical machinery, sublime as may be its ultimate achievement, does not work without creaking and jarring. Being realists, we can but smile at the pretty pictures which, forgetful of all the grime of the actual struggle, represent us posed in suitable attitudes at our devotions. No, we say, it is not at all like that. We do not march to stirring strains of organ music; we do not live in the glow of colored windows. Our lives are dusty and drab. You know only the outside; we are familiar with the sordid facts.

And yet who would not rather be in the weary and perspiring ranks of this Army than an admiring spectator? Is not the satisfaction of sharing the toil whereby God's Kingdom becomes greater than any æsthetic thrill? How much better to be climbing the Mountain when every foot gained lifts us nearer Heaven than, standing afar off, to gaze upon its unventured heights!

The lack of romanticism in the average Catholic, his apparent indifference to things that stir the world's wonder, may be and often is a tribute to the practical seriousness with which he takes his religion. He may seem very little alive to the pageantry of Catholic history, but that, it is possible, is be-

cause he himself is engaged in making history. Dull and insensitive, men may think him, to the great contributions his church has made to past civilizations; one never knows, however, whether his inattention is not due to preoccupation with his own contribution to contemporary civilization. "The spectator sees most of the game." True, but who would be a mere spectator when "the game" happens to be that of the Christian life?

Yet even to these practical and prosaic Catholics is sometimes granted a vision of That of which they form a part. Moments there are when the battle-smoke drifts aside, and the private soldier may behold the extended line of the Church's far-flung hosts; then does he realize that it is no petty feud in which he is engaged, but the cosmic struggle between Truth and Falsehood, Right and Wrong. On his individual life and struggle is shed the glory of a great Cause; and even more he may expect if he be faithful. For there is a Day set down in the Calendar of Heaven when those laborers who have never known anything but the seamy side of their own lives shall see those lives as God, in His infinite charity, sees them.

But that is not yet. Sufficient for us at present that we are workers, not spectators.

"WHEN at times you may seem to see something, which to our little understanding appears ill-regulated in the government or order of the world, recall to mind the warning of the Apostle St. Paul: 'Judge not before the time, until the Lord come.' Only then will the wise ordering of Providence be perfectly apparent in all that may now seem disorder, just as a piece of tapestry, which, if seen on the reverse side, seems to be a confusion of ill-ordered stitches and texture, proves, when seen on its right side, to be a most artistically arranged piece of work."

An Invalid's Jottings.

BY JOSEPH CARMICHAEL.

V.—(CONTINUED.)

THE first piece of sensational evidence came from the police constable who had visited Sara Ketterley's cottage when it became known that the man had been seen to enter it. The constable had found the door unlocked and the house empty. In looking round for any possible trace of evidence, he had lighted upon a scrap of paper, which had been thrown upon the ashes in the extinct grate, and now lay before the Coroner (That functionary took it into his hand as the man was speaking). He went on to describe the position in which the body had been found, and detailed the contents of the pockets of the deceased.

There was a stir in Court and a movement of heads towards the witness' bench when Sara Ketterley was called. The witness stood up, her face deathly pale and twitching with nervousness. Asked whether she had seen the deceased on the day he had called at her cottage, she replied that she had not. She was away from Wybrow for two or three days at the time of the call.

There was a rustle of expectation among the spectators when the Coroner handed to the witness a scrap of paper and asked: "Is that in your handwriting?"

The witness murmured what appeared to be an affirmative. The Coroner read aloud from the paper amid intense silence in the Court: "You need ask for no more money from me after this. It is more than I can afford, anyway. I do not wish to set eyes on you again, nor shall I take any further notice of your letters. SARA."

Asked whether she had identified the remains of the dead man, the witness burst into tears, and seemed to be about to collapse. The Coroner gave direc-

tions for a chair to be brought for her, and allowed her to remain seated during her examination. In answer to the repeated question, the witness bowed her head in affirmation.

"Was it the person for whom you left the envelope containing money upon the mantel shelf?"

Again she gave an affirmative reply.

"Will you tell the Court who this George Dunmore was, and what hold he had upon you that you should be forced to pay him money you could not afford to lose?"

"Oh, no! I cannot!" the witness cried in an agonized voice.

"But I am afraid I shall have to take measures to compel you, if you persist in refusing. The Court is bound to obtain all possible information bearing on the case, and this information is necessary. So, however painful it may be, I advise you to speak quite openly in answer to my question."

A dead silence reigned in the Court for a few seconds, the woman sitting with bowed head, her face hidden by her hands. Then she rose and spoke in a firm voice what it must have been unspeakable torment to reveal to a crowd of eager listeners.

"He was my husband," she said in a voice which grew firmer and more clear when once that declaration had been made. "We were married more than twenty years ago, but I left him after two years. He was a wicked, cruel husband to me, and I was afraid for my life when he was in one of his mad, drunken fits. He always managed to find out where I was living and would pester me for money; for he hated work, though he was a skilled mechanic and could easily have kept us both in comfort. When at last I settled here, I got free of him; but somehow he got to know where I was. He knew I had taken back my maiden name, and used to write to me under that name. When a letter came from him to say

that he meant to come here, and threatening to make everything public unless I paid well for his silence, I was almost mad with terror. I left five pounds in the letter just read—it was far more than I could spare, but I was terrified lest he should take away my character; and I took the train to Newholm without saying a word to anyone, and only ventured back when I felt confident that he would have gone off with the money. That is the truth, before God!"

The poor creature sank back into the chair in a fainting condition, and charitable women helped her out of the Court. The Doctor who had been deputed to make a postmortem examination, stated that heart failure, which he attributed in great measure to intemperate habits, had been the cause of death. The kindly Inspector of Police had arranged for the Station Master and his clerk to give evidence corroborating the statement of Sara Ketterley as to her railway journey to Newholm. In the end the only possible verdict was "Death from natural causes."

The burning topic of conversation among the crowd that poured out into the open air, was the amazing confession of the poor dressmaker. The general feeling was one of pity for a greatly injured woman, who had been held up to contumely through no fault of hers. But Mrs. Hussick took an entirely different view.

"I call it scandalous," she exclaimed, "her coming and settling here among decent folk, and pretending she'd never been married at all! Sinful deceit, I call it, if you ask me!"

The more kindly Mrs. Bonding ventured a word in defence, but the virtuous Mrs. Hussick would have none of it.

"Surely she'll never 'old up 'er 'ead in Wybrow after such a showing up—at any rate I 'ope she'll take herself off from *this* respectable neighborhood!"

Mrs. Hussick's righteous indignation at the slur cast upon the spotless

reputation of "Peter's Lane" was doubtless soon appeased.

No one knew whither Sara Ketterley had flown to hide her shamed face from Wybrow gossips, but after the day of the inquest she was never more seen in that neighborhood.

VI.

Hidden away in a back lane of Wybrow is its most important building—from a Catholic's point of view—the little Gothic church dedicated to St. Joseph. All that I can see of it from my window is the stone cross surmounting the gable of the sanctuary; but that is enough to remind me of the Living Presence there, and to stir up faith, devotion and love.

It may appear somewhat incongruous to have omitted hitherto any record of a spot so holy and so worthy of recollection; but let me hasten to explain that it is scarcely of the church itself I am about to treat. It happens to be the locality most closely connected in my mind with certain persons whose memories are bound up with it.

I have no story to tell of the venerable priest who ministers there; it would be beyond my powers to do justice to the never-failing kindly services in my regard which have earned my everlasting gratitude. Father Vesey is the dearest friend I have in the world; he has been at Wybrow far longer than I. And to say that his life has been taken up with incessant and patient labor for souls is to tell his history.

As to the church itself, I have never been inside its walls. I possess, however, many a photograph taken at various periods of its existence, delineating successive changes and improvements throughout the years. From such sources I can gather a fairly accurate picture of the interior, and, with a little stretch of imagination, visualize its worshippers. A small building, though perfect in architecture and scarcely less perfect in adornments, for Father Vesey is a

true artist—it is capacious enough for the little humble flock of mostly poor Catholics of whom Wybrow can boast.

I can close my eyes and recall the scene I love to contemplate, and at once my mind is flooded with memories of persons and events long passed away. Let me dwell upon some of the most attractive.

Kneeling in a remote corner, absorbed in prayer, is a slight girlish figure, shabbily dressed in a fashion of long ago. My servants have told me of her, speaking loud in admiration of her—after their kind—as a “perfect saint.”

Agnes Connolly at that time supported herself and her bedridden mother by constant and ill-requited toil; she was but a poor, hard-working seamstress, employed by one of the outfitting shops. Unremitting labor at her needle—for cheap sewing machines had not then become common—was the easiest part of her daily round. Her mother was one of those fretful invalids, too often met with among the very poor, whom no attention can satisfy. She added to her bodily sufferings by a relentless impatience and a querulous discontent with every effort to please her. Thus Agnes had to shoulder a double burden—to toil incessantly for their daily bread and tend with all affection a bedridden mother, from whom came never a word of thanks or appreciation in return.

Neighbors knew well enough the state of affairs, and genuine pity was felt for the girl so heavily laden. But such as were venturesome enough to attempt to console the invalid were always met with such angry rebuffs that in course of time very few cared to face the unpleasant ordeal of a visit to her sick bed, and Agnes had little human relief in her dreary life.

Yet for all her hard work and dearth of sympathy, the brave girl exhibited outwardly a radiant cheerful-

ness of demeanor; and her calm face expressed peaceful contentment; she had, indeed, a source of consolation which is the secret of sanctity. Her duties made it impossible to hear Mass daily, though never an evening passed but she managed, after carrying back her day's work, to spend some time before the Blessed Sacrament in the church. Then on a Sunday she was always able to hear the early Mass and communicate. By a life thus sanctified, she was proof against petty trials.

Mrs. Connolly—poor soul!—took no interest in any religion. She professed to be a Protestant, had been reared as a Baptist, but had contracted a marriage with a merely nominal Catholic, whose neglect of his own spiritual interests was not calculated to win his wife's sympathy for Catholicism. In reality she had never felt much attraction for any form of belief, and her husband's carelessness encouraged her indifference. It had been due to their daughter that Connolly had made a good end; for Agnes, well trained in the Catholic schools, had taken care to obtain for the poor man the last consolations of religion.

The girl had good reason, at the particular time to which this story relates, for especially earnest prayer on her mother's behalf. She had learned from the doctor that Mrs. Connolly was slowly but surely passing from life, and a few months would bring the end. To Agnes the thought was unbearable that her mother, whom, despite her ill-temper, she fondly loved, should, as she expressed it in her inmost mind, “die like a dog,” bereft of all religious aids in that last dread hour. Many a time had she invited the sick woman to join her in night prayers, but the result had always been an indignant refusal to allow “any such Popish antics” by *her* bedside. So Agnes had been thrown upon her own resources; these were not limited to prayers alone, for many a shil-

ling had she dropped into the Mass Intentions Box, and many a petition had she made to Father Vesey to think of her poor mother now and again in his Mass. In the sincerity of her faith she felt convinced that God in His boundless mercy would shower the needful grace upon a soul so destitute. Then suddenly there was an answering sign.

"I know well that I'm not long for this world, Aggie," the sick woman said one day, in a gentler tone than usual. "I've not made as much preparation for the next world as I might have done, though. How would it be to have prayers together at nights?"

Agnes gladly agreed. A few days later Mrs. Connolly made the astounding remark, that although she supposed one ought to get a minister to give spiritual help, she had little confidence in any of them except "that priest of yours."

"He was a great comfort to your poor father," she said, "for all he had been such a careless member of his Church, poor man! Do you think the priest would mind stepping in to see me one of these days?"

Father Vesey lost no time in responding to the summons, utterly unexpected as it had been. That same evening he paid his first visit, just as Agnes was preparing to carry back to the shop her day's work. Her mother would not allow her to remain during the priest's stay, and the girl, full of gratitude for so unlooked-for a grace, paid a longer visit than usual to the church before returning home. As she left the porch on her way back, she fell in with Father Vesey, who was just entering the presbytery. He called her in.

"I've the most glorious news for you, Aggie," he said, "that you could possibly desire! Your mother told me just now, quite unexpectedly, that she wants 'to be made a Catholic,' as she puts it, before she dies!"

"Oh, how good God is!" cried the girl, her eyes wet with tears.

Mrs. Connolly lived long enough to taste the full joys of the gift of the Faith. Before the end came she had entirely shed her rough manner towards Agnes; indeed she could never extol highly enough to the neighbors who looked in upon her from time to time—welcomed gladly now—the girl's patient devotion to her in spite of her churlish behavior. Her end was most peaceful and happy.

Her mother's death left Agnes more free to attend to her religious exercises; never a day passed but she was at Mass and Holy Communion. As to her ordinary way of life, it was little changed, except that her evening visits to the church were longer than had been possible before.

It must have been a month or two after Mrs. Connolly's death that I experienced an unexpected windfall. Some mining shares which I had long regarded as hopelessly insolvent suddenly took a good turn, and I found myself reaping a goodly sum after selling out. In gratitude I sent to Father Vesey a cheque for £20, to be applied in any way he might choose. In return he called in next day to thank me.

"You have no idea, Jack," he said, "how timely your present was. It will help in a very good cause. You have heard me speak of Agnes Connolly and her positively heroic conduct towards her exceedingly trying invalid mother; the girl showed a patience under it all that often stirred my admiration. Since her mother's death Agnes has given more and more prayerful consideration to a long-cherished desire to devote herself to the religious life. I made application for her to a convent of Carmelites, and there was no objection made to her reception as a lay sister as soon as she could arrange to enter. There was only one obstacle; the expenses of her mother's illness and funeral had left the girl very badly off, and she felt compelled to work still harder than ever

to be able to pay off all her debts. What made matters worse was the loss of her employment, just when she was best able to devote more energy to it. Poor Agnes began to feel that matters were hopeless, for she was still nearly £20 short of what she needed. I told her to pray hard; it would test the reality of her vocation if she got the money. Yesterday, the last day of a special novena to that end, your cheque turned up!"

So Agnes Connolly fulfilled her desire to her own intense joy, the delight of Father Vesey, and my own satisfaction in having been able to help forward so good a cause.

In a certain corner of St. Joseph's Church, close to one of the confessionals, at the end of an aisle, a rush-bottomed kneeling chair used to stand (I cannot definitely locate it, as my photographs do not show the corner; but its position has been pointed out to me). That chair was always the particular praying place of Julia. Every morning without fail, as long as she was able to get to church, Julia was to be seen there at Mass. Two or more days in each week, when the bell rang at the *Domine non sum dignus*, there would follow a scraping of heavy boots on the tiled pavement, and then after a sufficient interval for the placing upon the chair of her prayer-book in its cover of bright pink-glazed linen, heavy footsteps would sound on the pavement as Julia slowly paced up to the altar to receive Holy Communion (That was at a period, be it known, when frequent Communion, outside religious communities, was exceedingly rare).

But who was Julia, that she should figure here? In the eyes of men a poor, ignorant, Irish hawker; in the sight of the angels, Father Vesey used to say, a truly holy soul, very dear to God!

How often have I caught sight of Julia passing along the main street, her capacious basket on her arm, her big umbrella—no matter what the weather

—clutched in her hand. She was clad always in the same old greenish-black, hooded cloak, gathered in folds about her neck, and a dingy straw bonnet, beneath which a white frilled cap-border protruded. Everyone in Wybrow was on speaking terms with Julia, and though all thought her "a character," no one had an unkind word to say against her; even though some of the more rigidly Protestant folk might shake their heads at her ignorant, superstitious notions on religion, they would excuse her as a "poor, harmless body" who knew no better.

It used to be a mystery to me how the good, old party could possibly make a livelihood by hawking needles, pins, cotton, buttons, bootlaces, handkerchiefs, and the like, through the streets of Wybrow, since customers could not be numerous enough to keep her occupied; but Father Vesey explained that Julia had her regular country rounds also, and that she really made quite sufficient income to provide for her simple needs. Moreover, she had a brother, Tim by name, who spent week-ends with her—I fancy he was a hawker too,—and Tim shared the expenses of the household. His coming home on a Saturday afternoon led to Julia's visit on Saturday mornings to the confessional, as Tim's shirt and other washable clothing had to be attended to in the evening to enable him to attend at the 11 o'clock Mass on a Sunday in all the glory of fresh white linen. Tim was a bachelor, but his sister had been for many years a widow.

It was a great delight to me to catch sight of Julia engaged in controversy in the public street below, when some unwary Protestant—unforeseeing the consequences—had passed some jocular remark anent Pope or Papists in greeting the old woman. Julia would never let such an occasion slip; holding the offender by the arm, with a grip difficult to shake off without some display of

force, she would, with no sign of anger, but calmly and at some length instruct the unfortunate victim of error or prejudice with such a wealth of argument as to forestall any future assault upon her belief.

The encounter would be all the more enjoyable to me as I watched it unseen, should the opponent be a somewhat elegantly dressed young man—clerk or shopman—who had fallen unwarily into the trap; for Julia's affectionate demeanor as she delivered her discourse (she would intersperse her remarks with "my dear" frequently repeated) was as embarrassing to the victim as it was entertaining to the passers-by.

Julia had her weekly day of call at the Tower. Though I had seen her so often and heard so many anecdotes about her, circumstances always prevented personal acquaintance. The servants were loud in her praise as a most devoted and zealous Catholic, and delighted in her chatty reminiscences of Wybrow, which dated back for many years before they knew the place. She had her smiling salutation for me whenever she made her way up towards the Tower. The procedure puzzled me at first; Julia would first make a profound genuflection, crossing herself the while, then look up to my window and drop her curtsy. It was Father Vesey who explained the meaning of the salutation; the genuflection was to the "chapel" where Julia knew that Mass was sometimes said.

The old woman had looked ancient enough when I first saw her, and as she lived for some years while I occupied the Tower, she must have been of advanced age even then. She was plying her trade after Countess Latatski acquired Winningston, for I recollect young Cyril running in one day, full of delight at an interview with Julia.

"Oh, Uncle Jack! Such a dear old Irish biddie met me outside our gate this morning! She was smoking a little

black pipe, and carried a big basket. She took out her pipe and put it in her pocket when I appeared (Julia's pipe was reserved for visits to the country; it was never in evidence in the streets of Wybrow). The old dame collared me at once, and seized my arm. 'Do ye know, dear,' she said, 'whether her ladyship is likely to want a few tapes and buttons or little things of that kind?' She held me tight by the arm, and kept calling me 'dear,' and saying how glad she was that some of the gentry such as her ladyship and the rest of us were 'such good, holy Roman Catholics! It warms my heart, dear,' she went on, 'to see yees all in the chapel, God bless yees!' Who is she? She's a quaint, old sport, anyway!"

I think that interview must have been only shortly before Julia passed away. Had she been acquainted with the Royston children, I should certainly have heard much about her from them.

"Poor old Julia's gone to her reward," was Father Vesey's announcement of her death. "She was close upon 90, and how intensely active." Then he told me about her last hours—so edifying and prayerful, that Catholic visitors were moved to tears, and Protestant neighbors declared that it was the death of a real saint.

"She had preserved her wedding-dress to be buried in," Father Vesey said. "As it was of white figured muslin and made in the fashion of more than 60 years ago, with high waist and low neck, it scarcely suited Julia's wrinkled face and white, frilled cap. But the women had covered her up to the throat with white handkerchiefs, so the effect was not altogether incongruous. She was insistent upon the wedding garb being used; she had saved it up for the purpose for all those years."

"The town will miss her," I said. "But I expect she was pretty ripe for Heaven, by all accounts!"

"I wish I was as sure of Heaven

as Julia!" was the priest's rejoinder.

Then he went on to recount some of her good deeds. Never a week passed but the good old soul would bring a handful of silver and copper—several shillings at a time—saved out of her hard-earned income, and beg him to say Mass for various specified intentions. Her favorites were: "In honor of the Holy and Blessed Mother of God, for the conversion of Wybrow town." "In honor of the Holy Angels, for the conversion of the heathen." "For the Poor Souls in Purgatory, especially my husband and my father and my mother—God rest them all!" "For all in mortal sin for the grace of repentance." "For my brother, Timothy." "For all sick and suffering, and for souls in their agony." She never mentioned herself.

"You would hardly believe that she had saved up as much as £5 for funeral expenses and Mass," he concluded. "I have had that in my keeping for years to make sure of its application."

(To be continued.)

Woven Rugs.

BY ROSAMOND LIVINGSTONE McNAUGHT.

WEAVER, weave me a rug of silver-green,
With a touch of blue and a slender thread
of gray;

Let just a hint of palest rose be seen—
And I shall have a rug to call spring day.

Then weave me a rug that is mostly poppy-red,
With here and there a patch of summer-blue,
All interwoven with a golden thread,
And tints of green, like shadows, running
through.

Weave for my autumn rug a mottled ground
That is illumined with a yellow light;
Have bits of color standing out like sound,
And tiny wisps of black like birds in flight.

Let white, and black, and gray, for winter be,
But pattern it, of all, the loveliest—
Both strong and delicate its tracery,
Its richness lying in its sense of rest.

The Reasonableness of Devotion to Mary.

BY A. PAGE.

THE Word Incarnate, Jesus Christ, Son of the Eternal Father, declared Himself to be the way, the truth and the life (John 14-6). All who would be known as Christians must at least acknowledge Christ to be their way of salvation, His teaching the expression of eternal truth, and His life, the source of life for all. As the Eternal Word, without Whom "was made nothing that was made," He is the Source of our physical life; as the Incarnate Word He is the source of our spiritual supernatural life. The way of salvation is found in the learning of truth and the grasping of truth by faith, the fructification of divine truth in our lives by hope, and the consummation of faith and hope in the eternal life of love. All Christians are bound, therefore, to learn of Jesus, to believe and follow His example and His teaching. Now Jesus loved His Mother and honored her.

This is not a controversial essay. It is rather an essay at devotion, an attempt to point out especially to the stranger without the Faith, the reasonableness of what we may term the Catholic attitude towards Mary, the Mother of Christ. The point the writer would make is simply this: you, dear stranger, believe in Jesus Christ, believe in Him as God's own Son, come on earth for the love of man. You wish to do all that He wishes of you; you will to obey Jesus and save your immortal soul. Very well, then, Jesus has told us plainly to learn of Him. He has called us one and all to follow in His footsteps, to imitate the perfect example of His life. Now Jesus loved and revered His Mother, and therefore, it is most reasonable for you to do likewise.

Jesus had a Mother. He loved her as every child loves its mother. He ac-

quiesced to her slightest suggestion at Cana of Galilee, although apparently apart from her suggestion He would not have chosen that time and place for the manifestation of His divine powers. He went down with Joseph and Mary to Nazareth and was obedient to them for many years. Can we then be said to be following in the footsteps of Christ if we fail to honor His Blessed Mother.

Again, of all the Christian denominations which are now on earth, the Catholic Church is universally known for the reverence and love which it gives to the Blessed Mother. There are indeed many beautiful examples of devotion to Mary outside the visible communion of the Catholic Church, as for example, the Episcopal clergyman of whom I know, who erected a shrine in her honor in his little church (his successor, however, relegated the shrine to the storage in the basement); but nowhere save in the Catholic Church will there be found such universal reverence given to the Mother of Jesus. I ask you, therefore, dear stranger, simply to weigh this thought: is any son, worthy of the name, displeased by the respect and reverence given to his mother? Such reverence and honor is only the due and reasonable extension of the direct honor given to the son himself.

How can people say that they truly love Jesus, if they persist in ignoring His Blessed Mother? To love and reverence God's Mother is, after loving and reverencing God Himself, the most reasonable of acts, for, after God, God's Mother Mary is endowed by reason of her vocation to be the Mother of God's Son, with a plenitude of graces and gifts, which lifts her above Cherubim and Seraphim and places her below God indeed—for only God is God,—but next to God and above all other creatures.

Surely, dear stranger, you would say to one who professed a most tender devotion to you, yet ignored your mother

—especially a mother of great sweetness of temper, nobility of heart and unselfishness of action,—certainly to such a one you would say "If you would be my true lover, you must also love and reverence my mother." With His Blessed Mother, the shepherds and the angels and the Magi, found their new-born King. With His Mother, Jesus still remains in Heaven, and there receives into His Father's Home those who have by humble and prayerful searching found Him who is the Truth, where He still is to be found on earth,—in the arms of the Catholic Church that loves not only Jesus, but the Mother He loves so well.

Stranger dear, who may perchance read these lines, you love your mother, Jesus loves His; and we Catholics love His Mother, first because she is His Mother, but also because she is ours—His gift to us, a codicil to His last testament of love. Whether you recognize it or no, Mary is also your mother, prays for you and loves you, for she, above all other creatures, knows how precious to her Son are the souls He died to save.

Put, therefore, from your lives the unreasonable rejection of her claim to your affection. It is reasonable to love what is sweet and beautiful and holy; and after God nothing is so sweet and holy and beautiful as God's Most Blessed Mother. Many indeed of her Catholic children are unworthy of their Mother, but Mary has never been unworthy of their love or any love worthy of the name, for God made her soul from the first moment of its creation a paradise for His own delight, a mirror for His divine perfections, the gateway of His mercy, the channel of His graces, the Rose of His eternal love, the White Lily of His untarnished and untarnishable honor. Search for her, dear stranger, and you will find her with her Son Jesus in the Catholic Church here on earth and with the angels in Heaven. Come, God's Mother is calling to you.

When in Need.

BY CULLEN BRATTAIN.

IT was a case of love at first sight with Charles and Elizabeth, and for six months the course of true love streamed along without a ripple on its surface. Then Charles became aware of an aloofness, almost a coolness on the part of Elizabeth. He knew it was time to speak.

"What is it, Betty? You love me? You are going to marry me? You know I love you."

"Carl, I don't know. Yes, I love you. But I have been talking with Mother. You know I am a Catholic, Carl. Have you—no religion?"

"I'll never interfere with your religion, Betty, but we might as well have this out. You ought to understand. You are a university girl; you have studied philosophy; you don't actually accept *everything* the Catholic Church teaches, now do you?"

"Carl!" Betty was amazed. "Of course I do. I may not understand everything, but there are many things I don't understand,—all your scientific talk, for instance; but I accept the Church's teachings. You know I do."

"I thought you'd be reasonable about this, Betty. I don't want to destroy your faith—I wouldn't try; but you must see my point of view, too. I've done too much scientific work to bow down to outworn creeds. I've got to be honest with myself. Oh, I used to be as devout as anyone, but you can't read Schopenhauer and Neit—"

"Those men were insane. Professor Telford said so. Why take them so seriously. They were insane because they had no anchor—no faith. Carl, what were your people? Wasn't your aunt religious, at all?"

Charles turned his head away from Betty's questioning gaze.

"You'll be shocked, Betty, but you'll

have to know sometime. I used to be a Catholic."

"Used to be! Then you are now." There was horror in Betty's voice, and her eyes looked frightened. "Carl, that is worse than never—"

"Betty, dear, you mustn't. I love you! I will never give you up. You love me. We've got to compromise. Betty, listen! Don't look like that! I hate to hurt you—you don't know how I hate it. But, Betty dear, you don't really think a difference of religious opinion is so important?"

"Not always. But, Carl, you don't realize. You have had the gift of faith and you have thrown it away. Aren't you afraid you will want it back some day and can't. O Carl, I don't think you know what you are saying. I can't believe you have lost your faith."

"I've outgrown it." Carl's voice was patient.

"Outgrown God?" Betty was incredulous.

"Now, dear—"

"Carl, don't—don't let's talk any more. I want to think. Go away, please, and later—"

"Betty," Carl was slightly angry, "if you let any gabbing priest influence you against me just because I've seen fit to use the few brains I happen to have—"

"I won't," Betty rose as she spoke. "I won't tell a soul. But I've got to think. It—seems so terrible."

"My dear, I didn't dream you were so narrow. You've seemed so generous, so tolerant."

"Oh, go!" begged Betty. "Leave me alone for awhile. I'll write—"

"Write? You talk as if—Look here, Betty—"

"Carl, I love you. But go."

He was half angry. He had intended to tell Betty long before, but had hesitated. He wanted to be sure of her love first. He was sure, now. It would be all right, he knew. When two people were as deeply in love as he and Betty

were, a little thing like religious opinion could not separate them. Old Mother Nature would take care of that. Betty was shocked, of course, but she was fair-minded. She was a State University graduate. She would be able to see that different minds look at things from different angles. Betty had a touch of idealism. That was all right. He respected it. She would, too, respect his practical make up that demanded truth. It would be all right. Cheered by these thoughts he stopped at a florist's and bought roses far beyond his means, inscribing on the card, "For my beloved little saint." Betty would know that he did not mean to slight her religion, whatever his own opinions were.

The next mail brought him a little note:

I have put your roses before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. I have told her.

BETTY.

A queer feeling stole over Charles as he read the few lines. An orphan, he had once fancied the Blessed Mother and prayed to her. Childish, of course. His love for Betty was making him sentimental. Well, he rather admired sentiment in a woman. Betty might have as much as she liked. He would never interfere.

He went to the phone in a tender frame of mind. No, Elizabeth was not in. No, she didn't say when she would be back. She had gone over to Victoria to visit her grandmother. She might spend all her vacation there.

Charles felt injured, and a little frightened. Betty had not planned to leave the city during her vacation. There had been some hint of apartment hunting. Surely Betty was not taking this matter so seriously. If he had said that he had been brought up a Methodist, or a Presbyterian, she would not have been so disturbed at his loss of faith. Did a Catholic not have the same right to a change of opinion? She must see his side of the question. She would; she

would write. If he knew her grandmother's address he would. But he could only wait, and hope.

The note came at the end of a week during which Charles was alternately angry and depressed, sometimes both.

DEAR CARL:—I have tried to persuade myself that your loss of faith makes no difference, but it does—or it would. It would not be fair to our children. And what priest would marry us? I cannot stop loving you, but this is good-bye.

BETTY.

Charles refused to believe it. This was fanaticism. He would not allow it. He would find Betty and talk to her. Horrible thoughts of convents crossed his mind. Would Betty take a notion to enter one? No—he was going to have Betty. He called up her home for the address, and took the next boat for Victoria. He rang the bell with a firm hand. Betty was not in, the maid said; over at the church likely.

Charles did not hesitate. He walked down the quiet street to a little gray stone, ivy-covered church. He drew his breath quickly as he walked in, and for one moment felt like running. He recovered himself. There was nothing to a church. Just a place where people met and prayed.

Then he saw Betty sitting near the altar of the Blessed Mother. Quietly he stole along the aisle and, unnoticed, sat down across from her. One look at her pale face and sorrowful eyes and his heart nearly stopped beating. Betty was suffering, but she was determined. He had lost her; he was helpless. She loved him, but she loved her religion more. What would life be without her?

Unconsciously he sank to his knees and began to pray: "Oh, God, I can't give her up. I don't want to live without her, let me have her. Please, please, God. Holy Mary, pray for me—"

He stopped astonished. But he went on; he could not help it. He wanted Betty; he wanted God; he wanted his

childish faith back; he must have it. Blessed Mother, be merciful!

They were standing outside in the shadow of the rectory. Charles wanted to talk with the priest.

"I've been such an utter fool," he said to Betty humbly. "I don't deserve forgiveness. O Betty, dear, I'm glad I met you! I might never have come back. Thank God, you were so firm, my little saint!"

"It was the Blessed Mother," said Betty softly. "When I gave her your roses I begged her to show you the way back. Carl, I am so happy."

"If I may keep you that way!" prayed Charles.

The Picture of Our Lady.

"BUT I cannot see anything extraordinary about the painting. If our Blessed Lady is pictured there, I cannot see her."

"But wait, monsieur, the sun is not low enough. Have patience and you will see her."

"But when?"

"Ah, when the *Angelus* rings and the sun's last rays light up the picture."

"And if there is no sun?"

"Then, you cannot see. But there is sun to-day. While we wait, shall I tell you the story of the Picture of Our Lady? It is not long. It was one day years ago that my grandfather and grandmother quarrelled—about such a foolish thing, too. The rain had been falling ever so light and so long, and the roads, dusty from the heat of summer, were thoroughly wet. Grandfather, who had been worrying about the crops and the need of provisions for winter, so forgetful he was in his joy for the rain, that he came into the clean house with muddy shoes. Perhaps, it was the heat or the tired feeling, after the long day in the house; perhaps, it was—oh, we do not know! but grandmother's anger

rose, and quick she said, 'Get out with your muddy shoes.'

"Grandfather looked and answered not a word, but turned away as a hurt child, not understanding, stopped at the door for a second before he closed it from the driving rain, then he spoke with a sharp tone: 'And I'll stay out.'

"That was late afternoon. He did not come for supper,—the first he had missed in the two years they had been married. The early evening passed, and yet he did not return. Night, a black and rainy night, and he was still away. Grandmother's supper was a lonely one, and when the great black night grew longer, she was more lonely. If the rain had not been falling so steadily, she would have gone to her neighbor, a mile down the road. All that night she waited and prayed and asked God's pardon for the anger quick to rise. Still he did not come, even after morning was bright with the sun. Yes, he was gone, the neighbors realized, when, having been asked for help, they searched for him. He could not be found, and grandmother was left alone with the year-old baby; alone with the crops almost dried out; alone without money or help.

"Alone, yes; but in her sorrow she went to Him, who lives in the church—see the little spires through the trees,—and she stayed, oh, ever so long! As she came back, her face was as one grown old with sorrow and regret, but she smiled and cried when she looked and saw grandfather coming wearily across the fields—a tired, a very tired old man, stooped, broken, with a face that carried agony. He saw grandmother, and they ran toward each other with steps that lost care and sorrow, their faces as the faces of those who have seen heavenly visions. Laughing and crying, they entered the house, even grandmother with her muddy shoes; and there, as if led by some inspiration, they knelt before the statue of Our Lady,—yes, the same one that is in that cor-

ner now and grandmother spoke first.

"I have promised in the church, and now here, that never again will I say an unkind word to you."

"Then, grandfather replied: 'And I have promised never again to speak or act unkindly.'"

"Time passes quickly, monsieur. The years were many since that day. One night, just fifty years later, grandfather and grandmother sat at the supper table alone, as they had done before the children came. Eight in all, monsieur, all living; and married, except the angel, Sister Jean, and the saintly priest, John. They sat alone, quiet, thinking and happy. 'Fifty years to-day,' grandmother said, 'we made our promise.' Then grandfather answered, 'And fifty years we have kept it, thanks be to God and His good Mother!'"

"For a moment the evening meal was forgotten. Then, lo, there was a visitor with them,—a Lady, beautiful, in blue, smiling as a loving daughter would. Everyone seemed to be stricken dumb by the influence of that mysterious presence. Not a word was spoken. Then suddenly the Lady disappeared. And she seemed to have taken grandfather and grandmother along with her, for they were never quite the same after that, and soon they were gone also to their heavenly home.

"The *Angelus*, monsieur, it is ringing! Now look at the picture of grandfather and grandmother at the table. Watch for the Lady in blue! See, she appears! Did I not tell you?"

"A miracle? I do not know. My father painted the picture, but he did not put the Lady in it. Perhaps, after all, it is only the light of the setting sun as it falls on the canvas at *Angelus* time. But many have seen it, monsieur, as we have seen it to-day."

The sun gradually lowered, and suddenly the Lady was gone. The two turned away and walked thoughtfully in the direction of the living-room.

Literal Rastus Gets a Bath.

BY GERTRUDE McNALLY.

SO whispery and shivery was the night of October thirty-first that one almost suspected Mother Nature of being in cahoots with the spirit of Hallowe'en! The wind was like the cracking of a whip, and the squeak of Rastus' and his Mother's footsteps upon the lightly frosted earth seemed to carry a sinister sound. When they came to the end of River Street they stopped. Shadows from their long and short figures standing beneath the lamp-post's light, cast distorted apparitions upon the narrow, broken sidewalk.

Rastus was dressed up in a bed-sheet, and Mrs. White, looking at her pickaninny, twinkled: "Lawsy, but ah neber reckoned dat ah would eber seek de company ob a ghost!" Then more seriously: "Are yo' sho', honey, dat dis am de co'ner where yo' an' o'her chilluns ob Miss Hittie's class wus to meet one 'nother?"

"Yes, Mammy, an' dey will all be dressed up funny an' we won' go way from dis y-ere co'ner, so don' yo' fret none 'bout me." And with the words, a small 'ghost' nestled lovingly against the black woman's worn coat.

"Ah'll dun wait 'til o'her chilluns get here," she answered. "Den in 'xactly one hour an' half, ah'll come back fuh yo' at dis y-ere co'ner."

Rastus gazed skyward to where hung a tilted noon. "Ain't Hall'ween jest wonderful?" he breathed solemnly.

"Yo' means 'count ob dressin' up?" asked his mother.

"Ah means 'cause it don' matter none to-night, Mammy, 'bout me bein' black. De white chilluns—dey won' neber play wif me 'way from Miss Hittie's class-room, but to-night dey said dey'd play right out on street wif me!" And Rastus gratefully fondled his white false-face.

Desiring that no sadness should mar her pickaninny's first celebration of Hallowe'en, Mrs. White made haste to change the subject.

"Want ah should tell yo' story 'bout dat empty sto'e ober dere?" pointing across the street.

"M-M-m-m."

"Well, once 'pon a time 'fo' yo' was bo'n, dat sto'e was called a saloon. But a man named Mistuh Prohibition dun made a law dat reads—'No Mo'e Liquor'; an' most eber since de day he makes dat law, dat sto'e ober dere has dun been empty."

"What am liquor, Mammy?"

"Depa'ted spirits. Yes, Suh, dat is all liquor am now days,—jest depa'ted spirits." After a thoughtful pause, Mrs. White continued: "An' ah reckons de reason why ah'm allus hearin' 'bout it makin' people blind, is 'cause de good Lawd neber meant fo' us to 'ssociate wif depa'ted spirits no-how."

Further reckonings were cut short as suddenly around the corner romped a fantastically funny-looking group of miniature adults. Childish laughter bubbled from behind false faces—laughter which sounded very familiar. But due to the startling fact that two of the group had deliberately chosen *black* faces for their masks, Rastus hesitated in bewilderment.

"Is yo' dem lil' chilluns in Miss Hit-tie's social welfare class?" inquired the motherly voice of mammy.

A rounded person with big freckles upon small hands that not even the dimness of the street light could hide, made his friendly way to Mrs. White's side. "Look!" said the voice of Patrick O'Grady, "T've got on me father's ould darby—ain't it a peach?"

"Which one ob yo' am Dolores?" asked the ghost that was Rastus.

"Me!" piped a soft timid voice that came from behind a handkerchief-masked bandit, with a wooden sword.

"Und I, Jacob Sinsky? I'm here, too!"

suddenly bellowed the leader's voice. "So is Pat's sister, Bridget, und the Rule brothers—we're all here."

So with a beaming smile and a gentle "Be good chilluns," Mrs. White left the Hallowe'en adventurers to themselves.

"Let's go scare folks!" suggested Lloyed Rule, looking proudly upon their only ghost.

"Ah promise Mammy not to go way from dis-y-ere co'ner," protested Rastus.

"Then lets go scare those folks going upstairs over that empty store."

"Come on!" chorused the others.

"Dat'll be fun," chuckled Rastus, "'cause depa'ted spirits dun libs under dat upstairs flat, an' *dey* is *bad*!"

"Spirits?"

"In that empty store?"

"Honest?"

"Cross your heart and hope to die?"

But with that last clause, Rastus' bobbing head quickly changed to negative. "Sho' nuff depa'ted spirits," he told them.

"He's right," said Bridget. "Mother was sayin' only this mornin' that a wicked woman who takes people's hard-earned money for just a no-true fortune, lives up there."

"What's a fo'tune?" asked Rastus.

"I think it's got something to do with spirits," pondered Bert, wrinkling his brow so hard his false-face twitched uncannily.

"Sho'! Dem *depa'ted* spirits ah wus jest tellin' yo' 'bout downstairs in dat empty sto'e!"

"Let's go and killa them," purred the gentle Dolores, patting her wooden sword.

A locked door greeted their efforts, so up the back steps they crept to the flat above. Peeping through the open window of the room's farthest corner, they saw the game of "Drop the Handkerchief," or so it looked to them.

In reality it was just one of Madam Christina's usual hokum meetings which she held each Friday night. When the

children looked into the window, she was about to start off her circle of misguided followers with the singing of a hymn—this, from an assorted lot of various sized hymn books, which she had managed to accumulate.

"Be seated," she requested her followers, the singing over; then added: "But don't cross your legs or the spirits cannot vibrate correctly."

"It's a grown-up class in manners," whispered Dolores to Bridget. "Remember how Miss Hittie told that big girl in our class not to cross her legs?"

"Sure, and how else would grown-ups be after learnin' their manners, save in a class? 'Tis not born with them they are," whispered Bridget back to Dolores.

The other children lifted fingers to their lips for silence, because beautiful Madam Christina, whose lips and cheeks matched the bright redness of her pretty dress, was speaking again.

"Lay your hands, palms upwards, flat upon your laps," the woman ordered.

"My mother makes me do that, after I wash," whispered Bert to Rastus.

"To see if he's got them clean," explained Lloyed, and missed his brother's scorching look, for just then Madam Christina switched off the lights, and, instead, lit a match to two dim candles.

"Now think hard," she commanded, but didn't say on what. Bridget thought about the women's babies. She had never seen so many women together before with no children near them, and to her they looked queer.

Dolores thought about Madam Christina. Why should anyone dress from head to toe that way in such pretty red, and then turn off the lights?

Rastus' mind was blank. "A-h c-a-n't t-h-i-n-k w-h-e-n a-h's s-h-i-v-e-r-i-n'," he quavered into Patrick's ear.

"Relax, and breathe in," was Madam's next order.

"W-h-a-t's d-a-t s-h-e s-a-y 'b-o-u-t a a-x'?"

Just then something cold lighted upon

Rastus' chin. It had a perspiring touch. In deadly fear he wondered what it could be. He explored and found it was his own hand trying to push back together, his fallen jaw.

The people began groaning. Rastus longed for 'Brother's' eyesight (his black cat) so as to pierce the room's darkness. If the groans were caused from those bad departed spirits downstairs having made these people blind, he wanted to at least help lead them home. He had done that once to his blind landlord, Mr. Flint, and been given a penny.

The groans became louder. "I'm sick by my stomach!" gulped Jacob.

"I'm sick with St. Vitus' Dance," shivered Lloyed.

"Ah's sick wif both dem things!" gasped Rastus.

"The spirits are about to talk to you," informed Madam to her followers. "They are in the room now," she continued. "Yes, little 'Rose-Bud' and her brother 'Dickie-Bird' have a message for you."

But just then a bat, flapping in through the open window, collided with the bare of Rastus' neck between where his ghost-mask stopped, and his sheet began, and, with more than a life-like scream, the ghost just rose in air!

For a moment it swayed on the window sill, then with a hollow thump fell unconscious to the floor.

Frightened, the children fled, all except Dolores; and when one of Madam Christina's followers suddenly switched on the lights they saw on the floor within the room a queerly dressed, sobbing little girl. She was shaking frantically a small ghost with black hands, who lay very still. The same woman who had turned on the lights lifted Rastus and took him to the kitchen where she began pouring glasses of water upon his little black face, from which Dolores had removed the mask.

When Rastus opened his eyes his first

thought was that he had died and gone to heaven. But no, that couldn't be, for he was looking upon a big sink full of dirty dishes. Rastus did not have a clear idea just what heaven was like; but somehow, child though he was, he knew intuitively it held no dirty dishes, for if it did, then why would his poor mammy say *she* wished to go there?

"You fainted!" informed his generous water-pourer.

Rastus didn't know what that meant. He only knew that he, who had never been overly fond of water, was receiving a much too thorough bath. Even greater than his dislike of water was his instinctive distaste of voices raised in quarrel. And the women all about him were talking terribly to Madam Christina. They were saying, that she and all her kind were "fakes," whatever that could be. And with their mouths all twisted into ugly smiles and their eyes snapping like fire, they were calling Dolores "Rose-Bud" and himself "Dickie-Bird"!

"Let's go find Mammy," whispered Rastus to Dolores.

So hand-in-hand the two disheveled children made their way to Rastus' mother waiting on the corner, down underneath the lamp-post.

Sensitive Catholicity.

IT is well that we should live in amity even with people who declare among themselves and sometimes publicly, that we Catholics are blind, that we are bigoted, that we are hanging on to the tattered fringes of the Middle Ages. There are kind and pleasant people among even those who believe in Fox's Book of Martyrs; they separate their inherited dislike to the Church of their forefathers from their liking for members of that Church,—a liking which we cordially reciprocate.

They, however, do not dream of misleading us in regard to their attitude to-

ward the Catholic Church, or of softening their expressions of opinion to suit our principles and prejudices. It occurs to them at times to suppress the word "Romish" when it trembles on their lips, and they mean to be considerate of our feelings; and yet they never go so far as to call the Mother of God "Blessed" in order to conciliate us—although in so doing they would only be quoting the words of the Angel Gabriel,—or of minimizing their opinions in order to have them square with our convictions.

It is different, sad to say, with some of us. How carefully we cut out allusions that might seem too ultra to our non-Catholic friends! How apologetic we are sometimes on certain subjects! How willing some of us are to make concessions, in order to let our amiable friends see that, after all, there is practically no difference between faith and opinions!

Of course one can not open a controversy at a dinner table: we know that. But is it necessary that one should admit that the teaching Catholic Church is not the most vital factor in life,—to admit this with a smile and by implication? Why should a Catholic who calls the Mother of God "blessed among women" in his closet, allude to her as "the Virgin" in social conversation, merely because his Baptist or Unitarian or Universalist acquaintance might think he was saying something unusual? The Baptist, amiable though he may be, will not minimize his sentiments on religion for fear of startling the Catholic who happens to sit next to him. The Unitarian coolly announces the favorite dictum of his sect—that Moses and Mohammed and the Son of Man are all equally great, and so on. But how delicately we talk of the miracles of Lourdes, and how indelicately our separated friends often talk of them! And when we write out our impressions of foreign lands, how careful we are to

leave out anything that might be "offensive to liberal tastes" about—let us say Genazzano!

One often finds that the travelled and intelligent non-Catholic is readier to express openly his admiration of the work of the Church in this and other lands than the Catholic himself. He is not trammelled by the foolish diffidence of the Christian who is the heir of the ages. But how we trim, how we minimize—how we hesitate to show our dissent from the blasphemies of the infidel who makes such jokes about his Creator on the other side of the table! It would be rude, perhaps; and yet nobody considers the clever infidel rude. Mr. Ingersoll is permitted to say—expected to say, in fact—all kinds of flip-pant things on the highest and most sacred of subjects. Why, then, should a Christian treat his own convictions so gingerly? Why should he not speak out when occasion seems to require it?

Our brethren who are proud to differ with us are not such sensitive plants that they will suffer from a politely spoken word of truth. Social gatherings should not be made opportunities for controversy: we all know that. But why should the man who does not believe be handled with gloves, while the man who believes is assaulted, wittily and amusingly, no doubt, in his deepest convictions? To be apologetic is to be contemptible. No intelligent American likes a man to cut down his principles for the sake of expediency; so if the super-amiable among us, the weakly apologetic, the suavely subservient, imagine that they gain the respect of those for whose imaginary susceptibilities they sacrifice so much, they are wretchedly mistaken.

"A LIGHT supper, a good night's sleep and a fine morning have often made a hero of the same man who, by indigestion, a restless night and a rainy morning, would have proved a coward."

Catholics and the Public Schools.

CONSIDERABLE is written and spoken about the public school system. Much in laudation; some in criticism. Conflicting assertions unsettle people, and leave those who seek finality confused. We have the great army of panegyrists who point with pride to the little red-brick house at the cross-roads where fundamental liberties are preached to young minds, and democracy made lovable to quick-beating little hearts. And we have those critics who come from among ourselves, who assert the public schools are "godless" temples to the religion of materialism. At least they do so when they happen to live in sympathetic centers of population, or when there is no political tournament to make discretion and cautious speech the better part of wisdom and valor.

It ought to be understood generally and announced unequivocally that because Catholics do not ordinarily avail themselves of the free public schools, they are not therefore enemies of the public school system. I may not patronize the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, but I am not therefore his enemy. And I may play golf on a private course or drink the sunshine of my own front lawn or do my bathing in the home bathtub, but I do not therefore wish annihilation to the public golf course or to the public park or to the public swimming pool. I may use a private express company to carry my packages, but I am not therefore inflamed at the government parcel post.

So, too, we are not enemies of the public schools because we conduct our own system of education. And anyone who says we are, or implies that we are, or puts into our mouths words that may be interpreted as censorious or bitter toward the public school system, represents only himself. He does not repre-

sent mature and considered Catholic thought.

We have done and are doing what the Constitution of the country permits, what the Supreme Court of the United States has reasserted we may do—we have maintained and do maintain our own schools. In these schools the Faith of our children is explained to and assimilated by the child mind. It is done as a civic right. But in the exercise of that right there is no mandate to be militantly aggressive toward the public schools. They are established for such children as wish to secure the education which a public school gives. Catholics are taxed for their support, which may or may not be equitable. Under the circumstances it seems the best that can be done. It is not unusual for people to be taxed for things which they do not or can not make use of. It is not unusual for all Catholic people within a parish or a city to be taxed for the support of Catholic schools, even if some of those taxed have no children to send to these schools.

The returns which come to us from our own schools are gratifying. We should work to make them better, so we may be more gratified; and discontinue offensive writing and speaking about government schools. We have experienced the harshness of the bigot in the entire orbit of our activities. We have tried to be patient and silent, conserving a dignity befitting followers of Christ. We have been commended many times for restraint in the presence of great provocation. And rarely have we been sorry for not rushing into print to air our grievances. We are hurt at sectional bigotries where a bright, progressive girl is refused a school because she is a Catholic; we feel a burning sense of injustice. We are bitter and we are on the verge of answering discrimination with caustic language. But experience has taught us to be patient even when provocation runs miles beyond dis-

cretion. And the restraint we exercise strengthens us.

It is to be hoped we will have more and better Catholic schools. Sacrifice and vigilance and onwardness in religious and secular training will bring this about; will bring it about year after year with unfailing certainty. Let us work for the betterment of our own schools and quit the old-fashioned, elementary method of berating public schools. Noisy assertiveness, dogmatic sledge-hammering does not help us. It only creates needless animosities. We should not imitate certain of our enemies by using a language suggestive of theirs in unrestraint and violence.

The public school system is not the ideal of perfection. But under our system of government we are not compelled to follow it. We are free to educate our children as our consciences approve under the guiding of our Faith. The public school system is for those who wish it. You will conceive a more perfect one no doubt. But considering the complexities of our population, our differences of religious outlook, our manifold racial origins, our endless shadings of opinion, perhaps you will be taxed to devise a more workable one.

We may be thankful that we are not officially persecuted, that we may, in religious matters, pursue our own "way of life and obedience." It is quite proper to resist officious meddling. But we question the wisdom of incautious, not to say violent, speech about the public school system. Violence defeats itself. It strengthens what it would weaken, quickens added loyalties for a cause it would see perish. Because of its excesses it makes careful and temperate thinkers suspicious. It is torrential and very generally destructive. It may influence the unthinking and the extremist, but it saddens those who are seriously working for our Catholic institutions. It renders no useful service, and awakens slumbering hates.

Notes and Remarks.

The latest general report of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, covering a period of twelve months, returns a total of more than 300,000 visits made to the homes of families and to individuals, and an expenditure of more than \$275,000 for the relief of needy persons. Following a very strict rule, the St. Vincent de Paul Society does not encourage any extensive publicity for its good works. The members render an unsalaried service and have only spiritual ends in view. But we are glad the rules of the Society allow the issuance of this annual report so as to encourage the charitably minded. The poor we have always with us. During the coming winter especially, this truth should be kept in mind.

Mr. George W. Russell, the Irish poet who is often known as *Æ.*, is, at this writing, in the East on a sort of agricultural educational tour. *The Catholic Times* of London (Oct. 17), through its Dublin correspondent, quotes Mr. Russell as saying to Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, New York, that "the only new thing in Ireland is the literary censorship." The Irish poet enlarged upon this statement to the extent of saying: "In this country they tried to make people good by forbidding them by law to drink whiskey. In Ireland they tried to improve them by forbidding them to read bad books. As a result in this country you have bootleggers and in Ireland we have bookleggers."

Mr. Russell is unduly alarmed. Because, as a matter of fact, literary censorship in the Free State is not so comprehensive as in any sense to appear puritanical. The censorship board, according to *The Catholic Times*, has been in operation six months, and during that time 28 books have been blacklisted. In this list are included at least 15 which

no bookseller would dare sell. These dealt openly with the subject of birth control. Of the thirteen others, one was ordered seized and destroyed by the English courts. Which leaves twelve to the account of the Irish censors. Of these twelve, nine were condemned due to the complaints of the Irish Catholic Truth Society. The correspondent's report on periodicals and newspapers is equally illuminating. In all, ten newspapers and magazines have been condemned, and these were British. In every case the complaints were lodged by the Catholic Truth Society.

This is not written to vindicate the Free State. A nation is not only within its rights to ban obscene and injurious books, but has even an obligation to do so. If there are men so utterly without conscience as to write books for the moral ruin of the citizens of a state, then the state has a duty to protect its citizens. The municipality will prosecute anyone whose premises or person is so physically unclean as to menace his fellows. Books which are morally unclean should be burned, just as the clothing and the bedding of the plague-stricken are burned. And for the same reason—safety first.

Two cities, Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, were centers of very notable gatherings of the men of the Holy Name Society recently. In Pittsburgh, the occasion was the first Eucharistic Day rally sponsored by the Diocesan union Holy Name Society. Fully 70,000 men assembled in Schenley Park, and 30,000 watched the services from the hillsides, unable to gain admission. Police officials reported that the crowd was the largest ever assembled in the city of Pittsburgh. Two bishops, Rt. Rev. Hugh Boyle and Rt. Rev. Thomas C. O'Reilly, addressed the vast gathering. A procession, including 460 priests and 2500 altar boys, moved to a repository in the center of the park; and when the monstrance con-

taining the Sacred Host was elevated, the 70,000 men knelt in adoration holding lighted candles. In Cincinnati the scenes were not less impressive. A procession of 45,000 men (including, the news item says, many cripples) marched through the city streets to Redland Park where special Holy Name devotions were held.

Both demonstrations were assembled to honor the Holy Name and to make reparation for frequent and violent sins of blasphemy at the present time. Men of all religious faiths may well emulate such celebrations which have for their first and only purpose reverence for the name of God and Christ. Only a rank atheist or a violent anti-Christian or a hopeless bigot would fail to be quickened when he reads of such genuine expressions of universal religious faith.

Sometimes we hear reminiscent regrets when the site where a church once stood is pointed out to-day as the site of a garage or a butcher's shop. *The Universe* of London gives an illustration of how the worm will turn. A "pub" in Westminster Bridge-road, London, is now being demolished for the erection of the Southwark Catholic Rescue Society. Adjoining are a row of cottages which have been acquired by the administrators of St. George's Cathedral. Possibly some of the former habitués of the "pub" will go to the Rescue for restoration.

The Primate of Poland, His Eminence Cardinal Hlond, archbishop of Posnan-Gnieszro, is one of four brothers who in his youth joined the Salesian religious community. The Cardinal himself with his brother Ignatius entered the Order at Turin. Two other brothers, Anthony and Clement, followed them. Augustus is now a Cardinal Archbishop. Anthony is the provincial of the Salesians in Poland. Ignatius was ordained priest and

went as a missionary to the Argentine where he labored for twenty-six years. He then returned to Poland where he died while in charge of a church in Czerwinsk. Clement works in Barcelona as a humble Salesian lay brother.

It is not often we find four men out of a single family receiving the call to enter a religious community. And it is remarkable beyond precedent, perhaps, that one of the four should reach the high position of Cardinal Archbishop while another is happy walking the more obscure path of a religious brother.

France is often scored on the grounds of low birth rate. And yet an outstanding feature of the Family Congress recently held at Lille was what we may call the Family Banquet. At two tables facing the religious and civil dignitaries were seated 150 mothers, everyone of them proud in the possession of not less than ten children. Young girls presented them with bouquets of flowers. Four women occupied special places of honor, since they could boast of a hundred descendants—children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. The Family Congress was under the auspices of the Church of France with Cardinal Lienhart, Bishop of Lille, presiding.

Much of the news that comes to us from France is secular news, which generally represents an anti-Christian, atheistic France. There is another and a deeper France; an ancient France which is girding herself and increasing the sinews of her might in these her days of spiritual renewal. The many among her eminent men—eminent in literature, science and statecraft—who are returning to Catholic Faith and practice is proof enough that Catholicity in the French Republic is not to be confined to the peasant and shop worker. The savior is coming back to his Father's house, which the peasant has never left. There are quite likely atheists and free-thinkers yet in France. And they will

exclaim and gesticulate in the Chamber of Deputies about the tyranny of the Church. And they may pass a vote on new religious exclusions and expulsions. But as likely as not the shouters who gesticulate in the Chamber of Deputies are the heads of childless homes. The 150 mothers, each with ten children, are France. And they will keep France secure in her ancient heritage. The deputies will be vocal and will make gestures, and quite likely will over-eat. They will die early and leave no heirs. The 150 mothers will leave 1500 children to people the earth of France. We do not see much ahead for the deputies.

Sometimes Bishop James Cannon lives up to his name; sometimes he does not. Not long ago he exploded an ominous libel threat against *The Catholic Union and Times* for what he called defamation of character. Father Ferger, the very able editor, replied that he would welcome the suit as "an opportunity to uncover certain points that a Senate investigating committee was unable to accomplish." Since then, so far as the libel suit is concerned, the voluble Bishop has lapsed into what is for him a very rare state of—silence.

Here is a study in contrasts which will serve the purpose of an illustration for students of rhetoric:

On the heights of Hartmauns-weilerkopf, Strassbourg, a cross of fifty-nine feet high has been erected and blessed to commemorate the thousands of soldiers who lost their lives in the battle of Vosges. A detachment of infantry with banners and music rendered military honors. The prefect of the Upper Rhine and a number of army officers were present. The bishop of Strassbourg, Msgr. Ruch, blessed the cross, where more than 30,000 soldiers lie in the cemeteries adjacent to the memorial.

Down in the State of Virginia, a bronze Crucifix was recently unveiled at Aquia, near Fredericksburg, on the Washington-

Richmond highway, near an old cemetery where rest the first Catholic settlers of the Old Dominion. Governor John Pollard had been invited to the dedication, but could not accept owing to previous engagements. Shortly before the dedication ceremonies, however, bullets were fired at the Crucifix, and threatening letters were sent to the sponsors of the memorial by persons who signed themselves Ku-Klux Klan. This decided Governor Pollard to cancel all previous engagements and attend the ceremony. Which is what we would expect from a gentleman of Virginia. In his address, the Governor condemned unsparingly the religious intolerance which made possible the attempted desecration.

The people of Strassbourg who erected the fifty-nine-foot cross to commemorate their dead were making use of the same symbol as were the Catholics of Virginia. The cross is the sign of their common Christianity. And the men down in Virginia who turned gun fire on the Crucifix were shooting at the symbol of their Christianity too—if they had any. And whether they had or not, the Christ at whose Figure they fired represents a world redeemed. But doubtless the Christ whom the Figure represents has forgiven the would-be desecrators, just as He forgave those desecrators who insulted the Original on the Cross two thousand years earlier: "Father, forgive them. They know not what they do."

An ex-president of the Wesleyan Conference, Dr. J. A. U. Sharp, according to the London Catholic Weekly, *The Tablet*, gave an address on September 30, before his confrères. He is reported by the *Halifax Daily Courier and Guardian* to have said among other things: "We affirm our part and place in the Holy Catholic Church, and we assert that we are far better Catholics than the Romans."

This is the Protestant drift in England, to be more Catholic than the Roman Catholics. In this country hardly

would any Protestant minister feel flattered if he were assured he was more Catholic than his fellowmen who are really Catholics. Dr. Brown, let us say, would most assuredly repudiate the suggestion and reassert his traditional loyalty. But quite likely Dr. Sharp is no nearer the Church than is Dr. Brown. They both wish to be remote from her, Dr. Sharp by being more Catholic and Dr. Brown by being less. It will take prayer and fasting from all of us to win the miracle of grace so that Dr. Sharp may be decreased and that Dr. Brown may increase. When both meet in the true and ancient Christian Faith of the Catholic Church we will witness an answer, not to apologetics, but to prayer.

The Irish have not lost the enterprising missionary spirit of Brendan and Columbanus. Seven priests of the new missionary society of St. Patrick, with headquarters at Kiltegan, County Wicklow, recently set out for Africa. They form the first departure from the new missionary college which each year will add laborers for African harvests. The particular province, Calabar, into which the seven missionaries enter, has a population of 2,000,000 of which 23,000 are Catholics. A promising field is Calabar for the missionary society of St. Patrick.

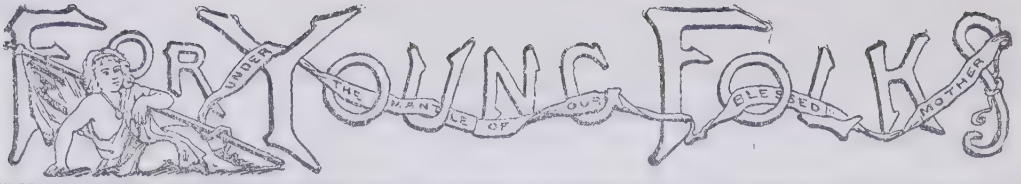
Sir James Melville, K. C., M. P., Solicitor General in the present English ministry, the only Catholic in the cabinet, recently resigned his office on account of ill health. And so at the present moment the government headed by Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald, like that presided over by President Hoover, is strictly non-Catholic. We note this, not so much to disturb our Catholic "higher-ups" who are afraid to be recognized and so give offense, but to express a mild wonder that Mr. Hoover, with twenty millions of us to select

from, could not find even one. Sir Ramsay's closer scrutiny discovered Sir James Melville. And now that Sir James has resigned, we wonder if his scrutiny will reveal another.

Rt. Rev. Olaf Offerdahl, Vicar Apostolic of Norway, who recently died at the Franciscan Monastery, Russum, Holland, was the first native Norwegian to become a bishop in his own country for four hundred years. He was the son of a peasant farmer in the district of Sogn, near Bergen. At the age of twenty-two he entered the Church from Lutheranism, and after being educated at Berlin and Rome was ordained priest in 1891. In addition to his missionary labors among his countrymen, Bishop Offerdahl found time to translate the entire New Testament into Norwegian. Notwithstanding Bishop Offerdahl's apostolic labors, Norway has a Catholic population of only 3,200 served by 36 priests and 380 Sisters.

In the corridors of old-time monasteries was posted the one-word mandate, *Silentium*. An ancient saying, often repeated, was: "The least said is soonest explained." It is too bad that this was not remembered and acted upon by those who have made a lengthy and weary explanation of a recent event which, though regrettable, cannot be called sinful. Surely there are sins enough without making any more.

Ordinarily we endeavor to reply in person to the many letters from grateful subscribers for particular articles published. Occasionally, however, the modesty of such writers prevents them from identifying themselves sufficiently so that we can express our thanks by letter. We hope, therefore, that the Dominican Father who wrote recently in such high praise of THE AVE MARIA will accept this word of appreciation for his kind encouragement.



Good Night.

BY RENA STOTENBURG TRAVAIS.

I PUT my books on the shelf,
And my doll and her gowns away,
And my tea-set blue and my table too,
Oh, there are a lot of things to do
Before I turn from the land of play
The beautiful, wonderful things of day,
And say good night to myself.

My room is in pink and delf
And a wonderful place to be,
With a shaded light and a bed so white,
It seems a couch for a fay or sprite
As well as a girl like me.
I think that it smiles and likes to see
Me say good night to myself.

Oh, Sleep is a jolly elf
And he sings me a little song,
Of a silver stream and a lily's gleam,
And all the things that one wants to dream,
Of a fairy ring and a pyxie throng,
And I wish the hours could be twice as long,
When I say good night to myself.

Little Texas.

BY MRS. ALFRED DE ROULET.

VI.—A TEXAN CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS morning rose bright
and clear.

"I'm mighty glad it isn't raining to-day," said Manthus as she slipped out of bed after the usual squeals of 'Merry Christmas' and delight over the simple gifts beside her bed. "It never seems quite right for the skies to cry on Our Lord's birthday. Just listen to the firecrackers, Mother. Soon as we are home from Mass may Bobby and I go to the gallery and shoot ours?"

"Yes, dear, if one of the older children will show you how," sighed her

mother. "But do be careful of Bobby, and hurry or we'll be late for Mass."

"Yes, Mother," said Manthus struggling to get her clothes on as quickly as possible.

The early Christmas Mass was very beautiful. The church was decorated with red holly branches, and Manthus said her prayers earnestly, trying hard to keep from being distracted by thoughts of her presents and the day's delights. It was of course a great day for her, and she hurried home from church to see her presents and fire the firecrackers. Christmas in Texas is celebrated very much as Northern children celebrate the Fourth of July. There are torpedoes and firecrackers in the morning and fireworks in the evening, besides the exchange of Christmas presents and the giving of "Christmas Gift" for the Darkies.

This was the first year that Amanthus had been thought old enough to play with firecrackers herself, and when she woke up and saw dangling from her stocking, beside the new dolly and a copy of "Diddy, Dumps and Tot," and all the goodies inside, five whole packages of firecrackers, she could scarcely wait to shoot them.

Bobby had torpedoes, a live white rabbit, a boy doll, a tin horn, a big drum, and one bunch of firecrackers which he was to be allowed to light if Morgan held them for him. After Mass and before breakfast the children were all swarming on the gallery and such a popping as ensued.

Mammy descended upon them calling out "Christmas Gift," laughing like a child when she managed to say it before the young folks and crying "I done cotched yo' all sure 'nuff! Yo' doan get ahead of yo' old Mammy!"

Then came Aunt Seeley from the cook's cabin and Chloe and Uncle Nicodemus, who tended the cows and horses, and Shelby, who helped him; and there was such a commotion for a few moments that one would have thought Bedlam was let loose. All over the city firecrackers were popping, cannon crackers were roaring, and the big cannon in the City Park was booming its loud note. A few stray fireworks went up here and there, and the chime of the church bells smote the cool morning air as a sweet interlude to discord.

All morning the little folk played together, happily reinforced by a baker's dozen of the children of the neighborhood, for the Ochiltree's yard was large and the Ochiltree hearts were larger. Each one of the older children had a bosom friend, and there were, besides, two or three always to be found tagging after Sue Ford; so, big and little, the happy boys and girls swarmed over the old place.

Amanthus was so much younger than her brothers and sisters—one little one having died between her and ten-year-old Morgan—that she was always left to play with Bobby, and the smallest children swarmed around her like bees around the queen. That Aunt Seeley's grandchild, Calamity, and Mammy's Missizy, pickaninnies of six and eight years, were of the party did not disturb the little aristocrats. It lent, on the contrary, rather a considerable interest to the various plays, for the Darkies were very good company. Calamity was a "yellow Niggah," "right pert," her grandmother said, while Missizy was black as coal, her eyes shining like diamonds, her teeth gleaming like ivory in her black face. All Manthus' satellites were gathered around her in a ring under a huge gum-tree at the side of the house.

"Cal," said Manthus, "is that all the name you've got?"

"Lan' sakes, Miss Manthus, 'cose I got mo' name dan dat! I done been christened Maree Genevra Calamity. They called me Maree after yo' Ma, an' Genevra after my Ma, an' Calamity 'cause de bery day I was bo'n de ole white mule, de wickedest mule dat eveh kicked foah ways to onst, done kicked my fatheh tro' de boda'k haidge into de nex' fiel, and de big butt done butted him back ergain, an' one or de odder ob dem contrairy-wise animals done busted his bes' pipe, so when he came from bein' butted an' foun' me theah, he said 'Call dat chile Calamity.'"

"How did you get your name, Missizy?" asked Manthus.

"My Ma's missus was named Izy (Iza) May, an' she wanted to name me fo' huh, but she think it wasn' zactly per-lite to say jes 'Izy' thout any handle, so she jes' baptized be Missizy. My broth-ch's name is Confed'racy Joseph, an' dey call him Racy fo' sho't."

"My nameth Wobbe't Lee," said Bobby, who thought he had been quiet long enough. "I'm named foah a gweat big man, an' when I gwow up, I'm goin' to be biggehn' him."

"Why, Robert Lee Ochiltree!"—May Manthus' eyes were wide with horror—"no one *can* be bigger than General Lee."

"Pooh," said Bobby, unconvinced. "My Fatheh is, an' 'Grand.' 'Grand' gave me half-day thuckeh yesterday."

Manthus was as usual reduced to saying "Oh, Bobby!" and at that moment the sound of a dog's dismal howl came from near the barn.

"There's Uncle Nicodemus playing the fiddle," said Manthus. "I know 'cause Tige always howls when he plays. Let's go and hear him."

All the children jumped up and ran across the yard as if some wild thing was after them. Uncle Nicodemus played well. With all the African love of music, he liked especially the weird notes of the minor chord, and when the

little folk appeared on the scene he was seated on an old soap box against the wall of his cabin, his old fiddle held close under the white, kinky whiskers of his chin, the bow slipping up and down the worn strings. Beside him in the doorway sat his granddaughter, Lobelia, playing with her dolls, while Racy came up from the barn and began to sing:

I came down hyah to sing an' pray,

Oh, yes, oh yes;

To drive ole Satan fah away,

Oh, yes, oh, yes.

CHORUS

Oh, wait till I get on my robe,

Oh, wait till I get on my robe,

Oh, wait till I get on my robe,

Oh, yes, oh, yes.

If yo' want to catch that heavenly breeze,

Oh, yes, oh, yes.

Go down de valley on yo' knes,

Oh, yes, oh, yes.

CHORUS (repeated)

I am de Valley ob Bethlehem,

Oh, yes, oh, yes!

De Lawd sent dah His snow-white Lamb,

Oh, yes, oh, yes.

'Twah cold an' chill on dat ah night,

Oh, yes, oh yes;

But on de hills wah heavenly light,

Oh, yes, oh, yes.

De Lawd came down a puny chile,

Oh, yes, oh, yes;

To free all men from sin an' guile,

Oh, yes, oh, yes.

He had no home but His Motheh's breas'

Oh, yes, oh, yes.

She wrap Him close an' wahm to res',

Oh, yes, oh, yes.

An' we mus' take Him to our heaht,

Oh, yes, oh, yes.

An' from His love mus' no more paht,

Oh, yes, oh, yes.

CHORUS

Oh, wait till I get on my robe,

Oh, wait till I get on my robe,

Oh, wait till I get on my robe,

Oh, yes, oh, yes.

Racy's voice was sweet and clear, and in it that mournful note, so often found in Negro music, went right to the heart.

"Oh, dear me, Racy," cried Manthus, "your singin' makes me feel queer. I can almost see the poor little baby, Our Lord, 'all cold and missible in the stable," and the little girl looked ready to cry.

Racy was not overcome by his own singing. He grinned broadly, and created a happy diversion by saying: "Dah's fo' new kittens in de bahn, Miss Manthus."

A squeal of delight from Manthus, and "Let's go see 'em" was followed by a stampede of all the young folk to where a proud mother Tabby cosily curled up in the hay, was keeping watch over four little sprawling mites their eyes not yet opened on a friendly world.

"What'll we name them," cried Manthus—"the dears! It ought to be something to do with Christmas, 'cause they came at Christmas time."

"Dunno, Miss Manthus, we nebber name our kittens," said the Darkies, unable to give assistance at the Christmas christening, but quite ready to fall in with anything Manthus might propose.

"Name 'em Ox, Ass, Straw, and Manger. Those are Christmassy enough," said the teasing voice of Morgan, from the stall, where he was feeding his pinto pony.

"Go 'long, Morgan, those are no names for Christian kittens," Manthus' tone was scandalized. "Let me see, I'll name this one, with the white spot in the middle of its forehead, Star, for the star that stood over where the young Child lay; and this black one I'll call Night for the 'Holy night, peaceful night, in the darkness shone the light.' This jolly little gray one I'll name Merry Christmas, and the white one, Dawn, 'cause Mother said when Our Lord came it was the morning dawn of peace and love."

"You're a dear little girl," said the

voice of an unseen listener, and Manthus' father reached up through the open hatch and drew her to him with a fond kiss.

"'Grand' has come, dear, and Grandmother. You and Bobby must come up to the house now. If you little Darkies will run around to Aunt Seeley's cabin you'll get your Christmas gifts."

"Thanky, sah, thanky, sah!" cried all the Darkies in a chorus as they trooped off; and Manthus and Bobby Lee each took their stand on either side of their father, hopping along like little brownies, Bobby proclaiming glibly:

"Me Proggiwal Thon thum more; me want candy!"

Christmas dinner was a wonderful repast with turkey at one end of the table, and spiced ham, boiled and browned, at the other, flanked by sweet potatoes browned in sugar sirup, white potatoes, lye-hominy, figs, little yellow tomato preserves, and corn bread; while for the dessert there were pumpkin and mince pies, and a brandy pudding, the sauce all lighted up and burning.

In the middle of the table was a big glass bowl which had belonged to May Manthus' great, great grandmother, which she had used back in Virginia, and which was filled to the brim with fragrant violets and dark red roses from the garden. A huge fruitcake was cut for the elders and passed in the drawingroom with the coffee and wine, while the children had snowy kisses and delicious cookies cut in all kinds of shapes. There was the ox and the ass and stars and even little chubby babies cut out by Aunt Seeley's sharp knife, and sprinkled all over with sugar and spice.

"Mother," said Manthus, "may Bobby and I have a plate of cookies out in the dog trot and give some to the little Darkies?"

"Yes, dear," was the ready answer, and soon the little girl had the whole

crowd around her again, all happy and smiling and showing their Christmas gifts.

"I suppose our good Northern friends would be surprised at the terms our children are on with the pickaninnies," said Mrs. Ochiltree to her father. "They would probably expect things to be far different."

"They would be different up North," was the answer. "Northern Niggers are so spoiled, the children couldn't be trusted with them at all. Old Nicodemus said yesterday 'Dese new-fangled Niggahs is gettin' pow'ful ornery an' triflin'. Dey ain't wuf killin'. A Niggah ain't no count no how 'lessen he's knowed bondage.' There's enough of the old spirit left here to make these Darkies keep their place, and they know they'll be treated kindly so long as they behave themselves. They're nothing but children, and the only way to get along with them is to reward them when they're good and punish them when they're not."

"They're as affectionate as puppies to those they love," said Mrs. Morgan. She never had anything but gentle words to say of anyone. "Cal and Missizy would do anything for May Manthus and Bobby."

"Yes, I believe they would," said Mrs. Ochiltree, and all fell into converse, pleasant, full of tender memories of other Christmases and of dear ones far and near.

Like eyes of heaven, soft and shining, the countless stars of Texas night gazed gently down upon a happy little girl, as May Manthus went sleepily to bed, hugging her new dolly and holding Jessie May just as close to her faithful little mother heart.

Robert Lee insisted on taking his live white rabbit to bed with him, and was only deterred therefrom by the idea of seeing it the first thing in the morning, and the promise of a half-day sucker

under his pillow if he went to bed "like a good boy."

Sleepily, May Manthus kissed her Mother good-night, and murmured "Thank you, Muddy, for a lovely Christmas day. I'm so much obliged to Our Lady for giving us the Baby Our Lord and Christmas."

(To be continued.)

The Secret of Contentment.

The secret of contentment is in being satisfied with, or at least resigned to, our lot in life. God in His providence watches over us, and our hearts can find happiness, if we will but see His will in all things.

"I love my neighbors and they love me," said one very old man in answer to the question of how he was always so happy.

Another equally venerable man was asked: "Which is the happiest season of the year?" His answer is worth remembering. "When spring comes, and, under the gentle influences of warm air, the buds commence to show themselves and turn into flowers, I think the spring is the most beautiful season of the year. Then when summer comes and covers the trees with thick foliage, when the birds are so happy in singing their pretty songs, I think that the summer is the most beautiful season. When autumn arrives, and I see the same trees laden with the finest and most tempting fruits, and nature adorned with loveliness, I think autumn is magnificent. Finally, when the rude and hard winter makes its appearance, and there are neither leaves nor fruit on the trees, and the snow falls on gloomy days, I look upward at night and perceive, better than ever before, the brilliant stars that fill the sky."

A certain Italian bishop expressed the thought of contentment more clearly and certainly more spiritually. He had been struggling with great difficul-

ties without repining, and had met with trials without betraying the least impatience. A friend of his, who saw and admired such holy example, one day asked the bishop if he would give him the secret of being always happy, of holding peace of heart and content of mind even when troubles were strongest. "Yes," replied the Bishop, "I can teach you the secret with great ease. It consists in nothing more than a right use of the eyes. His friend begged him to explain further. "Most willingly," returned the bishop. "In whatever condition of affairs I am placed, no matter how severe the difficulty, or how grave the trial, or how serious the problem or trouble, I first look up to Heaven, and remember that my principal business is to get there; I then look down to earth and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy when I am buried; I then look abroad on the world, and observe what multitudes there are who are, in all respects, more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all our cares must end, and how very little reason I have to repine or complain."

"Yes," as has been truly said by another writer, "things are hard sometimes; and we must live on and bear God's will. Because He makes a plan for us, and there will always be something coming. We can not tell, day by day, what it may be; but He never forgets us or leaves anything out."

"All is for the best," said an Irish peasant. "To be sure conditions are bad, very bad, and they could hardly be worse. But I still have the grace of God and the health of a good appetite."

The Lamp of the Sanctuary.

The lamp of the sanctuary, which is always kept burning when the Blessed Sacrament is present, is in honor of Our Lord, and represents the Christian in adoration before the tabernacle.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The Longmans Co. will soon publish Volume I. of "Notes on Catholic Liturgies," by Archdale A. King, who gives both the history of the various liturgies used by churches in communion with the Holy See, and, for the most part, the actual text of the rites.

—Girls will like "Chérie at Sacred Heart," by May Beatrix McLaughlin. The school year offers Chérie, her cousin Nell, and her chum, Betty, the ordinary joys, ups and downs. But there are many incidents which are quite thrilling. At no time does the story drag; the dialogue is generally interesting and sometimes precocious, and the characters, with two exceptions, are human and likable. Undoubtedly, young readers will be puzzled as well as provoked at Chérie's frequent use of French words, one of which should not be in the text at all; as for the others, if they are to be used, then it would be kind to provide a glossary. Publisher, Benziger. Price, \$1.25 net.

—"The Eucharistic Life," by the Rev. Charles F. Curran, aims to make the Blessed Sacrament the center of all the actions of the day. The first part emphasizes this thought most particularly. As Jesus was the continual thought of Mary, His Mother, so should He be the central spirit of all: from the beginning of the day, through morning prayers, meditation, Mass, Communion, meals, work, visits, spiritual reading, recreation,—everything. The second part deals with the teaching of the Church in regard to the Communion of children: immature, retarded and frequent Communion, and thanksgiving after Communion. This well-written book deserves wide circulation, for it is deeply spiritual and most practical. It could be used with profit by priests, religious, and the laity. There is no doubt that it will help readers to love Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament and to make Him more and more the center of daily life. Publisher, Bruce. Price, \$1.75 net.

—"St. Paul and His Teaching," edited by the Rev. C. Lattey, S. J., M. A., were "Lectures delivered at Aberdeen, 1928-29, under

the auspices of the Aberdeen diocesan branch of the Catholic Truth Society of Scotland." The Rev. C. A. Corbishley, M. A., wrote the chapter titled Life and Letters; the Rev. A. Bonnar, O. F. M., D. D., The Divinity of Christ; the Rev. R. A. Knox, M. A., The Church; the Rev. T. E. Bird, D. D., Ph. D., The Holy Eucharist; and the Rev. C. Lattey, S. J., M. A., The Second Coming. The teaching of St. Paul is explained, so that the truths which he preached may be better understood by the faithful. Since, however, his writings have been so misinterpreted, this book offers also an exposition and a defense, so that those outside the Church may have a definite and Catholic view of the Apostle himself and his letters. For the most part the treatment of the subject-matter is simple and clear, but the chapter on the Divinity of Christ is above the range of the average intellect. Publisher, Herder. Price, \$1.35 net.

—"A History of the Catholic Church," by the Rev. Fernand Mourret, S. S., is translated by the Rev. Newton Thompson, S. T. D. Volume V. appears first, as the translator notes, "because it is the best one by which to introduce the work to the English-speaking public; the other nine will follow in due course." Besides being splendidly typed and spaced, it has an introduction, a lengthy table of contents, twenty-one pages of bibliography, and a very complete index. Part I. is concerned with the decline of Medieval institutions, the reigns of the various Popes, the work of the different councils, with particular emphasis on the Western Schism and the intellectual revolution of the Renaissance. Part II. studies the Protestant revolt most fully in regard to Germany, England, France, without neglecting the same in the Netherlands and other countries. Part III. treats of the Catholic reformation: the Popes of the Sixteenth Century, the Council of Trent, Catholic rulers, the secular and the religious clergy, the intellectual and spiritual world. In general the social, political, religious, moral and in-

tellectual problems are presented clearly, adequately and impartially with sufficient distinction of style. There is no doubt that this period, being an age of controversy, tests the ability and the scholarship of a historian. The writing of a balanced history requires understanding, judicial discernment and prudence in a high degree. It is to the credit of this author that he has given to the world an authoritative book. Publisher, Herder. Price, \$4.00 net.

—"The First Instruction of Children and Beginners," by the Rev. Joseph Tahon, Missionary of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, translated from the French by E. V. B. M., and edited with an Introduction by the Rev. F. H. Drinkwater, is "an inquiry into the Catechetical tradition of the Church." The author shows that the method used by the Apostles and formulated fully by St. Augustine was the narrative, which was employed down to the time of the Reformation. In this system of teaching catechism, selected stories explain the principal dogmas, the Commandments, and the Sacraments, all of which, Father Tahon states, could be accomplished in less than four months, at the rate of daily half-hour lessons. Thereby mere memorization and "parrot-like" recitations are abolished. He promises a second volume containing practical lessons for children unable to read and for adults who are beginners. We wonder if there are any teachers of catechism nowadays who do not use the narrative method at least to some extent! Publisher, Herder. Price, \$1.25 net.

—"Martin Luther, His Life and Work," by the Rev. Hartmann Grisar, S. J., adapted from the second German edition by Frank J. Eble, M. A., and edited by Arthur Preuss, is concerned with the development of Luther mentally and physically and spiritually. This compact work, embodying all the conclusions that were in the three volumes on Luther which appeared in 1911 and 1912, and supplemented by recent research, offers a scholarly analysis based on original documents. The historical Luther is revealed: the rigorous and almost joyless boyhood, the talented and zeal-

ous student impelled by fear and depressed by a scrupulous sense of wrong, the imprudent taking of vows, the indecision in being ordained, the unhappy priest neglecting to celebrate Mass or to recite the Divine Office, the growing and changing false views on liberty and grace and justification, the attack on indulgences as such, the refusal to accept the Pope's spiritual supremacy, and the religious and ethical revolt. The truth is that the real Luther is neither to be admired nor imitated, for his glorification after all has meant the paying of homage to a revolt which from the very beginning tended to false doctrines and conduct, and not to reformation. His life, in fact, is the life of Protestantism; as the founder, so the church; he gave the example: of separation, of uncertainty, of discord, of continual denial of truth, of the rejection of spiritual authority, making clear that the inherent tendency of heresy is to effect further heresy. Publisher, Herder. Price, \$5 net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The Reverend Berthold Jaeggle, O. S. B.
Brother Herman Kampshof, O. S. B.

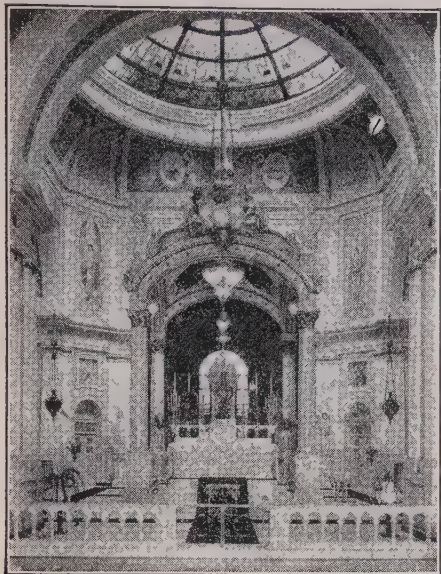
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May they rest in peace!

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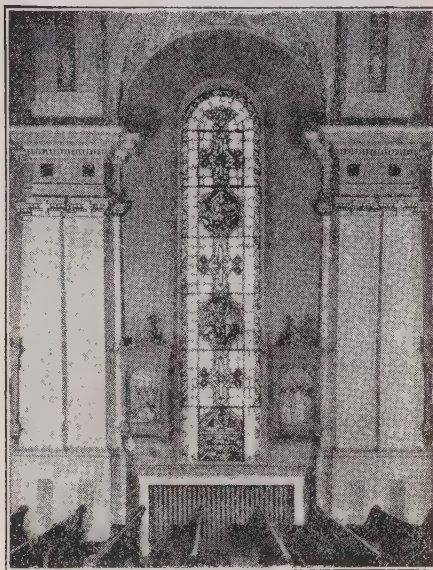


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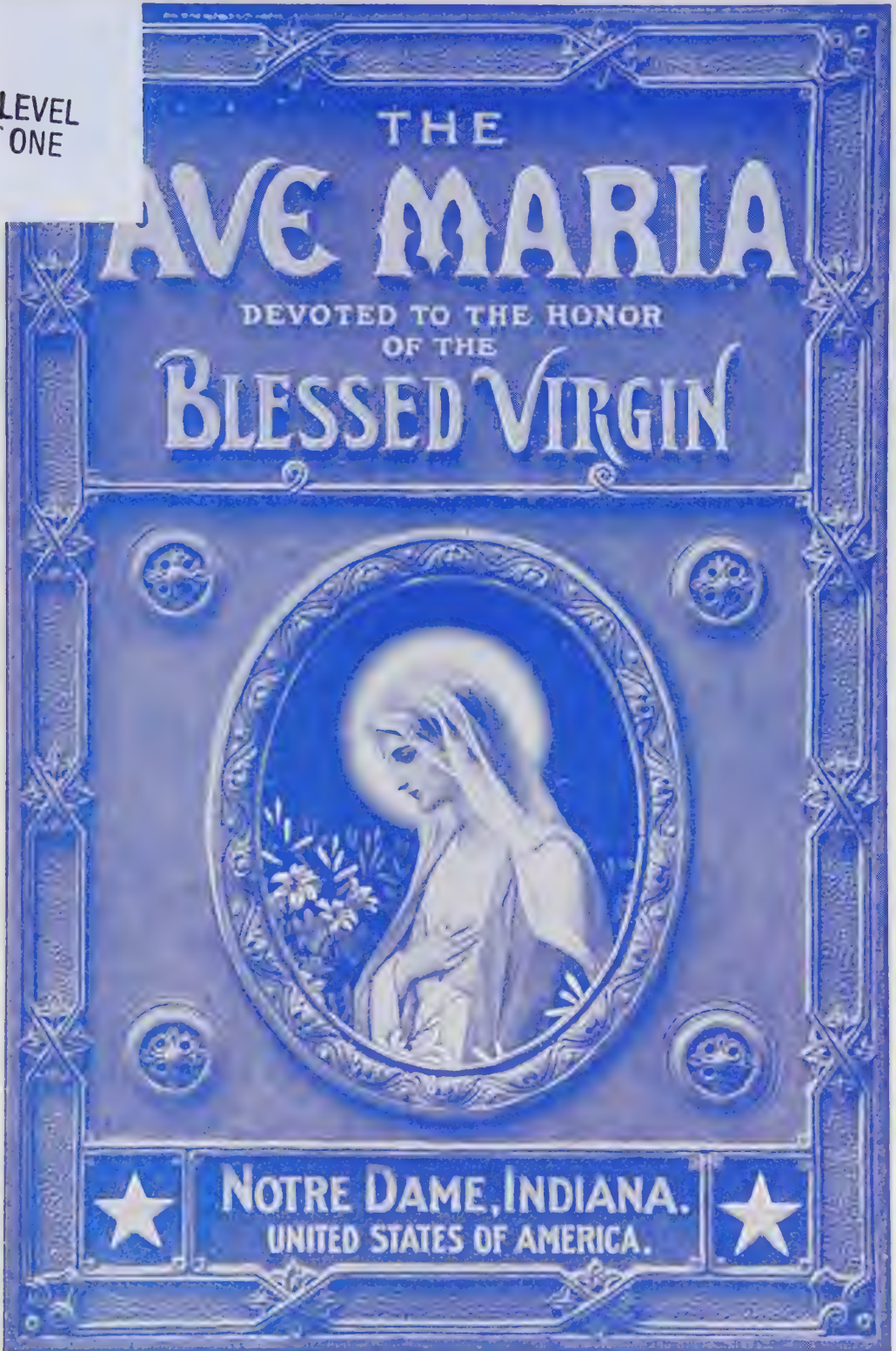
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 22.—St. Cecilia, V. M.
 SUNDAY, 23.—TWENTY-FOURTH AFTER PENTECOST. St. Clement I., P. M.
 MONDAY, 24.—St. John of the Cross, C.
 TUESDAY, 25.—St. Catherine, V. M. St. Erasmus, B. M.

WEDNESDAY, 26.—St. Sylvester, Ab. St. Peter of Alexandria, B. M.
 THURSDAY, 27.—St. Virgil, Bp. St. Cumgar, Abbot.
 FRIDAY, 28.—St. James de la Marche, C.
 SATURDAY, 29.—Vigil. St. Saturninus, M.

The Passion Play at Brixleg

We hear so much of the Ober-Ammergau players and their stupendous production today that we are apt to give them the exclusive credit for the realistic portrayal of the passion of Our Lord. There is another Passion Play, however, which in some ways is deserving of still greater credit, although the absence of any publicity efforts has kept its qualities comparatively secret. Some years ago Charles Warren Stoddard, the famous literary artist, journeyed to the isolated village of Brixleg for the purpose of seeing this production, and he has told us the story of that visit in his own happy style upon the pages of this little pamphlet.

23 pages. Price, 10 cents.

THE AVE MARIA
 NOTRE DAME, IND.

MY DIRECTION

After all, there is no better teacher to whom we can listen, no better guide whom we can follow than Our Blessed Lord Himself. Everything that we need in the way of direction He has already given us if we can only learn to apply His words to the daily difficulties that confront us. The little pamphlet, "My Direction," helps us to do this. It applies the words of Our Blessed Lord to our everyday life in such simple and sympathetic language that in the reading our worries begin to disappear and our hearts begin to feel the peace that he meant we should find under His holy direction.

24 pages. Three copies, 10 cents.

THE AVE MARIA
 NOTRE DAME, IND.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

Vol. XXXII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 22, 1930.

No. 21.

[Copyright, 1930: Rev. Eugene P. Burke, C. S. C.]

Saint Cecilia, Patroness of Music.

BY S. C. N.

EACH soul that loves makes music. All the strife

And tumult of the world (Greed, Hate, and Fear)

Can never overwhelm it. Thus we hear
E'en now, though blatant discord still runs rife,

The echoes of this gentle virgin-wife
Whom we as Music's patroness revere,
Who, singing in her heart unto God's ear,
Made melody sublime of her whole life.

Her life was like a rapturous reply
To strains divine wherewith her soul was filled,
For harmonies enravishing she heard;
She knew the Song of songs, that cannot die,
The Sound by which the world shall yet be stilled,—

The sempiternal music of *The Word!*

Santiago de Compostella: Spain's Holy City.

BY THE REV. P. W. BROWNE, D. D., PH. D.



ALICIA is one of the most picturesque sections of the Iberian Peninsula; and it is known to travellers as "the Spanish Switzerland." Originally it was occupied by a tribe called Galliact, whence the name which the region bears. Centuries before the Christian era it was colonized by the Phœnicians. These were ousted by the Romans; and it became a *colonia* in the time of Cæsar Augustus. At Corunna (once the capital of the colony) may still be

seen the *pharos*, built, it is claimed, by the Phœnicians, and repaired by the Emperor Trajan; it is now known as La Torre de Hercules, and it serves as a beacon for ships that ply along the coast from Cape Ortegal to Santander.

Galicia was occupied by the Visigoths in 585, and at the beginning of the Eighth Century it fell into the hands of the Visigoths, who were driven out in 739 by Alfonso the Catholic. Subsequently, it became part of the Kingdom of Castile and Léon, and at the death of Ferdinand the Great, in 1065, it was for a brief period an independent kingdom which was ruled by his son, Garcia, after whom is named Villagarcia, the attractive little seaport near Pontevedra, from which, in August, 1927, I began the journey to Santiago de Compostella—Spain's "Holy City."

Along the route are several cosy hamlets where may be seen the tall, muscular, hardy, and laborious people (Gallegos) who eke out a care-free livelihood by tending little plots of maize and potatoes and cultivating rich vineyards along the sunny slopes. We made a few halts en route at the request of members of our little party who desired to sample the *queso de teta* and some other things for which Galicia is noted. The vista along the route was romantic; but we did not stop long enough at any place to enable us to meet at close quarters some of the peasants whom a certain New England visitor to Spain contemptuously refers to as "people not unlike boorish Irish

farmers such as one meets in the west of Ireland." True, the people *did look Celtic*; but the urbanity and courteousness of those whom we met casually along the route were such as I have not seen in any part of New England with which I am familiar.

After a four-hour journey we caught a glimpse of the Cathedral towers of Santiago which dominate Spain's Holy City. Entering through the Alameda, and passing by the Plateria we were set down at the Plaza del Hospital, and found ourselves in front of the Cathedral whose towers we had seen nearly an hour before. The city is a quaint old-world place, with arcaded streets lined with red-roofed houses, and filled with monuments, with scallop shells (conchas) lining profusely the little parterres with which it abounds. These scallop shells are reminiscent of the olden days when they were the emblem of pilgrims who had visited the shrine of Santiago (St. James the Greater) whose body rests in the crypt of its glorious Cathedral.

The city of Santiago de Compostella, however, is not the place where St. James the Greater preached Christianity in Spain. The traditional site is Padrón, some seventeen miles to the southward, where once stood the Roman city of Iria Flavia, capital of the Galician Caporos. Here may still be seen many Roman ruins that date from the beginning of the Christian era. The tradition that St. James founded an episcopal See at Iria Flavia is very ancient. There is a Latin poem of the Seventh Century, commemorative of the event, in which occurs the following stanza:

Primitus Hispanas convertit dogmate gentes,
Barbara divinis convertens agmina dictis,
Quæ priscos dudum ritus et lurida fana,
Dæmones horrendi deceptæ fraude, colebant.*

* He first did convert the Spanish peoples by his teaching, turning towards God's word the barbarous hordes that had long practised primitive rites and worshipped at the shrine of darkness, being deceived by the evil one.

The entire poem is found in Migne (P. L. lxxxix, 293).

Having preached Christianity in Spain, St. James returned to Judea, and was put to death by order of Herod; his body was miraculously transported to Iria Flavia, whence it was later taken to Compostella. The authenticity of this tradition has been discussed by various writers; but this subject lies beyond the scope of this article. It is worthy of note, however, that the Bull "Omnipotens Deus," issued by Leo XIII. (November 1, 1884) is a weighty argument in favor of the tradition.

Authors differ as to the origin of the name Compostella; and the most satisfactory explanation seems to be that the name is derived from *campus stellæ* ("field of the star"). The beginnings of Compostella are traceable to the miraculous appearance of a star, revealing to Bishop Theodomir, in 835, of *Iria Flavia*, the spot where were concealed the bodies of St. James and his disciples, Athanasius and Theodorus. A chapel was erected on the spot by Alfonso II., and around it grew a city which came to be known as Santiago de Compostella.

At the end of the Eleventh Century Compostella became a metropolitan See. It has had many distinguished bishops; and several councils have been held within its borders. One of the most important was the provincial council (held on October 23, 1329) which decreed the yearly celebration of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception throughout the province of Compostella on the 8th of December. This decree has a special historical significance since it antedates the formal definition of the Dogma, and the Constitution "Ineffabilis Deus," by more than six hundred years!

The Cathedral of Compostella is the most famous, though not the largest, in Spain. It succeeds a church which was

destroyed by the Moors, in 997. Some writers state that it is an exact reproduction of the Church of St. Sernin, at Toulouse. This I doubt, however, as I have visited St. Sernin, and I do not recall many points of resemblance. It was presumably modelled after the Cathedral of Le Puy, in the Department of Haute Loire, which in the Middle Ages had close relations with Aragon.

Within the Cathedral repose the relics of St. James and his disciples, Saints Athanasius and Theodorus. The exact location was unknown for a long time, until discovered in 1883, by Cardinal Payá y Rico. The authenticity of the relics was confirmed by the Bull "Omnipotens Deus," to which allusion has already been made.

Santiago has been a place of pilgrimage for more than a thousand years. During the Middle Ages it was one of the four great pilgrimages for the whole Catholic world, and ranked next in dignity to the pilgrimages of the Holy Land and Rome. An excellent account of Santiago and its famous shrine may be found in "La Tumba del Apostol Santiago" (recently published by Dr. Manuel Vidal Rodriguez of the University of Santiago). He tells most graphically the story of the origin of the shrine, and discusses at length the international aspect of the pilgrimages. He informs us that in the centuries before the Protestant Revolt, England sent more pilgrims to Santiago than any other foreign country. From records of the Fifteenth Century he gives the number of pilgrims for four years for which statistics are available; and we find that there came from England: in 1428, 13 ships, with 1136 pilgrims; in 1443, 63 ships, with 2990; in 1451, 14 ships with 1594; in 1456, 8 ships with 800. During the same period, and subsequently, numbers of pilgrims came from France, Italy, and Germany.

Within recent years the organized pilgrimages from foreign countries have not been numerous, possibly because other pilgrimage shrines are more accessible. Spaniards, however, frequent the shrine in large numbers, notably on great feast days, and particularly on the Feast of St. James the Greater.

At the time of my visit to Santiago de Compostella I did not notice any pilgrims. Those whom I saw at the Cathedral were a group of American visitors of the tourist type, armed with Baedekers, under the guidance of a very voluble tour conductor. Few of the visitors, if any, were of the household of the Faith, judging from their behavior within the sacred precincts. The majesty and solemnity of the environment did not seem to affect them as it did the iconoclastic scoffer, George Borrow, author of "The Bible in Spain," who says: "[The Cathedral] is a majestic, venerable pile, in every respect calculated to excite awe and admiration; indeed, it is almost impossible to walk its long, dusky aisles, and hear the solemn music and noble chanting, and inhale the incense of the mighty censers, which are at times swung so high by machinery as to smite the vaulted roof, whilst gigantic tapers glitter here and there amongst the gloom from the shrine of many a saint, before which the worshippers are kneeling, breathing forth their prayers and petitions for help, love, and mercy, and entertain a doubt that we are treading the floor of a house where God delighteth to dwell."

The most attractive part of the glorious Cathedral is the *Capilla Mayor*, where stands the high altar. Above it, a little to the rear of the tabernacle, is the jewelled statue of St. James, reached by a small stairway on the epistle side. In the rear of the altar is the crypt, several feet below the

main floor, where repose the relics of St. James and his disciples. A spiral stairway enables you to reach this hallowed spot; but not all visitors are permitted to make the descent.

The high altar is of colossal proportions; and the decorations are the most ornate I have ever seen. Several silver candelabra are hung from the ceiling, and there is a profusion of ex-voto luminaries. A light is kept burning perpetually in the centre of the sanctuary, and I understand the expense of its upkeep is defrayed from a legacy left for its maintenance by the renowned Gran Capitan Gonzalo de Cordova (d. 1515). Flanking the altar are two bronze pulpits, masterpieces of *cinquecento* art, carved with subjects from the Old Testament and the life of St. James.

It may be noted that double pulpits are not uncommon in Spanish churches; and during High Mass the deacon ascends the one on the Gospel side to sing the Gospel, while the subdeacon mounts the other to chant the epistle. In early days the furnishings of the high altar were more elaborate than at the present time. During the Peninsular War, Soult's army plundered the sanctuary.

A visit to the Cathedral would be incomplete without seeing the *Relicario*, which is a perfect museum of exquisitely wrought shrines, containing relics. The one that seems to attract most attention is the reliquary of the Crown of Thorns. There are also many objects of interest in the sacristy, among them the *Galladarte* banner of the Turkish galley at the Battle of Lepanto, which was given to this sanctuary by Don John of Austria.

Adjoining the Cathedral are several buildings of ancient date which provided for the needs of the tens of thousands who visited Santiago de Compostella in earlier days, all of them in a good state of preservation. The most

noteworthy of these is the *Hospicio de los Reyes* which was built in 1504, at the command of Ferdinand and Isabella, as a hospital for sick pilgrims. Santiago de Compostella has many evidences of the faith and devotion which brought so many from afar to the great pilgrimage shrine which is now almost forgotten except by the Spanish people who, regardless of their occasional political feuds, have never been unmindful of their religion.

The return journey from Santiago de Compostella was made in the direction of Corunna, where connection was to be made with a steamer that would bring us eastward to Passajes, the port whence Lafayette sailed for America, in 1777.

En route we had an interesting experience at the village of Santa Maria de Ordenes where we halted for lunch at a wayside *posada* kept by a dear old lady, who was particularly gracious to the *padre Americano*. The appointments of the *posada* were quite primitive; but this feature was offset by the courtesy of the hostess. When I offered payment for the meal, she refused to take it, and with a *nada! nada! Padre*, she knelt down and asked my blessing. As we were leaving the door of the *posada* there came by a group of little children, accompanied by a lady who informed us that she was the village school teacher. One of our party offered a few *pesetas* to the children, all of whom refused to accept the offering; and only after it had been explained to the teacher that it was a recognition of the courtesy we had received at the *posada*, were they induced to accept the gratuity. This in a country that is supposed to be infested with beggars sounds paradoxical.

Passing through Alvredo we met several groups of peasants returning from market; they seemed the very embodiment of rural peace and contentment. The last *etape* of our jour-

ney lay through an undulating, highly-cultivated region, to the north of which was a steep ridge, and we made slow progress; but on reaching the summit we were rewarded with a vista of surpassing loveliness. In the far distance lay the mighty Atlantic; below us, bathed in sunshine, was the bustling seaport of Corunna.

An Invalid's Jottings.

BY JOSEPH CARMICHAEL.

VII.

STRAIGHT in front of my window lies the Market Square, on the further side of the main street of Wybrow. One side of the square is occupied by the group of buildings known as the "Moot Hall," comprising our Court of Justice and the offices of the town authorities—Town Clerk, and the like. A line of shops on the opposite side of the square terminates in a narrow outlet down to a lower portion of the town, and through it I can get glimpses of a few of the bigger buildings in that quarter. The narrow lane referred to bears the curious designation of "Kessop's Entry"; who and what was Kessop, and why the lane got the title is unknown.

The very last house of the row of shops on that side of the square is a dingy little tenement, squeezed up close to the "Entry"; it has two small shop windows, with a half-glass door between them. The house is smaller than its neighbors, and a storey less in height. Its insignificance is intensified by its obviously neglected aspect. Young friends of mine have described its chief points in a way to enable me to form a pretty accurate picture of it.

"It is the filthiest hole of a shop you can imagine, Jack!" cried Cyril Latat-ski, when I was remarking upon the deserted look of the place one day. "No one could tell you what is supposed to

be sold there, and no one ever seems to buy anything. The window panes are dim with dust and dirt, and all that can be seen through them are a few battered-looking old tea-pots and dirty candlesticks amongst a lot of indescribable rubbish."

"Possibly a pawnshop," I suggested.

Cyril was an authority; for a short cut to the Grammar School, which he was then attending, lay through Kessop's Entry; thus he passed the little shop almost daily.

I gradually acquired a good deal of information about the house in question and its occupant; the latter was the owner of the former—an old, old woman rejoicing in the name of Patty Cope. Popular rumor attributed to Patty "heaps of money in the bank"; in spite of appearances, which seemed to belie the statement, the occasional appearance of a bank clerk at Patty's door suggested a slight foundation for the tradition. Certainly the old woman could not be depending upon the profits of her shop, since customers were nil; yet she had some means of livelihood, for she might be seen purchasing food at neighboring shops now and again. Those were the only occasions upon which Patty was ever seen beyond her own doorstep, and they were carried on by stealth, as it were; always during the quiet hours of the afternoon, when boys were safely shut up in school, were these excursions made. Her head and shoulders muffled in a dingy black shawl, Patty would steal out nervously, looking around to make sure of being unobserved, and scuttle into a shop to make her purchases.

Schoolboys were Patty's sworn enemies. Boys are inclined to cruelty, when fun is in prospect, and an insolent leader will easily gather a gang of followers in a mischievous escapade. Kessop's Entry was the short cut from the "Charity School" as well as from the Grammar School, and a crowd of boys

would pour out of it at the close of school hours, eager for play. Thus it came to pass that at occasional intervals Patty's shop window suggested an onslaught upon its proprietrix. A group of lads would gather round the door and windows, peering through the dim glass and hammering the door-knocker with vociferous shouts of "Old Patty Cope, never uses soap!"—"Dirty old miser, don't we all despise her?" and such like choice salutations. Nothing would happen for a few minutes, then suddenly the door would fly open and old Patty would rush upon them with a long-handled broom and charge the mob, amid ribald shouts and ironic laughter on the part of the enemy. The noise would summon neighboring shopkeepers to their doors to enjoy the sport; none seemed to have the charity to stand up for the old woman, though a few cuffs on the head would have dispersed the young ruffians quickly enough. Should none of our police happen to put in appearance, the assault and defence would be repeated until the boys were tired with their game, and made their respective ways homeward by twos and threes.

I am proud to record the fact that such attacks were put an end to by my young chum Cyril Latatski. He urged on a party of Grammar School boys to strike in the old woman's defence, under his able leadership. Cyril was a good-hearted boy, who would scorn to annoy any helpless creature, and his intentions were—I am convinced—perfectly upright; with regard to his followers, it is quite possible that a free fight with "Charity Boys" was as powerful an incentive as the defence of a weak, old woman! But whatever their motives, Cyril's band came out victorious. A glorious scrimmage took place when the next attack was made; the Charity boys were ingloriously routed, and so completely subdued that such concerted assaults were never again

attempted. The occasional run-away knock of some daring youth, when no Grammar School boy was in sight, was all that old Patty suffered after that decisive battle!

The old woman had lived thus isolated for more years than any of the townsfolk could accurately reckon, and few whose way led them through Kes-sop's Entry gave much heed to the obscure little tenement near by. The routine of Patty Cope's life went on with undeviating monotony. But on a certain day a startling change occurred. Every morning a tiny can of milk was hung upon the door-knob by a passing milkman from the country; its advent was announced by the man by a vigorous rat-tat, that the occupant might remove the can at her leisure and replace it empty before his return from his rounds. But on that particular morning the can remained untouched, and such an unprecedented occurrence gave rise to alarm; the old woman must be ill. So he wisely informed one of the neighbors and departed. There was much hesitation, considering the old recluse's character for churlish isolation, about the mode of procedure; the sensible way seemed to inform the police. When no response was rendered to repeated knocking, the door was forced. Old Patty was found lying dead in her wretched bed in the small room behind the shop which apparently served all uses. The doctor's verdict was heart failure.

The old woman's death led to astonishing revelations when the dingy little house was overhauled. The only room showing signs of habitation was that in which the body was found; its furniture was of the poorest—a bed, one or two chairs, a table and a few simple cooking utensils—all rather the worse for wear and nothing scrupulously clean. The upper floor had two or three rooms, and all were stuffed full of various articles—some costly, others

valueless. There were heaps of male and female garments, silver and brass ware, rings, brooches, bracelets, oil paintings, prints—some of the latter, which eventually came into my possession, are among my most cherished possessions—and a heterogeneous collection of articles forming the unredeemed pledges of a former pawnbroking business apparently. At some past epoch Patty had evidently done a flourishing trade in that way, though none of the present generation could furnish much reliable information on the point.

The difficulty which now confronted the town authorities was the ascertaining of Patty's next of kin. Not only were the first discovered contents of the house of considerable value, but the house itself belonged to the old woman. Further research and inquiry resulted in the finding of a large amount of hoarded money which had been thrust away into drawers and other receptacles in the different rooms. Though Patty had of late preferred to keep her money in her own possession, it became known that she had invested a large sum in shares in the local banking company. Hence the reputed visits of bank clerks from time to time became credible.

The nine-days' wonder aroused by these happenings had nearly subsided when further cause for astonishment arose. It began to be rumored that in spite of inquiries by the police, advertisements and the like, no tidings had come of the needed heirs-at-law who might claim the estate. Much food for gossip was afforded by discussions as to the disposition of Patty's property, should no claimant appear; would it go to the Crown, or to the municipality, or what? Seldom had the old woman, in life, provided so much matter for conversation as she had done by dying!

The interest had practically died down after a few weeks. The shop remained closed, under the care of the

police, until further developments should ensue. Then, one day, a claimant appeared. A weary-looking, travel-stained woman past middle-age, looking like a poverty-stricken tramp, and leading a fragile poorly-clad little girl, eight or nine years old, presented herself at the office of the head of the police and handed in a sheaf of papers proving her title to the dead woman's property.

The woman represented herself as Phoebe Stenson (formerly Cope), now a widow, and only daughter of the late Jason Cope, Patty's brother. The child was her orphaned granddaughter, Elsie Stenson. Explaining her tardy appearance, she stated that she had been living in a big northern town, where she supported herself and the child by laundry work; she could not afford newspapers, and had been in entire ignorance of old Patty's death until a neighbor, struck by the identity of surnames, had shown her an advertisement inquiring for the next of kin to the deceased woman. Even then, she had hesitated about replying, for she knew nothing of any of her dead father's relatives and could not realize that any of them—judging from the poverty in which she had been reared—would be likely to have amassed riches. But eventually she had given in to the importunity of friends, and assisted by a charitable solicitor who knew her antecedents and undertook to help her, she had been able to obtain the necessary proofs of her right to her aunt's estate. Her extreme poverty had rendered the journey by rail out of the question, and she had walked many miles of the road, helped occasionally by charitable drivers of vehicles, to arrive at last practically penniless.

To tide over the unavoidable delay in corroborating the claimant's evidence, the town authorities advanced a few pounds for her support, and the business was set on foot without further loss of time.

Officialdom, however, is never quick of movement, and to the claimant's frequent inquiries as to the progress of events, no satisfactory answer was returned for some weeks. Delay was occasioned in the first instance by the extreme reticence of Mrs. Stenson; it was only after she had been made to understand that unless she furnished all possible information of her former address and the names of persons to whom she was well known, no further steps would be taken to verify her claim.

"You have all the proofs you need," she had declared. "What does it matter to anyone where I have been living, or how I supported myself? I have no wish to figure in the daily papers!"

But she had at last been persuaded to listen to reason, and afforded the required details. Her importunity as to the speedy settlement of her affairs was attributed to need of money, for the allowance made to her at first had become exhausted. When she hinted at this, a further grant was made to tide over the time of waiting.

Communications with their fellows in Newcastle, where the claimant had been living, gave unexpected results. A Mrs. Stenson was still living at the address named, but she was seriously ill. A daughter, who had come home from a situation to look after the invalid had approached the police on her mother's account. It appeared that a woman residing next door, who had shown herself assiduous in visiting and tending the sick woman before her daughter's arrival, had suddenly disappeared without any explanation, and since her departure certain important papers had been missed whose loss had affected seriously the health of the invalid. It had been ascertained that these documents furnished proof of the claim of Mrs. Stenson to the property of the late Martha Cope, of Wybrow. Illness had prevented her from bringing her claim

to the notice of the Wybrow authorities; but as soon as she was able to travel she and her daughter would take steps to obtain duplicates of the papers and bring them to Wybrow to prove their claim.

Perhaps the unexpected delay in getting possession of the coveted property had aroused the suspicions of the false Mrs. Stenson that her ruse had been discovered, or it may be some uncanny sense of coming failure alarmed her, at any rate she had disappeared when the police sought her at her lodgings on receipt of the above information, and no one knew whither she had gone. Inquiries in all directions were barren of results, and when the real Mrs. Stenson made application as Patty Cope's next of kin, her claim had been thoroughly investigated and she was put in possession of the not inconsiderable fortune thus unexpectedly acquired.

VIII.

Doctor Annison looks in upon me now and again to make sure that I am still in the land of the living; it is kindness alone that moves him, for I am under no delusion as to the incurable nature of my affliction, as he well knows. I am always cheered up by the sight of his genial face, smiling at me from the doorway; he is a privileged visitor at all times, and never waits to be announced when he knows that I am alone. He is elderly—verging on 70, perhaps—with rosy, plump cheeks, and his merry eyes, glistening through his glasses, are alight with kindly humor. To me he suggests Mr. Pickwick, with a less podgy figure. This is his description when in friendly intercourse; with patients he is always kind, but with a graver kindness, fraught with sympathy. Everyone who knows him loves him.

"I've a curious case on hand, Jack," he said on one of his occasional visits. "A poor fellow has landed at the 'Royal' who's no conception of his own identi-

ty. Hasn't the ghost of an idea who he is, what is his name, whence he comes or whither he wants—or ought to want—to go. It's really tragic! He has no recollection of having been in the war, or I should say it was a case of shell-shock. Poor old Mrs. Micklem is at her wit's end to know what to do about him."

"When did he turn up?"

"Came by train, last night. Ordered rooms, dinner and so on, quite intelligently; but when it came to signing his name in the register, he confessed that he could not recall it—his memory had gone."

"I hope he will be able to pay his way," I remarked dryly.

"Oh, that's quite all right! When he noticed the old lady's perturbed expression, he at once produced a £10 Bank of England note which he handed to her as payment in advance, asking her to remind him when more was due."

"That looks satisfactory. But what kind of fellow is he?"

"A cultured man apparently, an Englishman, well educated with unusually charming manners. I feel quite sorry for the poor chap. He cannot say precisely how long he has been in this predicament, but I gathered from our conversation that his affliction is quite recent. I have been wondering, Jack, whether you would mind my bringing him here and introducing him to you. You would have to ignore past and future, of course, otherwise, I fancy you would find him quite an agreeable companion."

"I haven't the slightest objection," I rejoined. "As a matter of fact, I am rather curious to see him. But if our conversation is to be limited to the present tense, we shall soon exhaust every available topic, and that would be awful indeed!"

"I'm not afraid of that," said the Doctor. "The man is certainly a gentleman, and conversation with his

equals is the most likely means of curing him; it might stir up memory, and put him right by degrees. I hope you will not find him a bore—but I feel sure you will not!"

So it was settled that the "Unknown" (as in my secret soul I had already dubbed him) should visit me next day under Dr. Annison's guidance.

I had scarcely realized, when the two appeared next morning, the awkwardness of dealing with a visitor who had no past history behind him and was nameless now. The Doctor slurred over the introduction, no doubt feeling embarrassed; he got out of his difficulty by giving undue prominence to my name and referring to the Unknown as a friend who was staying at the hotel.

The stranger was a youngish man—not more than 40 probably—with brown hair brushed back from a rather low forehead; and an ingratiating suavity of expression characterized his pale, oval, clean-shaven face. A specially noteworthy feature in his appearance was the clearness of his rather prominent dark brown eyes. He was well-dressed in quiet, unobtrusive fashion.

"I have been telling my friend," Dr. Annison remarked, "that you would welcome an occasional visit, while he remains in Wybrow. He knows no one as yet except myself, and I am so much engaged that I can seldom spare him an hour's chat. You have abundant leisure."

Politeness required a civil answer from me and I gave it. Nevertheless in my inmost heart I began to realize the many obstacles in the way of anything like intimacy with a man who had no past, and consequently the vaguest notions of the future. Beyond the merest conventional remarks, there was no attempt at conversation at this first interview.

A day or two later, the Unknown paid his first call alone. I was surprised to find that intercourse was less difficult

than I had imagined. My visitor cleared away much awkwardness by going straight to the point and telling me of his affliction, so that we were at once on familiar terms. Nevertheless, it was at first difficult to realize that the poor fellow's memory could not be trusted except for a short retrospect.

His peculiar mental state, it appeared, had not been of long duration. Only a few days back, he had awakened in his rooms in a London boarding house, with his mind a blank. He had no idea where he really was, nor why he was there. Springing out of bed and gazing out of the window he came to the conclusion that he was in London—or at any rate some unusually big city—though for what reason he knew not. Sitting on his bed he tried to recall recent events, but failed utterly. He could not even remember his own name! He examined his clothing; no initials or other marks were in evidence. There was very little linen or underclothing in the chest of drawers when he set to work to examine his belongings; it looked as though he had come on a mere passing visit—on business, perhaps, though he could remember no business in which he had been interested. An empty suit-case stood in a corner of the room; it seemed just big enough to hold the extra suit of clothes in the wardrobe and the rest of his things. A light overcoat, a soft felt hat and an umbrella suggested a hired apartment. That was as far as his cogitations led him.

"Had you no pocket-book with your name inside, or containing any memoranda that could help you?" I asked.

He shook his head. "I had merely a wallet containing a few pounds in notes. I never carry a pocket-book."

"What a distressing position in which to find oneself!"

"It was indeed. But you cannot realize the awkwardness of it all, unless through personal experience. What was

I to do? I could not go to anyone else and say, 'Kindly tell me who I am!' What a fool I should have looked. I might even have been clapped into a mad-house! Can you imagine the utter depression that seized me?"

I tried to give expression to the deep sympathy I felt for him.

"You will realize," he went on, "that my first impulse was to get away from all those surroundings, in dread of the unbearable results which were sure to happen. I dressed and found my way downstairs to a breakfast room, and after taking a meal in solitary state, asked for the manager. An elderly woman appeared of whom I asked my account, as I found myself obliged to leave at once on pressing business. I was evidently well known, for the good lady would not hear of payment on the spot. 'You only arrived yesterday,' she said smilingly; 'there is no hurry whatever! Leave it until your next visit to town.' I was hoping she would address me by name, but no such luck! So without more ado, I hailed a taxi and betook myself to a railway station, feeling like a perfect stranger to the crowds of people surging round me."

His voice took on a somewhat plaintive note, as he finished his narration. I pitied him sincerely. It was a situation which, as he had said, only experience could completely realize.

"What moved you to select Wybrow as a retreat?" I asked. "Had you ever heard of it before?"

He shook his head, with a sad smile on his lips. "I have no memory of Wybrow or any other place. I looked down the list of names in the Booking Office and came to Chester, and that seemed to awaken some long lost recollection. The fare was pretty high, too, and that meant a longish run. So I booked to Chester."

"Then how did you manage to alight here?" I asked in astonishment. "You would have had to change at the junc-

tion ten miles further on to get to Chester."

"It was quite by chance, as a matter of fact," he explained. "I suppose I ought to tell you how it came about, but you must pardon me if the telling should entail an apparent depreciation of your town."

"I am by no means in love with Wybrow—as Wybrow," I answered with a laugh. "I am here through force of circumstances, and here I shall probably end my days. So you need not fear to hurt my feelings in the matter!"

"Well, then, there were two men in the compartment with me who were recalling experiences of past traveling in this part of the country. Just before we reached Wybrow, one said to his companion, 'Look out when we pass the next station. There is a church spire, visible from the railway, which is the admiration of architects; it is practically unique.' The other asked the name of the place and was told Wybrow St. Mary. 'What kind of place is it? Could one get a decent meal there, if one felt inclined to explore this wonderful church spire on the return journey?'—'Oh, quite!' said his friend. 'The Royal Hotel is quite a comfortable place. But the town is a perfect backwater—nothing stirring! Reminds one of the Middle Ages!' The description appealed to me. That was the sort of resting-place I needed—a quiet backwater' apart from a worrying world. So I alighted here."

"But what about your ticket and the exceedingly punctilious station-master?" I exclaimed. For I had heard of that worthy's inexorable adherence to the most minute rules and regulations.

"There is a key which unlocks most obstructions of that sort. The good man proved quite amenable in the end."

(To be continued.)

THE joy of a good death is well worth all the pain of a mortified life.

Autumn Ending.

BY NORBERT ENGELS.

NOW must this autumn pass:

Meadow, and sweep of grain;
Flower, and field of grass;

River, and rush of rain,

Youth, and the thought of age;
Age, and the dream of pain?

Now for the whiter page,

Winter, unbroken fields,
Death for a heritage;

Winter, and whiter shields

Bearing the warrior dead;
Keener the sword it wields

Striking the bending head.

Now must this autumn die,
Bleeding in gold and red?

Then let the mound be high;

There let the stars and moon
Bend when they're passing by.

A Catholic Journalist in Fleet Street.

BY E. M. ALMEDINGEN.

YOU must remember Dr. Johnson and many of his kind, as you go along Fleet Street, London, E. C. 4. Peel Tavern, the Mitre, Cheshire Cheese and the Cock Tavern,—all of them old, all of them remembering great achievements, great men, great efforts, the shaping of English thought, the flowering of English letters. And this is well and as it should be. But if you pass along the Fleet, having just said a brief prayer in the cool, quiet Corpus Christi Church in Maiden Lane off the Strand, the street of the Writers might have something else to speak to you about over and above its rich literary reminiscences. Great newspaper offices step into the background. The ceaseless click of innumerable typewriters dies away. The scurrying boys—sheaves of latest editions in their overlaid arms,

—would not disturb you. Here is your hour of dreaming, and why shouldn't you have it?

Easy to span the centuries, easy to get into the years when printed word was not as much as even thought of, when the City of London was London proper, and Westminster was its own township, and the now traffic-thick arteries round about the Strand were the quiet, reposeful boundaries of Charing Cross Village, and when the Fleet did justify its name because of its river.

King Edgar gave the land to the Westminster monks, as a courteous gesture to his friend, St. Dunstan, of Glastonbury; and two landmarks remind you of the energetic saint. His "Western" Church stands in the Fleet. Rebuilt well-nigh a hundred years ago, it stands almost on the very site of the Medieval church dedicated to the same saint. The old St. Dunstan's held the graves of two Elizabethan bishops, Dr. R. Baines, Bishop of Lichfield, and Dr. Oglethorpe, Bishop of Carlisle, both of whom died true to the Faith.

And just beyond St. Dunstan's—at the corner of Fetter Lane—you might indeed pause for a while. Because this busy corner, with its two continuous streams of traffic, once witnessed scenes of Tyburn-like awe and grandeur. Catholic blood used to be shed here in the penal days. Just across, by St. Bride's Church, there now stands a vicarage erected on the identical spot where the ancient Bridewell prison had been—sheltering Topcliffe, the hangman of most unholy memory,—Topcliffe, whose cruelty seems to have been too much even for the then Tower of London officials. So, here in Bridewell, he "practised" some time after "the Reformation." And out of those sinister, heavy Bridewell gates, chained prisoners were once led across the Fleet to the Fetter Lane Corner, where a scaffold and a gloatingly eager crowd

awaited them. Here the Ven. Christopher Bayles, a priest from Durham, Northern England, was hanged in the spring of 1590, soon after his arrival from Rheims where he had been ordained. Here, a little later, two other priests paid with their life blood for their fearless loyalty to Christ and His Church. Ven. Montford Scot and Ven. George Beesley were their names. They faced their death with such an heroism that, as a record tells us, an onlooker shouted: "I came to see traitors and have seen saints." And several similar memories cluster round the Fleet Street corner of Fetter Lane, this off-shoot of the Tyburn Tree.

To go further back to quieter times, you will be reminded of vanished monastic fragrance along Whitefriars Street, on the side opposite to Fetter Lane and Carmelite Street, running further down towards the Embankment. Here, where at the present time the ear is well-nigh deafened by the roar of printing presses, and where pedestrians have to practise extra caution because of innumerable lightning-quick newspaper vans, had once been the home of the London Carmelites, the monastery supposed to have been founded by St. Simon Stock himself on the site granted by King Edward I. And where the monks had once chanted, printing presses now pour forth their deafening litanies, and all is noise and hustle by day and by night, except for a few quiet hours late on Saturday evenings, when, going there, you may indeed recapture something of the long since vanished peace. But the dignity of the old names has a soothing abiding quality all its own.

And going back to the throbbing street of journalism, you will come across another darkening memory, as you go past the somewhat gloomy Red Lion Court, where, some hundred and thirty odd years ago, a Jesuit father, A. Carroll, was robbed and fatally in-

jured by thieves, one autumn night. A gloomy place that, and not one for any pleasantly lazy loitering.

Still further on, as you keep citywards, another great Catholic landmark must arrest your eye,—alas, a landmark perpetuated but by a string of names. No olden buildings now remain. Peterborough Court used to shelter the town house of the Peterborough Bishops. Here lived another staunch opposer of Elizabeth's heretical caprices, Dr. Poole. And a little further on, you will pass Salisbury Square, where the bishops lived and entertained and where a famous Catholic once had his home, namely, John Dryden.

And, beyond Salisbury Square, we come to yet another sacred spot of Fleet Street. Just opposite Shoe Lane, executions were held in penal times. Here Ven. E. Jones laid down his life on a sunny fragrant May morning in 1590. They arraigned him for treason and for "favoring a foreign invasion." He protested against the accusation, and the hangman threw him from the ladder and the mob murdered him. And now comes Ludgate Circus, where once the River Fleet ran down to the Thames, and where once "a bridge of stone decorated with wells embraced by angels" joined Fleet Street to the city. Near-by this bridge, yet another penal days' memory lingers on. The Ven. P. Plasden was born in one of those narrow lanes running into the present Ludgate Circus.

And standing there, on a corner, with the pile of St. Paul's behind you and the Fleet Street spires before you (St. Dunstan's and St. Bride's gladly proud of its steeple, tallest in London), you are apt to forget all about your next appointment with a publisher or an editor, forget the sheaf of manuscripts under your arm and the unceasing hubbub of traffic and people going all around you. Busses flash past you—gorgeously red and purple and pirati-

cally green. Hooters rise above the road of printing presses. The city behind toils on with its feverish daily routine.

The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street is busy counting her paper and her gold, and voices rise crescendo on the 'Change, and steamers ply their way up and down the Thames. Somebody is trying to fly the Atlantic again, and you may call up Rome or Quebec on your private 'phone, and the news of the latest West End robbery (or divorce, as the case may be) is being shouted on every side. Ps-h! What of these? Let them fly across oceans and let them shout across thousands of miles! the world is small, has always been small; the world is but of small import.

The noiseless steps of the white-clad martyrs tread the Fleet flagstones again! Glad, quiet faces, sure of steps, untrembling hands, unafraid eyes! Here they come and foregather, and the corner of Fetter Lane rears its scaffold up to the skies of a forgiving God. And the peaceful chanting hovers over the purlieus of Whitefriars sanctuary: *Quem timebo . . . a quo trepidabo?*

For the blood of the martyrs was never spilled in vain, and the corner of Fetter Lane secretes its strengthening graces for whoever passes there, seeking and wondering and praising God for the olden Catholic glories of England.

GHOSTLY gladness in the Lord and joy of heart with sweetness in soul of the savour of heaven in hope, is the highest health. . . . Seek and learn from this counsel, and thou shalt not err. Love makes me speak and joy makes me talk. See that thou dost lead thy life in lightness, and keep heaviness far away. Let not sadness sit with thee; but in the gladness of God make thee evermore thy glee.—Richard Rolle, about 1300.

When She Went to the Waxworks.

BY HELEN ATTERIDGE.

IT was one of the housekeeper's stories, that she might tell, if his Reverence was out, and one cared to see the garden, instead of waiting in the room where the floor cover was worn and there were only the holy pictures and the rush chairs and the table and inkstand.

Mrs. Mahaffy smiled if one could lure her into a story.

"Yes. I've been to London, and it's the 'quare' place entirely, and the wickedest place. That was long ago when I was with the good priest that used to raffle his watch. I nearly went down on my two knees to get him to take my savings—just the loan of the lend of it. But he said I was to go to London, for my brother was there and going out to South Africa. So off I went, but I was sorry for the poor Father, for what with the ructions and evictions that time, and the sickness where there was hardly the bit and the sup, his heart was broke, and when half the week was over he had hardly a penny left.

"'Go on now, Mrs. Mahaffy,' says he, 'and enjoy yourself, for you won't be always young.' That was his little joke, for I was fifty if I was a day. Well, I 'went on now,' as he told me, and I only wished I could bring him back a pot of money. And my brother and I saw the sights of London, till I was as tired as a dog. And one day when he couldn't come with me, he took me down the escalator—which is a thing that runs away from under your feet—and I was in the underground train they call the Tube, and I knew where to get out and find the other staircase—which was the opposite sort of thing, running from under your feet the other way, and nearly tossing you off on your head at the top, which it didn't do, I

being too smart for it. And there I asked a policeman, and they are so handsome with the helmets, and so civil, and in one minute, as Dennis told me, I was at the Waxworks.

"It was too grand for anything! Everybody was there that was anybody. All the Kings and Queens and the President of the United States, and Charles Dickens and Mary Queen of Scots, and Queen Elizabeth and all the murderers. But I wanted to sit down and get something to eat, so I went back to the door, where there was another of the beautiful policemen looking so civil.

"'If you please,' says I, 'is there any place where one can get a cup of tea?' Well, there I stood, and he wouldn't look at me. So I began again: 'If you please, where can I get—?'

"There was a boy came up to me, 'you should stick a pin in him, ma'am,' says he, 'and you'll know if he's real. They're not real,' he says, 'I'll show you.' And what do you think the young monkey did? He went to the other policeman at the other side of the door; and that was a real one, for he gave a shout that I won't repeat, and he was after the boy, and he so nearly had him by the collar I thought the little scamp would be half-killed, and my heart was in my mouth. It made me feel so bad, I went off without looking for that cup of tea, and I went the whole length of a grand room till I came to the Royal Family, all set out in their drawing-room, some of them were sitting as if they never meant to move now they were dressed up in their real court robes, and the princes staring and just as if they were going to skate.

"There were a lot of people in front of the royal group, so I sat down on the bench beside a nice quiet old lady—for I'd had enough of the antics of the boy and the policeman. The lady was little and stout, and she had a fat umbrella, and her bonnet was the oldest fash-

ioned thing you ever saw, with a veil thrown back over it. But I thought, how rude some people are! They wouldn't do that in Ireland! For two young flappers, as they call them, came rushing past, and if they didn't knock the umbrella out of the old lady's hand, and never stopped to pick it up. So I stood up, sorry for her being treated so rudely. And the same time I stood up, a fine gentleman came to the rescue. And we both stooped down, and I don't know how it was his hand got into my pocket.

"It was a long coat I had on, with a pocket at each side. I turned round sharp, but there he was picking up the umbrella and saying he was sorry, and did he knock up against me?

"*'She's not alive, you know,'* he said to me. And then I knew that she was wax—the old impostor sitting there! And it gave me such a turn.

"After that I took my nice, long, flat purse out of my other pocket, and carried it in my hand, and I thought how they were always telling me at home I ought to have a hand-bag, but I never bought one since the catch of the last one kept opening. I went with the purse in my hand—a nice bit of crocodile skin it was. Well, I thought, it must have been an accident, for he looked such a gentleman. He had a diamond pin and a fine gold chain, and everything on him looked as fresh and as new as if he was a dummy in the tailor's window.

"After that (Mrs. Mahaffy went on), I thought I'd get the cup of tea over in Oxford Street, and maybe buy a little present to take home to his Reverence, if he'd accept it from me. So I went out and got a bus, and it was the queerest thing to see everybody was alive, for I don't know how it was that wax old lady—and I sitting next to her—made me creep all over. And now what do you think? Who should get into the bus and sit down next to me

but my fine gentleman that picked up the umbrella! He was looking at my pocket too, out of the corner of his eye, and that was strange, for I had the purse in my hand.

"While I was getting out my fare, and the conductor was digging my ticket with a sort of pistol, and pointed it at me, I was looking at the silver thing prodding my ticket, when my fine gentleman lurched up against me sideways—like that—rummaging for his own money. And I'm blest if he hadn't the other hand going into my pocket again.

"I jerked away. *'I'm sorry you haven't more room, sir,'* says I.

"*'I'm all right, ma'am,'* says he.

"Well, after that I got out of the bus. And there was no use screaming nor calling a policeman, for he was opening out his newspaper to read it, and both his hands on it after paying the man. Well, after all, I thought, it was my mistake, for he looks too respectable to be a pickpocket, and why should anyone want an empty pocket, and my purse plain in my hand.

"*'Matilda Mahaffy,'* said I to myself, *'you should be more charitable. We hadn't room to stir in that bus. He has a city office, that gentleman, and lots of money. Think of the diamond he had in his necktie! You've left him now, poor man, reading his paper.'*

"I was at Oxford Street then, and I went into the gentlemen's department of a great big store to look for the nicest silk handkerchief that ever was. I was thinking was it a white one the good Father would like, or one of those that wouldn't show the snuff if he wanted a pinch; and surely to goodness it would be a kindness of him to take anything at all from the likes of me! And oh!—oh!—oh! who do you think was next me at the counter, pricing a pair of gloves but—well, you know who? I don't know how he got there,

for I left him in the bus reading the newspaper. But it was then I knew the wickedness of London, for he was cocking his eye at the same pocket. And my purse was there in my hand, plain to be seen at the other side. When I saw him, you could have knocked me down with a feather. What did he want my empty pocket for?

"The next place was one of the bazaars where you get everything for sixpence. And I was looking for a little brooch for Peggy in our kitchen at home; and in two minutes there he was with his hand hanging near my right side pocket. He was looking at the beautiful diamond rings, all for sixpence. But sure there's many a one like me wouldn't know a diamond if they met it in the street. I went out, for I knew now he was following me, and I forgot all about wanting a cup of tea. Just outside I met a policeman, and I was asking him the way to Westminster Cathedral, where I was to meet my brother.

" 'Tis a long way,' says he.

" 'What'll I do at all,' says I, 'I'm frightened of my life. There's a fine gentleman after me wherever I go, and he's had his hand in my pocket.'

" 'Where is he?' says he.

" 'He's there,' says I. But he wasn't anywhere.

"Well, to make a long story short, when I came home here to Ireland I gave the good Father the white silk handkerchief, and I told him the fright I got the day I bought it.

" 'But you shouldn't leave your purse in an outside pocket,' says his Reverence.

" 'Sure I didn't, Father,' says I. 'There was nothing in the pocket, but when I first saw him at the Waxworks, his hand got in and maybe 'twas only—'

"His Reverence wouldn't hear me out. 'Where's the coat?' says he.

"So I had to bring the coat down.

" 'Now look in the pockets.'

"So I felt in the right-hand pocket, and I pulled out a beautiful diamond ring.

" 'The thief!' says he. 'It slipped off, for it wasn't his ring.'

"Then I saw it all. That was why the villain was running after me.

" 'Serve him right, Father,' says I. 'And there it is for you with a heart and a half.'

"But the priest wouldn't take it, badly as he wanted the money. It had to go to Scotland Yard, the place where the handsome policemen come from. 'Stolen property,' says he, 'and maybe the police will have the owner coming after it.'

"Then I thought myself very clever. 'Father,' I said, 'tis you and I that are easy taken in. They have rings like that—little diamonds all round them—at the sixpenny bazaar over there. They're not real at all. And 'twas I that thought I was giving you something for the poor that want it.'

"So we both looked at each other and felt 'sold,' as they say.

"But after a bit, turning it over in his fingers and holding it up to the light, he, being very cute, asked: 'Then what was he following you about for?'

"And then we were dead beat again. 'I dunno,' says I.

"And just then his Reverence said: 'Don't speak to me for a moment, Mrs. Mahaffy.' And he took his spectacles off, and screwed his eyes, which he always did if he wanted to see something very small entirely.

" 'Tis real!' says he. 'There's "J. M." and a date inside of it.'

"So it went to Scotland Yard in London, and—what do you think—"M" was for 'Murphy,' and the police knew it was missing, for they have a list of no end of jewelry stolen.

"I know the good Father had been worrying St. Joseph for money, and I

don't know who the owner had been praying to; but he said it was his dear wife's ring that he'd been breaking his heart for—for she was gone to her reward. And he sent—I forget was it forty or fifty pounds.

"So then we were, as they say, 'in real clover' for a long time. I'm glad that man lost his ring—the pickpocket, not Mr. 'J. M.' But London is the wickedest place. And the more respectable you are, the worse you are—the Lord save us!"

Princess de Conti.

BY GERTRUDE MARIE BRUCKER.

ANNE MARIE MARTINOZZI, the daughter of an Italian nobleman, was the niece of Cardinal Mazarin, who arranged her marriage in France with Armand de Bourbon, Prince de Conti, in 1654. The ceremony took place at the Louvre, with a solemnity befitting the high degree of the Minister's power and the distinguished station of the bridegroom.

Armand de Bourbon, formerly destined to join the Jesuits, was preparing to take orders, when suddenly he returned to the world, and plunging himself into a life of gaiety and pleasure seemed to forget his duties as a Christian. His marriage did not modify his luxurious and dissipated habits. Influenced by her husband, the princess gave herself up entirely to society and its allurements.

Yet the remembrance of the principles and pious habits of his youth often returned to Armand de Bourbon in the midst of enjoyment, and succeeded in restraining the impetuosity of his passions. He came at length to realize the emptiness and folly of pleasure and aspired to a better life, but this fleeting impulse was not strong enough to lead him back to God.

Appointed President of the States of Languedoc by the King in 1665, he had occasion to see the Bishop of Aleth, Nicolas Pavillon, reputed for his zeal and austerity of life. The prelate's eloquence penetrated this satiated and remorseful soul profoundly. The prince humiliated himself before this pious bishop, opening his heart to him and soliciting his counsels, resolving to follow them in their strictest application.

This change manifested itself in the order and economy that permitted him to give more abundant alms to the poor, and was particularly evident in the excessive delicacy of conscience that induced him not only to renounce the revenues derived from benefices, but also to return them, and to make reparation by contributing equivalent alms.

A reform of this kind necessarily entailed the curtailment of luxury and display; the princess objected to it, declaring that she did not wish to live as a Carmelite in society where she must maintain her station and name. Armand de Bourbon permitted her to continue her mode of living, for he knew that only voluntary sacrifices are pleasing to God.

This same religion that had led him back to his Lord, turned his heart toward the devoted love of his family. More or less indifferent until then toward his charming young wife, he began to manifest an attentive and solicitous affection for her, desiring fervently to procure for her the same happiness as he himself enjoyed. These unwonted marks of affection, this devoted protection that replaced his indifference from which she had suffered greatly, proved to the Princess de Conti that piety is the surest guarantee of domestic happiness, and she was attracted toward those practices that the world considers narrow and petty, but which experience showed her in their

true light. After a violent struggle within herself, Anne Marie de Conti at length conquered the world and her own resistance. Her husband's example, and his devotion especially, had won the victory.

"Let us go to Aleth," she said to him one morning, entering his oratory. "I wish to ask the pious bishop's counsel and to pledge myself under his guidance to walk in the path where a wife should always lead, but where you have preceded me."

Armand de Bourbon was overwhelmed with joy at this proposal, yet he deemed it necessary to inform his young wife that her chosen director was as severe toward his penitents as he was austere toward himself, and that to place herself under his guidance would be to bind herself to a life of sacrifice, and to walk in the narrow way of penance. But Heaven had spoken to the heart of the princess so eloquently that these observations, far from inducing her to renounce her project, succeeded only in strengthening it.

II.

Living in retirement as much as the duties of the office of Governor, that Armand de Bourbon had accepted, would permit, the Prince and Princess de Conti rivalled each other in their zealous service of God and devotion to the poor.

The immense heritage that came to them at Cardinal Mazarin's death troubled their consciences. They felt some scruples over the origin of this fortune, and resolved to use it entirely in the establishment of charitable foundations. There was not in all Languedoc a town or a village that did not benefit by their generosity; their liberality extended everywhere, and rendered their name blessed and venerated. The people called them "their holy protectors," and would not use any other name in speaking of them.

The Princess de Conti, ardent in following the example of saintly women who were distinguishing themselves by their charity in Paris, founded in the province, governed by her husband, hospitals, schools, and refuges for erring and repentant women. She herself visited the poor, rendering them innumerable personal services, receiving them with kindness at any hour of the day in her home.

These countless good works, to which she added the supervision of her household and the most active guidance of her children's education, did not absorb her thoughts and time to such an extent as to prevent her from maintaining a pious correspondence with persons of her time who were signally distinguished for their devotion and charity. At a time of famine, Mlle. de Lamoignon had recourse to her, and the princess sent her immediately the last valuable jewels she possessed to sell for the benefit of the poor—a necklace of pearls and diamonds that Louis XIV. bought for 50,000 crowns.

Upon a similar occasion, during the foundation of the General Hospital by St. Vincent de Paul the pious princess was not less generous. Madame de Conti learned of the dearth of funds, and immediately consulted with her husband as to the means of assisting this charitable project. They discovered that their revenues scarcely warranted the continuation of their customary generosity for many days. Yet the princess would not refuse to come to the aid of such a worthy cause. She accordingly searched among her possessions, and sold a great number of them that many women of a lower rank would have considered indispensable.

The following day she sent 100,000 francs to Paris, where her generosity was not appreciated sufficiently since no one realized the sacrifices it had cost her.

III.

The habitual good works that they performed soon began to seem insufficient to the fervor of the young couple. They considered giving up the world and living apart in the most austere practice of the counsels of the Gospel. The Bishop of Aleth however, to whom they confided their project, refused to give his approval to it. He pointed out to them the immense good their fortune, their station, and their influence permitted them to do; he showed them that an example as eminent as theirs must necessarily affect an entire epoch. He dwelt upon the usefulness of proving to the world by a saintly life amid its honors and dangers, the possibility of allying the duties of high rank with the practices of faith and piety. The princess was more easily prevailed upon than her husband; Armand de Bourbon could not bring himself to renounce his desire.

"Man must consider above all his eternal salvation," he said.

"Assuredly," answered the bishop, "but it is not for him to choose the means. God alone must furnish them in accordance with His will and the good of one's neighbor. Both are evident here. How many unfortunate persons aided by your charity might still be leading a wretched existence but for you; how many good deeds have been accomplished; how many sinners led to repentance! You cannot and ought not refuse the mission of charity that God has confided to you, which He blesses and protects so openly."

Armand de Bourbon having vowed himself to obedience to the bishop, was finally obliged to yield; but as if in compensation, he adopted a mode of living still more austere than formerly, and left his retreat only to fulfil the duties of his office.

This existence, detached from all earthly ambition and strife, was soon

troubled by premature infirmities that cruelly tried the patience and resignation of the Prince, but which were still more painful for Madame de Conti, whose loving solicitude rendered happy the last years of a life that was dearer to her than her own. Armand de Bourbon died in 1666, at the age of thirty-seven.

Madame de Conti had promised to take his place in continuing his charitable works, to lead the same life, and to devote herself to the education of her children, and she kept her word faithfully during the six years that she survived him. On February 6, 1672, her wish to be reunited with him was granted, and having fulfilled her mission of charity on earth, she went to join her husband who had been her guide and her example in the way of salvation.

Singing for the Poor.

"On one occasion," wrote Hans Christian Anderson, "I did hear Jenny Lind express her joy in her talent. It was during her last residence in Copenhagen. Almost every evening she appeared either in the opera or in concerts; every hour was in requisition. She heard of a society, the object of which was to assist unfortunate children. 'Let me,' said she, 'give a night's performance for the benefit of these poor children; but we will have double prices.' Such a performance was given, and returned large proceeds. When she was informed of this, and that by this means a number of poor children would be benefited for several years, her countenance beamed, and the tears filled her eyes. 'Is it not beautiful,' said she, 'that I can sing so.' Through her I first became sensible of the holiness there is in art; through her I learned that one must forget oneself in the service of the Supreme."

Let us be Thankful.

WE are in the season of official Thanksgiving proclamations. The President of the Republic will remind us to be thankful, and probably the Governors of some of our States will remind us too. The messages heretofore have been purely official; that is to say, very general, very perfunctory, impersonal and inoffensive. And quite likely we will not discover this year any violent departure in the way of originality from traditional inoffensiveness.

Occasionally our newspapers secure expressions of opinion from leading thinkers such as football coaches, politicians, wholesale grocery men and college professors as to why they are thankful. The newspaper reporter never asks to whom, because that would be a catch question. The football coach is thankful, he tells us, because the country is coming to take its football seriously as a great game for checking our young men's wicked passions and making them think on their feet. The politician is thankful because this is a country of unsurpassed opportunities—a generally accepted truth in his case. The wholesale grocery man is thankful because business is picking up. The large army of jobless may remain cold below this blanket of optimism, but we must convince ourselves times are better before they begin to improve. The college professor is thankful because he lives in the most enlightened age since Lyncurgus. Hardly could a conference on education go further in complacent self-assertion.

In all these official and private thanksgiving pronouncements not regularly is there mention of a Giver to whom we should be thankful. We are told to be thankful; or people tell us they are thankful, and why. This seems irrational. If a person is the recipient of a good gift—a farm, a gold watch or a fountain pen—he is thankful to some-

one, if he is thankful at all. We can hardly conceive his exercising a feeling of gratitude to an abstraction, or to the world at large. He is the beneficiary of some one's mercy, charity or benevolence, and is thankful to some definite person for the grace or favor bestowed. And so if the nation at large, and if the individuals who comprise the nation, are bountifully blessed there is a Giver to whom the nation and the individuals comprising the nation owe thanks for mercies and blessings bestowed. And a Christian people should not need to be reminded the Giver is God.

Thanksgiving was established to express gratitude to God for blessings bestowed upon the nation. But for reasons not easily explained there are evidences of neglect or oversight on the part of public officials in attributing to God the authorship of our blessings. Sometimes we are inclined to set down the reason of this neglect to timidity, a fear lest unbelievers be censorious or noisy or disputatious in the matter of recognizing God as the author of our goods and our gifts. Or is the reticence due to a doubt lest the citizens of the nation generally do not accept God as the Author and Finisher from whom all blessings flow? Or is the suppression the result of an implicit acceptance of the position that as a people we have outgrown the age-worn belief that there is indeed a God who is a Creator, Provider and Giver, to whom our prayers and thanksgivings are due?

Let us be thankful! And to whom? If material prosperity and a superabundance of human comforts and pleasures, which are sometimes run to the extent of riotousness, have not blinded our minds to the knowledge and recognition of God and hardened our hearts to a sense of thankfulness for His great and manifold mercies, we shall be able to recognize Thanksgiving as a day of thank offering to the Infinite Giver. Let us be thankful!

Notes and Remarks.

Out in Tacoma in the State of Washington, a Methodist minister, Reverend Frederick Isackson, turned tramp for a day in order to test out the effectiveness of the various charitable organizations of that city. Dressed in shabby garments, unshaved, and badly in need of shoes he presented himself at three local dispensaries asking to be fitted out with some of the serviceable second-hand footwear which had been donated for that purpose. In each case he was refused because he could not offer a certain small sum of money that was demanded. Then he went to a Catholic agency with the result indicated at the conclusion of this article. Reverend Mr. Isackson meant business. He went home, washed up, and then proceeded to tell the people of the city of Tacoma just what he thought of their charitable organizations. The following paragraph from an article in one of the local newspapers pretty well sums up his indictment:

I determined to try once more, he continues, this time at St. Paul de Vincent's (!) store. Here the lady listened to me, took my choice of shoes, wrapped them up and gave them to me without a moment's hesitation. A Protestant minister was turned away from three Protestant dispensers of charity, but he found it in a Catholic store—strange irony of fate!

The Passion Play at Oberammergau was witnessed by four hundred thousand persons at all the performances of 1930. From May to September, seventy-nine representations were given. The report informs us that fifty thousand persons attended from North America alone; twenty-eight thousand from England; from the northern countries—Holland, Denmark, Switzerland, Norway—eight thousand four hundred and eighty; from South America one hun-

dred and sixty-five; from Australia one thousand three hundred.

So much has been written about the persons who enact the character parts of the Passion Play and especially about how they fit themselves into the parts they enact, we feel no further comment is called for here. They love the Passion; and because they love it they are able to give it a lifelike interpretation.

As an example of an exception which proves the rule we may mention that the procurator of St. Vincent's Abbey, Latrobe, Pa., received payment for a meal fifty-four years after the meal had been eaten. The recipient was a wanderer of the roads who promised the guardian of the abbey kitchen to make payment, and went his way. This was in 1876. Recently the procurator had to adjust his glasses when he received a check for twenty-five dollars in payment for the meal served to the wanderer at the abbey kitchen. And the interest was computed to date. The pay check was signed "M. B. C." Which proves that one vagrant who promised to pay kept his word.

In Manila we are informed that three instructors in the public schools received individual awards for securing the greatest number of new members for the Young Men's Christian Association. *La Defensa*, the Manila Catholic daily, raises a protest over this sectarian activity in schools maintained by public taxes.

The Y. M. C. A. as a religious common meeting ground for Protestant denominations is giving helpful service to the Protestant churches. In the "Y" gymnasium the boys meet and play basketball and tell about the good turns they do for their fellow-man; fathers and sons have their night there once a year when they can be chummy and play leap frog; and the ministerial

association uses the assembly rooms to discuss the dry South and the wet East. All which is right altogether. But when the "Y" becomes a kind of religious internationalist—all for one and one for all—a species of interdenominational lunch counter where everybody is served while everybody waits, and where everybody should try to get everybody to work in a membership contest so as to secure everybody for the association which is for everybody, we call "check"!

Let us be definite. The Y. M. C. A. has been instituted and is intended for the field work of the Evangelical churches of North America. If and when the Y. M. C. A. goes out among Catholics to secure memberships—whether in the Philippines or Crumstown, Mich.,—it is working in foreign fields to win over the sympathies of those who cannot belong to the organization without surrendering ancient and very definite loyalties.

This may seem harsh; but it is not so intended. If a person is reaching into and reaching over, not only his own affairs but ours, may we not say, "Please, brother?" Or must we wait until we are sure we are not offending all those who voted against former Governor Smith?

From Steubenville, Ohio, comes a news item somewhat unusual. The Rev. Thomas A. Powers, pastor of St. Peter's Church, has been given personal control of Gill Hospital, the oldest institution of its kind in that section of Ohio. Father Powers is empowered to name his own trustees, and it is reported he has already decided to place the institution in charge of a community of hospital Sisters. The Gill Hospital was founded in 1901 by the late Honorable J. J. Gill, congressman from the eighteenth district of Ohio, who is best remembered as a philanthropist. The appointment of Father Powers was

made by a strictly non-Catholic board. Quite likely the recognized successes which attend Catholic hospital management determined the choice of the non-Catholic trustees; and quite as likely Father Powers' selection of the Sisters is a recognition of their efficient work in one of their more conspicuous fields of service.

A pretty incident is going the rounds of the Catholic weeklies which may or may not be exploded next week. We give it without guarantee.

Camille Bellaigue, musical critic and chamberlain of Pius X. (died recently at the age of 72), on the morning of his First Communion met Gounod on the street. The great composer was a friend of the Bellaigue family, and on seeing young Bellaigue coming toward him knelt before the child and demanded a kiss. To the master of melodies there was sweetness in the kiss of a child then in the state of grace. There are good men here in America and elsewhere who would never feel the urge to kneel to receive the kiss of a boy just come out from receiving his First Holy Communion. And if the thought of doing so came to them, they would probably feel too self-conscious and too awkward to carry thought into act. The French composer could do so quite readily and quite naturally. It is artistic and delicate for the great to stoop to the little in gracious act; and it is touching when the act is prompted by religious devotion. The fact that many men cannot do so and seem natural does not argue that they are less religiously minded. Possibly they lack sentiment. And very likely they do not feel the artistic impulse.

Several Catholics belonging to the English labor parties recently fell foul of their labor organizations to which they were attached, by voting according to their consciences and against the

labor parties. The Gorton labor organization of Manchester now comes out with the declaration that candidates for municipal or party offices must put their party before the Church. The resolution reads: "Each candidate for municipal and party honors shall abide by the constitution of the Labor Party, even if it interferes with the church of the candidate's faith."

One Catholic member has already resigned, and others are soon to follow, we are informed. Which is what we would expect. When any party, labor or political, arrogates to itself the right of determining for its members how they shall decide in matters of faith and conscience, then that organization automatically excludes Catholics.

From Hungary comes the information that Father Julius Kornis, formerly Secretary of State of the Hungarian government, has been appointed Secretary of Education. Father Kornis has been dean and vice-rector of Pozsony University, is a member of the Academy of Hungary and the author of several books on Philosophy.

We are very far from Hungary, and quite likely equally far from fully understanding Hungary's political problems. But it has been the general policy of the Church in more recent centuries to discourage clerics from entering the domain of statecraft. Possibly the anticlericalism we discover in European countries will be intensified if priests, whose calling is primarily spiritual, permit themselves to be persuaded to take up the burden of directing the ship of state.

The Irish Catholic Truth Society distributed 1,561,741 books, pamphlets, Catholic newspapers and magazines during the past twelve months. This was made known in the report of the society for the year ending June 30, 1930. This total represents an increase

of 878,000 in all pieces of literature over the number distributed in 1920. However, it shows a falling off of 31,581 for the twelve months of 1928-29.

There was a time when the peasant Catholics of Ireland saw or read very few Catholic books, papers or magazines. Not in the dark days of penal codes either; but in the later days of religious freedom. The Catholic papers and books were few, and there was no Catholic press Sunday. But perhaps the rest of the Catholic world was no further ahead at the time to which we refer.

There are backward people in Pennsylvania too, it seems. The town of Easton of that State was given a statue of Columbus by some of its townspeople as a gift. Whereupon certain other townspeople became violent and decided they did not want any statue of Columbus. Columbus was only "an alien who did not discover America and did nothing for the country." So the benevolent citizens could keep their statue of Columbus. However, the statue—the work of a Philadelphia sculptor—was cast, was finally accepted and assigned a position of prominence in prominent Easton. It was first placed on exhibition in Independence Square, Philadelphia, for five days, to receive the gift of brotherly love, and was then taken to Easton, where it will bestow benevolence equally upon the just and the unjust.

Personally, we are doubtful if Easton will gather in much cultural nourishment from this forced feeding. If we had lived in Easton and felt moved to give a statue of Columbus to that municipality, but found out later on that Easton had not yet discovered Columbus, we should hold the statue in Independence Square until Easton had made the discovery. And if we lived long enough and waited long enough Easton would discover. Because other towns just as small and just as sequestered have discovered. Then we

would remove the statue from Independence Square and send it to Easton.

* * *

Then, by way of contrast, we have an American who has offered \$10,000 for a copy of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," made by Father Karolus Stoss from 12,000 postage stamps. It took Father Stoss five years to complete the design. This information is given out by the Soeising Orphanage at Vienna, where the painstaking artist wrought out his unique piece of workmanship. The director of the orphanage is said to have declined the American's offer because the religious in charge of the orphanage are desirous of preserving this memory of the patient stamp collector and designer. The orphanage in Vienna will not accept money for its design in cancelled stamps, although the orphanage needs the money. And Easton, Pennsylvania, will not accept a statue of Columbus from its benevolent townsmen for culture's sake, although Easton, Pennsylvania, needs culture.

The Protestant Episcopal Church League, according to the *New York Times*, has taken exception to a sermon recently preached by Bishop Manning in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. In his sermon, Dr. Manning is quoted as declaring that the faith and orders of the Episcopal Church "as judged by the standards of the early and undivided church are fundamentally and definitely Catholic." A protest from the League was sent to every bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church. We quote this paragraph from the document as found in the *Times*:

"It is not a matter of doubt that the early Church was neither Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregational nor Episcopalian; it was a free brotherhood of the spirit, where its members were all of one heart and mind."

Hardly will this prove pleasant read-

ing to the High Church following in England, where it is considered the correct thing to accept the ancient validity of the orders of the High Church bishops. But then disputes on the validity of orders are not so unusual in the Episcopal Church as to cause scandal to the episcopal following. The Protest adds: "There is no evidence to show that Jesus instituted the episcopal form of government, but all available testimony witnesses to the direct contrary."

Christ declared Simon Peter head of the Church; and there is testimony that every other Apostle governed a portion of the Church under the headship of Peter. Hardly have we to go beyond the Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles and certain of the Epistles for confirmation of this.

It is quite true, as the Protest asserts, that the early church was neither Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregational nor Episcopalian. These came into being many long centuries afterward. But the Catholic Apostolic Church is as old as the Christianity of Christ. It is in very fact the Christianity which Christ founded.

According to the special correspondent of the *Universe* (London) forty priests and as many nuns, besides a large number of laymen of the Jacobite Church of Malabar, South India, are expected to be received into the Church in the near future. Mar Ivanios, the Jacobite Metropolitan of Bethany, and his suffragan, Bishop Theophilus, have already been received.

Ever since the founding of the Jacobite Church in Malabar in the Seventeenth Century there have been numerous dissensions among the members. As a result, some of the metropolitans made their personal submission to the Holy See, while others attempted a reunion. We may look for a greater influx of Jacobites following these more recent conversions.



A Grace for the New Moon.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY, LL. D.

LONG, long ago, when I was young
A little song was often sung
When we at eve beheld on high
The new moon sailing in the sky—

"I see the moon, and the moon sees me.
God bless the moon, and God bless me.
A grace in the kitchen, a grace in the hall,
A grace to God who made us all!"

The slender silver crescent brought
Into our minds, perhaps, the thought
Of Mary's form and Mary's face,
The Virgin Mary full of grace;
And that is why we sang so well
The little song of which I tell—

"I see the moon, and the moon sees me.
God bless the moon, and God bless me.
A grace in the kitchen, a grace in the hall,
A grace to God who made us all!"

I never see the crescent moon
But that the words of that old rune
Fall softly on my aging ears
And bring the dreams of other years,
And bring again the olden scene,
The quiet street, the meadow green,
And we like birds about the nest
All singing ere we went to rest—

"I see the moon, and the moon sees me.
God bless the moon, and God bless me.
A grace in the kitchen, a grace in the hall,
A grace to God who made us all!"

DON'T say "I have no time," as so many people do. You have all there is: twenty-four hours every day. Neither the Pope nor the President has any more. Time is called "precious" because every moment may bring us nearer to our heavenly home.

Little Texas.

BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

VII.—AT MARIPOSA RANCH.

IN February, the Texan winter seems to be over. Violets bloom in every garden along the borders of the walks, around the base of trees, in great clusters everywhere. They blossom a deep rich purple, and their fragrance is wafted in the soft spring air. Early in March come jonquils, crocuses, hyacinths, every color of the rainbow, and gorgeous tulips, and the lawns are like green carpets wrought in Titian hues.

Manthus loved everything that grew out of doors, and she was quite happy in the springtime seeing her friends, the flowers, come back after their long absence. She was nearly wild with delight when her Mother told her that they were going to visit the ranch.

Mr. Ochiltree owned a large ranch in the southwestern part of Texas, and went every spring and fall to see that his foreman was carrying on things in the right way. This time he was to stay for some months, and wanted to take his family with him, or at least part of it. Sue Ford was to stay with her grandmother out on the plantation. John Hardy was at Military school and would not leave till June, but Ethel Maria, Morgan, Manthus, and Bobby were to go, and all could scarcely wait until time to start. Mother would take Mammy of course and Missizy, for it was impossible to get servants at the ranch. Uncle Nicodemus was to go to take care of the riding horses and help out generally. The house at home was left in care of Aunt Seeley. It would be perfectly safe in her trusted hands, and Mrs. Ochiltree would return home to

find all in order and all her summer fruit put up for her.

It was a beautiful day in March when they started; the sky was the brilliant blue of the Southern summer, and flowers were blooming everywhere. As they sped onward in the train they passed fertile fields and cotton plantations where the seed was being planted, and the prairies were vivid with wild flowers. All the colors of the rainbow were there, and in such masses that they almost dazzled the eye. Yellow, blue, crimson, pink, purple, and white they bloomed; here a belt of one hue, there another, yonder every color blended in a belt together. Out of the car window Manthus looked and looked until all the colors seemed to run together and only a band of light away off on the horizon showed that there the flowers still grew. The prairie was so smooth and even that it seemed like a woven carpet until a light wind would sweep over the flowers and, swaying them gently, make wave after wave of color undulate upon the green sea of prairie-grass underneath. When the stubby fields of rough cactus appeared, the yellow cactus flowers could be seen among the dull green, prickly pads, and these increased as they went further South.

The train moved very slowly, for Texan trains and Texas people are seldom in a hurry. Even in the crowded cities a street-car will stop while the conductor helps a lady off and carries a child over a muddy crossing. There were several wash-outs on the road and the engine had a hot box, a bridge was partly down, and even when it should have been going fast the train seemed to be crawling along. A dog ran down from a farmhouse to bark at the cars, but Manthus, looking back from the windows, could not see him. "Where is the dog?" she asked, and her father, laughing heartily, answered, "Look there," pointing to where the little fellow, barking lazily, was trotting

along beside the engine. With so many delays, the train was very late, and Manthus was so tired that she could scarcely keep her eyes open when they reached Wolf Crossing, where the ranch wagon met them. Bobby was already asleep, and Manthus followed his example during the ten-mile drive to their destination. She knew nothing until the sun awoke her on her first day at Mariposa Ranch.

How glorious it all was in the bright morning sun! The square house was built of plain boards, rough and unpainted, unadorned by the hand of man; but Nature, fairest beautifier, had been kind, and had flung her mantle over its unsightly walls, for morning glories climbed to the second storey and wreathed a glory of purple, blue, pink, and white blooms over the rough gallery. A huge pecan tree sheltered one side of the house from the glare of the sun, and beneath its branches gushed forth from the earth a spring of water, cool and clear as crystal.

At the back of the house were the sheds, corral, and some fenced-in pasture for the horses in use about the ranch. Through this ran the vat, or long, narrow canal for washing the sheep, for Mariposa was a mixed ranch where sheep were raised as well as cattle. Beside the cattle-grazing of the range, there lay around the ranch miles of curly mesquite grass which fattens sheep so that they need no other food. Its tufts grow so thickly as to form a perfect carpet of delicate, tender blades a foot high but so curly as to make them seem but a few inches long.

Just east of the great ranching valley of the Pecos, Mr. Ochiltree's ranch had a beautiful situation, and little Manthus fairly held her breath as she stood on the gallery and looked at the wide-spreading prairie before her. Sheltered from the cruel "Norther" by some hills which clustered behind it, the house faced a meadow at the edge

of which ran the limpid San Pedros, never dry no matter what the drought, flowing a hundred miles, clear as glass; catfish, gaudy perch and silver trout darting hither and thither in the water. At the water's edge clustered a clump of trees, pecans and elms, while on the hillside were scrub-oaks and pinions. Beyond the ford and far to the west were the grazing lands covered with mesquite and grasses, here and there broken by chaparral, a seemingly impenetrable thicket of thorns and foliage. Above was the brilliant, cloudless sky of Texas. The air was soft and warm.

"How do you like the ranch, little daughter?" asked Manthus' father coming around from the corral and espying the eager face on the doorstep.

"Oh, the house is ever so funny; just those big rooms downstairs and so little in them, and the great big fireplace all made of stones and even a stone fender! And there are no pictures on the walls, just deer horns, and wolf heads, and all sorts of skins on the floor, and over the sofas. There's so many sofas and no chairs. What makes it like that in the drawing-room?"

Her father laughed. It seemed droll to him to hear the one living-room of the ranch called the drawing-room, and he did not tell her that the sofas around three sides of the room were bunks of the cowpunchers who had vacated the house to make room for his family.

"I didn't mean the house," he said, "but this"—waving his hand towards the prairie.

Manthus exclaimed: "Oh, of course, I like that! It's glorious. It makes you feel like flying, but I always love all out doors, sir."

"Well, I fancy you'll have enough out doors to satisfy even you," said her father. "You may play out all day long and go anywhere you like, as far as the river, as far as the hills, and into the meadow if you have Racy or Morgan with you. But I want you to remember

two things: Never go away from the house without one of the boys, and whenever you see a black cloud coming over the hill, cut and run for home as fast as you can go, for that means a Norther is coming. I hope you'll look after Bobby all you can, little daughter, for mother's not well and I want her to get all the rest possible. Will you?"

"Deed I will, sir," said Manthus, raising her clear, earnest eyes to his. "I'll mind Bobby just as though he was my own child, sir."

Though sorely tempted to laugh, Mr. Ochiltree merely said, "Thank you, dear; I'm sure you will."

The first day at the ranch was full of so many new delights that Manthus' head fairly reeled. She trudged around after her father, Bobby in turn tagging after her, to the stable, the sheds, the corral, the quarters where the Mexican herders lived; these herders not living at the house as did the Texas ranchmen. The Texans thought themselves superior to the Mexicans, for any one walking on his own two feet was beneath the notice of the cowboy who was always on horseback and making the hoofs of his cow pony do his walking for him. Nearly all of the hands were away at the spring round-up, so Manthus did not see any of the cowboys.

"What is a round-up?" she asked her father.

"You see there are no fences in this country to keep people's cattle at home, nor enough to feed them if they stayed there. So everybody's cattle run wild over the range, eating everybody's grass and drinking anybody's water. Every spring, when there are a great many little calves running wild with their mothers, each ranchman wants to know how many cattle belong to him, so he sends his cowboys out to round them up and bring the herds all to a certain place. There each man cuts out his own steers, and as a calf will always run alongside of its own mother,

they know which calves belong to them. The cattle all have to be marked or branded, so they can be found again, and each ranch has its own brand which is put on the animal. Our mark is called the 'O-tree brand,' and is a circle around a tree, for Ochiltree, so all the cattle with that brand belong to us.

"In the fall there is another round-up, and all the cattle ready are sent to market."

"What do you keep in all these sheds, father?" asked Manthus.

"One is the smoke house; those others are the clipping sheds where the sheep are sheared. There is a little chicken house and the stables, and beyond is the bunk-house where the Mexicans live. We give them flour and beans and they do their own cooking, but the Texan cowboys are given their meals in our kitchen. By the time Uncle Nicodemus gets the garden going they'll think they're in clover, because they don't get much to eat during the winter but canned stuff, and there is nobody to cook for them."

"Are they all boys, father?"

"Well, all unmarried men are boys on the ranch. Hello, here comes one now!" as the sound of a pony's hoofs was heard clattering up the road and a voice was heard singing loudly:

I'm wild and woolly and full of fleas,
I won't be curried above my knees;
I'm a timber wolf and a wild coyote,
And this is my night to Ho-o-o-w-w-w-l!

As the voice came nearer there was a clicking of little hoofs and around the corner of the house came, apparently, a small whirlwind which resolved itself into the figure of a man on a mustang which seemed to leap into the stable yard and slide halfway across on its hind legs. Manthus gave a little scream and hid her face against her father, but Robert Lee's squeal was one of delight. Before the pony had stopped the rider was off, and came toward Mr. Ochiltree.

"Why, Babe, is that you?" said that gentleman. "I thought you were at the round-up."

"I've just come from there, sir. I got my arm hurt a little, an' Jim sent me here to look after things and sent Pete in my place. We didn't expect you all until next week, sir."

"We came yesterday. Manthus, speak to Babe," said Mr. Ochiltree.

Manthus raised shy eyes to the tall young giant before her, almost too afraid of him to speak. He was an imposing figure—tall and slight; he could not have been over twenty. His face was smooth as a baby's and his hair, a great tangle of yellow curls bleached by wind and weather, made him look more boyish still. This boyishness together with the plentiful freckles sprinkled over his fair skin, had won for him the name "Pinto Babe." No one knew what his real name was, and no one asked, for that would have been contrary to plainsmen's etiquette. He was dressed in a loose, gray flannel shirt, open at the neck. A scarlet handkerchief was knotted about his throat and a pair of dark trousers were tucked at the knee into boots, high-heeled boots with fancy red-leather tops upon which were embossed the Lone Star of Texas. One of his hands was bandaged, and on the other he wore a heavy white gauntlet, the cuff daintily fringed in leather, while a white sombrero with a leather band buckled about the crown, was set on the back of his head. His black eyes were bright as a hawk's, and seemed to look Manthus through and through; but they softened into a friendly twinkle as she came to him mindful of her "man-nehs," as Mammy would have said.

"How do you do, sir," she said in her pretty little voice as she put her tiny hand into his. "I'm sorry you hurt yourself, Misteh Babe."

The cowboy's hand went to his sombrero with a flourish.

"How do you do," he said with a

grand bow. "I didn't know we had a young lady on the ranch. I'm powerful glad to see you."

"Thank you Misteh Babe," the little girl smiled up at him, somewhat overawed by so much politeness.

Robert Lee was never overawed. Nothing disturbed him, and he marched up behind the stranger, his sturdy little legs encased in a tiny pair of overalls, and a big sombrero on his head.

"Hello," he said. Babe turned quickly and laughed as he answered, "Hello yourself."

"That's my brother," said Amanthus. "His name's Robert Lee Ochiltree, but we mostly call him Bobby. My name is Mary Amanthus, but you may call me Manthus, Misteh Babe."

"May I? I call you a mighty nice little girl," he said.

Bobby felt himself too long out of the conversation.

"Ah yo' a cowboy?" he demanded, standing with legs wide apart to look up at the kindly giant.

"That's me," said Babe. Like most men of the range he was not given to many words.

"Then why don't you ride a cow?" demanded Bobby.

Pinto Babe threw back his head and shouted with laughter. "You bet your life I will," he said. "You young ones come along with me," and, seizing a rope from his saddle bow, he tossed Bobby up on one shoulder and said to Mr. Ochiltree: "You let 'em come with me to the pasture an' I'll take care of 'em, sir."

Manthus trotted along happily. Child-like, she knew at once whom she could trust, and that this tousled giant was her friend.

The pasture lot reached, there ensued a one-ring circus such as neither child had ever dreamed of. Pinto Babe roped and threw a steer, and in some strange way, cowed it into submission, and then rode it round and round the lot until it

was as meek as a lamb. Morgan and Ethel Maria had appeared to see the fun, and when the supper bell rang, a laughing crowd tumbled up to the gallery of the ranch house, following Pinto Babe who rode the humbled steer with Bobby in front of him and Manthus behind, the little girl beaming happily and Bobby proclaiming:

"Me is cowman, me is; Pinto Babe is cowboy."

"My dear," said Mrs. Ochiltree to her husband, "this young man you call Pinto Babe seems quite a nice fellow. Who is he?"

"I don't know a thing about him," said her husband. "He was here last fall, and seemed a square kind of a chap. It's a great bit of luck his being here a sort of semi-invalid. He can't do much work with one hand, and I'll ask him to keep his eye on the children. It will give you an easy mind."

"It certainly seems as if I ought to get rested here," she said. "You're always so good to me, and it seems so free from care. Nature has thrown a mantle of peace over everything at Mariposa."

(To be continued.)

Mary Elizabeth's Tooth.

BY EMMA FLORENCE BUSH.

MARY ELIZABETH had the toothache. For days it had grumbled and rumbled, and rumbled and grumbled, and twitched every now and then, but now it had settled down in earnest; and Mary Elizabeth had waked in the night, held onto her cheek and cried, until mother had brought the witch hazel and the hot-water bottle. She finally went to sleep, but now, at the breakfast table, it was aching again.

"I must take her to the dentist this morning," said mother. "It is all nonsense. Mary Elizabeth won't let me pull it out with thread, although it is real loose. I cannot have her crying

with the toothache, so we must try the dentist."

Mary Elizabeth laid down her cereal spoon. "No, mother, really I don't think it aches very much, and I don't believe it will ache nights any more."

"Hoity-toity!" exclaimed daddy. "And where is my brave little girl? See, Mary Elizabeth, if you will only let mother take you to the dentist I will buy you the nicest doll in the store."

After breakfast mother put on Mary Elizabeth's pretty new hat, and her little new blue coat, and took her hand.

"Now, Mary Elizabeth," she said, "we will go right away and get it over with. It won't hurt half as much as the toothache, and Dr. Dennill will have it out in just a minute."

But as they opened the front door they saw Great-aunt Isabel coming down the street.

"Oh, Mary Elizabeth, what shall I do!" exclaimed mother, "I shall have to stay at home and entertain Great-aunt Isabel. She has come to spend the day, and I cannot take her with us."

Mary Elizabeth felt happier. "Of course, we can't, mother," she said cheerfully, "and I don't believe it will ache to-day anyway. May I go out and swing?"

Seated on the porch hammock, Mary Elizabeth swung slowly to and fro, trying to forget the little grumble in her tooth, but as she swung she thought:

"I know it will ache to-night, and trouble mother. I know it made her sorry that Aunt Isabel came, and she will be sorry all day. I almost wish we had been coming home when we saw Aunt Isabel. I almost wish—"

Suddenly she sat up straight. "I am 'shamed of you, Mary Elizabeth," she said. "Seem's if a little girl eight years old might go by herself. Daddy said, 'be a brave little girl,' and wouldn't mother be pleased!"

She slipped into the house and grabbed her little bank, then rushed

down the street not allowing herself to stop to think. Soon she reached the office and found Dr. Dennill alone, just waiting for her,—it seemed to Mary Elizabeth.

She slipped in shyly and held up her bank. "Will it be enough?" she asked. "I have come all alone to have a tooth out. Will it hurt very much?"

"To be sure it won't," answered Dr. Dennill cheerily. "I have two little girls of my own, and I often pull out theirs. Just sit down in this chair and let me tell you all about it. I think they have teeth just about as big as yours." He opened Mary Elizabeth's mouth and looked. "Yes," he added, "and they come out just as easy as this," and he held a tiny pearly tooth.

"Why!" said Mary Elizabeth, for she had not felt it at all. "Why! It came out just as easy."

"Yes," laughed Doctor Dennill, "that is the way my little girls' teeth do too when they are just as loose."

Mary Elizabeth held up her bank again. The dentist shook his head. "No," he said, "I never charge unless I use instruments; that tooth came out before I had a chance to look at them."

"Then I will give you a kiss for being so nice to me," said Mary Elizabeth, "and please may I take my tooth to mother?"

"Yes, indeed," said Dr. Dennill smiling; and wrapped it in a tiny square of white paper. Just then a lady came in, so Mary Elizabeth ran away.

How surprised mother and Great-aunt Isabel were when Mary Elizabeth showed them the tiny tooth in its paper wrapping.

"What are you going to do with it?" asked Great-aunt Isabel.

"Keep it," answered Mary Elizabeth, "and whenever I look at it, think that after all things never hurt as much when we walk right up to them, as they do when we just wait and think about them."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—“Anima Christi,” by Francis P. LeBuffe, S. J., is intended for use at meditation. Each phrase of the prayer, “Anima Christi,” is the subject of further brief thoughts, on which there should be reflection as long as one finds “meanings, comparisons, relish and consolation.” The hope is that a renewed spirit of fervor will be fostered by such meditation on familiar prayers. Publisher, America Press. Price, 30c.

—“Lupe Goes to School,” stories and pictures, by Esther Brann, should be of especial delight to children. The stories are very simply told and the pictures are good. The first day that Lupe spent in school with its bits of discipline, the dreadful sting of the tarantula, the arrest for smuggling, the meeting of the Apple Boy, the lessons in English for Spanish misses, sparrow pie, and the glorious fair, offer sufficient excitement and mystery and pleasantness to satisfy the hearts of little ones. Publisher, Macmillan. Price, \$2.25.

—The idea that circumstance, environment and companionship play an important part in life is the theme of “Brass Knuckles,” a novel, by the Rev. Raymond J. O’Brien. The Lions’ need of a shortstop draws Tom Austin from a gang with which he has been associated in crime to the company of boys who are all that Tom at heart wants to be. But there are obstacles, and serious obstacles, confronting Tom in the change from a bad life to a good one, as he quickly discovers. How these difficulties arise and how they are overcome is told in this thrilling story. Boys should find this interesting as well as profitable reading. Publisher, Benziger. Price, \$1.25 net.

—“The Eucharistic Sacrifice,” by the Rev. B. V. Miller, Ph. D., D. D., aims to show that the Mass is a sacrifice. The object is to explain doctrine simply and directly and at the same time to avoid all controversy, as was true of the other volumes of The Treasury of Faith Series. In various chapters the

exposition is concerned with the Mass in Scripture and tradition, the different attacks that have been made upon it, the essence of sacrifice, the person offering it, the ends for which it is offered, and its fruits. Very little is said about Communion. There is no doubt that the average reader will be helped by this book to understand the meaning and the value of the Mass, the central act of Catholic worship. We note that the pronouns referring to God are not capitalized. Publisher, Macmillan. Price, 75c.

—“The Saviour as St. Matthew Saw Him,” is a series of “Meditations on the First Gospel for the Use of Priests and Religious,” by the Rev. Francis J. Hagganey, S. J. This third volume starts with an explanation of the twenty-sixth verse of the ninth chapter and ends with the forty-fifth verse of the twelfth. In particular, the response of Israel to Our Lord’s preaching is developed, the prospects of the spiritual kingdom examined, and the personality of Our Lord both as Judge and Redeemer depicted. The considerations have a great variety of ideas, and the applications are very practical. Though the subject-matter is arranged in meditation form, the book is admirably suited to spiritual reading, and is a storehouse of thoughts for sermons. Publisher, Herder. Price, \$2 net.

—“Jesus and Mary” is, as the sub-title states, “A Series of Sermons Preached on Various Occasions,” by the Rev. A. M. Skelly, O. P. While there are sermons on nearly all of the important feasts of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother, those on the Passion, Palm Sunday, Holy Week (the Seven Last Words), Eastertide, Qualities of Our Devotion to Mary, Devotion to the Sacred Heart, and the Rosary occupy more than half of the book. The evident purpose of the author is to instruct simply and clearly, so as to be understood by the ordinary congregation. Usually each sermon has three or four main thoughts, and at times further subdivisions; and always the peroration is a fervent exhortation.

This experienced writer and preacher knows how to select ideas that reach both mind and heart, so that listeners or readers must be helped to know the Faith and to live it more faithfully. Publisher, Herder. Price, \$2 net.

—"Six Sacraments," being papers from the Cambridge Summer School of Catholic Studies, 1929, is edited by the Rev. C. Lattey, S. J. The various papers and authors are as follows: The Institution of the Sacraments, by the Rev. Hugh Pope, O. P., S. T. M., Doct. S. Script.; The Nature and the Reception of the Sacraments, by the Rev. George D. Smith, D. D., Ph. D.; The Efficacy of the Sacraments, by the Rev. R. W. Meagher, D. D., Ph. D., M. A.; Baptism, by the Rev. Cuthbert Lattey, S. J., M. A.; Confirmation, by the Right Rev. Monsignor Canon George, D. D., Ph. D.; Penance, by the Right Rev. Dom Fernand Cabrol, O. S. B., O. B. E.; Holy Orders, by the Rev. Bernard Grimley, D. D., Ph. D.; Matrimony (Dogmatic Theology), by the Rev. G. H. Joyce, S. J., M. A.; Matrimony (Moral Theology), by the Rev. E. J. Mahoney, D. D., Ph. D.; and Extreme Unction, by the Rev. L. W. Geddes, S. J., D. D. A paper on the Holy Eucharist is omitted, because that was the subject of the Summer School of 1922. Each paper is a theological gem, as the names alone of the authors would guarantee. The teaching and practice of the Church are emphasized in a summary but thorough exposition of the sacrament in question. Not only is this an excellent book for sermons, but it is also the type of writing to place in the hands of those who may ask for clear theological teaching on the sacraments. Publisher, Herder. Price, \$2.50 net.

—It takes time to make a classic. But by the same token we learn in time what demands the test of classicism makes upon those writings that live. Thus we are able on occasion to define in a given book the qualities that insure it life. Father Carroll's "Patch" I am quite sure is a classic. It will live and be read as long as the wholesome things of life make appeal to the human heart. Readers of THE AVE MARIA

scarcely need to be told of the quality of Father Carroll's inimitable sketches of Irish life, since they appeared originally as a serial in these pages. But hundreds of the same readers are rejoicing over the appearance of these sketches in book form. The book, under the title "Patch," presents a hero who takes his place among the immortal boys of literature. But in saying this, one feels that there may be danger of misleading readers into the belief that "Patch" is only a boy's book. It is a great deal more. Boys—and girls, too, thanks to the inimitable Fan, Patch's intriguing young nuisance of a sister—will read this book. But so will their seniors, and they, perhaps, with even a keener appreciation. For this story of an Irish lad has in it that quality of wistfulness which, in the Scotch writer Barrie, brings a mist to the eyes of adult readers; is it the longing for the happy days of youth gone forever? A limpid pen, touched with a glinting point of humor, gives Father Carroll the power to draw his readers as with a magic charm back to the roads, the bogs, the fields and hills and the cottages of Ireland. He knows his Ireland and he knows his Irish, clean to the heart of them. The book is a genuine triumph of genre writing. Ave Maria Press, \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. J. P. Valley, O. P.

Mother Boniface and Sister Seraphica, Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister M. Genevieve, Sisters of the Visitation.

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Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 29.—St. Saturninus, M.

SUNDAY, 30.—FIRST OF ADVENT. St. Andrew, Apostle.

DECEMBER.

MONDAY, 1.—St. Eligius, B. C. St. Deiniol, Bp.

TUESDAY, 2.—St. Bibiana, V. M.

WEDNESDAY, 3.—St. Francis Xavier, C. St. Lucius, King.

THURSDAY, 4.—St. Peter Chrysologus, B. C. St. Barbara, V. M.

FRIDAY, 5.—St. Sabbas, Ab. St. Crispina, M.

SATURDAY, 6.—St. Nicholas, B. C.

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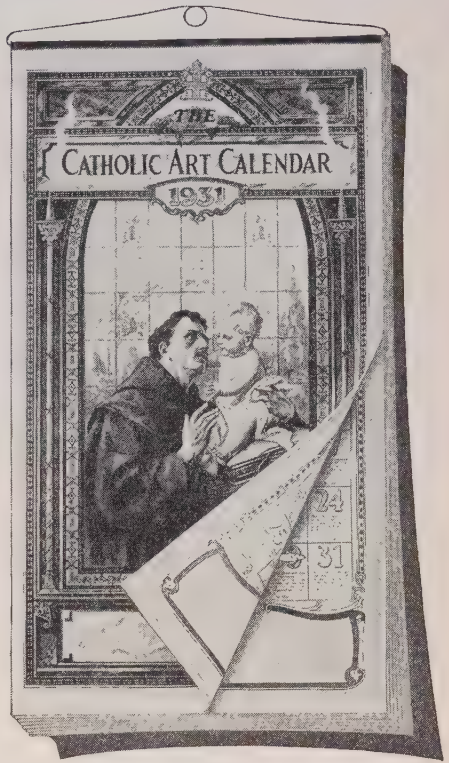
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Vol. XXXII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 29, 1930.

No. 22.

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The Bees.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C. S. C.

ALL summer time they packed their cold
Cells with gathered sunshine, hived
The sun, against these nights
When yellow lights
Of wax contrived
Return
The sum of stolen gold
As candles burn.

The Apostle of East Anglia.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

THE stupendous work Ireland has done for England in respect of the Faith cannot be too often insisted upon; for, if suddenly called on to say what saint evangelized the important Kingdom which comprised so large a part of East Anglia when Sigebert became king, I think many people, unless students of history, would not be able to reply; still less would they realize that it was yet another Celtic monk who came to this land, as he had gone elsewhere, to serve God in preaching the Gospel, and who appeared like a messenger from on high to assist in the joint work of the King and St. Felix, the missionary bishop of East Anglia. The latter, though himself a Burgundian, doubtless owed his own Christianity to St. Columbanus, and his name still lingers in the places which made part of his diocese. We have

Felictowe, Flixton (Felix Town), etc. And as it was with St. Aidan and St. Oswald, so it was with St. Felix and King Sigebert and that renowned Irish Saint, Fursey, a monk of very noble birth, and celebrated from his youth in his own country for his learning and those wonderful visions which were known to all Medieval Europe. Indeed, it is said that these revelations provided Dante "with the groundwork of the best scenes in the 'Divina Commedia.'"

It is interesting in this connection to read that our first English historian, Bede the Venerable, has much to say about these remarkable visions which had been related to him by an old East Anglian monk of his community. St. Bede has a very high opinion of "the holy man called Fursey who came out of Ireland and was renowned both for his words, actions and singular virtues;" one, moreover, "who was found worthy to behold the choirs of angels and to hear the praises which are sung in heaven." "He not only saw the greater joys of the blessed," adds St. Bede, "but also the extraordinary combats of evil spirits, who, by frequent accusations, wickedly endeavored to obstruct his journey to heaven; the angels, however, protected him so that all the efforts of the demons were in vain."

Nevertheless, we are told that St. Fursey would never speak of the matter of these visions; "he would only relate them to persons who from holy zeal and desire of reformation wished to

learn the same." But one man, "as religious as he was truthful," who heard the account from St. Fursey's own lips, declared that though it was the depth of winter with a hard frost, and a bitter wind from the east blowing across the exposed Suffolk coast, the saint was thrown into a violent heat as if it were the height of summer "at the bare recollection of the consoling and yet terrible trances his spirit had passed through."

We must, however, return to St. Fursey's earlier years. He was, as has been said, of very distinguished parentage, being the son of a Munster Prince named Fintan; and this Fintan, either on his father's or his mother's side, was a nephew of St. Brendan, who baptized Fursey, "and instructed him in all knowledge sacred and profane." "For it is no wonder," says the learned Dr. Healy, "that Brendan remembering his own youth spent under the care of St. Ita and St. Erc, in his turn sought to give this princely boy the same tender care and the same religious training which he himself had received." He died in 577; and though at that time Fursey could not have been more than ten years old, his influence left a deep impression on the child's sensitive mind. In fact, to quote once more from Dr. Healy, "we can even trace the vivid imagination of Brendan himself in the wonderful visions of Fursey; and that same restless longing to be in a state of pilgrimage for Christ's sake, to preach Christ in strange lands, which caused Brendan to sail the Atlantic seas, caused Fursey to preach at first in Ireland, then in England and then in France."

After the death of St. Brendan, his disciple, St. Meldan, carried on St. Fursey's education in the monastery at Inchiquin; and we read in our Saint's life that later on, before beginning his missionary work in other countries, he founded a monastery of his own on a neighboring island in Lough Corrib.

This island cannot now be identified, but on the shore of the lake, not far from Inchiquin, is the ancient church and parish of Killursa "which bears his name, and of which Fursey was undoubtedly the founder and the patron." It seems that he "had preached the Word many years in Ireland," when the crowds that resorted to him on account of his wisdom and sanctity became so great that his humility took alarm; and this, combined with the constant interruptions to his religious peace, and the passionate zeal for souls already mentioned, inspired him to leave his native land and come "with a few brothers" into East Anglia. Probably he took with him twelve other monks; for, as Dr. Joyce tells us: "By a curious custom, not found elsewhere, each chief missionary going abroad brought with him twelve companions, possibly in imitation of the Twelve Apostles."

He came, as we have seen, "into the province of the East Saxons," i. e., East Anglia where Sigebert, the king, "having received him honorably," he began his accustomed task of preaching the Gospel, and, "by the example of his virtue and the efficacy of his discourses," says Bede, "converted many unbelievers to Christ, and firmly established in faith and love those that already believed." Sigebert gave him ground on which to build a suitable religious house, and he began the work with all possible speed, choosing a pleasant site in the woods and within easy distance of the sea.

The monastery, as was not unusual in those troublous times was erected within the enclosing walls of a castle—now called Burgh Castle in Suffolk,—and as years went on, another King, Anna, and the nobles of East Anglia enriched it with further donations and more stately buildings. Venerable Bede tells us that St. Fursey "built himself this monastery and established regular discipline therein," in order that he might

have the silence and solitude necessary for "his heavenly studies"; because "from his boyish years, he had particularly applied himself to the reading of the Sacred Scriptures, and the exact following of his Religious Rule." It is exceedingly interesting to see how fully the English monk recognizes the high qualities of his Celtic brother. "This man," he says of St. Fursey, "was of noble Scotie (Irish) blood, but much more noble in mind than in birth." "And as is becoming in holy men, he carefully put into practice all that he had learned."

It must not be supposed, however, that the monastery at Burgh Castle was the only one founded by our Saint; on the contrary, he established in East Anglia various double communities of monks and nuns according to the Celtic usage, living, be it always definitely and distinctly understood, in entirely separate houses, but ruled by one head.

But now we come to another phase in the life of our Saint, and to another characteristic of the Irish pilgrim monks; I mean that overmastering desire which we have seen in St. Columbanus, St. Columba, St. Aidan, etc., to go apart even from their own brethren into some very remote place—an island cave or the depths of a forest—in order "to rid themselves of all business of this world even of their monasteries." St. Fursey accordingly "quitted the cenobitic life and became an anchorite." In this he was imitated by his own brothers, St. Ultan and St. Foillan, who were his constant companions and helpers in his labors both in England abroad, and who both, for a time, adopted the life of hermits.

Have we not here a further secret of the influence of the Celtic missionaries? May not their success have been due in great measure to this happy blending of the active and the contemplative life, which was, some centuries later, to achieve such astonishing results in

the great Franciscan Movement of the Thirteenth Century? Not for long, however, was our Saint to be left in peace to enjoy his beloved solitude. Confusion reigned in the East Anglian kingdom, owing to the frequent and barbarous incursions of the pagans of Mercia.

St. Fursey, seeing that such raids foreboded the total destruction of his monasteries and the ruin of the religious life, "decreed the dissolution of his communities and departed to France" where he was well received at the court of Clovis II., that great protector of the Irish monks. He soon founded a monastery at Latinia-cum-Lagny sur Marne, about six miles to the north of Paris; and there he ruled as the first abbot. But his health was broken by the fatigues of so many years of strenuous mission work, as well as with the establishment and organization of numerous religious houses and the mental and physical strain caused by that famous vision of heaven and hell wherein he was permitted to behold the chastisements reserved for the worst crimes and sins of his time.

He fell suddenly ill and died, being buried temporarily in the porch of an unfinished church; but twenty-seven days later, when his body was removed to be reburied in the then completed church near the altar, it was found as perfect as if he had just expired. And again, four years later, "a suitable chapel having been built," writes Venerable Bede, "to enshrine the same body to the east of the altar" it was still found wholly free from corruption, and translated to its new resting-place "with due honor, where it is well known that St. Fursey's merits, through the divine operation, have been declared by many miracles."

"These things and the incorruption of his body," concludes Venerable Bede, "we have noted in order that the sublimeness of this man may be the better known."

An Invalid's Jottings.

BY JOSEPH CARMICHAEL.

VIII.—CONTINUED.

I FOUND myself eventually looking forward to my new acquaintance's visits—which became quite frequent—with increasing interest. Yet it was by no means easy to keep the conversation free from allusions to the past. Many subjects were banned for that reason. It was useless, for instance—even had it been good form—to try to ascertain whether he was a university man, and if so of what college. Similarly any inquiries as to his profession or occupation would have been equally futile. We could hardly discuss books, since the poor fellow's memory was so unreliable on everything belonging to the period previous to his shock, that I shrank from causing him embarrassment on that score.

There was one occupation which seemed to afford the poor man pleasure: he never wearied in listening to the explanation of the various important residences which we could descry in the surrounding country as we gazed upon them from the oriel window; scraps of information about the pedigrees and family histories of their possessors were equally interesting to him.

"I have been wondering," I said one day, "whether you have thought of searching the newspapers for advertisements." It seemed strange that none of his relatives or acquaintances should have utilized such a means of getting in touch with him; for this was the most obvious way.

"I have searched the *Times*, *Morning Post*, *Daily Mail*, and what not, from beginning to end every day," he answered. "The hotel people seem astonished at the parcel of newspapers delivered daily to 'Mr. Blank'—I had to devise some name, and that seemed the most appropriate," he smilingly inter-

jected. "But I've met with no appeal which could be intended for me, so far. Putting in an advertisement on my own account did not seem practicable; 'Found: a man who has lost his identity'—with accompanying description—might be sensational, but scarcely serviceable!"

The "Unknown" had been four or five weeks in Wybrow, and I had had many a call from him during that time, yet I could detect no improvement in his mental state. I was glad of an opportunity, when Dr. Annison looked in upon me, of voicing my opinion of the hopelessness of a cure.

"Such cases need almost infinite patience, sometimes," was his somewhat disappointing response. "It is a well-established fact," he went on to explain, "that a sudden shock, or something akin to it, is able to effect a loss of memory so thorough that nothing which had occurred previously can be recalled. A person so afflicted may lose all recollection of his past, or he may retain a hazy notion of it. Our friend's case is certainly serious! Yet it is a consolation to know that time almost always works a cure. It is a curious fact that the memory of the intervening period often becomes obliterated when the mind has regained its normal state."

"Then should our friend regain his memory, he will lose all recollection of you and me and Wybrow, I suppose!"

"Exactly," he replied. "But does he show any signs of returning memory or of the recollection of past events at all?"

I was forced to confess there had been no indication of any such change.

"Well, we must practise patience!" was all the comfort I got.

In a few weeks a solution of the problem came to us and that in an entirely unexpected manner.

"The most astounding thing has happened," cried Dr. Annison, as he sud-

denly rushed in upon me one morning. "Our nameless friend at the 'Royal' turns out to be a perfect fraud! He's taken us all in beautifully; yet I feel more inclined to admire than to abuse him. He no more lost his memory than you or I, yet how splendidly he kept up the illusion!"

In response to my bewildered questioning, the Doctor gave the following explanation. That very day, Scotland Yard men had appeared at the hotel and had arrested the victim of a loss of memory as a notorious "crook" for whom the police had long been searching the country without success. He was known to his confederates as "Gentleman Joe," on account of his polished address and attractive appearance. A daring burglary in a flat in the West End of London was effected by the gang some weeks ago, and several thousand pounds' worth of jewels and money had been taken. One of the gang had been captured and had turned King's Evidence; by his means the others had been identified. Gentleman Joe was always the leading spirit in planning and carrying out such raids, and to him fell the lion's share of plunder. Hitherto that clever scoundrel had successfully outwitted the police. His settling at Wybrow was a masterly piece of strategy! He would probably have remained undetected until he could effect an escape to the Continent, had it not been for the £10 bank-note he had tendered to Mrs. Micklem.

"But how could that help the police?" I asked excitedly.

"The man counted on security in making use of a Bank of England note; but like many another clever scoundrel, he gave himself away. The note was part of his plunder, and the police had the numbers of the notes stolen. Gentleman Joe never suspected that the note would go straight to London with Mrs. Micklem's signature on the back, together with her address; it was a con-

venient means of sending money to a niece there. Of course, the police were able to trace their quarry without delay."

"But what about his booking to Chester, the sudden resolve to alight at Wybrow, and the corruption of our up-right station master? I own the latter circumstance was hard to swallow!"

"All pure fiction, my dear Jack! The police seem to think that the fellow changed his dress in the train, having booked—as they discovered—to quite another place; then he took a ticket for a second destination, then thirdly booked to Wybrow. He is a genius!"

"Then he chose Wybrow deliberately as a 'quiet backwater,' where he might remain absolutely hidden! A clever trick, I must own!"

I felt a little sore to think that I had been so completely hoaxed, yet I laughed at the ingenious scheme. Suddenly a thought struck me.

"I was a bit puzzled, Doctor," I said, "at his intense interest in the various residences round here, especially those belonging to prominent people. I pointed out to him all that one can get a glimpse of from the window here, though of some, one can just distinguish chimney stacks only. He listened to my descriptions of the houses, family history and so forth, with evident pleasure—Aikman Hall, Ingledon Grange, Chestcoat House, Winnings-ton, and others. I begin to fear that the scoundrel was cogitating burglaries!"

"I've little doubt of it," was the Doctor's grim response. "But you need have no apprehension of that now. Our quondam friend will have to spend a good long time in retirement after this—far more irksome than life in this 'quiet backwater.' Moreover," he said with a sly laugh, "you are forgetting that, according to some scientists, the poor fellow's memory of intervening occurrences will fade away as his past comes back to mind!"

"Let's hope it may prove so in this case!"

"I think there is little reason to fear that harm will come to our county families and their belongings through your revelations, Jack," the Doctor remarked kindly.

What a colossal liar the man had been! In addition to my chagrin at being so thoroughly hoodwinked by an unusually smart scoundrel, I had an uneasy feeling as to the keen amusement my childlike guilelessness must have afforded him in his hours of leisure. It would help to compensate him for the lack of those multitudinous newspapers which as he had asserted—without foundation, as we afterwards discovered—had afforded him hours of study during his sojourn at Wybrow St. Mary.

IX.

I had caught sight of an unfamiliar figure making its way up the narrow lane which formed a short cut to the parish church; I took it at first sight to be that of an Anglican nun, from the peculiarity of the costume assumed by the lady in question, though, as yet, no personage of that kind had settled in Wybrow. Evidently it was a bird of passage. But the same apparition was repeated, and might be witnessed day after day; a lady—unmistakably elderly—with thin, long, sallow face, and garbed in black trailing habiliments, her small bonnet shrouded in a very long gauzy veil which floated round her as she glided up the lane. I began to yield to curiosity in regard to the stranger.

My man Titley may always be depended upon for the acquisition of information concerning Wybrow and its happenings; how he acquires it is a mystery, for he is no gossip, and intercourse with townsfolk is restricted almost entirely to matters of business. But very little takes place which Titley does not know. As a general rule, I avoid questioning servants

upon such matters; but here was a case which called for explanation. So I tried diplomacy.

"There seems to be an Anglican Sisterhood here, Titley," I remarked casually, when he brought in my letters. "Our nuns will take it amiss, I fancy. 'Twill be confusing to ordinary folk to have two different brands of religious life in the same town."

Titley smiled respectfully, as he conveyed the required information. He is an elderly, grey-haired retainer, who knew me in a frock and socks, yet he is always discreet and respectful.

"You've no doubt caught sight of the lady in black who is so regular in attending the parish church, Mr. John," was his answer. "But she's not a nun, either Catholic or Protestant—if there are such persons. She's a Miss Jebb—lately come to Wybrow. That's her house Sir," and he pointed to a tiny cottage with a garden in front, which stood on a slight elevation at the end of the main street.

"Oh, yes, 'Hillside,' isn't it? Old Mrs. Simpkins used to live there years ago."

"The lady's changed the name, Mr. John," Titley said, amusement showing in his usually grave visage. "She calls it 'The Nook' now."

"'The Nook'—what nook?" I cried amazed. "Why, it stands on a hillock for all the world to see!"

"I believe the lady is rather romantic, Sir," was the explanation.

"Evidently!" I rejoined, and dismissed Miss Jebb from my mind.

But the lady was not to be got rid of so summarily. A nice bright lad who used to attend the Grammar School here, in Jarvey's time was accustomed to look in upon me sometimes—he had been introduced by the Royston children in the beginning, and chose to keep up the acquaintance. He got articled to a solicitor at Feversham, a town about a dozen miles away, and would now and again drop me a letter. Among the let-

ters and papers just delivered by Titley was one from Michael Arnshaw—the youth in question. It informed me that he would be in Wybrow on business for a few days during the following week, and should take the opportunity of renewing our old acquaintanceship.

"Mike," as we all called him in bygone days, was a breezy, cheerful youth, who always had plenty to say for himself. I found him little altered in that respect, although passing time had changed his appearance considerably.

"By Jove, Jack!" he exclaimed, "if that is not old Caddie Jebb, I'll eat my hat!"

We were both ensconced in the oriel window, chatting about old times and old friends, when the nun-like figure passed up the Church walk.

"I believe that is the lady's name. But how did you become acquainted with her?"

"My dear Jack, everyone in Feversham knows Miss Caroline Jebb! She used to be one of the 'lions' of the town. So she's settled here, apparently."

I pointed out "The Nook," and we both enjoyed the absurdity of such a title. This led to reminiscences on Mike's part, and during the days he spent in Wybrow, I gathered sufficient data for this sketch. I will tell the story in my own way rather than in the somewhat racy diction of my informant.

Feversham church seems to bear the palm among ecclesiastical buildings for undiluted ugliness. A jerry-built, so-called classical structure with a high octagonal spire, and many round-headed windows in its brown-stone walls, its exterior might pass muster. But within, its features are appalling! Huge and lofty round pillars support the (lath and plaster) vaulting and the galleries running round three sides. To the unobservant spectator these pillars might be mistaken for solid columns of smooth grey stone; on closer inspec-

tion they reveal themselves as mere shams—wood painted grey and sanded! They are really huge balks of timber supporting the roof, encased in sham pillars and thus decorated. The galleries have tiers of pews rising one above another, suggesting, as my irreverent informant put it, "the seats in Barnum and Bailey's Circus."

There was little in such a building to satisfy a devotee of æsthetic tastes. The communion table stood in a bare chancel; it was covered with a faded velvet cloth of nondescript color which had apparently been once of crimson hue. The Vicar was the very lowest of Low Churchmen—preaching in a Geneva gown and wearing for the service a voluminous surplice reaching a little below his knees and revealing a goodly portion of black trousers beneath.

But Miss Jebb was nothing if not Catholic in her aspirations. She had once been a member of an Anglican Sisterhood, and though she had not persevered in her intention of "taking the vows," still maintained much of the outward deportment of her former state—hence the trailing black robes and floating veil. Feversham folk had grown to look upon her as a harmless kind of lunatic, though at her first appearance she was the general topic of conversation among ordinary Church of England worshippers. For not only was her style of dress remarkable, but her "antics" (as they were called) in church made her especially conspicuous. On entering the church and trailing gracefully up the aisle to her pew, she took care to make what was described as "a very deep curtsey" (we Catholics call it genuflection) to what she took care to style, on all occasions when it was mentioned in conversation, the "Altar." Bows at intervals, and "various gesticulations with her hands" (signs of the Cross, probably) were interspersed throughout the service to the wonderment of onlookers, who seem to have

made Miss Jebb the centre of attraction.

In a fatal hour—though less fatal than many would have desired, since the building itself was saved—fire broke out in the church and consumed the organ (where it had originated through the carelessness of a tuner) rendering the building a pitiful sight. Complete cleansing and decoration were necessary, and the parishioners came gallantly to the rescue.

Now was Miss Jebb's opportunity. Not only did she contribute generously to the work of restoration, but at her own expense procured an "altar frontal" of red and green silk, profusely embroidered, which excited the wonder and admiration of the worshippers, but awoke some trepidation in the timid mind of the Vicar, lest it should be considered "Ritualistic." The frontal was but the first element in Miss Jebb's scheme of reformation. The procuring of a brass cross and candlesticks to stand upon the "altar" was the next step. This, however, the Vicar could not be brought to consider at all; he was afraid of certain important personages styled churchwardens, whom it was necessary to conciliate on all parish affairs, if life was to be worth living; churchwardens, he felt, would have no sympathy with crosses and candlesticks, whatever evidence Miss Jebb might bring from homilies and rubrics in support of the lawfulness—nay, even necessity—of such adornments.

The lady was, however, of a determined nature—for she belonged to the sex of which the poet sings:

When she will, she will, you may depend on't,
And when she won't, she won't—and there's
an end on't.

She possessed a ready tongue and an open purse—where her inclinations were concerned,—and she left the poor bachelor Vicar no peace. The frontal was an accomplished fact; the cross and candlesticks would come in time; people needed education in these matters. Meanwhile,

she evolved a plan which was calculated to further such education.

Easter was at hand and the custom of decorating the chancel with primroses and spring flowers had already been established before the fire; in the renovated building the practice was not likely to be dropped. Miss Jebb, therefore, pleaded with the Vicar for permission to place a cross of flowers on the communion-table as part of the Easter adornments. At first he had flatly refused; it would give offence to many of the congregation was his plea. But the lady was persistent; she pleaded her cause with eloquence and determination. She made a strong point of the cross of white lilies which always floated on the waters of the baptismal font on such occasions, without a single word of adverse criticism; why should a similar cross in another position be cause of complaint? The badgered Vicar—in a moment of weakness, may be—at length withdrew his opposition.

But Miss Jebb scarcely kept within the limits of the Vicar's permission. When Easter morning dawned bright and pleasant, worshippers were confronted on entering the church by a cross of gilt wood of large size, embellished by a beautiful wreath of white lilies, standing upon the Holy Table! Whatever may have been the Vicar's consternation on beholding it, when he entered the church from the vestry to begin the service, he kept himself well under control. But not so the chief churchwarden. While the choir was singing the Easter anthem, and the congregation were free to observe all that went on, a burly figure, red-faced and bald-headed, strode up into the chancel, seized the obnoxious emblem, and bore it in ill-disguised triumph to the vestry.

Though the Vicar's discourse spoke eloquently of Easter joys and Easter peace, it is probable that in many hearts there joy and peace were not prominent.

Miss Jebb's "golden cross" stirred up something like revolution in the town, the poor innocent Vicar coming in for the greatest share of abuse. As to the real offender, she gave up all idea of "educating" Feversham in Catholic practices, shook from her feet the dust of that benighted town, and migrated to Wybrow and the seclusion of "The Nook."

"You'll be pleased to hear, Jack," remarked Father Vesey over breakfast one Thursday, "that I have just received a convert of some importance."

I was, indeed; and eagerly asked for particulars.

"It is a lady—a Miss Jebb—who has been living in the town for a few months. She came to me quite of her own accord and asked for instruction."

I almost shouted in my glee.

"You have made a great conquest!" I cried. "She is the person who set all Feversham about the ears, and I thought she had come here to reform the Rector of St. Mary's. I suppose you know about her escapades."

Father Vesey smiled indulgently.

"I don't trouble about bygone mistakes. She will have guidance for the future. But, really, she is an estimable person, even if a trifle eccentric in some ways. The poor speak enthusiastically of her generosity and kindness—the two qualities are not always united in one person—and I can testify to her genuine piety. She will be an acquisition to our struggling mission in many ways."

"Oh! Don't think I have a down upon the poor women! But I had such a racy description of her doings in Feversham before she left there, that I couldn't help being amused at anything in which Miss Caroline Jebb—'old Caddie Jebb' was my informant's title for her—was concerned. I am as unfeignedly glad to hear that the poor soul is safe in harbor at last."

I never made the acquaintance of

Miss Jebb; many circumstances stood in the way. I heard much about her, though, during the months that followed, and never anything to her ridicule or discredit. Her peculiarities of dress seem to have been mitigated in some respect, but she still went about clad in sober raiment of unfashionable style—as my informant Titley told me, on the evidence of his wife. She was indefatigable in her attendance at all church services; and Father Vesey could not speak enthusiastically enough of her generous gifts for the beautifying of the sanctuary and replenishing of the ill-equipped sacristy. The poor—both Catholic and Protestant—invoked blessings upon her head.

It was really owing to the snubbings the poor lady received from the Rector of St. Mary's that she had turned for sympathy to the Catholic priest from whom she received nothing but kindness and patient forbearance; for Father Vesey was a judge of character, and discerned much that was noble under a somewhat unattractive exterior, marred still more by exaggerated eccentricities. His sympathy led her to confide her doctrinal difficulties to him, and the solving of them made her a Catholic.

"Everybody's greatly shocked, Sir," exclaimed Titley one day; he was looking quite cut up himself. "Poor Miss Jebb died in the night!"

I, too; was certainly shocked by the tidings. I asked for particulars.

"Her maid went to call her for Mass as usual—you know she is a daily communicant—and found her lying dead. It appears she suffered from some heart trouble. Well, she was a good woman, and I wouldn't mind changing places with her at this moment, Mr. John!"

But it was Father Vesey, after the funeral—attended by half of the townsfolk—who gave the finishing touch to the life story of Caroline Jebb.

"I've just come from the reading of

that good soul's will," he said. "She was far richer, you know, than I ever anticipated. Besides substantial legacies to the church and the poor, she has left the remainder for the foundation of a small hospital here to be run by our Sisters of Charity. What a blessing for Wybrow!"

"God rest her soul!" was my fervent response.

(To be continued.)

The Rosary of the Bells.

BY WILFRED CHILDE.

WHAT do the bells say?
"Our Lord and Our Lady."

What do the bells say?

"Our Lady and Our Lord."

Gabriel came to Mary,

And said: "Ave, my Lady!"

What do the bells say?

"Our Lady, Our Lady."

Our Lady came to Bélem,

She lay in a stable.

What do the bells say?

"Our Lord is born in Bélem,

His Mother is Our Lady—

Our Lady and Our Lord."

O the long passion,

O the bitter wailing!

What do the bells say?

"Who has slain Our Lord?

Our Lady, Our Lady

Weeps for Our Lord."

He rose again at Easter;

And on the morn of Easter

What do the bells say?

"On the morn of Easter—

Cry ye Alleluya,

Cry all Alleluya!—

Our Lady met Our Lord."

O the crowns in Heaven,

O the jubilation!

What do the bells say?

"A crown for Our Lady,

Our Lady, Our Lady,—

A crown from Our Lord!"

"Doctor Mirabilis."*

BY J. F. SCHOLFIELD.

THERE is a general consensus of opinion among present-day scholars that the Thirteenth Century stands out in history as, on many counts, the greatest of the Christian ages. It was a time of extraordinary fecundity and activity in almost every direction of human thought. There is no century so prolific of great names on the intellectual, or of great works on the artistic and practical side. After the troubles and confusion that for many generations had followed, in greater or less measure, the break-up of the old imperial order, the breath of a new life and energy was sweeping through the nations which were already grouped, substantially, into modern Europe. May we not say that all that is best in the succeeding seven centuries finds its seed-time in those creative years?

It is one of the hopeful signs (which are not too numerous) of our time that serious students and thinkers are turning back with ever-increasing respect and admiration to those Middle Ages which the ignorant self-sufficiency of later centuries was stupid and rash enough to despise. No doubt the classical Renaissance affected some minds in this direction, which was in no way the fault of the new learning in itself, but of its effect on insufficiently balanced characters. What really contradicted all the witness of history, and in many parts of Europe, notably in Germany and England, created a lying tradition as to the Middle Ages, was the loss of intellectual and social continuity in consequence of the shattered unity of Faith. Now the mists are dispersing through the scientific treatment of history, in which, among English writers, John Lingard led the way.

* The "Opus Majus" of Roger Bacon. A Translation by R. B. Burke. University of Pennsylvania Press. London: Milford.

The great personalities of Mediæval times are, therefore, for people of average "liberal" education (as the phrase used to run), far more distinct than they were even half a century ago. No year goes by but the study of those ages is taken up more and more keenly by scholars throughout the civilized world. Books dealing with this or that point of history, monographs on some saint, or statesman, some artist or hero, of those centuries are continually pouring from the Press on both sides of the Atlantic. And it is not only Catholic *literati* who compose this large body of writers. Many scholars outside the *Civitas Dei* feel something of the spell of the Ages of Faith, and the attraction of their great names. Literary interest not infrequently leads to a deeper insight and a sympathy that is not merely academic. Such an attitude is in itself all to the good, and may grow to something immeasurably better.

Among the intellectual giants of the wonderful Thirteenth Century the figure of Roger Bacon, O. F. M., stands out uniquely as one of the greatest scholars of his own, or indeed of any, period. Our knowledge of his career and of his writings has been both corrected and increased to a large extent during the present century, and very recent publications have shown the keen interest of the literary world in all that concerns the great Franciscan.

Roger Bacon was born at Ilchester, Somersetshire, about 1214, the son of parents formerly wealthy but impoverished through their support of King Henry III. against the barons. He studied at Paris and Oxford, and became professor at the Franciscan school established in the great English University. Here he came under the strong and noble influence of Grosseteste, the famous Bishop of Lincoln, and Adam de Marisco (or Marsh) who probably hailed from Roger's own county, both professors in the same school. When he

entered the Order is uncertain. Among the Franciscan friars were many notable scholars, and Bacon became the greatest of them all in the extraordinary extent of his learning, and the prolific result of his studies. After a two-years' illness his superiors assigned him other duties, and then placed him under a general prohibition (aimed at a member of the Order who had published a heretical work) as to any publication except by express permission. This decree was the work of the General Chapter, held in 1260 at Narbonne, and for some six years Friar Roger's literary labors were suspended. In 1266, however, Pope Clement IV., whom he had known at Oxford as Cardinal Guy le Gros de Foulques, requested Bacon to send him, secretly, and at once, a copy of his writings, which he did at the beginning of 1267. No doubt the Pope had heard rumors (possibly definite accusations) as to Bacon's teaching, and wished to judge for himself as to their merits or demerits.

Catholic opinion is agreed that he was not always correct in his expressions, and now and then laid himself open to suspicion; but no taint whatever of heresy attaches itself to his memory. He was a pious, devout Christian, a true religious, in all things devoted to the Church and the Apostolic See. The story of his imprisonment for "certain novelties" found in his writings, by order of Jerome of Ascoli, Minister-general of the Order, in 1277, is now apparently discredited, while the absurd statement of some modern writers that he remained in durance vile for fourteen or fifteen years has not a shred of foundation. He died in 1294, a true son of the Church if not always entirely prudent or pacific in his writings. These were voluminous to a vast degree, and in spite of the industry of modern scholars it is fairly certain that we still do not possess all that we may hope to discover in the great European libra-

ries. Among many treatises and other shorter works three great achievements stand out: the "Opus Majus," "Opus Minus," and "Opus Tertium,"—all of which Bacon sent to the Pope. To the first is prefixed a dedicatory letter to the Holy Father, discovered by Cardinal Gasquet in the Vatican Library, and published in the English *Historical Review* for 1897.

The "Opus Majus," divided into seven parts, covers an extraordinary extent of ground, from the relation between theology and philosophy, the urgency of accurate study of the languages (Hebrew, Aramaic, Greek) employed in Scripture, through mathematics to optics and experimental science, and concluding with the study of ethics. The "Opus Minus," of which only fragments exist, was intended to be explanatory and supplementary to the first, and the "Opus Tertium" had the same purpose and has suffered the same fate. It seems, from various passages in his writings, that he was contemplating what he meant to be, practically, an encyclopædia of all knowledge to which human learning had attained, but, if so, he did not live to accomplish the scheme.

It has for long been the fashion to look on the celebrated friar as a man altogether in advance of his time, and in consequence the victim of suspicion and even persecution. It is quite true that in his treatment, e. g., of mathematical and astronomical problems, and many points connected with natural science, he writes very much in the spirit of a modern scholar. Nearly three centuries before the reform of the Calendar he proves the Julian computation to be wrong. Though he was not the inventor, as has been claimed, of gunpowder, he explains how it is made and what it can effect. He is convinced that boats can have other motive power than oars or wind-filled sails, and that aviation is a possibility of the future. To apply the expression "imaginative" to

such speculations is surely misleading. It was only a strictly scientific and deductive mind that could look on such "imagines" as capable of being one day translated into fact.

Bacon protests warmly against certain abuses then current in the teaching of the Schools, but so far from being hostile to philosophy, he is one of its greatest Mediæval exponents. Far from running counter to the scholastic method, he must be reckoned as a great schoolman, though with a method and style of his own. His philosophy has much in common with that of Duns Scotus.

One of the many needs of the Church on which he lays especial stress has peculiar interest in our day, when the Biblical Commission is doing, with every resource of scholarship, the work of restoration, to the highest possible perfection, of the authentic text of the Vulgate.

Bacon has been roundly taken to task for belief in astrology. The greatest minds of his day were not unaffected by such a belief, and, as a *Times* reviewer sensibly says, it was not all superstition, but "contains the basis of all subsequent scientific hypothesis—namely, the assumption that events are predictable, which is more generally known as the principle of the uniformity of nature." Besides, he expressly warns his readers "not to confound his physics with divination, his chemistry with alchemy, his astronomy with astrology" (Professor Theophilus Witzel, O. F. M., in the Catholic Encyclopædia). It would, of course, be absurd to expect a Thirteenth Century scientist to write with the complete outlook or the gathered experience of the Twentieth.

In his own day, and since, there has been a disposition at times, and in some quarters, to suspect his orthodoxy, but entirely without solid foundation for such suspicion. He was outspoken to a degree as to what he looked on as (and

what really were) mistakes and abuses in the system of instruction, especially theological instruction, which prevailed widely. He arranges these, with true scholastic method, into what he calls the "seven sins" in the study of theology. He was, unquestionably, too hard in some of his judgments, and showed, along with this, a "cocksureness" (to use the expression of the reviewer quoted above) which must have cost him friendship, and deprived him of the sympathy and support which *au fond* he deserved. And there seems to have been a lack of prudence and exactness in some of his statements.

On the other hand, there is no savor of heresy in the story of his life or in his writings. No man can be a heretic who submits with so complete a spirit of obedience, all he writes to the supreme judgment of the Church. He is full of reverence for the Fathers and the acknowledged Doctors of the Church; and, not less strikingly, for the Supreme Pontiff and the authority of the Holy See. Where this is present a scholar (or any person) may make mistakes, even mistakes that might call for formal recantation (of such there was nothing in his case), but could commit no formal sin against the Faith.

Friar Roger, O. F. M., therefore, has a high place in the great galaxy of Christian teachers and writers which lights up the Church History of his time. This merest outline of his career may perhaps induce some readers to study it in greater detail. He cannot, needless to say, rank with Blessed Albert the Great ("Doctor Universalis") who alone of the scholars of his day probably was his equal in natural science, or with St. Bonaventure, the "Seraphic Doctor" of his own Order, or, greatest of all, with St. Thomas the Angel of the Schools. But it is only such mighty names as these that can take a higher place as masters of Christian thought. It may be that the very

extent of Bacon's studies made it impossible for him to reach the supreme degree as a philosopher and theologian. Nor has there ever been a suggestion that he should, like the three glorious Saints just mentioned, two of whom rank as Doctors of the Church, be raised to her altars.

One truth is conspicuously illustrated by his life, as by that of Blessed Albert: that the study of sciences other than theology cannot but be for untold good when it is undertaken in the fear of God and submission to the Church, which is the divinely-appointed Teacher of all nations, the pillar and ground of the truth. Studies undertaken in such a spirit tend to the sanctification of the students themselves and of those whom their labors will lead to greater knowledge. They are a bulwark at once against the Pagan spirit, so rampant in our days, that would ignore God in His own works, and the Puritan ignorance, not untouched with Manichæism, that suspects as irreligious whatever is not directly concerned with its own starved and distorted system.

It is, therefore, with the truest instinct, in awe-struck admiration before his immense and penetrating intellect, and the enormous field of knowledge, almost unequalled throughout the history of human thought, which he cultivated to so great a harvest that the men of his own time and all succeeding centuries have deemed Friar Roger Bacon, illustrious son of St. Francis, worthy of the proud title of Doctor Mirabilis—the Wonderful Doctor.

He died at the Oxford which he loved, and of which he was so bright an ornament, in 1294, full of days and honor, leaving behind him a worthy record of work accomplished to the blessing and enlightenment of his age. Englishmen remember with pride that he is the one famous schoolman who, by training as well as birth, is their fellow-countryman.

On the Co-operative Plan.

BY MARY MABEL WIRRIES.

"**H**APPY days are here again, skies above are clear again"—Dulcie's gay young voice wafted down the stairs to the ears of the worker in the kitchen, and Mrs. Allen, drawing hot water for the breakfast dishes, smiled as she heard it. Dulcie was her song bird.

"Ten dead men on a dead man's chest, Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of rum!" roared Jimmie's new masculine tones, wilfully interrupting Dulcie's solo, "Out of the bathroom, woman! The king would wash his teeth."

"Mother!" Dulcie's warble broke off in a shrill cry of complaint, "Jim's taking my powder. Mother, make him stop! Now you've spilled it! Mother-r-r!"

"James Aloysius Allen!" Mother started upstairs, and Jim, grumbling, came down. "Never get a chance to get into the bathroom, with a houseful of girls," he complained; "they stand in there and primp. Dulce is using rouge again, Mom."

"I am not, Mother," Dulcie vehemently denied. "Jane left hers in here, and I was just looking at it to see if she bought that new tint—"

"If you don't hurry, you'll miss your car," Mrs. Allen warned her daughter. She herself returned to the dishes. Jim and Dulcie were at the age where they were mutually antagonistic. She was accustomed to their differences, and knew, serenely, that time would cure them. Jim had all the healthy fourteen-year-old boy's scorn of "women" and their ways. Now he poked his head inside the kitchen to ask, "See anything of my ball glove, Mother?" and, receiving a negative response, he bounded upstairs two steps at a time to search for it. The spring baseball season was now on. He was gone about five minutes, and his mother heard a great deal of commo-

tion in his room overhead. Then he was down again, shouting, "Found it. So long, Mom!" The side door slammed. Dulcie followed at his heels, pausing in the kitchen to drop a light, affectionate kiss where her mother's "scolding locks" curled. "Bye, bye, Honey Mother. Sorry I didn't get down in time to wipe dishes. Do better to-morrow." She, too, was gone, and Mrs. Allen heard her running lightly down the walk.

Flown for the day, all the fledglings who made the nest a thing of life,—gone, leaving behind them disorderly living rooms, the breakfast dishes, and Mother. Mrs. Allen smiled a little, remembering Dulcie's kiss; and then she sighed a little, remembering the work that lay ahead of her this morning. She was tired—tired to start the day. For some time now, morning had felt like this. At night she went to bed, too weary to sleep, and there her mind started work again—a mental, tiring round of the tasks to be done to-morrow. What a lot there was to do in a house that housed a family of seven! Was she getting old, that it fatigued her so, and she never seemed to be through?

When the children were smaller, it had not been so. Even between the squeezing of oranges, the straining of spinach and carrots, and the rest of the patient routine that marks the care of small babies, she had found time for rest, for keeping up her music, for spending an occasional social evening with her friends. But now she had time for nothing. The children had their own programs. When they were home from work or school, they always had something planned to do. Even Jim, the baby, had his band practice, his Tampico Club, his ball game, his gym practice. And Dulcie was forever rushing somewhere to fulfil a social engagement; and Jane and Ruth and Frank, Jr., likewise. There wasn't time for anything. Even Father sometimes com-

plained, "Peg, you never play Sixty-six with me any more." How could she? Nor did she read, nor embroider pretty linens, nor play dreamy music for him at dusk, nor go with him on gay little picknicking jaunts to the country.

"I suppose," she often told herself, half-reproachfully, "I lack system. That must be the reason my tasks are never completed. I'm a poor manager."

This day was as all other days. The dishes dried, and put away, she swept the kitchen, telephoned her grocery orders for the day, and then went on to the rest of the house. There seemed to be even more turmoil and confusion than usual. The morning papers strewn about; a soiled handkerchief here; a book there; flowers wilted in their vases; music scattered about. Jim's sack of marbles on the center table. Ruth's sweater thrown across a chair. She spent a good hour picking up, and running upstairs and down to the basement, before she was ready to sweep and dust. And in the meantime the doorbell rang, the 'phone rang, the postman came, the delivery boy came, a neighbor ran in to get a recipe. She felt her nerves getting ragged. At ten o'clock she dragged herself upstairs, and faced—the bathroom! She stopped short in its doorway with a little dismayed exclamation. Some one had forgotten to drain the water from the tub; wet towels and wash cloths were everywhere, it seemed. Junior's shaving things were out of the cabinet; the tooth paste caps were off; and Dulcie's powder, thanks to her fracas with Jimmie, coated the floor. Another hour of hard work, interrupted twice by telephone calls for the neighbor next door, served to end this chaos.

Jimmie's bedroom next. Evidently Jimmie had made a most painstaking search for his baseball mitt. There was no doubt whatever that he had looked in every drawer, in his desk, and in his treasure chest. He had expedited the

search by unceremoniously dumping the contents of all of them onto the floor—and he had left them there.

"Oh!" moaned Mrs. Allen, "such children—such thoughtless, careless children!"

Downstairs a clock chimed the hour. Eleven o'clock—heavens! And it seemed she was hardly begun. And—wasn't this the day Teresa Gray was coming in to lunch? Of course it was—Wednesday. Teresa had said Wednesday, and she had been counting on a pleasant, unhurried visit with her old friend. And now it would be spoiled for her, because all the time, during lunch and after, she would have her mind on that mountain of unfinished work upstairs, and the pile of mending she had laid aside in the laundry yesterday while ironing. Well, it was lunch time now. Hastily she tidied her hair, changed her dress, slipped on a fresh apron, and went downstairs to see what was in the ice box. And, almost before lunch was on the table, Teresa came. Teresa was bubbling with plans. Teresa was always brimful of enthusiasm over one project or another. This time it was a song club.

"You and I and Lottie," she said, "and the Dorgan girls—all the members of the old Glee Club we can get together. Remember how we used to sing? Sister Anastasia called us her nightingales. You're to play for us, of course."

Mrs. Allen smiled, wistfully. "It would be lovely," she said. "But, Teresa, I couldn't!"

"Why not, I'd like to know!" Teresa almost bristled. She never brooked blockading of her plans. "Wouldn't you like it?"

"Like it?" reproachfully. "O Terese, need you ask? But I've such a family to do for, Terese. I never can get away for anything that isn't absolutely necessary. You see, I simply can't afford a maid; nor even a laundress; and work piles up so. I never catch up. I haven't any

system. You remember Sister de Sales always said I had no system. Why, I haven't even read last month's magazines!"

"You ought to be ashamed to tell it," said her friend, indignantly, and anxiously, too. This semi-hysterical outburst was so unlike the even-tempered, easy-going chum of her school-days. "Peg, you look seedy. You've no business working so hard; you've three girls to help you, and even those two boys could do their share. Don't they help you?"

"Not much—lately," admitted Mrs. Allen. "You see," weakly, "they have gotten out of the habit. They have so many activities outside the home—"

Mrs. Gray snorted, "So *you* have to keep your nose to the grindstone," she said. "Well, this is one afternoon you get it off. I'm going to take you down to the art museum to hear Leroy Bronson talk. Well," as Mrs. Allen began a protest, "out with it. What's undone, now? The house looks to me to be in perfect order."

"It isn't," said Mrs. Allen, smiling faintly. "There's a skeleton in the closet. I haven't done the girls' rooms, or mine."

"Humph!" With a minimum of motion, Teresa gathered up the dishes and carried them to the kitchen, where she scraped them and piled them into the sink. "Dulcie and Junior can wash these when they get home. And while you dress, I'll finish the upstairs—"

"But—" began Mrs. Allen.

"But me no buts!" Teresa disposed of the quibble with a sweeping gesture, and mounted the stairs where she began to fly around in her characteristic vigorous fashion. Mrs. Allen, running her bath water into the tub a few minutes later, heard her mumbling to herself, but she had no idea how angry her friend was.

"It's a crying shame," Teresa was sputtering, "those lazy children letting

that woman work herself to death! Peg says she lacks system. System, indeed! All the system in the world wouldn't enable one woman to do the work alone in a house where people don't even pick up their own clothes. Look at that girl's nightgown and slipper, right in the middle of the floor! Look at the lid off that cream jar! Look at those drawers standing open! Jane's my godchild, too, and as sweet as she can be; but Saints defend us! how thoughtless! Gracious! if Peg hasn't the backbone to take those children in hand, and make them carry their share of the load, someone else ought to before she kills herself. She always did let people impose on her. I used to get furious with her at school for that very thing."

These same thoughts were running through her mind all the afternoon, while Mrs. Allen was enjoying the lecture with her. The next morning Teresa Gray, who never did things by halves, presented herself in the office of Frank Allen, Sr. She had known him as long as she knew Peggy, since childhood, and she spoke her thoughts frankly.

"Frank Allen," she began, "I thought you loved your wife!"

Allen colored and laughed.

"The same old Terese!" he said. "What have I done now?"

"Just this." Teresa talked fast, long, and earnestly. When she was through, he nodded thoughtfully.

"I know," he said. "I've had it on my mind to do something, about it for a long time; but you know how Peg is. No amount of talking will keep some women from making martyrs of themselves. I've tried to take her on a vacation for ten years, now, and something always crops up to spoil our plans. What can I do?"

Teresa debated. Then: "Listen," she said, excitedly, "I've a plan. Necessity knows no law, Frank. I'll give her a vacation or die trying. How about this?" Again she talked long and earnestly,

outlining her plan. When she was through Mr. Allen threw back his head and laughed heartily.

"If that isn't a thorough 'Teresa-Gray' plan, I never heard one," he said. "I've heard Peg say you were almost the death of the nuns at St. Mary's, and I believe her. Do you know, woman, you're making yourself liable to the law? And you're likely to lose Peg's friendship forever. She has a temper, you know."

"Don't I know?" Teresa chuckled reminiscently. "Once I put a rubber mouse in her bed, and she didn't speak to me for a week. But she has a sense of humor, too, Frank. I'm banking on that; and it seems to be the only way. She'll never come voluntarily."

"Well"—Frank held out his hand with a grin, "you're probably letting me in for a month of bedlam, but I won't hold it against you. More power to you, Teresa!"

"Thank you, Frank." Teresa returned the grin and the grip. "I'll be seeing you," she said, "When it's rose-time in Picardy."

Dulcie rang the doorbell, and frowned in puzzlement when there was no answer. She lifted a corner of the doormat, and peered under it for the key. Finding it, she unlocked the door, still looking puzzled.

"Just go right on into the living-room, Miss Moran," she told her companion. "It's odd that Mother isn't here. She usually is; but I'll run out and see if she left a note in the kitchen."

There was no note. The closed-up kitchen still smelled of the breakfast bacon, and the dishes, not even piled, were on the table by the sink. Dulcie took in the fact that the morning work was not yet done at this unseemly hour of the afternoon, and thought she must be dreaming. *Where* could Mother be? Upstairs, ill, perhaps? But no. She must be out, for the key was under the

doormat. How unlike her to leave her work. She must have been called away very suddenly. The state of the kitchen reminded Dulcie of the living room, where she had sent her guest. Her heart dropped to her shoes. What if Mother hadn't cleaned that? Only this morning she had dumped the mending basket in the center of the davenport, while she searched for a presentable pair of stockings. Oh, dear, suppose the things were still there? Intuition told her they were.

Oh, why had she chosen to-night of all nights, to bring home her favorite teacher? Miss Moran had meant to help her with the Latin she had missed while she had influenza, and Mother had told Dulcie to bring her any time and keep her for dinner. But how could she ever have dreamed that things would be like this? Scarlet, Dulcie marched into the living room. It was even worse than she remembered. Yes, the stockings were still there—on the davenport, and on the floor. The rug by the table was littered with ashes. Jimmie had upset the smoker. She remembered that Mother had asked him to clean up the mess, but he had been in a tearing hurry lest he be late for school, just as Dulcie had been. Every chair in the room was graced with some object—papers, a sweater, an apron, a candy box, even Junior's bathrobe.

"I'm sorry things look so," apologized Dulcie. "I—we all were late this morning and left everything for Mother, and she must have been called away unexpectedly. But I can't understand why she didn't leave word. I suppose Daddy knows, though. I'll 'phone him. Just make yourself at home, Miss Moran. Here are the morning papers if you care for them." Rather breathlessly, she gathered them up from the various places they were scattered, and presented them to her faintly amused guest.

"Anything wrong with Mother?" re-

peated her father, when she propounded the question, "Nothing serious. Why?"

"Well, she isn't here," lamented Dulcie; "and Miss Moran came home with me to help me with the Latin I missed. She's staying for dinner, and everything is upside down, Dad. Even the breakfast dishes aren't washed. And you remember Jane said this morning she's bringing her Mr. Calkins for dinner, too. Where is Mother? And when's Mother coming home? What shall I *do*, Dad?"

"You had plenty of time to do the dishes before you went to school, didn't you?" asked her father, drily. "What shall you do? Great Scot! The only thing that's left for you to do is to do up the work, and get dinner. I happen to know that Mother won't be back this evening."

His receiver clicked sharply, and Dulcie slowly replaced hers on its hook. There was a dazed look on her face. What had come over her parents?

"I'm sorry, Miss Moran," she explained, "but Daddy says Mother won't be back this evening; so we'll have to postpone the Latin until after dinner. Jane's bringing a dinner guest, too. So it's up to me to get dinner for the family."

"I'll be glad to help," proffered Miss Moran, kindly, "if I can wash my hands and have an apron. I'm a famous cook."

Dulcie had a panicky inner vision of the bacon-scented kitchen and the bathroom, where there was sure to be a ring around the tub and bowl.

"Oh, no, no!" she hastened to say, "I don't want you to help, really. I—I like to cook. Just sit here and read, please, *please*."

"Well"—seeing that Dulcie was genuinely perturbed by her offer, the teacher acquiesced, and took a book from the shelves. Dulcie flew upstairs to change her dress and put on an apron; then she hurried to the kitchen. Quickly she rinsed dishes, drew dishwater,

washed off the table. Jimmie, stomping in, drew back in mock surprise.

"Hurrah!" he cried, "the Princess Lily White Hands is doing menial tasks! Where's Mother? I want a snack of lunch. The Tampico Club is going on a hike."

"Well, you won't get it," said his sister, tartly. "Mother isn't here, and nothing's done. She's been gone since morning. Jane's bringing home that Mr. Calkins, and Miss Moran's in there, too. I've these dishes to wash, and dinner to get; and the whole house is a sight. Jim, you just have to come to my rescue. If you go hiking to-night I'll never lend you another cent, nor work another algebra problem for you. You simply *must* clean that bathroom before anybody sees it, and peel the potatoes for me."

"Holy smoke!" Jim looked unhappy. "If that isn't the berries! And I was hike leader to-night, too. Just my luck. Well, all right!—where do I begin?"

The smell of burned potatoes greeted Jane and her friend as they opened the front door. Jane sniffed worriedly. She did want dinner to be perfect to-night. Like most modern girls, Jane was worrying more about the impression her home and family might make on her chosen young man than about the impression he might make on the family. And burned potatoes were an unfortunate beginning. There was dust in the hall, too. Jane hoped devoutly that Mr. Calkins did not see it, and hurried him into the living room. This room Dulcie had restored to a semblance of order. She had swept up the ashes and cigarette stubs, and gathered up the miscellaneous articles of apparel, disposing of them in wholesale manner by opening the cloak room door, and dumping the whole bunch onto the floor. But lack of time had prevented her from dusting, replacing wilted flowers, or putting the books and music away. To Jane's hypercritical eye, the room looked terrible.

"Dulcie asked me to send you to the kitchen as soon as you appeared," volunteered Miss Moran. "Your mother is not here and she is trying to get dinner."

"Trying," thought Jane, grimly, remembering the burned potatoes, "is probably right."

Nothing went right, it seemed. The steak was tough, and long cooking only served to dry it up. Dulcie could make perfect biscuits, but to-night she tried to double the recipe, and they were a complete failure. No amount of seasoning or gravy could disguise the unsavory taste of the scorched potatoes. Only the salad, which Jane prepared at the last minute, and the fresh strawberries and cream, which, with vanilla wafers, served as dessert, redeemed a hopeless meal. And they had *four* guests instead of two, for did not Junior bring Clyde Springer, and father, a man from the office? Never before had the Allen girls realized how these unexpected guests which their family had a habit of dragging in at meal time, might serve to harass the one who planned the dinner.

"It never rains, but it pours," groaned Ruth, who arrived too late to help with anything but the serving. "Oh, girls! what a dinner to carry in! Fine cooks you are."

"It isn't my fault," said Dulcie, tearfully. "I'd like to know how anyone could be expected to clean a nine-room house from cellar to attic, and prepare a "company" meal for ten people in about two hours! If you girls had even made your beds! But you didn't do a thing before you went to work."

"I suppose you did a lot," retorted Ruth, scathingly.

Dulcie was too weary to argue. "Of course I didn't," she admitted; "none of us ever do, any more. Oh, where's Mother?"

"That," said Jane, anxiously, "is what I want to know."

Father solved the problem a little later. "Seems odd around here without Mother," he remarked casually. "My wife has gone on a little trip to the coast," he explained to his friends. "Teresa Gray carried her away this morning—rather suddenly. We knew if we gave her time to prepare she'd find a hundred excuses for not going or, if she did go, work herself to death getting ready. So we took her by surprise."

"How long will she be gone?" To Ruth's surprised, anxious question, he answered: "Oh, about two months, I suspect. Or even longer, I hope. We'll miss her, but Mother was sadly in need of a vacation. I think she was just on the verge of a nervous breakdown. She's been carrying too many burdens—her own, and those of all the rest of the family. If we don't take better care of Mother, we're likely to have no mother of whom to take care."

Late that evening, with the guests all gone, the Allens had a heart-to-heart talk with their father. During that talk he expounded "the law."

"Hereafter," he told them, "you carry your own burdens. The work that you make, you will perform. You older ones, Jane and Ruth and Frank, who contribute to the support of the household, will understand that that contribution in no sense makes your home a boarding-house, where you assume no responsibilities. Remember that you have privileges here which you would have in no boarding-house. Any girl who, in good health, permits her mother to clean her room, mend and iron her clothes, and pick up after her, is disobeying the Fourth Commandment. And there is no reason why the son of the house, even though he is old enough to share its expenses, should be treated as a feudal lord by his parents. Even Frank won't find himself too weary to tackle the problems of his day, if he spends fifteen minutes making his room orderly before he goes to work, and

pressing his own trousers if they need it. And Dulcie and Jim, with several hours of time before and after school, could easily do the breakfast work, clean the bathroom, and take many of the extra tasks off the hands of Mother. Am I right?"

They nodded earnestly.

"I shall leave it to you, Jane," said Mr. Allen, "to draft a schedule of work for our home—one to which the others will agree. And from now on, you will work according to that schedule."

Two hundred miles away, Mrs. Allen, sitting soberly opposite the bosom friend to whom she had not spoken a word since her morning demand to be returned home had been refused, suddenly began to laugh.

"O Teresa!" she gasped, breathlessly, "this is the funniest thing that ever happened to me. Kidnapped—me! At my age! dragged two hundred miles in a bungalow apron, when I thought you were just taking me around the corner to your house. 'Get your hat and coat, Peg. I want you to come with me at once.' And how grim you looked, when you refused to take me back home. 'This rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I.' Only you weren't the innocent James Fitz-James—you were the Roderick Dhu—no, the Jesse James. Oh, this is so fun-n-ny! Oh, de-e-ar!" and she was rocking in another gale of laughter.

Teresa grinned sympathetically, and it must be admitted, with relief. It had begun to look as though Peg were going to fight it out on that line if it took all summer.

"Good old Peg!" she applauded, softly, "I knew you'd come through. You may shed the bungalow apron now, if you wish. That brown bag is filled with your clothes, part of them old, but most of them new, purchased especially for this trip. Frank attended to your wardrobe. He has excellent taste, and he

knows what you like. You see I wasn't alone in my banditry. Think of it, Peg! We're going on a grand trip, you and I—the Yellowstone, the Rockies, the desert, the coast!"

Already Mrs. Allen was fumbling in the brown bag. She drew forth a filmy blue garment, and a pair of satin mules to match it, and sighed rapturously.

"A negligee!" she enthused. "Think of it! I never had time to wear one before."

At home, Jimmie tacked Jane's approved schedule to the wall, where the Allens might read and so remember.

"Pretty slick, eh?" he ejaculated, stepping back and surveying his handiwork. "Yes, sir! that all who run may read! And know that hereafter Allen and Company function 'on the Co-operative Plan.'"

Sparing of Moments.

The career of Mr. Gladstone affords many useful lessons to the youth of our day. None, however, is more clear, and few are more important, than that implied in an incident related in a work published recently. In the course of a conversation, Dr. Döllinger is reported to have said:

"I think it was in the year 1871 that I remember his [Gladstone's] paying me a visit at six o'clock in the evening. We began talking on political and theological subjects; and both of us became so engrossed in the conversation that it was two o'clock a. m. when I left the room, to fetch a book from my library bearing on the matter in hand. I returned with it in a few minutes, and found Gladstone deep in a volume he had drawn out of his pocket—true to his principle of never losing time—during my momentary absence. And this in the small hours of the morning!"

Gladstone never could have been the "Grand Old Man" had he been prodigal of those "spare moments," which do not seem to fit into any part of the day.

Bigotry and Bigots.

BIGOTRY grows in the wide garden of selfishness. Practically every vice is more or less a weed out of that garden. Avarice, gluttony, thievery, falsity, sloth, unchastity, are all overgrowths of nature permitted to run wild.

Bigotry fosters repulsion. When we are bigots we are not nearly so attached to our own loyalties as we are embittered against the loyalties of others. We hate so what others love, we have no room for a love of our own. When we are bigots we detest people, not because they are vicious, but because we attribute to them evils, that we may hate them more intensely. The Romans starved their wild beasts to make them more savage for Christian blood. And the bigot refuses to feast on love that he may devour his pet aversions with greater avidity.

Let us consider traditional bigots. Those Mediæval haters of Florence, the Guelphs and Ghibellines, do we remember them as great lovers or as great haters? As great haters undoubtedly. Fights, bloodshed, murders are set against them in the record. They achieved an immortality, not because they loved their own house, but because they hated the opposite house. John Calvin, the Sixteenth Century French Protestant, do we associate him and his predestination and his chilly Calvinism with love? He connotes hardness, dryness, severity, intolerance and hatred for whatever he conceived opposed to his scheme of regeneration. With him the meek must not possess the land, nor must those who labor and are heavily laden come to him for refreshment. Calvin is the patron saint of bigots. John Wesley and John Knox, whatever the claims of their followers, have as their spiritual forbears not Christ but the sectaries that opposed Christ. Martin Luther, too, was inherently a bigot. And whatever obloquy the

Church has had to bear, in spite of all those centuries of benevolent mercy, the obloquy comes because bigots were permitted to exercise a brutal might rather than a benign clemency in the days when religion was drawn down by the loadstone of empire.

Christ was the great lover. He did not hate sinners, although He condemned their sins. The blind and the halt He gathered in, and He did not countenance the tradition which attributed their maladies to their vices. Even the sectaries that opposed Him, He did not hate. He corrected them; He even condemned them in language not surpassed as crushing invective. But He was always ready to welcome His bitterest enemy once that enemy gave evidence of willingness to be reconciled.

The great saints, following the examples of Christ, were great lovers. St. Francis of Assisi was God's troubadour, singing songs of love and mercy to all the sons of men. He had no hates. The brigands could cast him into the ditch, rob him of money and raiment, but they could not carry away the riches of his love which overflowed his heart. Poor and naked he still journeyed over his Umbria singing the pæan of universal love. And that son of Francis, St. Anthony of Padua, emphasizes the same heart warmth which is never chilled by hate.

Catholics need preachments on love in these times especially. We are cursed with a world spirit which is charged with bitterness, double-dealing, hate. We witness bigotries which engender hates among Christians in the name of religion.

It may be objected that it is difficult to be generous and benevolent when we receive only hate in return. Humanly speaking, yes. But we have Christ as our Teacher and Guide. He was tolerant and brave. His love went out to all. And He had reproaches for none. Except for bigots.

Notes and Remarks.

While special devotions are of undoubted value in as far as they stimulate the faithful to prayer and veneration, it should always be remembered that these can never take the place of the ordinary bedrock worship prescribed by the Church for its children. To be scrupulous in making a novena to the Little Flower and to have no concern about coming in time for the Sunday Mass; to say certain prayers assiduously every morning and to neglect constantly receiving Holy Communion, the Author of goodness and holiness; to perform certain acts of mortification in honor of St. Anthony or St. Rita and to break the Friday abstinence for little or no cause,—these are examples of a wrong turn of mind that certain seemingly pious souls sometimes have. Christ and His Blessed Mother should come first in the life of every Catholic; things that are of precept should precede things that are merely of pious suggestion; and after the essentials in the spiritual life have been taken care of, it is advantageous to practise as much of special devotion as one has time for. It is a grave mistake, however, to confuse the essential with those things that are only of counsel.

The New York *Herald-Tribune* through a special writer, Sophie Kerr, published an illuminating article recently upon various practices which the professional faker adopts in order to wheedle money out of the unsuspecting public. Among the expedients enumerated, the reader will recognize most of the common appeals which the street beggar uses, plus a variety of new ones calculated to deceive even the most suspicious. During the present depression people are apt to be more than usually confused because of the numbers of actually honest persons who may be driven to street begging. Difficult as it

may be to refuse the apparently pathetic cases which one meets on the corner, the Catholic will make his contributions more effective by placing them through some dispensing agency of his own parish. In the absence of such an agency there are plenty of well-established organizations through which he can assure himself of the worthy distribution of the financial assistance.

Now that Christmas approaches, the inevitable shipments of Christmas seals and Christmas cards are being showered upon Catholics, somewhat to their disedification at times, and occasionally to their anger also, it must be admitted. One Catholic lay person complained to the writer of receiving a half dozen such mailings, during the course of which complaint something strangely like the word "racket" slipped from the lips of a sympathetic listener. Said the speaker: "I really welcomed the first package of cards and the first packet of seals, but there are too many in the business now; and, anyway, I don't like to have to go to the trouble of sending back what I didn't order, especially when the sending back is made to look like the turning down of some charitable activity." It would be too bad if the beautiful spirit which is back of Catholic Christmas card-sending were to be hurt by these commercial activities, no matter how charitable the ends to which their profits are devoted.

The Tablet (London, Nov. 1) contradicts the impression created by correspondents, that King Alfonso of Spain does not care whether Spain remains a monarchy or becomes a republic. It quotes a paragraph from a speech made recently by the king at Zamora, which, while it is a declaration of high patriotism, is certainly not a concession to forces which are clamorous for his overthrow.

"The idea of the common Fatherland

unites us all, Monarchists and Republicans. There will be order, peace and progress in Spain to carry our country to the height of her destiny. I am sure of this—that one ideal inspires all progress, in liberty and in industry. Nobody wishes to see the collapse of Spain. That anyone desires the triumph of destructive ideas is impossible. It is this which convinces me that even those Spaniards who live the farthest from our doctrine, nevertheless, think in the same way.”

There is considerable emotional speech about “down with monarchy and up with the republic.” This because of the preachment that there are equality, fair play, popular rights and “freedom for all forever” under democracy. However, those who live in republics will tell you, when they are not in the lyric mood of war, that tyranny, hate and persecution blossom under the so-called rule of the people as well as under the rule of an emperor or king. And quite likely Spain under Alfonso will not be less happy than under so-called representatives of the people.

A professor in the medical school of one of our mid-western universities, in an address to the law students of the same university, told them to choose good secretaries and then to marry them. He gives nine recommendations to help in the selection. In regard to children and motherhood he says: “She (the secretary wife) should be willing to be a mother to children, as otherwise the country will suffer through the depletion of its best types.”

We presume the “best types” are found in this university and in other universities like it. These “best types” will not most likely have ancestors who came over in the steerage half a century ago, nor will any of their first names be Hans or Casimir. They most likely will have Pilgrim Fathers for their antecedents and the *Mayflower* for their

ship of state. They are not a numerous progeny now, and it was a happy thought for the medical man to tell them all to marry their secretaries. Not all the secretaries and office girls have the Pilgrims for their ancestors and the *Mayflower* for their ship of state. And if these lawyers from this mid-western university follow this medical professor’s advice quite likely the “best types” may be revived. Because secretaries and office girls come out of peoples that can give, as it were, blood transfusions to racial anemics.

Dr. Thomas W. Turner, of the Hampton Institute, Hampton, Virginia, tells us what the Federated Colored Catholics of the United States desire from their fellow Catholics and fellow Americans. Dr. Turner is the President of the Federation. Following a brief preamble, the wishes of the Federation are expressed in twelve points. We regret space does not permit enumerating them in detail. In brief, the Catholic Negro wishes a livelihood free from interference based on mere racial attitudes; also a Catholic education from the grade school to the university in Catholic institutions; the fostering of Negro vocations to the religious life and to the priesthood; to attend Mass and to receive the Sacraments without having to suffer such humiliations as result from racial grouping; also a full citizenship, a general recognition of the Negro in the common struggle of Catholic effort, and a discontinuance of the frame of mind which looks upon the Negro as a “problem.”

In the abstract all this seems a reasonable bill of rights. In practice some articles will not meet with favor among our most altruistic Catholics. The Negro is entitled to a Catholic education. And he should receive it. But most Catholics are not yet prepared to have the Catholic children of their fellow Catholic Negroes in the same

Catholic schools with their own children. And if our Catholic higher institutions for men admit Negro Catholics as students, or if our Catholic women's colleges admit Negresses, the problem of finding room space for a waiting list will settle itself with the exit of the earliest trains that run to other educational centers.

Priests in charge of Negro parishes and institutions, and Catholic leaders out of the Negro race must recognize that we are dealing with a concrete problem arising from conditions rooted in centuries of crystallized thinking. The Catholic Church recognizes the Negroes as God's children and as true members within her Fold. The white race should be sympathetic and helpful and generous, and above all just, to the Negro. All which does not mean the pulling down of those barriers of racial separation which experience has shown to be wise. We can love all men as brothers. But there is no obligation to walk arm in arm with all men; or to invite all men to lunch.

Recent issues of Catholic publications are carrying an article quoted from the French ecclesiastical review *Etudes* in an endeavor, it would seem, to prove that the Congregation of the Rota is not influenced by rich and influential persons, when making its decrees regarding the nullity of marriages. Last year, the article goes on to state, the Rota dealt with sixty-seven cases, and only fifty-eight of these had to do with the validity of particular marriages. In two-thirds of these cases the court decided the marriages valid, and declared only one-third of the number null. In the twenty cases in which a decree of nullity was given, twelve of the parties were unable to pay a lawyer's fee, being very poor. Such articles may be instructive to non-Catholics who very often have the wrong point of view regarding the Sacrament of Mat-

rimony, but to the ordinary Catholic, who has had a common training in catechism they are altogether superfluous. Any eighth-grade child knows that the Rota, or any other tribunal, does not nullify a marriage, but simply decides according to the evidence at hand that the marriage is valid, or that it never was valid. If it were to be influenced in its judgment by a monetary consideration, the facts in the case would still remain the same, and its decree could not validate a marriage that was null, or nullify a marriage that was valid. The members of the Rota would be inviting people to live in sin if it decided against its better judgment through any kind of coercion.

The New York *Catholic News* sees in the recent elections that dethroned Senator Heflin, and defeated Senator Simmons in the primaries, the last vestiges of the anti-Catholic wave that swept over the country with the coming of the Ku-Klux Klan. Bigotry, it believes, is dead for some time to come. We wish we could share the optimism of the *News*, but we have a feeling that parts of the South and sections of the West are as anti-Catholic now as they have ever been, and that it requires just a little stirring to bring all the bad feeling to the surface again. Were Mr. Al Smith, or any other Catholic, to be a candidate for the Presidency in the next election we believe he would be decisively beaten because of his religious belief, and that the whispering campaign that was used so effectively in the last election would be as vigorous as ever in endeavoring to poison men's minds. In spite of the period of depression we have had and are still having, after we had been promised so much prosperity by the party in power, it is our opinion that if the election were to take place to-morrow a Democrat could not be elected if he were a Catholic, even though the majority of the people were eager for a

change of parties. The bigots like the poor are always with us. They may be inactive for the time being, but they have by no means disappeared. There is no hate comparable to religious hate; and the very persons, we believe, who are suffering most from the hard times would rather bear that oppression than endure the reign of a Catholic in the White House. The words of Our Lord, "You shall lament and weep, but the world shall rejoice," have been verified over and over again, and persecution, no doubt, has had a cleansing effect upon the faithful.

In Bavaria they bless the horses on St. Leonard's Day, Nov. 6. Where the custom exists, the peasants drive their finest horses, harnessed and hitched to wagons, to St. Leonard's chapel. After High Mass the horses are led past the chapel and blessed.

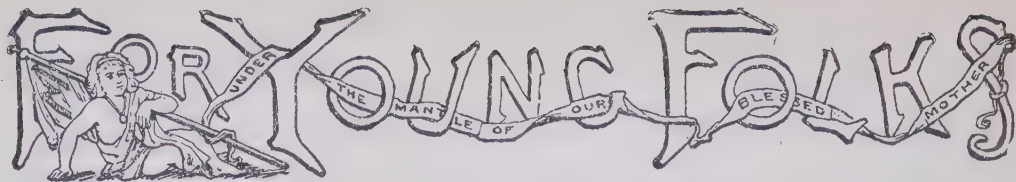
In this country the horse is almost extinct. And very soon the learned professors will be indicating his general structure and outlines as they do those of the mastodon. But the automobiles might well be marched past and sprinkled with holy water. And the drivers would need a generous sprinkling too. And some of them might be better for an exorcism.

At the Lord Mayor of London's inaugural parade some time ago an elephant, which had a place in the procession, became very angry seeing a stuffed red lion held for display by the students of King's College. The lion is the elephant's traditional enemy, we are told by the naturalists. Anyhow, His Excellency the Elephant made a wild lunge at His Highness the Lion, put some watchers of the procession in the hospital and made "quite a jolly mess" out of His Honor's spectacle. Never since the war raids was London so excited because of Jumbo's behaviorism. It took several trainers and nearly all the "King's

Own" regiment to bayonet Jumbo into submission. It is expected that considerable of Parliament's present session will be spent in deciding whether to pass a bill forbidding the college boys to display dummy lions in London may-oralty processions, or one commanding the Indian Colonials to keep their Jumbos at home.

Germany is ever efficient. What is believed to be the first circus chapel car in the world will be attached to the Circus Sarrasani. The owner of the circus is a Catholic, and so is more than half of his nine hundred employees. For a long time the owner has been seeking a priest to be assigned to the little travelling city of trapeze artists, jugglers, clowns and elephant riders. Lately the bishop of Rottenburg informed him he would supply a priest to act as chaplain if the circus management would provide a special chapel car. The car is under construction. No doubt there are nine hundred Catholics employed in some of our titanic American circuses. And those who know the people who work as circus performers speak of the notable goodness of many of them. We have firemen chaplains, police chaplains, army and navy chaplains. We trust those of the Faith who work under the "big tent" will some day agitate for a chaplain to supply spiritual ministrations to all those who minister to the mirth of the countryside during the long, lazy circus days of summer.

Among things not generally known is the fact that the Free Masons owe their origin to those bands of workmen, who, without payment, erected churches, monasteries, hospitals, etc., in the Middle Ages. They were known as "free masons," and their temporary dwellings were called "lodges." These facts are noted in a learned English book of comparatively recent date.



Faith.

BY EVANGELINE C. COZZENS.

WHEN evening comes I sit and sew,
Darning, mending, row on row.

In the gray light of early day
The work begins by candle ray.

I cook the food and plan and clean
And try to keep my soul serene.

These simple tasks of heart and hand
Our Lady did in Holy Land.

I know she helps me day by day
When on my knees my beads I say.

Little Texas.

BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

VIII.—A NORTHER.

PINTO BABE, or Misteh Babe, as Manthus called him, did indeed prove a boon to the children. Rough as he was, he was kind as he could be, and every youngster on the place was devoted to him. From Morgan, whom he taught to ride, to Racy, whom he addressed as "Smoke," and Bobby, who was his shadow, they all thought him perfection, while Ethel, Manthus and Missizy watched everything he did with admiring eyes. The cowboy was enjoying himself too, while Pete went back to the range with the report that "Pinto Babe's dun tuk a job as nuss gul an's ridin' herd on the old man's kids," much to the merriment of the men. But the great, kindly young fellow—half man, half boy—cared not at all what anyone said about him. He liked all the children, but Manthus was his favorite, and she and Bobby spent half their time with him.

The weeks passed in an easy round of pleasure, and one day Manthus was

having a tea party on the gallery. Usually her tea parties were failures, for Bobby was there to upset all her feminine ideas of propriety by eating up the dessert first, and then wanting hers before she had a chance to eat daintily the first course. This particular morning her party was spread upon a box for a table, with a paper napkin for a cloth, her little dishes set out and all her dolls around her. Her favorite toy kitten was up on the table in the place of honor, and Manthus would have had a peaceful time had it not been that her happiness was somewhat tinged with remorse. Her conscience was a tender one and it pricked. She and Bobby had had a few words, the *causus belli* being a certain green teapot given Manthus by Sue Ford. Bobby knew perfectly well that it was his sister's, but he loved to tease her by pretending that it was his.

"Sue Fo'd gave me green teapot," he commenced.

"Oh, no, dear, she gave it to me!" Manthus objected.

"No, me! Sue Fo'd did give me green teapot," he urged.

Manthus began to be vexed. "Bobby, how can you say that? You know it's mine," she cried.

But, man-like, having said a thing Bobby meant to stick to it. Indeed he began almost to believe that it was true, and the foolish little quarrel went on until Bobby left in a rage, proclaiming:

"Naughty bad sisteh to take my green teapot Sue Fo'd gave me! Me find Pinto Babe!" and the last she had seen of Bobby was a defiant little figure strutting off toward the corral.

"Jerushy," she said to the doll in her lap. Manthus always talked to her dolls as if they were alive. "My poor

Jerushy, it's too bad you've got the measles. I know you are suffering. I suppose I'll have to give you catnip tea like Mammy gave the cat. Morgan said they call it catnip because they give it to the kittens when they have connip-tion fits. I wondeh if that's so. Morgan's reasons of things sound all right, but somehow I don't like to think of them. Do you feel well enough to sit up now, darling? There, sit in your own little chair. Misteh Babe told me if you left the lid off paint pots the paint would dry as hard as wood. I reckon that's what they did to make your little chair, Jerushy. They made it of paint, and then let it dry and dry until it was just as hard as wood. Come now, petty, don't fret. I have to hold your little brotheh some times. He is so mis-sable. I reckon he is getting his eye and stomach teeth. So snuggle up to your motheh nice and comfy. Shall motheh sing to her baby? Theah!

Sleep ma chile, sleep ma chile,
 Angels waiting at the dooh;
 Close yo' eyes an' sleep awhile,
 Angels waiting at the dooh.
 There's a heavenly home up yonder,
 There's a heavenly home up yonder,
 There's a heavenly home up yonder,—
 Oh, when shall I get theah?

Amanthus sang with an unconscious but perfect imitation of Mammy which was very funny.

"There now he's fast asleep and I can have my party in peace," and she laid the baby doll down on a box, covering it carefully. "Dear me, children is a great care!" She sighed as she ate her beaten biscuit, broken into tiny bits, saving the cookie for the last. "Jessie May, you're growing to be a great comfort to me. I can trust you to look after the children quite a good deal. Now, I'm going to tell you a story. There was once a house and it was called the House of Dapple Gray. It was built right out on the prairie and—" But Manthus' story was interrupted by her mother's voice asking from the house

"Where's Bobby, daughter? I thought he was with you."

"He went with Misteh Babe, Motheh," she answered.

"Oh, he's sure to be safe then," said Mrs. Ochiltree. "I know he's all right when he's with you or Babe. Go on with your party and have a nice time."

But somehow Manthus' party was spoiled. Was Bobby really safe? She didn't really know if he was with Babe, and he might be in all manner of mischief. Indeed anyone who knew Robert Lee Ochiltree would be quite sure that he was into something in which he had no business, unless a watchful eye was upon him. And mother had trusted her to take care of him!

"Oh, dear, I wish things inside of me wouldn't talk and spoil my good times!" she complained. "I'll have to go and see about that child, and likely as not he's having a beautiful time somewhere and not worrying a mite about me. That's one of the ways of boys. Their inside don't seem to worry them a single bit. The other day when the flea-bitten roan threw Morgan down in the Cedar brake and came home without him and Motheh was so worried, Morgan didn't care. He came alimping home with a sprained ankle, and when I asked him if he didn't feel afraid he'd worried Motheh, he said, 'What's the use of worrying? I've got two legs to come home on.' And when Ethel Mara asked: 'Sposin you had broken your leg?' all he said was, 'Oh, well, I knew if I was gone long you'd send a whole posse out to look for me.'

"Now, children, be good and quiet while I go look for Bobby," and the little Mother rose from her seat and started off the gallery. How cold it had grown! The wind seemed to cut right through the little pinafore, and stick needles into her face. The sky was all dark and over behind the hill was a huge black cloud.

"Is Bobby with you?" she called to

Morgan who was running in from the meadow.

"No; get into the house as fast as you can, there's a Norther coming! Quick! I'll find the baby!" and Manthus ran around to the front gallery again. The wind was already playing havoc with her tea party and she brushed dishes and toys into her pinafore, gathering up her collies in her arms. Inside the house everyone was scurrying around to put down windows. Uncle Nick was heaping more logs on the fire, and there was such a commotion that Manthus could not make herself heard above the general din. When doors and windows were all made fast she managed to ask her mother if Bobby was in the house yet.

"Bobby! I haven't seen him since you said he was with Babe," said Mrs. Ochiltree.

"Babe rode to Wolf's Crossing to get the mail," said Mr. Ochiltree, and the Mother turned pale. Everybody was questioned, but no one had seen the little boy since he had been on the gallery with Manthus. Every eye was turned upon her, and, thoroughly frightened, she stammered out the truth.

"Bobby and I were playing tea party, and he said he didn't like me any more, and we fussed and he said he was going to stay with Misteh Babe. I had just seen him going round the house and Bobby trailed after him, so I thought he was with him like he is so often. O Motheh, I'm sorry we fussed!" and she burst out crying.

"There, dear; don't cry," her mother soothed her. "Bobby is all right. I know you didn't mean to fuss, you are usually so sweet to him. Perhaps Babe took him along with him," but at that moment Pinto Babe rode up on his wild mustang, most appropriately named "Gentle Annie."

"It's as cold as Greenland's coral strand or India's icy mountain," he cried as he came into the room.

"What's the matter?" looking at the anxious faces that greeted him.

"Have you seen Bobby?" Mr. Ochiltree asked.

"Not since I left home. He followed me to the corral when I went to rope my cayuse and howled to go riding. I told him I couldn't take him, but would bring him something if he was a good kid. He said, 'I is good, pow'ful good,' and stayed right in the stable yard when I rode off. I saw him standing there when I turned and waved my hand at him. He isn't lost?"

"Please find him," cried Manthus.

"Don't you worry, May Manthus, I'm going to get that young one right off," he said and hurried away. Every man on the place followed suit and soon they were scouring the country in all directions heedless of the wind which froze the marrow of their bones. Pinto Babe had not ridden the range in Texas and the Nation for three years without learning a few things about hunting. Starting at the spot where Bobby had left Manthus, he followed the little tracks to the corral, then to the stable yard. There they seemed stationary, and were so crossed and recrossed by larger tracks as to be almost untraceable, but Pinto Babe had been trained to Indian ways by an old Cherokee and he got down on hands and knees until he found the trail. Back toward the house led the little feet and stopped again just where the great rosebush threw its splendid clusters against the house. Here a lot of freshly scratched earth caught Babe's eye and he knelt down to look closer. A shred of pink was caught in the rose thorns and Babe smiled a little, cold as he was. Crawling a few feet on his hands and knees underneath the house which was set upon piles just high enough to allow him to worm his way in, he heard a whine and just in front of him lay the big collie, and cuddled close to the dog, his arm around his neck, was Bobby, fast asleep.

Taking the child in his arms Babe backed out ungracefully with his charge, and reached the rosebush again in no pleasant frame of mind.

"What did you go in there for?"

"Me wanted to scare Manthus," replied the young sinner. "What did you bring me? Me's pow'ful good."

"If you call these doin's being good," said Babe wrathfully as he carried the boy to the house, "don't you ever let me catch you being bad in my camp! It wouldn't be healthy. If you were my kid I'd tan your hide for this—scaring everyone most 'loco' " (crazy).

"Bobby is Pinto Babe's kid. Bobby loves Pinto Babe real much," said the little reprobate engagingly. "Bobby is pow'ful good," and at that moment he was placed in the arms of his mother to be kissed and coddled by everybody, while Babe was thanked until his cheeks burned. The thanks which he really liked, however, was when Manthus sidled up to him with her little hand tucked into his, and said:

"I like you real much, Misteh Babe, and I think you are the next best man in the world to my father."

(To be continued.)

Charity by Stealth.

ONE evening a pleasant-faced young boatman named Robert was waiting for passengers at a pier in Marseilles. Soon a stranger stepped into the craft; and, seeing no one around who resembled the usual boatman, said:

"As there is no man for this boat, I will take another."

"But I am the boatman, sir," replied Robert. "Would you like to be taken outside of the harbor?"

"No: it is too late for that. I would like to ride around in the bay to get the evening air. But how does it happen that you are a boatman? You have neither the manner nor the appearance of one of the trade."

"I am not one in reality. I work evenings and Sundays to earn extra money."

"What! Avaricious at your age?" said the stranger, smiling.

"Oh, no, Monsieur! I will tell you why I want to get money; then you will not judge me so severely."

The passenger took his seat, and the boat started. The young man then told his story.

"I have only one sorrow," he said, "and that is a bitter one. My father is a prisoner and I am not able to deliver him. He was a successful business man of the city. He invested his means in a ship that was to sail for Smyrna, and took passage in the vessel. Unfortunately, it was captured by pirates and taken to Tetouan, where my father is now in slavery. Two thousand pounds are necessary for his ransom. To get that sum together, my mother and sister work night and day. I am a jeweler, but I use my spare time to earn extra money, as you see."

"Do you hear from your father?" asked the stranger. "Do you know the name of his master?"

"His master is the superintendent of the emperor's grounds. He is treated well and does not have to work beyond his strength, but he is a prisoner and a slave," replied Robert, sadly.

The stranger made a few more inquiries, quite casually, then he said:

"My idea in taking your boat was to get fresh air and to meditate; so pardon me if I do not talk any more."

When darkness came on, Robert was asked to land. On leaving, the stranger thrust a purse into his hand, then hurried away before thanks could be offered. The purse contained fifteen gold louis and ten silver crowns.

Six weeks later, as the Robert family sat at their evening meal, the door was flung open and the father rushed into the room. After heartily embracing each one, he said:

"Ah, what privations you must have endured in order to save the money for my ransom! I can never be grateful enough."

The mother looked at her children in surprise. No one had as yet sent any money, to her knowledge. Suddenly Robert threw some light upon the situation.

"As much as I would have liked to rescue you, father, I was not able to do so," he said; "but I know who our benefactor is. Do you remember, mother, the stranger who gave me his purse and who asked me so many questions? It was certainly his efforts that freed father, and I shall never cease looking for the gentleman to thank him."

Two years passed away; then one day Robert saw the stranger walking alone on the pier. He rushed up and exclaimed:

"Best and most generous of benefactors!" His emotion was so great that he could say no more.

The stranger seemed at a loss to understand, and he inquired as to the cause of such a demonstration of feeling.

"Monsieur, don't you remember the boatman Robert, and his story of his father's captivity? You can never know our gratitude to you for his deliverance."

"Are you not mistaken, my friend? I do not know you and you can not know me."

Robert protested and tried to recall the events of two years before; but it was quite useless, and at the first opportunity his benefactor disappeared in the crowd.

That stranger was the great Montesquieu. The incident was discovered by a mere chance after his death. Among his papers was found a receipt for 7500 livres sent to M. Moise de Cadix. This paper had been used for scribbling, as if no importance had been attached to it. Then, out of pure curiosity, M. Moise had been addressed, to learn what the money had been for. The

banker replied that he had used it for the deliverance of a resident of Marseilles, named Robert, conformably to the orders of Charles de Secondat, Baron de Montesquieu, president of the Parliament of Bordeaux.

A generous soul never loses the memory of benefits received, but forgets those it has conferred.

The Quaker's Watch.

A Quaker once took his watch to a jeweler, and said to him: "Friend, I have once more brought my erroneous watch, which wants thy friendly care and protection. The last time he was at thy school, he was no ways benefited by thy instruction. I find by the index of his tongue that he tells false things, and that his motions are waving and unsettled. I would have thee improve him with thy adjusting tool of truth, so that, if possible thou mayest drive him from the error of his ways. Take care of him, that he may vibrate and circulate according to the truth. I will board him with thee for a few days, and pay thee when thou requirest it. In thy late bill, thou chargest me with the one-eighth of a pound sterling, which I will pay thee also. Friend, when thou correctest him, do it gently, lest by severity thou drivest him to destruction. I would have thee let him visit the sun's motions, and learn him his true calculation table and equation. When thou findest him conformable to that, send him home with a just bill of moderation, and it shall be faithfully remitted to thee by thy true friend."

An Ancient Statue of the Blessed Virgin.

An image of our Holy Mother, which belonged to St. Gregory the Great, is preserved in the church of St. Denis in Rome. Numerous other old statues of her are in existence.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Important autumn publications include a new and thoroughly rewritten edition of "The Catholic Student's Aids to the Study of the Bible," by Fr. Hugh Pope, O. P.

—Catholic readers will find much to interest them in "Why I am a Catholic and Why I am Not a Catholic," by various writers, members of the Church and sectarians. Just published by the Macmillan Co.

—Messrs. Longmans announce Volume I. of "Notes on Catholic Liturgies," by Archdale A. King, who gives not only the history of the various Liturgies used by churches in communion with the Holy See, but also, in great part, the actual text of the rites.

—Of "Little Mother," a book for young folks by Mrs. Mary T. Waggaman, the *Commonweal* aptly remarks: "It is one of the best of this writer's stories. The Catholic parent would have to look far for anything more suitable. It points its lessons gently but persuasively." An AVE MARIA publication.

—A pamphlet, "Why I am a Catholic," by the Rev. John H. Fasy, S. J., would make profitable reading for Catholics as well as non-Catholics. It is a logical exposition, clearly and simply expressed, of why we worship God and believe in Him, and hence why we are Christians and Catholics. It deserves very wide reading. Publisher, America Press. Price, 5c.

—A recent publication that will have unusual appeal to non-Catholics, especially Anglo-Catholics, and of which members of the Church should promote the circulation as much as possible, is "Why Rome," by Dr. Selden Delany; formerly rector of the Episcopal Church of St. Mary the Virgin, New York. His reasons for becoming a Catholic are admirably stated.

—Concluding an extended notice of "The Illustrated Manuscripts of Prudentius," by Miss Helen Woodruff (Harvard University Press), the *London Times* remarks: "The personality and works of this Fourth-Century poet have

been the subject of many learned disquisitions as various in size as value, but they deserve fuller treatment, and it is greatly to be hoped that the reception of the work may encourage further studies of the kind."

—We learn from a new catalogue of the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York that it now possesses a Ninth-Century Codex of the Latin Gospels on 188 leaves, written and illuminated for the Abbey of St. Rémi, Reims, where it remained until about 1790. But the greatest rarity in the Pierpont Morgan collection is the vellum copy of the Bible in Italian printed in Venice, 1471. Many Protestant persons imagine that the Bible was brought to light a century afterwards by Martin Luther.

—"Sixth Reader," of the Rosary Readers, by Sister Mary Henry, O. P., Sister Mary Magdalen, O. P., and Sister Mary Anysia, O. P., has a wide choice and very interesting selection of prose and poetry. We are sure that this Reader will hold the attention of the worst day-dreamer in the class, help to form habits of correct pronunciation and precise articulation, develop a taste for good reading, prove an incentive to study generally, and be an especial delight both to the teacher and the pupil. Publisher, Ginn. Price, 88c.

—"Rivals on the Ridge," by Ferdinand Hoorman, is a novel whose action takes place in the Great Southwest. The "Rival Rovers" are determined for sinister motives to take a ranch and some mines from the Edgemeres. A sturdy young mountaineer, Harold Locke, is induced to help the latter, while a mysterious character, the Little Old Man of the Hills, casts his lot with the former. The battle is quite an interesting one, filled with adventure and an air of mystery. Readers may find that the romance, which weaves its way through the story, is not any too probable, but they will agree that it adds somewhat to the action. Publisher, Pustet. Price, \$2.

—From the "Libreria Marietti" come three

new books of an ecclesiastical nature. The Rev. Sebastian Uccello has written a volume of about 500 pages on Ascetic and Moral Theology with special reference to the confessor. The particular merit of this work is the order and precision of its contents, a fact that renders it very suitable for the seminary classroom.

The Rev. Louis Fanfani, O. P., the author of numerous theological treatises, writes a volume on the Holy Rosary. This work is especially useful for sermons and instructions on the Rosary, for besides giving a résumé of the history and the canonical legislation of this devotion, the author has been careful to intersperse suggestions for its spread, and devout recitation. The book is well indexed.

Father Gerard Paris, O. P., has published his dissertation on St. Thomas' "De Donis Spiritus Sancti." There is a preface by the Rev. Reginald Garrigou-Lagrange, professor at the "Angelico" in Rome. Into this small volume of 114 pages, Father Paris has condensed one of the most beautiful and most consoling treatises of the "Summa." The work reflects the guidance of the remarkable professor who wrote the preface.

—René Fülöp-Miller read or consulted approximately nine hundred books in the writing of "The Power and Secret of the Jesuits," in which he discusses the spiritual life, philosophy, theology, ethics, history, arts, literature, science and general accomplishments of the Society of Jesus. The book is divided into eight parts, none of which can be praised unreservedly; corrections, limitations and more accurate statements would have to be made frequently. One need not be a master of the spiritual life to perceive the superficial analysis which the author gives to the Spiritual Exercises and the Particular Examen; nor a historian to condemn the distorted, colored, inaccurate, insinuating, and incomplete record of the life of St. Ignatius and the work of the missionaries of the Society; nor a philosopher to see the serious flaws of his exposition of free will, an exposition which is manifestly out of sympathy with Catholic teaching; nor a theologian to assert that he confuses objective and subjective morality, that

he does not understand the requisites for mortal sin, that he misrepresents the doctrine of the Church concerning the responsibility of human acts, that he treats the question of confession with inexcusable ignorance or malicious bias, so that it is made to appear, if not a something inherently evil, at least a means of sacrificing principle to expediency, of engaging in unscrupulous practices, and of effecting political conspiracy. Nor need one be an educator to aver that the work of the Society in art, science, literature, education, social and religious welfare has been minimized. Page after page is devoted, with a newspaper writer's talent, to surmise and insinuation, to the novel and the sensational, so that partisan and false impressions are built up, which the occasional bit of praise or even frequent passing compliment can not undo. In effect the book is an attack, brilliantly written and masquerading under the guise of learning, but nevertheless an attack on the Society directly, and by implication on the Church. The former is very often made to stand for the latter: human, unprincipled, unholy, shackled by dogma, bound by hypocritical laws, working under a "thousand masks," given to guilty compromise even in matters of faith, willing to lose doctrines and external discipline for the sake of earthly gain, while all the time crying "For the greater glory of God." The publishers themselves unwittingly condemn the book by advertising it as "a true and unbiased history of the greatest secret society of all time." Publisher, Viking Press. Price, \$5.

—

Obituary.

Sister M. Maurice, Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Romana, Sisters of St. Ursula; and Sister M. Maxima, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Miss Catherine Walsh, Miss Teresa M. Paul, Mr. Robert Elkins, Mrs. Robert Elkins, Mr. Stillman Rogers, Mrs. J. McAleer, Mrs. Annie O'Donnell, Mrs. W. H. O'Leary, Mr. Ed P. Abbott, Mr. Bernard McLaughlin, Mr. John Dowe, Miss Bridget Scully, Miss A. Finley, Miss Julia J. Skelly, Mrs. M. A. Marron, and Mrs. James S. Carney.

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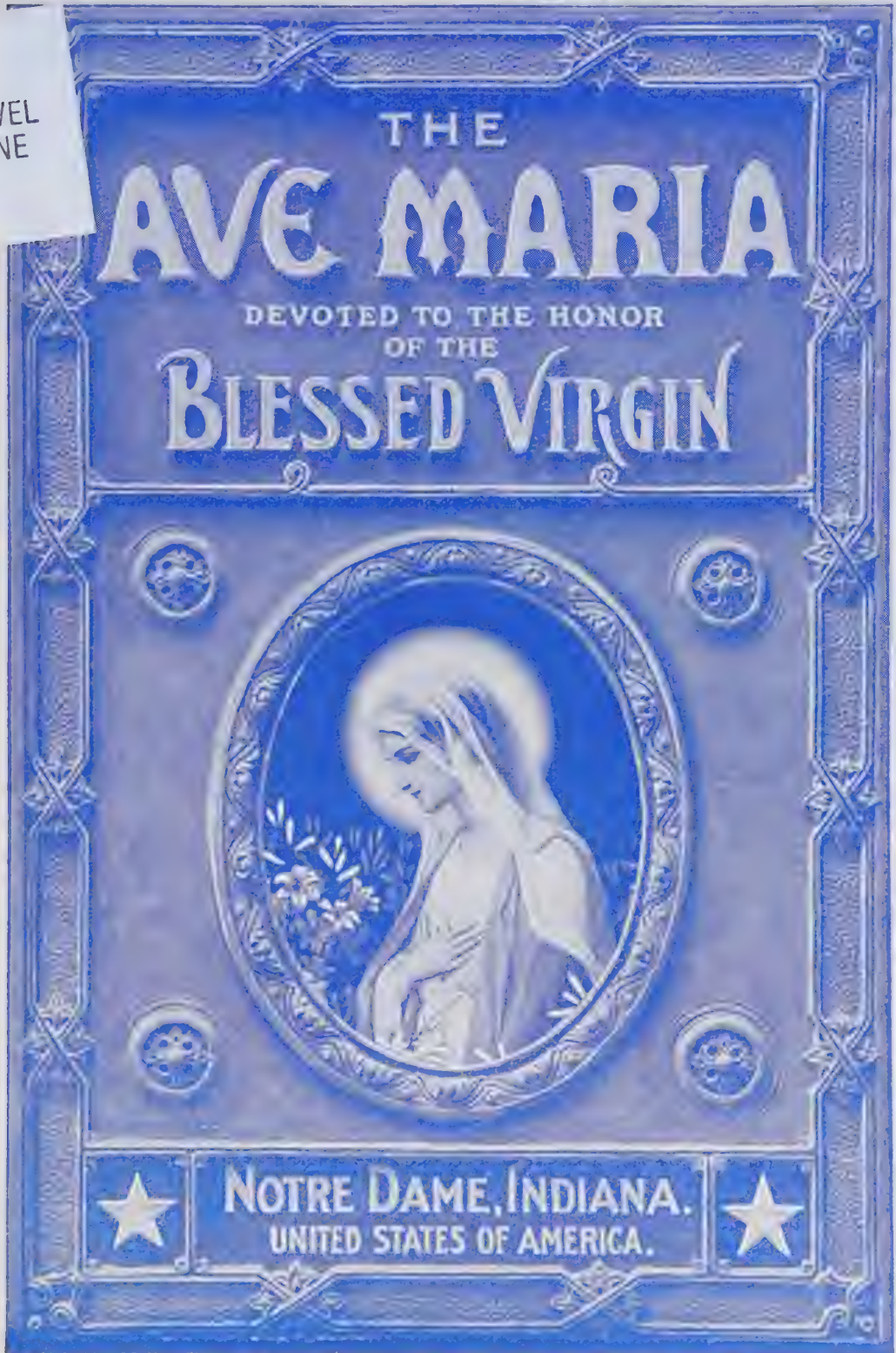
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

| | |
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| SATURDAY, 6.—St. Nicholas, B. C. | WEDNESDAY, 10.—Translation of the Holy House of Loreto. St. Melchiades, P. M. |
| SUNDAY, 7.—SECOND IN ADVENT. St. Ambrose, B. D. | THURSDAY, 11.—St. Damasus I., P. C. |
| MONDAY, 8.—Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. | FRIDAY, 12.—St. Finian, B. C. St. Valery, Ab. |
| TUESDAY, 9.—St. Leocadia, V. M. | SATURDAY, 13.—St. Lucy, V. M. St. Kenelm, King and Martyr. |

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ESTHER W. NEILL.—The author of the delightful serial "The Princess," which appeared in the *Ave Maria* last year, has sent us an interesting novel of the city of Washington in the eighties, called "The Tragic City." It has all the magnetic draw of "The Princess" with a setting that is entirely different.

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No. 23.

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The Immaculate.

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

YOUR head aflame with stars, the moon
below your feet,
Under your heel the serpent head; above, the
fleet,

Flaming seraphs and cherubs have shaken the
pillars of earth

With tumult of wings and singing, for the
wonder of your birth.

Michael, who sounded the trumpet and struck
with the edge of the sword,

Is amazed at the village woman in whose
bosom blossoms the Lord.

Michael, who led the hosts of the Faithful and
scattered the armies of Pride,

Sees a glory he never saw, when out of this
Virgin's side

Issues God, made human, breathing with in-
fant breath,

Who will not thrust with the sword, but will
conquer death by Death.

Our Lady's Conception.

BY THE REV. JAMES P. WEBB.

THE Feast of the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed Lady is, without any doubt, one of the most significant and important of all the Feasts of Our Lady that occur in the round of the liturgical year. It falls in the middle of Advent, the great season of prayer and preparation for the celebration of the coming of Our Lord at Christmas. Advent ranks second only to Lent as the most important and exclusive liturgical sea-

son of the year; yet eight days of that precious time are appropriated to the Feast and octave of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception. This at first sight may appear strange, but if Our Lady's dignity and office in regard to that Child for whom Advent looks and longs be borne in mind, there will be seen a divine fitness of things in the arrangement whereby the celebration of her Immaculate Conception serves as so prominent a prelude to the celebration of that birth for which the Immaculate Conception was the first magnificent preparation. At no season of the year more appropriately than in Advent, could the Church set before her children the joyous and inspiring thought of her who, in order to be the fitting mother of the Child that is born to us, was herself conceived spotless from all stain and peerless among all creatures.

The title and Feast of the Immaculate Conception carry us back to the very first beginning of Our Lady's existence. Every Catholic knows that by the Immaculate Conception is understood and expressed Our Lady's complete and absolute freedom from every possible stain or taint of original sin in and from the very first instant of the coming together of the constitutive elements which made her a new and individual being. That is not all. From that same first instant of the creation of her soul, and its infusion or union with the corporeal elements of her being, that soul was possessed by and filled with the grace of God. Thus from the beginning

was there never a single instant or moment of time in which there was any kind of contact of Our Lady's soul with sin; while in and from that fact and instant of beginning, Our Lady's soul was in perfect and supreme union with God by means of the gift of grace and the indwelling of the Holy Spirit.

It will be a great help to the proper knowledge and understanding of this dogma of faith, the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady, to have in mind the teaching of the Church with regard to man, his nature, endowments, destiny. Of course, no one will suppose that this great fact can be known or comprehended, in the same sense as any fact of merely human history. It is something supernatural and divine, transcending the power of unaided human reason, calling for the exercise of theological faith. Yet much light can be thrown upon it, and its immense importance be much more clearly grasped, if it is taken in its setting in the system of which it is a part. In the first place, then, it must be remembered that God created man. "Let us make man to our image and likeness. . . . And God created man to his own image: to the image of God he created him."

God not only gave to man his natural qualities of body and soul, with their amazing and seemingly illimitable powers of progress and development, but also bestowed upon him certain supernatural gifts, lifting him thus to a higher state, making him to possess some kind of union with God. This is what theologians call the state of original justice, and it constituted a dignity, a privilege, an honor, altogether beyond the power or possibility of man to attain for himself. Worldly minded, and still more sinful minded people, think very little about God, and care nothing for union with Him; but those who have the gift of faith, those who have been touched by the power of God's Holy Spirit, know that the effort to at-

tain to God is the supreme effort of man's life, and that union with God in the supernatural state is man's true end and only beatitude. This gift of divine grace, of union with God, man lost by sin. What had been bestowed on the race was lost to the race; as to this day the fortune or honor of a family, to their children and children's children, may be lost by the folly or crime of a father.

Nothing was taken away from man that went to the constitution of his natural state. The gifts and powers, the senses and faculties, the achievements and capacities of man as man remained as before. But everything that was above nature—that association with God, that participation in the things of God, that supernatural union with God, giving the title to life eternal with God,—all this was taken away, and could never be transmitted from generation to generation. This loss of the supernatural gifts of God to man, the perpetuation of that loss in the case of each successive individual, with its consequent separation of the individual from God by all save the purely natural connection which every creature must have to its creator, is called by theologians the state of original sin.

It is of the goodness and power of God that he can draw good out of evil, and even can turn evil into good. Thus of His goodness He promised, and eventually sent a Redeemer who in another and a nobler way should restore what had been lost. That Redeemer was none other than His own divine Son; and the coming of that Son, in the fulness of His divinity and the perfection of His assumed humanity, is the foundation truth of the whole Christian religion. No restoration is ever quite the same thing as the original institution, though the result may be something far better. So by the grace and merits of the Redeemer sent by God, born of Our Lady, any soul can recover its lost inheri-

tance, but in such wise that first it comes into this world lacking the supernatural gifts and endowments of grace, and afterwards receives them as a grant from God's bounty in the way that God has appointed. God has special ways for dealing with exceptional cases, but the normal way by which the impress of original sin is taken away from the soul, and that soul endowed with supernatural life and grace, is the way of the Sacrament of Baptism.

Our Lady was chosen and prepared by God for a unique and supremely important office in the operation and fact of the coming of His Son into the world to be the Redeemer of the human race. In the Incarnation of the Word, the operation by which the Son of God, ceasing not to be God, became man for the redemption of man, Our Lady was His Mother, the one in whom and by whom He took that human nature which made Him man. By reason of her election to that office of Mother of Our Lord there was given to her a higher privilege. In the first moment of her existence, in that very concurrence and co-operation of natural causes and elements which eventuate in the formation of a new being, God gave to her the gift of His grace and love; so that she did not first begin to exist and then receive the infusion of the grace of God, but possessed that grace in and from the beginning; and consequently never for one instant incurred that deprivation called original sin. She alone of all the human race, since the race as a race lost the magnificent and mysterious endowment of original justice, was preserved from the negative state of being without that endowment, by that fact that it was bestowed upon her in its fulness of perfection in the very constitution of her being, concurrently with that being. Thus came Our Lady into this world, the closest and highest and nearest resemblance to that divine Son who in due time should be con-

ceived and born of her, "full of grace and truth."

The Immaculate Conception is the preparation which God Himself made in His Blessed Mother for the office to which He had chosen and destined her. His purpose was not merely that there should be an exception to the general law of loss, not merely that there should be one creature showing forth most perfectly the divine image and likeness, but that she in whom that gift and mystery were wrought might be made as worthy as a creature could be to receive the yet higher grace and dignity of the Divine Maternity. No one who believes in the Incarnation can reasonably take any other view than the Catholic one. She who was to give to the Son of God the flesh in which He would work the redemption of mankind could not have upon her any taint of contact with sin of any kind. It was not enough for her office and dignity, for the divinity of Him who was to be her Son, that she should be perfect by any process of cleansing and reconciliation. The only fitting thing was that she should be perfect in the absolute sense of non-contact with sin, perfect in the complete possession of the grace of God and the indwelling of the Holy Ghost in and through every instant of her existence. Even among non-Catholics—at least among those who hold orthodox views on the doctrine of the Incarnation—is this fact coming more and more clearly to be seen, and as a result many of them are trying to give to Our Lady the title and honor that the Church gives to her by the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

In the designs of God Our Lady was to hold, by the Incarnation, an office of maternity towards the human race, as well as in regard to His own Son. She was to be the spiritual mother of mankind. For this was she given at the foot of the Cross, for this has she been taken and proclaimed by the Church Universal. "Behold thy Mother," said Our

Lord from the Cross; "Mother of Divine Grace, pray for us," says the Church in the Litany. And it is by divine grace that men become the true children of God. This process of affiliation in things divine does not connote any mere passivity on the part of those who are called and become the sons of God, at least in the working out of that sonship in the living of life. "The imagination and thought of man's heart are prone to evil from his youth," is true even of those who have been delivered from the deluge as well as of those that have perished in it. How few there are out of the mass of men, even out of the general body of the faithful, who rise to the full measure of their duty and dignity as sons of God, brethren of Our Lord, children of Our Lady! The saints do this, each in his own manner and degree. By prayer and relentless effort, co-operating with the grace God gives them, they go forward from virtue to virtue until they attain the pinnacle of perfection where all evil of will is eliminated and only good remains.

This is indeed magnificent and noble, and their success is in some mode and measure an encouragement to all others. And as they serve themselves for an example to others, so do they acknowledge and assert their dependence upon her who by her mother's unfailing comfort and help guided and directed, consoled and encouraged them in their long and unceasing struggle to make themselves the true children of their Father who is in heaven. What is true of the saints is true in proportion of all others. The spiritual life is always something of a new beginning; the child of God has to be born again by the making of a fresh start, the overcoming of new difficulties. Here is the Mother's function and office, under God. No one who has knowledge and experience of that spiritual operation of the Blessed Virgin in his soul could ever think that she was other than

spotless and perfect, exempt and immune from every stain and imperfection, filled to the full with the grace and love of God, united to God in an union that had no break and no beginning save only the beginning of her own immaculate soul. In choosing her to be the spiritual mother of men, God could do no other than make her an Immaculate Mother, free from even the remotest contamination by that sin which had been the curse of men. This has He done by her Immaculate Conception. The Church proclaims the fact to all the world, and every child of the Church rejoices in the spotless purity and unsullied perfection of his spiritual mother.

Theologians have been at pains to assert and show that the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady did not exempt her from, or render her independent of the operation and effects of Our Lord's redemption. She is, in fact, one of the redeemed just as much as any one else, though in a much higher and more excellent way.

It must not be forgotten that all things supernatural are necessarily the free gift of God, essentially unattainable except by the bestowal of his divine bounty. If it were otherwise they would be natural things only, not supernatural, and could never lift man up to any participation of things divine. This is true of Our Lady herself, as of all others. She is not God, but man, and all her graces and gifts, her dignity and exaltation, come to her from the divine goodness of God bestowing them upon her according to the wisdom of His will. This is no detracting from the excellence of the gift, or the exaltation of her upon whom it is bestowed, or her right to praise and honor from all mankind. There can be no higher or more valid title to true glory and esteem than the fact that one has been honored by God in the receiving of His grace, in the doing of His work. And no one in all history has been the recipient of

a greater grace, or been called to do a greater work, than Our Lady. It would scarce be an honor, but rather a derogation from her dignity and glory if she escaped or were exempt from the redemption wrought by her Son.

The redemption is His great work of love, immense and unfathomable, shown in all the perfect goodness of His life, worked out to its completion in the pain and agony of His Passion and death. This was the great glory of St. Paul: "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of Our Lord Jesus Christ"; and it was an even greater glory to Our Lady in spite of her own share in its bitter pain and sorrow. So to her, as to the rest, applies the redemption that was wrought upon the cross. Yet in how different a way from all the rest. In others the merits of the sacrifice of Our Lord cleanses away the stain of sin already contracted, be it original sin or actual sin. In her those same divine merits exercised a higher power. They prevented and preserved her from ever contracting that stain; and this preservation, absolute and complete, is her Immaculate Conception.

The preparation of Our Lady for the office of the Divine Maternity by means of her Immaculate Conception is a preparation that only God could make, and at the same time it is a preparation worthy of God Himself. God is one in three, and three in one, by the great theological mystery of the Most Blessed Trinity. Each of the three Divine Persons had a direct and personal interest in the perfect integrity and absolute spotlessness of the Blessed Virgin. Of the Father she was the chosen one, out of all the actual and possible beings of His creation, who should bring forth in time that Son whom He begets from eternity. This association with Him is so close, and intimate, and personal, that of itself it would seem to exclude all and every possible stain or shade of sin, and to involve the very summit

and fulness of grace. Of the Son did Our Lady become the true Mother, giving to Him in deed and in truth that human nature by which He became true man for the saving of men. Maternity and filiation in such a case cry aloud that she who gave to Our Lord the flesh of His humanity should be herself immune from any touch or taint or memory of sin. By the power of the Holy Ghost was the work of the Incarnation brought about in her, and in that work was there a true co-operation between Our Lady and the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity. It could not be otherwise but that the Holy Ghost should keep her in absolute holiness from the beginning, that within the limitation of the condition of a creature, she might be the most perfect instrument possible for the work of bringing, with Him, from heaven to earth the "Holy that shall be called the Son of God." All this seems reasonable enough on the basis of the theological facts. It is all shown to be divinely true by the great Catholic doctrine of the Immaculate Conception.

The fact of the Immaculate Conception sets Our Lady in a category apart from and above all the other saints in the matter of perfect holiness. It has been said by some of the saints themselves that Our Lady begins where the others leave off. However much of a paradox this may at first appear, it is none the less true. Sanctity is, after all, union with God. In the saints it is attained by perfect co-operation with the grace of God, self-purification, incessant striving after virtue, and the other means that lead up to God by the way of service and love. Union with God, in that degree at least which constitutes sanctity, is attained only in the end, as a result of those long, laborious, and heroic efforts to do only the will of God in the best way possible. This attainment of sanctity is a spectacle of admiration for angels and men, and the

holiness of the saints transcends that of the ordinary faithful like snow-capped mountain tops that tower above the multitude of lesser hills and rise into the light and clearness of the sky. Yet in every mountain range there is usually some peak which overtops the rest, making itself the centre of the system, and drawing to itself the admiring eyes of all beholders. So Our Lady among the great mountains of God. Her sanctity, in the essential form of union with God, and consequent perfect conformity to and fulfilment of His will, was not something reserved to the end, to be attained by progressive degrees. It began with her in the beginning, and only became yet more exalted with the progress of time. It is her Immaculate Conception in one of its positive aspects, and it makes her a figure, unique and outstanding, in and above all the great company of the saints. Thus is her perfection in union with God, not merely something progressive and final, but absolute and complete, in the beginning as in the end.

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception must not be held to be merely an occasion for the setting forth of the greatness of God in His dealings with His Blessed Mother and of her supreme exaltation by the favor He has bestowed upon her. It has likewise an everyday, practical purpose, to inspire in the minds and hearts of the faithful the wish and the will to become in some respect like unto her whom they venerate, by the progressive elimination of all that is evil.

The Breviary lesson of the Feast gives the story of the fall and the promise of the Redeemer as the seed of the woman. This mysterious narrative is not without point and purpose in the practical as well as the dogmatic sense. In the garden of life there is ever a tree of which men should not eat, and there is equally ever a serpent tempting to the eating of all the trees, whatever the

consequences. And men have eaten. They may not have become as gods, but they have acquired the knowledge and use of good and evil. The result is writ large in the history of the past; it is everywhere to be seen in the world around; it will make itself felt until the end. Yet men are attracted by good, and an ideal will always compel their admiration.

However much she may be unknown to those outside the fold, at least to those within the pale of the Church Our Lady Immaculate is an ideal that will evoke the highest veneration and at the same time call and stimulate to action. Above all others, save only Our Lord Himself in the life of His human existence, she is the example of one who was perfection itself, in origin, life, action. The saints have ever asserted that the very thought of the Immaculate Virgin is a deterrent from evil, an incentive to good. So have the faithful found by experience. There may be one tree or many in the garden of life from which they have to refrain, but there is ever the tree of life itself to which by her example and intercession she leads and brings them.

The Feast of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception has a wider diffusion and a more fruitful celebration to-day than at any past period of the Church's history. This is nothing to be wondered at, and the devotion will probably grow and develop beyond anything that can at present be surmised. Our Lady holds the highest dignity that even God can bestow, by the motherhood of Our Lord. She is the perfect creature, representing the ideal of God, and giving to men an example of the complete perfection of their own nature. She is set above angels and men in a unique position of superlative exaltation and excellence. Peerless among the works of creation, the Church proclaims her title to veneration and praise: "Thou art all fair, and there is no spot in thee."

An Invalid's Jottings.

BY JOSEPH CARMICHAEL.

X.



WE have had a small community of Sisters of Charity in Wybrow for many years. They taught the little Catholic schools and were most devoted in their ministrations to the sick poor. Through the generosity of Miss Jebb—she has already received mention in these pages—it became possible to build and equip a small hospital which the Sisters might superintend. This has been a greater blessing to the town than I can adequately make known. I love to watch the white cornettes fluttering along the streets and lanes on some errand of mercy or charity; no one in these days, whatever some extreme bigots might have said when they first came to Wybrow, has anything but praise for the "Sisters."

I do not claim to have been an eyewitness of many things narrated in these sketches, but my knowledge rests upon trustworthy evidence beyond a shadow of doubt. To give my authority for all these stories would be inconvenient; so I prefer to relate them without reference to their source. The connection of the present narrative with St. Mary's Hospital will appear later.

Two persons, a man and a woman—the latter holding in her arms an infant of one year—were seated on the rocks which towered up from the sea, on an island in the Indian Ocean. The man was about thirty years of age. The woman a year or two younger. Flowering shrubs shaded them; tall palms waved aloft; tropical plants surrounded the knoll upon which they sat. Birds of gorgeous plumage fluttered around, fearless of molestation; flowers of brilliant hue grew everywhere. Yet all these beauties had little charm for them. For nearly two years that man and wo-

man had been daily watching and praying for deliverance from exile, and until now no sign of rescue had gladdened their eager eyes. On all sides stretched an expanse of ocean.

The woman's silvery laugh suddenly rang out.

"If only some of the people we know could see you now, Jim," she cried, "what a figure of fun they would think you!"

The man glanced at his bare feet and legs, at the home-made canvas drawers he wore, and his much-patched shirt. He passed his hand over his rough beard and combed out with his fingers the tresses of long brown hair that touched his shoulders; then he laughed heartily in response.

"But you, too, dear, would rather astonish a drawing-room of fashionable folk, if you were to walk into one at this minute!"

His patient little wife joined in the laugh against herself. She was bare-foot also. Her scanty costume was a veritable patchwork of odds and ends of material; yet there was a daintiness about her, nevertheless. She had thrust a cluster of scarlet berries into the coils of her dark hair, and a string of red berries hung round her bare neck, while her raiment, however faded, looked clean and well kept. Her face grew grave on a sudden, and the laughter died out of her dark eyes, as she pressed her baby to her bosom, kissing him again and again.

"Will little Jamie ever see home, I wonder," she almost whispered. "What would become of him, if the good God were to call us both away, and he were left alone here?"

Her husband could frame no reply. Many a time had the same terrifying dread seized him with regard to both these dear ones; he had always shrunk from its contemplation.

"Come along!" he cried, springing to his feet. "Those delicious fish will be

spoiled if they are left cooking in the ashes all by themselves, and my reputation as a cook will be ruined!"

He helped his wife to regain her feet and gently pushed her along before him in the direction of their improvised dwelling. In the shadow of the rudely constructed hut was a long, low mound; it recalled to his mind the thought just awakened by his wife's expressed fears. Their former fellow exile lay there. Dear old Weston, the doctor of the doomed vessel from which they had escaped, had wrestled with death when Marion had been threatened at the birth of little Jamie, and had saved her life at the risk of his own; for he had tended her night and day, regardless of his own frail strength, and the effort had cost him dear. He had drooped and sickened soon after, and lay now close to the hut he had helped to rear. Dear to both man and wife was that lonely grave, for they loved his memory as fondly as they had loved the man whose mortal remains rested there.

As the man turned away to follow his wife who had entered their hut, a sudden terror seized him. A slight trail of blood led from a clump of bushes near by down towards the shore; on feverish investigation he discovered the skin of a hare among the undergrowth. It was evident that the creature had been skinned by a knife; the flesh had probably been carried off to serve as food. That meant that another human being was upon the island; the hut shrouded in bushes had not as yet been discovered; but it soon must be. It remained to be seen whether a friend or a foe had penetrated into their apparent solitude. The possibilities attaching to such a discovery might well fill the man with the direst apprehensions.

Two long years had almost run their course since Jim Liston and his newly married wife had escaped with their

lives from the disastrous foundering of the liner which was conveying them among a crowd of other passengers to Australia. In a boat manned by some of the sailors they too, with Dr. Weston, had been for two days on the bosom of the ocean. They knew nothing of the fate of other similar boats, for in the hurry and fear caused by the catastrophe in the dead of night, each one looked to himself and those dependent upon him. But for two long weary days they had scanned the now calm waters to discover some landing place. How great their joy when the palm-crested summit of the island was discerned! Greater still their thankfulness on nearing it to find so safe and pleasant a shelter after those hours of dire distress. For there was no trace of any former human settlement; springs of clear water, abundant fruits, fish and probably animal flesh promised food in plenty.

The sailors had been reluctant to settle there, and in a day or two had started off in the boat to explore further; no sign had been vouchsafed of their fate. Since then, despite constant watchfulness, a flag (such as it was) floating by day from a prominent palm stem and a beacon fire lighting the summit of the rocky headland by night, no rescuing craft had gladdened their almost despairing hearts.

Jim said nothing to his wife of the discovery he had made of the manifest presence of a human being besides themselves upon the small island which hitherto had shown no single trace of man's occupation. But their meal finished he set out on a reconnaissance. Cautiously he crept through the sheltering bushes to a point whence a view could be gained of the strip of sandy beach at the foot of the cliffs where alone it was possible to land upon the island.

With a sinking at heart he discerned

a single human form on the beach far beneath him. He had half hoped that another party of shipwrecked derelicts might have taken refuge there for a brief rest; had it been so, the prospect of escape from this apparently lifelong solitude might have revived an almost dead hope. But one more man—he could see distinctly in that clear atmosphere that it was a male figure—would be a complication to existing affairs. He sat and waited for some time to see if, perchance, other strangers might join the derelict; but the latter was calmly removing the cooked food from the fire which had been kindled for the purpose, and began to make a meal of it. Liston noticed a long knife being brought into operation, and reflected grimly upon his own total lack of armament.

But action must not be delayed. Liston began the descent of the rocky headland by means of a winding path shrouded by trees and undergrowth. Silently and cautiously he crept along, listening for the sound of voices in case the stranger might have companions; but no such sign reached his ears. Reaching a point whence he could again look down upon the beach, he noted the solitary figure; it seemed pretty clear that there were no companions.

To prepare the stranger for his unlooked-for apparition, Liston walked on with quickened step, whistling as he went the air of a familiar song. Once more he paused to reconnoitre. The stranger had heard; he was gazing upward towards the sound. But the figure was smaller than Liston had thought, and the face upturned was beardless as that of a boy; moreover, it showed unmistakable signs of evident terror. There was no reason for alarm then, so, shouting out cheery words of welcome, Liston bounded along and was soon treading the beach where the newcomer stood awaiting him.

Though Liston's appearance must

have been somewhat overpowering—streaming locks, shaggy beard, patched-up raiment and the rest—his unmistakable friendliness could not be doubted, and the two were soon at ease together as they rested on the warm, dry sands. Cecil Brereton had been, only a few hours before, landed by request upon the beach of the island. Four others—all sailors—had been anxious to make further search for a habitation more in the run of passing vessels than that remote island. They had promised—but it was a promise unlikely of fulfilment, under the circumstances—to secure Cecil's rescue, should they reach safety. Tempting as the island looked to that boatload of derelicts, after three days' tossing on a trackless sea, no other would consent to remain on what appeared to all a lifelong place of exile. No arguments of theirs, however, could persuade Cecil to prolong the apparently fruitless search for a more suitable resting place.

The Listons were buoyed up with the prospect of a possible rescue as the outcome of this unexpected visit to the island. But days passed without sign of relief. A small, rough hut, close to the old one, had been built up to afford a sleeping place for Cecil, but during the day he shared the Liston's humble dwelling.

It was not long before Jim Liston began to develop uneasy qualms on account of the evident close attachment between his wife and the stranger. Cecil was of more use in the ordinary work of the household than in the more strenuous labor of felling trees for firewood, hunting animals for food and such like manly occupations; he was a deft and patient nurse for little Jamie and an invaluable helper to Marion in domestic duties. Thrown thus more into constant companionship with the latter, familiar friendship was inevitable. But suppose a stronger feeling should be

aroused in the boy's heart! Jim trusted his wife absolutely, and gave never a thought to any possible estrangement on her part; but he foresaw immense difficulties for them all should the contingency arise which he dreaded.

But relief was at hand; Marion's good sense came to the rescue. Seizing the opportunity of Cecil's absence from the hut one day, she made an astounding revelation.

"I have often wished Cecil to let me confide a secret which I guessed almost at first sight," she said, "though you, probably, have no idea of it. Cecil is not, as you imagine, a boy. She is an English girl, dressed in the only clothes available in the hurry and confusion of the wreck. She had rushed to her brother's state-room when the alarm was given, and he persuaded her to take the clothes she has on, rather than attempt to escape in her night-dress. She is thankful she took his advice, for it has turned out well. She would not at first let me tell you this, but I have got her consent at last."

The narration brought peace to Jim Liston's harassed soul. Henceforth the three exiles were as happily united as it was possible for exiles to be. But days, weeks and months sped, and no hope of relief gladdened their hearts. Cecil's fate was most to be deplored. For all she knew her mother and brother, from whom she had got separated in the rush for the boats, might both have been lost, and she had no other relatives who would be likely to make search for her, or befriend her if rescued.

It must have been a Heaven-sent inspiration which moved Alexander Gibbons, a rich Australian, to spend some weeks in navigating in his steam yacht "Edna" the desolate ocean which surrounded the island. Two figures waving huge palm branches from the summit

of the rocky cliff, arrested attention; a boat was launched to investigate.

Two tatterdemalions awaited with ill-concealed impatience the approach of the craft. A woman and a small boy, both clothed in veritable rags, though clean and well-groomed, greeted the crew in English. They were the survivors of shipwrecked derelicts landed there more than seven years before. No time was lost in transferring the exiles, with such scanty belongings as they possessed, to the rescuing yacht. The remains of their dear ones must rest in their lonely graves under the palm trees which sheltered them.

Jim Liston had succumbed to fever three years before; Marion soon followed him, dying of grief at the loss of the one she held dearest. Even the claims of her baby-boy could not rouse her desire to live. To Cecil she entrusted him, and then closed her eyes in death. Cecil buried both, digging their graves and laying to rest the bodies of the two she had grown to love as a very dear brother and sister. During the long years that followed she had been a tender mother to Jamie, who had grown sturdy and strong in his primitive open-air life, and inherited the beauty of his mother and the sunny disposition of both parents.

Kind friends were raised up to help the exiles to regain their native land, and Cecil was successful, through the information entrusted to her by Marion Liston, in finding the child's relatives and leaving him in their care. No trace could she find of her mother or brother; the sea had evidently become their grave.

I often, from my oriel window, catch sight of the white cornette which crowns a somewhat slight, active figure in the blue-grey of St. Vincent's daughters, as she hurries along the street bent on some mission of charity. I recognize the form of one known in the Hospital

as *Ma Sœur*—the Superior of that little community; but her real name is Sister Mary Cecilia Brereton. She is reckoned a typical Sister of Charity; chary of speech, she is indefatigable in working, and an unusually capable administrator. For in addition to the rigorous training of the Novitiate, she has undergone a long trial of endurance in the solitude and silence of a desolate island in a southern sea.

Jamie, her foster-child, developed a vocation for Foreign Missions, and is devoting himself with ardor to the necessary preparation.

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Now, as I think of all these blessed memories, I wait for the end. My heart, weakened by the years of pain, has told me that the Master will soon come for me. I am ready, as I have been ready these many years. The shadows are falling, but are not yet deep enough to hide Father Vesey crossing the Square. He is turning now. He is coming in. Oh, my heart! God is sending him to me. And it is sweet to die.

(The End)

The Gift.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

HE who has beauty in his heart
Need wear no armor strong;
His soul is safe on any field
Where years like swordsmen throng.

Beyond the tumult and the cries
Where hate and anger are,
Beyond the challenge and reply,
He walks with peace afar.

The earth's unresting doubt is vain
Before that inner peace
That hears, as after winds the dusk,
Clamor and clangor cease.

He who has beauty in his heart
Walks gently through the years,
And knows that love and faith outlast
All laughter and all tears!

The Church's Hidden Strength.

BY STANLEY B. JAMES.

THE other day the Principal of an Anglican Theological College, speaking at the Modern Churchman's Union, referred to the Catholic's belief in the "Infallibility and *impeccability*" of the Pope. The ignorance displayed by one in that position in addressing a body which prides itself on its intellectuality was surprising enough. One would have imagined that the Head of a College devoted to the instruction of future clergy would have been better informed with regard to the Catholic doctrine on so important a point. One is inclined to ask whether he could have given the matter a moment's consideration.

The most superficial knowledge of history would have told him that Catholics whose orthodoxy was beyond dispute had, again and again, dissented on moral grounds from the personal action (as distinct from that emanating from the Head of the Church as such) of the Supreme Pontiff. Has he ever, one wonders, read Dante, and noted that that poet placed a Pope in Hell? Could he have heard of Catherine of Siena and her correspondence with Gregory XI.? Had he ever spoken with an instructed Catholic on the matter, or looked into a Catholic manual?

But it is not the ignorance thus displayed which is most striking, but the contempt which that ignorance implies. It is things like this which bring home to us the extent to which presumably educated men feel they can afford to neglect what was for fifteen centuries the creed of a united Christendom. They will not trouble to inform themselves on a subject which they deem, in journalistic parlance, "dead." The Papacy, they seem to argue, is a defunct institution, and to spend time in a detailed study of its beliefs would be a useless waste of energy. "If Catholics don't believe that their Pope is impeccable, well,

they believe something like it, and in any case, it doesn't matter; they and their strange creed no longer count. We can't be bothered with crossing our t's and dotting our i's when we talk about them." That is the attitude, and it reminds us of the impatient father who gives unthinking answers to a child's idle questions because he is too busy with other matters to attend.

As a matter of fact, that is the mood in which the *intelligentia* approaches the Church. It speaks volumes as to the estimate formed regarding the strength and importance in the contemporary world of Catholicism.

Occasionally we find this mood reflected in our own despondent thoughts. The rough way in which we are shoved on one side, the self-confidence with which modern paganism urges its views, or rather takes them for granted, the public utterances of Protestant leaders showing what headway, even among them, subversive ideas have made, the shamelessness with which, not merely ordinary morals, but even ordinary decencies are spoken of as "old-fashioned," the menace of a militant atheism associated with the advance of Communism throughout civilization, and last but not least, the low ebb of spiritual life among some claiming to be Catholics,—all this has its effects; and we find ourselves asking whether the Faith is not in danger of a deluge more destructive than that of the Sixteenth Century.

It is good at such times to call to mind the Church's hidden strength, and to contrast it with the loud publicity given to its opponents. So much of what we do is of necessity veiled from the glare of newspaperdom. It was but a few weeks ago I found myself wandering amazed amid the glories of Downside Abbey in the southwest of England. To reach it, I had been obliged to leave the main line at Bath and take a train journey which led through a sparsely populated country district.

Even then there was a mile to traverse from the little country station at which I alighted before I came in sight of the Abbey.

In that remote district the Benedictines have built a church which can compare with some of our cathedrals. Massiveness and simplicity are its dominant notes. Equally astounding is the school they have established here—a school which takes its place with the great public schools of the country, such as Eton and Harrow. The life of prayer lived here and the educational activities carried on are favored by the remoteness of the situation. And that applies to countless institutions throughout the world, under the auspices of the Church, of which the outside public never hears.

In the nature of things, such institutions cannot advertise themselves. The religious has fled the world, and it is certainly not his business to thrust himself on that world's attention. His traffic is with Heaven. He has placed ladders against the sky. In the quiet retreats he has established he has put himself into communication with the Church Triumphant. The rich resources of the invisible world are here made available for the conflict on earth. Amid the surroundings of these lonely Houses of Prayer we become aware of our celestial allies. Saints whose very names spell victory come to mind. The storied past with its record of supernatural achievement is a living fact. These are power-houses generating spiritual dynamics capable of revolutionizing society.

And what is true of monasteries and convents is true in a measure of the Catholic world generally. Its strength lies out of sight. Of set purpose it avoids self-advertisement. The domestic saint carries no badge beyond the radiance of eyes that have looked upon God. It is of the essence of the devout life that it shall be secret, unproclaimed,

dwelling among shadows, avoiding theatrical display, hating applause. Mystic intercourse with the Unseen may go on, and does go on, under appearances of the utmost commonplaceness. A peasant's hovel may be the abode of angels. The woman who cleans out your office may be a princess in the eyes of God. It is this fact which renders the strength of Catholicism so deceptive in appearance. It is obviously not easy for the outsider to estimate the power of a religion which hides itself on principle.

The question as to the extent to which pagan morals have corrupted society must be treated in the same way. Immorality is better "news" from the journalistic standpoint than the uneventful domestic lives of such as abide by Christian tradition. The unostentatious happiness of quiet homes gets no headlines, while every scandal screeches itself into notoriety. It is true that the number of divorces is appalling and is increasing, but we must bear in mind that we hear nothing of the great number of obscure people for whom divorce is unthinkable—people who are neither naturally unadventurous nor specially blessed in the choice of a partner, but whose Christian instincts have enabled them to weather the storms of domestic life without mishap. These provide the ballast of society; and it is of the nature of ballast to be inconspicuous.

It may be argued, on the other hand, that the façade of Catholicism is misleading. Behind an imposing front there may be much undisclosed weakness which a crisis would reveal. That was the case in the days of the Reformation. Whole populations showed how frail was the hold on them of the Faith they outwardly professed. In England, despite much inarticulate grumbling at the changes introduced and certain unsuccessful risings, the people, as a whole, though previously loyal Catholics, offered no effective resistance. Religious houses apostatized wholesale. The event

proved that sacramental observances had become in many cases mere routine, devoid of real devotion. A Church which is both mystic and visible, it may be said, must always run the risk of preserving an exterior institutionalism in excess of its actual vitality, and therefore of giving a false impression of strength. The answer to this is twofold.

In the first place, the Church of to-day is in a different position to that of the Sixteenth Century. It has maintained itself in a world largely hostile and under conditions far removed from those which made the religion of the monarch obligatory for his subjects. If a Catholic should lose the Faith it is generally possible for him to act accordingly. In the English-speaking world particularly, mere habit is insufficient to account for outward fidelity. A militant Protestantism offering social and other advantages to the deserter insures a certain measure of vitality in those who resist. It is not so easy as once to accept Catholicism in an unintelligent manner involving no personal will in the matter. The pressure from all sides of unbelief is calculated to reveal interior weakness before it can become a widespread but secret disease.

Secondly, history has shown that crises produce evidences of that hidden strength we noted. In the very period of which we have been speaking and in the country specially referred to, the English Martyrs added a chapter to the story of the Church in their country equal in glory to any that had gone before. Together with general apostasy went an increase of devotion on the part of the minority. Carelessness on the part of the majority was offset by heroic holiness on the part of the few.

It has always been the same. The greatest saints have appeared when spirituality and morality were at their lowest ebb in the Church. Thus, if to-day some extraordinary circumstance

were to cause the Catholic façade to cave in, history leads us to expect that it would provoke a response that would go far to compensate in quality for numerical losses. The reserves of the Church would be brought up. Those forces that lurk in the background would show themselves. A recuperative power would come into play for which the outsider was unprepared. He would be astonished by an unexpected resilience. Over-confident in his numerical victories, he would discover that there are other criterions of strength than that afforded by counting heads.

The foolish under-estimate of the Church's power obvious in the ignorant remark quoted at the commencement of this article is understandable enough when we consider that the non-Catholic, just because he is a non-Catholic, lacks the means for a true judgment. He is, perforce, blind to the significance of things he sees and hears. Insensible to the mystic resources at the Church's command, misunderstanding that love of retirement which avoids publicity, mistaking the authority which upholds the faithful, and attributing their loyalty to superstitious fear, he is not in a position to form a just estimate. The very reason for his opposition is the reason for his over-confidence. As they who crucified Our Lord could not, in the nature of things, foresee a resurrection, so the modern critic who finds the Church negligible is rendered blind by his unbelief.

But there is no such excuse for the Catholic. He at least should be able to judge between realities and appearances. There is a story concerning Elisha the Prophet that is apposite here—a story which tells how, surrounded by the hosts of Syria, his servant appealed to him, saying, "What shall we do?"—"Fear not, for those that are with us are more than those against us," was the answer; and even as Elisha spoke, the young man's eyes were opened and

he saw the mountain full of horses and chariots of fire.

That is the vision which waits upon our despondent moods, a vision of incalculable forces, of spiritual reserves, of the Church Triumphant hastening to reinforce the Church Militant. None can see it but ourselves. For that reason our confidence must remain a mystery to the uninitiated outsider. He beholds naught but an ancient institution worn by centuries of conflict and in apparent decay. But the faithful, looking upon the same spectacle, know that that which they see is a Rock established upon and rooted in eternity.

Under Which Standard?

BY JOHN LAIDLAW.

THE bright summer sun shone very tranquilly upon the waters, and the broad stretch of ocean that lay at his feet was indeed peaceful in its blue splendor, but the heart of Marcus Marcellus, centurion of the Trajan legion, was torn by a most bitter conflict. He was seated upon a sandy eminence overlooking the straits. Behind him lay the garrison town of Tingis. On the sand near him lay his helmet with its high scarlet crest. His military cloak flapped about his shoulders, but he heeded it not. He had left the camp and strolled off alone along the beach to fight out his fight away from the distractions of human companionship. He was a Christian and a soldier of the empire. Both these titles had been for him sources of just pride.

He had been born in the camp and schooled in the legion. At the earliest possible age he had been enrolled as a soldier of Rome, and he had fought the battles of the empire in that turbulent province of North Africa, or Tingitanian Mauritania, ever since. None had served the empire better or more faithfully. None had been more ready

than he to meet the shock of battle. And his bravery, which was renowned throughout the African legions, had won him promotion and the favor of his superior officers as well as the love and devotion of the rough and battle-scarred men under his command.

Now, as centurion of the first class, he ranked next under the tribune who commanded his legion. And the tribune of the legion, who was also the military governor of the province, Anastasius Fortunatus, a rough old veteran himself and an iron disciplinarian, had shown him especial favor. Marcellus, however, was also a Christian. His father had embraced the Christian faith years ago while stationed in Carthage, and the tender piety of his mother, long since dead, had early impressed itself on her son.

Until the present there had been comparative peace for the followers of Christ. More than thirty years had elapsed since the last real persecution. From the death of Valerian, no emperor had really made any serious onslaught upon the Christians. The constant wars with the barbarians and the insecurity of their own positions, owing to the ever-present peril of rebellion among their troops, had prevented the emperors from this. The faith had grown apace in that period of peace. The edicts of persecution had not been withdrawn, but there had been no effort to renew or enforce them. In practice the officials simply closed their eyes and acted as though there were no laws against the faith of Christ. The army was filled with Christian soldiers. This was well known and caused no concern. They had evaded the occasions which called for the offering of pagan sacrifice, and no one had disturbed them in consequence. They were remarkable only as good and faithful soldiers.

But on the preceding night Marcellus had realized that all was changed, and that this peace was at an end.

When the guard was relieved and he was returning to his quarters, he had received a summons to the apartment of the tribune. Wondering greatly, he obeyed. He found his commanding officer pacing to and fro in evident agitation, but he had been warmly greeted. Fortunatus had shown him a copy of a letter received that day from the Emperor Maximian, addressed to the tribunes of all the legions. By it they were commanded to require that all officers offer sacrifice. Should any refuse to do so he was to be placed under arrest and his name sent to the emperor pending further instructions. The old tribune had spoken to him as a father would to a son, for he loved and respected Marcellus.

"I speak as thy friend, Marcus," he had said earnestly, "to urge thee privately to obey the emperor. Later I must require this as thy tribune, and shall not forget my duty. To-morrow, as thou knowest, is the banquet on the birthday of the emperor. Offer thou a libation of wine to the Genius of Rome and the emperor, and all will be well. But let not thy Christian scruples prompt thee to refuse lest disgrace and death come to thee and discredit to the legion of Trajan."

That was all; but the contents of the imperial letter had very soon become common knowledge in the camp. All were awaiting expectantly the great banquet in honor of the emperor's birthday to see what the attitude of the Christian officers would be when the demands for libations and sacrifices were tendered. Marcellus himself had overheard some of these conversations. It was generally supposed that the Christian officers would sacrifice, and among some of the Christians themselves there were evident signs of weakness.

After all need a man forego *everything* for the sake of Christ? True, to sacrifice would be a deadly sin; but had not those who had yielded in this mat-

ter during past persecutions been admitted once more to the Christian body when peace had been restored? After all it was but an outward rite. Many of the pagans themselves did not believe in the gods. They would be but showing respect to the emperors whom they served and whose pay they had taken for so many years. They would be but giving homage to that great city which stood for peace, law and civilization throughout the world. They would only be proving themselves good, loyal soldiers of Rome.

These arguments had been advanced by certain Christian soldiers of the weaker sort, and Marcellus knew that such pleas, joined as they were to self-interest, would sway those whose faith was weak unless some striking example of Christian constancy were shown to them. These lukewarm Christians would follow the easier path of apostasy unless a leader called them back to the dangerous course of fidelity by his own fearless confession of faith.

This, then, was the conflict which Marcus Marcellus was fighting out alone on the deserted sand-hills overlooking the sea. His life passed in pictures before him as he sat gazing across the straits toward Spain—a busy life filled with hardship and peril and the clangor of arms. He saw again his native Spain and his childhood in the province of Bætica in the south. He had been born there in the city of Asta Regia, where the legion of Trajan had been recruited and was stationed. Those peaceful days about the camp were spent among the olive groves close to where the ocean lay shimmering in languorous calm. In those days he never dreamed of any career but that of arms. His father had served long and well, and was rendered comfortably wealthy by the accumulated savings of years of service with many gratuities.

Well did Marcus remember his pride when, as a youth, he was admitted

as a recruit to fealty before the standards—those proud standards which had advanced the boundaries of Rome far into Africa. Well did he remember the exercises with the heavy wooden sword and shield with which, under the direction of a tough old legionary, he cut and stabbed at an upright stake until the weapons almost dropped from his exhausted hand. Well did he remember the long days of drill in which he learned all those formations of square and circle and triangle which would enable the legion to advance or defend itself against any foe. Then had come the first call to active service.

A general revolt had flared up in North Africa against the Roman rule. The Moorish hordes had gathered in the desert and overwhelmed one outpost after another. The leader was none other than the famous Aradion, renowned for desperate bravery and implacable hatred of Rome. The Emperor Probus himself mustered all the Spanish and African legions, and led them against the savage sons of the desert.

In that army marched Marcellus, the young recruit of the legion of Trajan. How vividly did he recall the great battle that ensued—his first taste of war! The Moors had emerged from the desert in dense, mounted swarms, and hurled themselves upon the army of Probus. The braying trumpets had scarce time to call the legions to arms before the barbarian hordes were upon them as they rode in their bristling masses against the steady squares of the Romans. A breach had been hewn in the formation of the Trajan legion, and the Moors had poured into the wavering soldiery a storm of arrows which they followed up with an attack in force that brought them into the center of the square near the standards of the legion.

The eagle-bearer had fallen with three Moorish shafts protruding from his body. A mounted Moor was making off with the precious eagle when young

Marcellus, stabbing from below with his short Roman sword, brought down the horse of the barbarian and slew the rider before he could rise. The recovery of the eagle had heartened the legion, and the lines had closed and repulsed the enemy. The savage battle had ended in the complete defeat of the Moors and the death of the great Aradion, their leader. But the exploit of Marcellus had brought deserved recognition and the personal thanks of the emperor, Probus. From that moment he had advanced rapidly. Trusted by his superiors, he had never shown himself unworthy of trust. Constant desert warfare had made of him a seasoned veteran, much in demand for difficult pieces of reconnaissance, or for the defense of isolated and dangerous posts.

The passage of years had but enhanced his reputation. In the great campaign of the Emperor Maximian against the five rebel Moorish nations, he had risen to the rank of centurion of the first class. Now at his side hung the vine switch of legionary authority. To these honors all recognized his right. Not a murmur of dissent was raised at so well-deserved a promotion. And he himself had felt that honest elation which comes from such well-earned recognition. The army was his profession, and he had well performed his duty. His faithful following of the standards of Rome had been rewarded, and his own fidelity had been strengthened by that reward. He was proud of the arms he wore and of the rank he had won by his sweat and blood. It had been purchased by many a hot march and won by many a desperate fight.

But other pictures also rose before his eyes. He had always been a Christian as well as a soldier. His earliest and tenderest memories were connected with his faith. His father and mother had from his infancy taught him of God and of the Son of God who had been made man for our redemption and had

died for our salvation. He had been taught to despise the idols of the pagans and their false worship a hateful to God and degrading to man.

Each Sunday and each Station Day had found him with his father and mother in the cemetery some distance from the camp, to greet their Lord at break of day. There in the quiet dawn whilst the world slept, the little group of Christians had sung the praises of their Lord. The solemn tones of psalms and hymns rang out in that secluded spot in praise of God and His Blessed Son.

The figure of the revered old Bishop Dulcitius stood forth, and his simple but moving discourse spoke, in the thrilling accents of faith and burning love, of the truths of the Lord and the duties of true followers of Christ toward God and man. The gifts were offered and the bishop proceeded to the most solemn and august part of the mysteries. After many fervent prayers for the powers in Church and State, as well as for the Christian faithful, had come the actual offering of the great Sacrifice of the Lord. The Lord Himself, at the prayer of His minister, had come among His followers there in that secret place at dawn. Whilst all sank in humble adoration, He had come to them in the Sacred Banquet to be the strength and solace of His people in a bitter world that knew Him not and hated them for the sake of His Name.

Moreover, Marcellus recalled the tales his father had so often told of the hero Bishop of Carthage, Cyprian, and particularly of his glorious death for Christ. He recalled the kindling eye of his father as he told of that great triumph won by the martyr bishop for his Lord: how the hearts of the pagans themselves were touched by his simple dignity and quiet courage as he stood there in the field near Carthage and prepared himself, with the help of his own ministers, for the sword of the executioner. About his neck Marcellus had

worn for years a fragment of cloth which had been steeped in the blood of that great Carthaginian witness to the Faith. Truly Cyprian's death had been a greater triumph than ever conquering general had celebrated amidst the plaudits of the Roman populace. Now had come to the centurion a call to a similar triumph. What meant honor, rank and military reputation, if they could only be retained at the price of treason to the Christ who had died for His people? What honor could compensate for the dishonor of apostasy? If Christ must be abandoned for the service of Rome he would serve Rome no longer. All should know that he served but One Master.

All is quiet on the sand-hills beyond Tingis, overlooking the sea. Marcus Marcellus sinks to his knees and his soul cries to his Lord for strength in that great struggle which is about to commence. He prays for his Christian comrades that they too may have the strength to adhere to Christ, and also for his pagan fellow-soldiers that they may see that the standard of the Cross is higher and more noble even than the Eagles of Rome.

The evening sun cast its slanting rays across the broad parade ground which lay before the great square mass of the Pretorium of the camp of the legion. Fixed in the ground before the high doorway of the building were the eagle and the standards of the Trajan legion. Beside them was the altar upon which incense was burned to the genius of Rome and the emperors, as well as to the god of military discipline. Beside the standards stood stiffly at attention two legionaries both fully armed. The rays of the evening sun were reflected in burning brilliance from those haughty ensigns which signified the invincible power of the Mistress of the World. It was a scene which typified perfectly the might and supremacy of Rome, her emperors and her all-conquering legions. There were many soldiers standing

about the entrance of the Pretorium.

The guard had but now been changed, and the men, relieved from duty, were gathered in groups discussing the great banquet which was about to begin, and the probable attitude of the Christian officers in respect to the new orders.

Suddenly all turned curious eyes toward a martial figure which was striding across the parade grounds toward the Pretorium. It was Marcellus the centurion. The advancing officer returned the salutes of the soldiers, and proceeded toward the Pretorium. He halted before the standards. The surrounding soldiers watched him with eager interest. Here was one Christian who would show all how to obey the commands of the emperor. He had doubtless come to offer his incense like a good soldier on the smoking altar before the standards.

The Christian centurion stood erect before the standards of his legion—a soldierly figure indeed from his sandal to the tip of his crest. Then he silently unbuckled the jewelled military belt about his waist and threw it to the ground. He tore from his shoulder the sword belt with his sword, and cast them also to the ground. Then, in the same ringing tone that had of old declared his allegiance to Rome before those very standards, he cried:

"I serve Jesus Christ the Eternal King." The Christian soldier then cast down also his vine-switch—the emblem of his authority and rank, and continued: "Henceforward I cease to serve your emperors, and I scorn to worship your gods of wood and stone, which are deaf and dumb idols. If such be the terms of service, that men are forced to offer sacrifice to gods and emperors, behold I cast away my vine-switch and belt, I renounce the standards, and refuse to serve."

For a moment the soldiers who stood about were stricken dumb with amazement. But fury replaced their astonish-

ment, and they rushed upon Marcellus with cries of rage.

"Death to the cowardly traitor!"

"Slay the Christian blasphemer!"

He was ringed about by the angry soldiers who surged upon him and snatched at him. Suddenly the commanding figure of Fortunatus, the tribune, appeared at the door of the Pretorium. His eye ran sharply over the turbulent scene before him, and he cried:

"Hold, soldiers! What means this brawl before the very gate of the Pretorium?"

Many voices answered him: "The centurion Marcellus hath cast away his belt and vine-switch before the standards. He hath renounced the service and hath blasphemed the august Emperors and the immortal gods themselves! Away with the Christian dog!"

The tribune bent his gaze sternly upon his inferior officer.

"Are these things true, Marcellus?"

"They are, sire," came the reply without hesitation. There was no more comment. Fortunatus summoned an officer to his side.

"The centurion Marcellus is to be placed in strict confinement," he ordered shortly. "We will examine the case after the birthday of the emperor."

Several days had elapsed following this, the first combat of Marcus Marcellus under the standard of the Cross. No Christian soldier had been base enough to apostatize after such an exhibition of Christian courage, and a list of names had been prepared for dispatch to the emperor. These faced probable expulsion from the army, but it was scarcely likely that more severe measures would be taken against them. But for Marcellus all recognized that there was little hope if he persevered in the Christian faith. His act had been too public, and his reputation was too great to admit of half measures. All awaited with eagerness the first hearing.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Joys of Our Queen.

BY ANNETTE S. DRISCOLL.

It is altogether right and fitting that all who honor and love the Blessed Virgin, who was given to us all by her Divine Son as our mother, should try to realize in a spirit of loving sympathy the many intense sufferings of her life, especially those connected with the persecutions and sufferings of the Man of Sorrows who endured all this for us.

In our own trying hours, when overwhelmed by sickness, the ingratitude of our fellows, or the pangs occasioned by the sufferings or death of beloved ones, we instinctively turn to the Mother of Sorrows with the consciousness that she will understand—for she too has wept. Many beautiful sentiments have been penned in verse and prose about the dolours of the Blessed Virgin, and many an artist has tried to depict her woes. This is one side of the picture; but oh, the joys which were hers—far surpassing all the joys experienced by all the rest of mankind from the beginning of time, in nature and extent! Think of them, though we can not grasp their full significance, so near are they to the infinite. Try to imagine the unutterable bliss of bearing for nine months within the sanctuary of her immaculate body, the Author of life, the Giver of every good and perfect gift, the Dispenser of all joys of time and of eternity, the Lord of heaven and earth. Picture her afterwards holding Him in her arms, nourishing Him from her own substance, receiving the sweet infantile caresses so dear to every mother's heart, weaving His garments and clothing with them this Child who is flesh of her flesh, bone of her bone, her Son and Saviour, her All in all.

At the first intimation from the Angel Gabriel of the stupendous honor which was to come to her, she cried out in an ecstasy of joy: "My soul doth magnify

the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour!" When in later years St. Paul said to the followers of her Blessed Son, "Rejoice in the Lord always! Again I say, rejoice!" Mary had exchanged her grief over the sufferings of her Son for joy at His Resurrection, His Ascension, His sending of the Holy Spirit upon earth, and in the sure knowledge that she would soon be re-united with Him to rejoice in His presence forever.

But it should require no effort to believe that her whole life was filled with the joy which the Father bestows so plentifully upon His beloved, from the time of her early consecration in the Temple to the moment of that last blissful sigh which transferred her from earth to the waiting arms of Jesus. Every normal mother loves her babe, and even in the midst of pains and labors and deep affliction of spirit, her joyous smile upon him would indicate that they were quite lost sight of in the bliss of motherhood. Yet the great artists who have found so much inspiration in Mary and have given us so many exquisite Madonnas faithfully portraying virginal purity, motherly love, profound contemplation, grief, resignation, peace, have seldom if ever depicted upon that sweet face the intense joy which we love to believe must have been hers—we who call upon her as "Cause of our joy." Who can explain?

A Legend of St. Thomas.

It is related of Thomas of Canterbury that while he was a student at the University of Paris, it was his custom to associate with worldly companions, although he had dedicated himself to our Blessed Lady. It happened one day that while he was on a walk with some of his fellow students, these began to jest concerning the different sweethearts they had, each boasting that his lady was the fairest. Thomas was quiet for

a long time, but he finally broke into the conversation with these words: "She whom I call sweetheart is fairest of all, for there is no woman in all France to compare with her, neither for beauty nor kindness." His friends, thinking that he talked of an earthly lover, did not take him seriously, for they knew that he intended to be a priest; and when he refused to give the name of his lady they took it for granted that he was simply lying. When he said, too, that he had received a love token from her, but that he was not permitted to show it, his words strengthened their opinion that he was telling a falsehood.

When Thomas arrived home that evening he felt as though he had belittled our Blessed Lady in talking about her in such a manner and in the company of such worldly men. His heart was greatly troubled, and he knelt down by his bed to ask forgiveness of his heavenly Queen. As he was praying the Blessed Virgin appeared to him, and told him there was no cause for him to feel downhearted, but that he should tell his companions who his loved one was, that they might know he was not lying. She also gave him a love token that looked like a gold jewel case so that he could show it to his fellow-students who had doubted his word.

We may imagine the surprise of those worldly men when they next met Thomas and found to their astonishment that he also had a lover who belonged not to this earth but to heaven. Moreover, he showed them his love token, and when they opened the box they found within it the vestments of a bishop woven from the finest silk. This was the first intimation anyone had that this lover of our Blessed Lady would one day be a bishop in the Church of Christ.

My gouty feet remind me that it is better to have swollen feet than a swelled head.—*Basement Philosopher.*

Mary's Trinity of Privileges.

PREACHERS often say that the Blessed Virgin is a difficult theme. She has been sung by poets and by some who might just as well have disciplined themselves by silence. Painters and sculptors have glorified her. Pulpit orators have exalted her name and her attributes in rhythmical waves of sentence and paragraph. And so the ordinary work-a-Sunday preacher, who quite likely is neither poet, painter nor orator, suffers from a sense of inadequacy. He fears he will be commonplace where he should be juggling the stars.

The feast of the Immaculate Conception, which we celebrate the eighth of this month, will serve to illustrate the preacher's problem. The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception is technical and needs cautious handling. In a devotional appeal to a congregation, one might easily be incautious and say too much, or—though this is less likely—too little. Under the stress of emotion it might happen that one expounds a heresy instead of a doctrinal truth. Intricate doctrines, like intricate paths, call for care in picking our steps.

The Blessed Virgin from the first instant of her conception in the womb of her mother was free from any contact with sin. This expresses the doctrine. And beyond this one can not speak with great freedom on the *fact* of the Immaculate Conception. Nor does there seem to be any need. It is a declared doctrine of Faith, which can not be clarified very much by any *how* or *why*.

We can, however, consider the thought that the Immaculate Conception is one of three privileges somewhat closely bound together. The Immaculate Conception is the miracle of exception from all taint of sin, by which the Blessed Virgin was fitted to become the Mother of the Seed which should crush the Serpent's head. The miracle of compati-

bility between virginity and motherhood is again a miracle of exception, by which Mary, a Virgin, becomes a Mother and yet retains her virginity. The miracle of the painless Birth is also a miracle of exception, by which the divine Child was born without the Mother experiencing those sufferings which all mothers experience in time of child birth.

We may, if we care to pursue the threefold privilege further, discover certain points of inter-relationship. The Immaculate Conception is a privilege bestowed upon the Blessed Virgin so as to represent our race by excepting her from what made our race the enemies of God and the servants of Satan. The privilege granted was this exception from all sin. The privilege of virginity and motherhood is a favor bestowed so as to conserve Mary in her state of virginity while conferring motherhood upon her by divine operation. And just as she was at once a Virgin and a Mother by virtue of divine favor, so her Motherhood was exalted beyond other motherhood by virtue of the favor of painlessness in child birth. In the order of time, the Immaculate Conception comes first, at conception; Virginity and Motherhood second, at the Angel's visit; Painless Birth, third, at Bethlehem.

Any one of these privileges, separately bestowed, is a marked sign of God's favor. All three granted to any one woman sets that woman's worthiness beyond all our estimates of worthiness. As we cannot understand the perfection of the angelic state, because it transcends our seeing, so we cannot understand the perfection of the Blessed Virgin's soul, because it passes beyond the bounds of finite thinking. Nothing we know will serve as a comparison for her. She towers above all comparisons. Language cannot reach her, nor can image compass her. She is solitary. The Angel's salutation, "Hail full of grace!" says all that can be said. It is the most satisfying expression of her state.

Notes and Remarks.

Speaking before the tenth annual convention of the National Catholic Council of Men, Bishop Lillis, of Kansas City, emphasized the necessity of an organized Catholic laity. "The spirit of association is the spirit of the age; and when the forces of evil are combining everywhere to promote the cause of evil, we cannot remain idle, but must join shoulder to shoulder in union with our brethren to defend justice and truth with the spirit of soldiers on the battlefield whenever Mother Church calls us."

These words of the Bishop of Kansas City, and much else in his sermon, which we are sorry we have not the space to set before our readers, should be placed where they can be seen by certain timid and cautious people, who belong in every grade of the Church's life. It is a brave thing to be a martyr when martyrdom indicates triumph and not surrender. The martyrs, however, were apologists and confessors before they were martyrs; and because they were, they were handed over to the lions which alone could silence them. There is too much preachment nowadays about letting the blaze burn itself out, and not enough about the courage that meets the blaze and fights it. St. Paul flung his defy at the Athenians, and they respected him. It is one thing to be assertative and quarrelsome and violent, as bigots always are. It is quite another to maintain self-respect by not shrinking when our Faith is assailed by falsehood. No one of us wishes our Catholic laymen to organize in order to lift some aspiring satrap into a political saddle. We do wish an organized Catholic laity—men and women—that will actively oppose, under their spiritual leaders, the aggressive enemies of the Church. Rightly or wrongly, the Chinese are said to be a quiescent race.

As a result they are out in the Women's Court when the nations meet in council. We must not be coached in quiescence, if we expect to maintain our position and our self-respect.

The California jurisdiction of the Knights of Columbus plans a Catholic Screen Survey. Which means that a commission composed of experts will give an unbiased opinion on all motion-picture productions. This opinion will be published in the Catholic and, where possible, the secular press; also it will be made known through schools, churches and the radio. A boycott, and not a censorship, of unclean plays is expected to follow.

This should prove helpful to those who wish to be helped. And it is for such the commission is intended. There will be some, not to say many, Catholics who will not be guided by the advice. But the same is true of all legislative suggestions; and often of legislative precepts.

The report comes that Postmaster-General, Walter F. Brown, is preparing to recommend an increase in first-class postage rates from two to two and one-half cents, in order to cover the deficit which annually embarrasses the postal authorities. It is to be regretted that this taxation should have to come right at this moment when business needs the invigorating effects of the proper kind of advertising and selling. While the advertiser ordinarily depends upon third-class mail as a means of approaching his customers directly, the two-cent stamp appeal has no mean influence in keeping the sales' record up to normal. The adding of a one-half cent on each additional ounce in the first-class division will undoubtedly result in a curtailing of this form of advertising at the particular time when the nation should be putting its foot on the gas, so far as every form of selling

activity is concerned. Of course, the annual postal deficit must be met, but it is unfortunate if we must meet that deficit at the cost of selling activity. According to one Direct Mail authority it costs Uncle Sam \$1,700,000 yearly for the single activity of looking up addresses or misdirected mail. If the American public could be educated to the simple expedient of putting a return address upon all letters, much of that expenditure would be unnecessary. If, in addition, the American business man could be induced to add his co-operation by distributing outgoing mail through the day instead of dumping it upon a helpless postoffice during a couple of peak hours, another slice could be cut into the annual deficit that so worries our government officials, and other notable savings could be made. A large part of the postal deficit is due to carelessness on the part of certain users of the mailing privilege. If a tax must be devised in order to make up the deficit, it would be well if that tax could be applied first of all in the way of a fine upon those who are misusing the mails, instead of throwing its burden upon all first-class mail users, including those who are attempting the important work of stimulating sales in the present period of depression.

In company with *The Denver Catholic Register* we desire to pay our tribute to the name of Rev. Francis J. Shevlin, who, in a very unassuming way, is doing a remarkable work in far-off Montana. The Catholic Directory tells us that Father Shevlin is rector of St. Anthony's Church at Laurel, with missions in a half dozen localities, covering at least two counties. It seems, however, that Father Shevlin's zeal hasn't been satisfied with even that bill of work. According to a secular newspaper he fills up his busy hours to overflowing by conducting in his own little home a sort of grown-up orphanage of

a type that has probably no exact counterpart anywhere. Here is what *The Billings Gazette* says of his extraordinary work:

Unreservedly he is giving all of himself to the work, and has reached a state of self-abnegation that is sublime. His plans, his dreams, his visions, all are bound up in his boys. His burning need, his unceasing prayer is for a farm, with animals and growing things—a tract of land with a large house. He is cramped where he is; he must shut the door upon many needy boys, and he is shackled by poverty. Imagine assuming, single-handed, the support of almost 30 boys! Imagine 27 healthy, happy, hungry, noisy youngsters, eating, sleeping, studying, working, playing, in a little house built for a family of four! Imagine one man endeavoring to hold within bonds the accumulated energy of so many restless boys, differing in age, mentality, creed and race.

And the marvel is that those boys are, for the most part, contented and happy, interested in their home, grateful for the sweetest, cleanest atmosphere they have ever known.

Catholic abhorrence of everything immoral is so well known that it is unnecessary to comment upon the spectacle of a Jewish Rabbi defending birth-control before a Methodist Episcopal congregation in New Haven, Connecticut. In view of the fact of that happening, however, it might be well to observe how revolting this latest pagan reversion has become to certain other non-Catholic churchmen. Rt. Rev. Paul Matthews, Protestant Episcopal bishop of New Jersey, says: "The whole thing is so repulsive to my mind as to put it in a lower moral category than fornication and adultery." The Negro bishop of Nigeria, according to Bishop Matthews, sees in this latest surrender an almost certain crippling of all missionary activity in his territory. The Mohammedans will say, he declares, "See the breakdown of your stiff and artifi-

cial Christian system. Come and be Mohammedans, follow the laws of nature and of nature's God, and leave the morally contaminating company of these Christian dogs who have denied and who thwart the very nature a good God has given them, and who deserve condign punishment and death for their exaltation of reason and science above faith, morals and religion." Bishop Irving P. Johnson of the diocese of Colorado is no less emphatic in his comments: "If an evil and adulterous generation," he says, "want to get a justification for their iniquity they ought not to expect the Church to lower its standards to meet their demands. It is a question of God's forgiving sins because of human weakness, and not of the Church's making sin respectable by legislation." The one consolation that we can take out of the situation on this side of the water is the fact that most of the American Episcopal bishops were opposed to the unfortunate Lambeth surrender, as were most of the bishops outside of England proper.

Mr. Sinclair Lewis is the recipient of the Nobel Prize for this year. Which says more to indicate the ideals of the Nobel Prize givers than a carload of brochures, showing plans and specifications of the kind of literary architecture that is contemplated in the award. Mr. Sinclair Lewis has written novels which have been talked about much as miracle race horses or prominent family scandals are talked about. And for practically the same reasons. They have surprised or startled or shocked. And ten years after Mr. Lewis is departed from us, the books he has written will not be even curiosities. A book which has its background in the moral breakdown of a Protestant clergyman, or another which is built upon small town tit-bits, may afford scandal conversation for literary gossips. And such books will be tabulated as best-sellers.

But a best-seller is not often a best book, nor does the presentation of some "moral breakdown" set apart the narrator thereof as a man of letters. To-day there are so many who write about the sins of their fellows, and so few who write about their virtues and heroisms, people are beginning to wonder if there is either virtue or heroism left. The Nobel Prize makes Mr. Lewis richer in money value. And Mr. Lewis has made his following richer in cynicism, but poorer in love for what ennobles and exalts. The Nobel Prize this year seems a best-seller selection, rather than the recognition of a sincere and high doer who calls upon his fellows to look at the stars.

Mr. Evelyn Waugh, the English novelist, a recent convert, gives some of the reasons for his conversion in the *London Daily Express*. "Christianity," he writes, "exists in its most complete and vital form in the Catholic Church." He says what other serious thinkers are saying, that the dominant issue in the present phase of European history "is no longer between Catholicism on the one side and Protestantism on the other, but between Christianity and Chaos." Those who regard his conversion as an unpatriotic defection—a surrender to Italian domination—seem to miss, according to this convert, the whole idea of universality.

The fact that the central government of the Church is in Rome, Italy, does not make the Church Italian any more than it would make it American if its central government were here. Since it is a visible Church, working here upon this world for the world's conversion, its center of authority must be situated somewhere upon this earth. And every part of this earth in which it is possible to live is occupied by some race of people which is brought into political unity by some form of government. And the head of the Church

must come out of some such race. It happens that in these late days the Pontiff is an Italian. And there are those who assert this is expedient. But no one will assert it is necessary.

We hear considerable about Catholic action. Perhaps its scope is not so circumscribed as to admit of formal definition. In Ireland the Bishop of Ossory, Rt. Rev. Patrick Collier, expressed one of its proposed activities in that country in an address at the opening of University College, Dublin.

"We want," declared Bishop Collier, "a robust Catholic spirit among us that will tell Governments and Government departments that while there must be justice and fair play for everybody in the State, this is, nevertheless, a Catholic State. We look for government on Catholic lines, and we must oppose all the tendencies and agencies that try to pull this country into the gutter of paganism."

Of course, this does not mean that the Irish hierarchy or the Irish clergy are to enter the field of Irish politics, or that there will be what may be called an Irish Catholic party. The Irish bishops and the Irish priests know their fellow-countrymen well enough to understand the Irishman's resentment when his bishop or his priest meddles unduly in his politics. The Irish Catholic people have a traditional affection for their spiritual leaders, and have followed their guiding without duress in the past. We can trust the Irish bishops and priests to maintain their people in the ancient Faith without submitting them to anything even remotely suggestive of a test oath.

The voters down in Arkansas have voted reading the Bible into the public schools. "To provide," says the referendum, "for the reverent daily reading of the English Bible without comment in all the public tax-supported schools

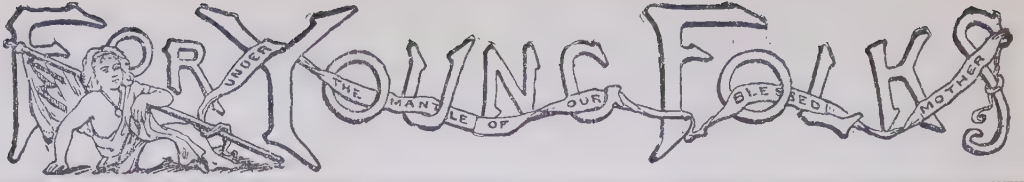
of the State of Arkansas up to and including high schools."

We might obviously ask first, which version? And second, why that version? The King James' is the official Protestant version; the Douai, the Catholic. Quite likely the Jews will object to any New Testament version. And quite as likely atheists will object to any version, Old or New. Again, to read the Bible without comment seems purposeless. To read Shakespeare or Milton or Browning to children of the 5th and 6th grades without comment or explanation is largely a waste of time.

It seems best to confine the educational program of our schools to purely secular subjects. Ministers and Sunday-school teachers may exercise their zeal and enlarge the scope of their services by assembling the children of their churches into week-day Bible classes. Bible reading in public schools may easily encourage readers to become exegetes, and exegetes to become enthusiasts of Biblical theories. And then begins discussion. The Arkansas decision may mean trouble ahead. Because a public-school teacher, paid out of public taxes, may so easily become a protagonist of an "ism" or a theory.

It is no less surprising than gratifying to notice in the current number of the *Christian Century*, which describes itself as "an undenominational journal of religion," a plea for "a Protestant rosary." The writer admits that "Catholics are, for the most part, profounder psychologists than Protestants"; and he remarks: "The purpose of the Rosary is the counting of prayers and meditations, but in addition it overcomes two difficulties—it enables the devotee to concentrate his mind, and it serves also to bring to his memory certain definite ideas around which he may cluster his thoughts."

A Protestant rosary! The world really does move.



Nighttime.

BY T. E. B.

SOMETIMES when the night wind howls,
And the swaying trees all moan,
When the bats and hooting owls
Seem to know I'm all alone,
I get scary as can be
Wondering if angels are
Really watching over me
With an eye in every star.

But when I have said my prayers
And am bundled into bed,
All the fears and scratchy cares
Leave my tousled, sleepy head,
And before I've time to think
Of fierce nightly things that creep,
Heavy eyes begin to blink,
And I'm off to fields of sleep.

Little Texas.

BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

IX.—BOBBY HUNTS A COTTON TAIL.

THE spring round-up over, life at the ranch settled down to a routine, quiet to the elders, but for the children, full of excitement. Alfalfa was cut in the big pasture, and the little folk enjoyed the haying and the riding home on the fragrant loads. Every morning the horse herd was brought in, and it was great fun to watch the wicked little fellows in the corral.

Ranch horses are nearly all mustangs, broken to saddle, but vicious and uncertain, ready to kick, buck, or bolt at the slightest provocation. Before those in daily use were successfully saddled there were several exhibitions of temper on the part of the horses, and as

the boys rode off for their day's ride over the range, looking after stray cows and calves and mending fences, there was a series of prancing, bucking and kicking as interesting to watch as a wild West show.

One day Pinto Babe brought in a little calf and gave it to Manthus for a pet. "I was riding along," he said, "and I saw close down to the ground, half hid in the sage brush, a queer sort of heap. I rode up to see what it was, and found a cached calf whose mother had gone off to water, and left it there telling it to lie close to the ground so the coyotes wouldn't see it. The little thing was minding the best it knew how, but it seemed weak on its pins, and I brought it home to you, Little Un."

"Oh, thank you so much!" Manthus' face was radiant with delight. She cared for the little creature tenderly, feeding it milk from a spoon until it learned to drink, and then it followed her around everywhere on its long, unsteady little legs.

It came time for the sheep shearing, and the flocks were brought in by the Mexican herders. All the long, soft wool was clipped off the sheep, and they were washed in the dipping vat to kill any ticks which might be on them. These ticks were cruel little insects which burrow right down into the skin, causing it to become badly inflamed and very painful. The wool was bagged and hauled to the nearest railway station, and the Mexicans with their range dogs took the flocks out to the range again to feed until the time for the Fall shearing. Then there were wild horses, bronchos, to break; and as Pinto Babe's arm recovered, he did wonderful things in the way of riding and teaching the children to

stay on the wicked little dancing ponies.

Manthus was left to the tender mercies of Bobby. That young man did nothing startling for some time after the Norther. His conscience pricked him, aroused by his mother's disagreeable insistence upon the fact that "Bobby has been a naughty boy and said he didn't like to play with Manthus. Now, Bobby must not play with her all day long." He wandered about quite forlorn and wholly unable to understand. Generally when he said he didn't like anything, that was the thing he had to do! Why had they changed things round in this disagreeable fashion? At dinner time he could stand it no longer, for Pinto Babe was away, and dogs and cats and chickens and even a pet lamb can't equal sisters as companions because they cannot talk. Putting away his pride, he sidled up to his mother with the remark:

"Me do like to play with Manthus." His mother smiled. She had seen larger men than Bobby come around when left alone, but she only said calmly, "Manthus has gone for a drive in the buckboard with Pinto Babe. You see you told Manthus that you weren't going to play with her any more, so I thought you wouldn't care to go with her."

Bobby howled dismally, but no one paid any attention to him. Mr. Ochiltree had said to his wife:

"Mary, I think Bobby is quite old enough to learn a lesson from this affair. Amanthus should not have fussed with him, of course, but it must be hard for the little girl to have a baby tagging around all the time. She is quick-tempered, but she is a forgiving little mortal, and would never have retaliated and lain in wait to pay anyone out the way Bobby did her. He ought to learn right away that it never pays to try and get even in this world."

"I think so too," said his wife, and she determined to make the young man feel the error of his ways. By the time

Manthus came home the small boy welcomed her joyously and hugging her tightly, proclaimed aloud:

"Me do like to play with Manthus,—me like Manthus real much! Bobby won't do that way any again. Please stay with Bobby just a few whiles!"

Manthus kissed him tenderly, for she was always ready to make up, and this time she too had a guilty conscience.

Bobby's active nature could not long remain depressed, however, and in a few days he was the same gay, inconsequent, little chap as ever, into mischief whenever occasion presented. He clipped off all his pretty curls and then fell into the dipping vat and was dragged out, very much frightened and yelling that he was a little sheep, by Pinto Babe.

"I reckon so—a black sheep," said Pinto Babe as he carried the youngster off to his mother to be dried. Pinto Babe liked Bobby. There was never man, woman nor child that didn't like him. The most hardened heart could be softened after the most rampant bit of mischief by the bewitching gaze of two velvet eyes, the caressing pressure of two soft chubby arms, the rose-red curves of bewitching lips which proclaimed cajolingly, "Bobby won't do that any 'gain. No-o-o-o!"

But Manthus was Babe's pet, and he resented Bobby's airs towards her sufficiently to harden his heart to the engaging little sinner. Feeling this in some strange way that children have, Bobby was always most charming to Pinto Babe, and he chanted loudly to his mother: "Nice Pinto Babe took me out big wet bathtub in the meadow, and called me his little black sheep," which caused Mrs. Ochiltree to look inquiringly and somewhat quizzically at the young cowboy, whereat he hastily backed out of the kitchen very shame-faced.

Bobby's next attempt was at roping the calf at whom he threw the clothes line with such good aim that he hit his

father over the bridge of the nose and knocked his hat off into the corral, where a frisky young cayuse took fright at it and stampeded the herd, which, breaking corral, was brought back only after great racing and chasing by every cowboy present.

"Confound that young one, he ought to be tied to a tree or put on a dog trolley," said Mr. Ochiltree. "Mary, don't you think he's about big enough to spank?"

Mrs. Ochiltree smiled. "Yes, quite big enough to spank for naughtiness, but not for accidents."

"Well, tell Manthus not to take her eye off him to-day, and to-morrow I'll take her to Wolf's Crossing in the buckboard, if she'll only watch him. Every man has got to be away to-day, and there'll be no one to cut him down if he hangs himself. I never saw such a boy!"

Mrs. Ochiltree smiled again. She had trained two boys before Robert Lee and she knew that all boys are alike. She cautioned her little daughter, however, and Manthus asked:

"May we go to the edge of the wood to pick flowers? I won't let him out of my sight a single minute, Mother, 'pon my honor," and her mother said that she might.

There was a great silence about the ranch that morning. Some of the hands were away on the range, for many fences were down from the recent storms, and there was much mending to be done. Others had gone with Mr. Ochiltree to Wolf Crossing to haul the wool, and Ethel and Morgan had ridden with them. Only Uncle Nick was at home, and he had gone to the alfalfa fields. When dinner time came Mrs. Ochiltree looked for the children, but they were not to be seen. She called but there was no reply. She rang the big bell but only Uncle Nick appeared in answer. Frightened, the two searched the house and stables, but could find no traces of the little folk who had but

an hour before been playing happily on the gallery.

"Oh, Mammy, where do you suppose they have gone? What shall we do?" cried Mrs. Ochiltree, much alarmed.

"Now don' you go takin' on, Miss Mary; we's ergwine to fin' dose chillen sho nuff. Mas' Bobby is up to some ob his debilment, an' Miss Manthus am a lookin' afteh him. Quit yo' worryin'. Yo', Nicodemus, git alive an' fin' dose chillen, an' doan yo' let grass grow undeh yo' feet adoin' it!"

"I done looked everywhere I kin go on two laigs!" said the old man. "I cain't stay on them cayuses long enuf to c'llect my min'. Dey ain't no kind of critter fo' a Niggah to ride nohow. A muel's de only ting I can stay onteh, an' I cain't ride him 'lessen he's ole an' thoughtful like."

The old man's words were interrupted by a whine and a scratching at the door, and Rillo (yellow, from the Mexican *amarillo*), Pinto Babe's yellow shepherd dog, came in. He ran around looking for his master, and then went up to Uncle Nick, nipping at his heels and then running back to the door.

"Whaf for de mattah wid dat dawg?" said Mammy. "What's he done got 'roun' his neck? Lan' 'live it's Miss Manthus' hankerchief!"

"He's trying to get Nicodemus to go with him. He's found the children and has come to get us to go for them. Do hurry! I'm going with you," said Mrs. Ochiltree.

When the dog saw that they were following him, he trotted off in the direction of the woods, looking around over his shoulder at them and barking short, sharp barks as if to say "Hurry up; come along!"

May Manthus and Bobby had played tranquilly for several hours, too quietly to suit Bobby. He grew restless and suggested going to pick flowers, knowing that this would appeal to Manthus.

"All right," she had said, "but you must put on your overalls, Bobby. You have on a good suit and the thorns will spoil it. Put yo' legs in!"

Bobby felt contrary, so he put both legs into one breeches' leg, then both in the other. Manthus holding the small trousers patiently at last grew tired of his antics.

"Oh, Bobby, do hurry," she said. "Haven't you gumption 'nough to get into a pair of overalls?"

Bobby put his feet in promptly, saying with great dignity, "Yes, I has two gumps, one fo' each laig." This accomplished they started for the meadow.

How wonderful were the flowers of the prairie! Yellow, red, blue and brown, they grew in great clumps with here and there pink, starry things, and vivid scarlet blossoms on single stalks. Purple bubble flowers, wilting as soon as picked, snowy rain lilies springing up in a single night, and crimson linums were in bloom, and birds were singing everywhere.

"Look, Bobby, see that golden-breasted blackbird and the cardinal on the limb of that pecan tree. Oh, that song sparrow flew up almost under my feet! The nest must be somewhere near here. There it is. See that little grass cup with four tiny, speckled eggs in it. Come back, little mother, we won't hurt your eggs, not for anything!" said Manthus.

"No-o-oh!" Bobby's tone was emphatic. "Bi'dy sings nice twitteh-twitteh, to Bobby."

A dove's mournful note sounded nearby, and Manthus could see her nest in the branches of a scrub oak, just a few rough sticks laid together and two large white eggs balanced on them.

"I can't see why the wind doesn't blow those eggs off," said Manthus. "The doves' nests never are warm and soft like other birds'. There goes a blue-jay; isn't he handsome and naughty? Misteh Babe told me he was a regular rustleh

(rustleh—rustler or cattle-stealer); but I can't help liking him, he's so pretty and saucy. There goes a fly-catcher! Hasn't he a funny old scissors tail? Bobby, don't go there! Mother wouldn't like you to go so far in the woods, and the chaparral will prick you dreadful!"

They had reached the edge of the wood and a chaparral thicket was before them. The bushes were as high as trees, and it seemed almost impossible to penetrate them; but the tree trunks were far enough apart, so that one could pass between, as down a beautiful green lane. Overhead the branches formed archways, and the sunlight peered through the leaves and branches, throwing golden gleams upon the velvet carpet of the grass. It was a lovely woodland glade, and it was no wonder Bobby was tempted. He sprang away from his sister's detaining hand, and danced down the green lane crying joyously, "Manthus can't catch me!"

"Oh, dear," Manthus exclaimed, "how can I get him home! I must follow him or he'll get lost." So she followed after the flying Bobby, Rillo trotting along beside her, tail up, ears back, eagerly watching for game.

Little lizards scuttled across the path, squirrels chattered in the branches, birds darted hither and yon, still naughty Bobby ran and laughed and dodged his sister. Suddenly he gave a squeal of delight and dropped down on all fours.

"There's a lovely puppy, and I want him," he cried, and Manthus saw a whisk of fur into a huge hollow log lying across the path, and in a second Bobby was after it. Before she could reach him he had crawled head-first into the log.

"Come out, Bobby," she called, rushing up and trying to pull out the fast disappearing legs. But Bobby was past coming. He was stuck fast and couldn't move, and he was wailing pitiously. Manthus was ready to cry too,

but tried to think what she could do.

"Oh, dear," she thought, "I can't leave him for a single minute, for Motheh told me not to take my eyes off him! I can't see him now. I don't believe Motheh thought he'd crawl into logs, or she wouldn't have told me that." She knelt down, but could only see a pair of feet kicking wildly. She went to the other end, but saw only Bobby's hands clutching the air.

"Bobby, stop yellin'," she cried.

"I tant get out!" he whimpered.

"Never mind; sister will get you out some way. Keep quiet and be a good boy," she said, then stopped to think, when the sight of Rillo scratching at the tree trunk gave her an idea.

"Here, Rillo," she called, and as he bounded to her, she tied her handkerchief around his neck. "Go home, good doggie; go home and bring Uncle Nick!"

Rillo wagged his tail and bounded off. Left alone, Manthus broke off a branch and called to Bobby.

"Pound with your hands as hard as you can, Bobby; I'm going to make a hole to look at you." Then she set to work picking the dead wood away from a knot hole in the tree trunk as near as she could to where she thought Bobby's head would be. It was slow work, but the tree trunk was old and rotten, and at last she managed to get a hole big enough so she could see the curly head.

"Here's sister," she said. "Put your hands under your face and see if you can turn your head around."

"My haid turns all right," sobbed Bobby. "It's my rest that can't move."

"Never mind; hold as still as you can and now you can see sister. I'll tell you a story. Rillo has gone to get somebody to help you out."

All the time Manthus' poor little hands were working at the hole, and at last she got it big enough to put one hand in and smooth the troubled brown curls. Bobby felt comforted, and as the sweet little voice talked on and on, say-

ing over every nursery rhyme Manthus could think of, telling him of Mary's lamb, of the four and twenty blackbirds, of old Mother Hubbard, and Little Boy Blue, Bobby dropped off to sleep with his head on his arm.

Poor little tired Manthus was afraid to stop talking for fear he would wake up and cry. It was tiresome work, but she kept on bravely, and although it seemed an age to her, it was really not so very long before she heard a crackling in the chaparral and Rillo bounded up followed by Uncle Nick and her mother.

"Oh, Mother, I watched him, 'deed I did. I never took my eyes off of him," cried Manthus, "not either one of my eyes; but he would come here, and I couldn't catch him, 'deed I couldn't!"

Mrs. Ochiltree looked down at the flushed face of her tired little daughter, and at the calm and sleeping countenance of her son, and she felt wrath arise within her towards the latter. But the black, velvet eyes opened wide to gaze into hers, and Bobby's dear little voice said joyfully:

"I knewed my Muddy'd come fo' me! Take me, Muddy," and her heart melted a little.

It took some time to get him out, for Uncle Nicodemus had to go back to the house and bring an axe, and in that time Bobby was much depressed by his mother's conversation. He was told of the fate of naughty boys who wouldn't mind their sisters, and when finally released he was most repentant. He was put to bed for the rest of the day and went smilingly to sleep murmuring drowsily: "I-won't-do-dat-any-gain-no-nevah!"

When his father heard of the escape he proclaimed that Bobby was never to go off the gallery without Missizy, as long as they were at the ranch, and thereafter Manthus worried less about the behavior of her small brother.

(To be continued.)

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Brigit," a novel by Mrs. George Norman, is an interesting story. Brigit, who is timid and easily influenced by environment, eventually decides, after various other decisions, that she has a vocation. Though the action of the story continues with steady pace, the characters are none too human, and disappointing at least in their inconstancy. Readers will undoubtedly have pity as well as sympathy for the wavering Brigit, and will rejoice that she found joy in her final resolution. Publisher, Benziger. Price, \$2.

—"Heart Talks with Mary," artistically bound in blue suede, with gold lettering and gold edges, and eight illustrations, would make a splendid present for any and all occasions. Besides the prayers for morning, night, Mass and Communion, it has a wide variety of indulgenced prayers, selected hymns, and aspirations for those who need aid in expressing their thoughts to the Blessed Virgin in times of doubt, temptation, anguish, sorrow and joy. Throughout there is a charming spirit that is certain to awaken fervor in prayers and to foster devotion to the Mother of God. Copies may be had by addressing the author, Rosalie Marie Levy, Box 158, New York City. Price, \$1.10.

—"The Apocalypse of St. John," by the Rev. Robert Eaton, of the Birmingham Oratory, is a commentary on this book of the Bible whose meaning is prophetically hidden. The interpretation is not a general one, but seeks to search out the thought of the various chapters and the individual verses. The exegetical ability of the author is evident, not only in the outlining of the main theme, the warfare between good and evil, but also in the exposition of ideas in the particular verses. He has carefully studied the language and symbolism of the Bible as a whole; he is familiar with commentaries of the Old and New Testament; and he is remarkably adept in quoting and applying Scriptural passages. Publisher, Herder. Price, \$1.35 net.

—"The Eternal Magnet," by Siegfried Behn,

translated and adapted by George N. Shuster (Devin-Adair. Price, \$4. postpaid, \$4.15.), is a history of philosophy, particularly in Europe and bits of Christian Africa, told by a modern German Catholic. Mr. Shuster has added to his translation of the work a few important biographical and bibliographical data which are very much to the point and which in many instances, as in the note supplied on Descartes, are appreciative and very human. The reading is not so hard as the subject and the original language might make us fear, but there are sentences (e. g., p. 498) which still need translation.

Most of us at least know that the attempt to read philosophy, even one 'story of philosophy,' has become something like a popular pastime in America, and it is an excellent thing to have a connected history of the whole field, so far as it is part of our way of living in the Christian world, newly written and brought up to date by a Catholic of some distinction. Behn is professor of philosophy at the University of Bonn, and is fairly well known. He does not pretend to be impartial; he is German and Catholic all the way. But he warns us: "Let us bear in mind that a judgment is not false because it happens to be someone's personal opinion." At any rate, the great thing that he means to do is "to find expression, in contemporary speech, for reflection upon what has been said by permanently valuable thinkers in the varied languages of the race."

Scholastic philosophy is given just treatment, and Saint Thomas is cited to clarify the fact that "the body of man is not to be understood as a machine, but no machine can be understood unless it is referred to man." "The word of the Nazarene" is honored also: it is "deeper than the most profound philosophical axiom, simpler than the clearest theorem, more easily comprehended than the clearest explanation, more overwhelming than the most tragic poems." The modern period is strictly German, which is explicable but not

balanced, and there is hardly a Catholic in it (we think that Mercier and Solovyof might have been given a couple of lines), but it comes fairly well up to date, with intelligent sections on adaptation and Driesch's entelechy, which Behn seems to turn into soul, and on Vaihinger's fiction and on space-time at the last.

—St. Augustine is reported to have said that so long as no one asked him what time is he understood it, but that when he was asked to define it, he did not understand it. Most people probably feel the same way about the terms "romantic" and "romanticism." As everyone knows that time has somehow to do with motion, so all understand that romanticism is a quality of literature and of the life which literature is supposed to mirror. Beyond that, one might almost say *tot sententiae, quot capita*. At any rate, what has been said constitutes a rather large library, and one in many different tongues. To go through this library, and with patient research to reduce the conflicting views to order, to classify them, to evaluate them, to criticise them, and then boldly to venture upon the formulation and defense of a new, or largely new, definition of romanticism is without doubt a work demanding a high level of scholarship.

This is precisely what the reader will find in "Romanticism in Middle English Poetry," by Sister Mary Eunice Rasin, Ph. D., of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, Kentucky. Romanticism, as she conceives it, "is an intuitive, emotional apprehension of life and its vital realities expressed in the language of imagination." It is not a quality of thought due to the peculiar tone or temperament of any given epoch, but rather a "fundamental trait of human nature." Thus conceived, the author claims that "Medieval poetry gives evidence of a distinctive type of romanticism" which antedated the English romanticism of the Nineteenth Century. Clearly set forth in the first chapter, this theory is tested in the second through a study of the dominant literary ideals of the Nineteenth Century English romanticists. The remaining chapters are devoted to the backgrounds and spiritual

qualities of Medieval English poetry, with special emphasis on the writings of Richard Rolle, Hermit of Hampole.

Though this work is a doctoral dissertation and richly documented, Sister Mary Eunice has written with such charm of style and sincere enthusiasm that the reader is carried forward from page to page by an interest that never lags and the pleasure that comes only from contact with things of genuine worth. The volume will be welcomed by scholars everywhere, not only as a contribution to the growing body of Medieval studies, but also by teachers and students of English literature in colleges and universities. A limited number of copies are still available at The Slater Printing Company, Louisville, Kentucky. Price, \$3.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii. 3.

Sister M. Candidus of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mrs. Mary Hastings, Mr. Thomas Henry, Mr. Alexander Miner, Mrs. Mary Weld, Mr. M. Woods, Miss Anna Desmond, Mrs. Ella O'Leary, Miss Margaret Sweeney, Mr. Frederick Shea, Mr. James Harkins, Miss Louisa Floyd, Mrs. John Byron, Mrs. Mary Ray, Mr. Thomas Turner, Mr. Frank Lucey, Mr. Thomas McNulty, Dr. Boyer, Mrs. Henry Loftus, and Mr. David Fitzgerald.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)

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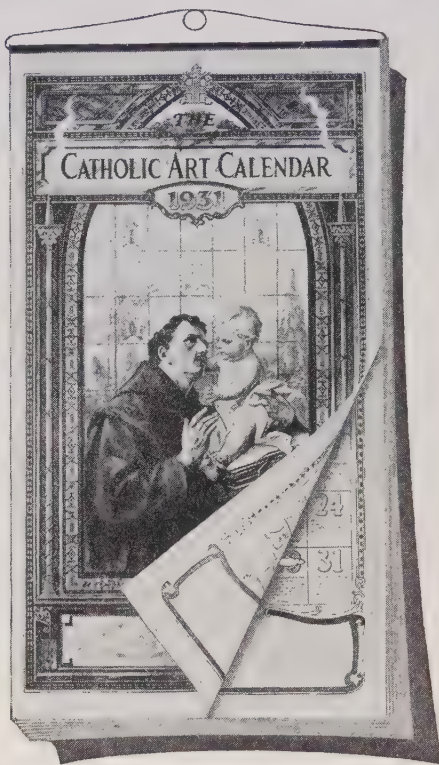
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

| | |
|--|---|
| SATURDAY, 13.—St. Lucy, V. M. St. Kenelm, King and Martyr. | WEDNESDAY, 17.—St. Lazarus, B. C. Ember Day. <i>Fast.</i> |
| SUNDAY, 14.—THIRD IN ADVENT. St. Spiridon, B. C. | THURSDAY, 18.—Expectation of the B. V. M. |
| MONDAY, 15.—St. Valerian, B. M. | FRIDAY, 19.—St. Nemesion, M. Ember Day. |
| TUESDAY, 16.—St. Eusebius, B. M. | SATURDAY, 20.—St. Dominic of Silos, Ab. Ember Day. <i>Fast.</i> |


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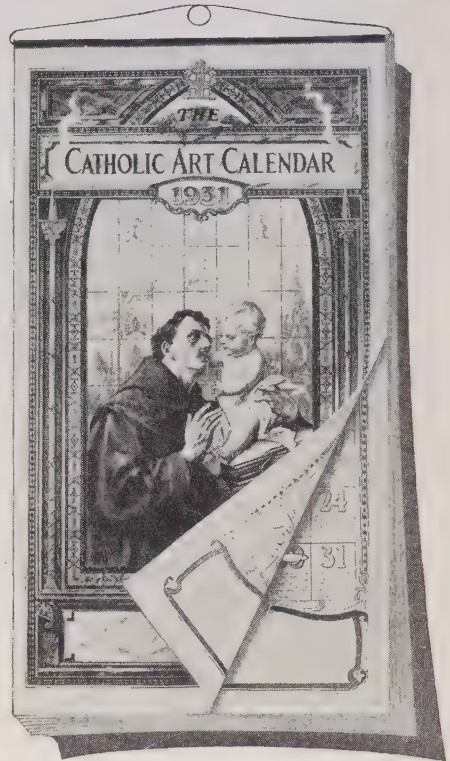
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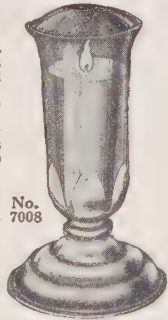
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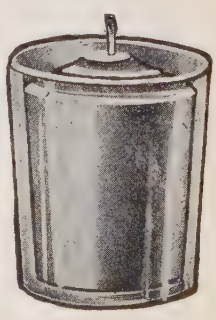
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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 13, 1930.

No. 24.

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A Sister of Charity.

BY A. P. C.

LIKE some serene and gentle saint
The olden masters loved to paint,
Her face looks from its frame of white
Through the long watches of the night.

She brings her healing everywhere,
Her prayer is work; our work is prayer.
And he who hears her garment's stir
Feels that an angel walks with her.

How old she is, one could not guess;—
Age could not mar such loveliness.
She must have lived a long, long while
To put such patience in a smile!

She must have lived long, very near
To One who called and keeps her here.
The sick, pain-worn, in the dim light
See Him beside her in the night.

In "Catholic" Kentucky.

BY JOHN M. COONEY.

POTTINGER'S CREEK is a little stream unknown even to many erudite geographers. Bishops, cabinet members, college presidents, editors, devotees of the *National Geographic Magazine*, and even many readers of THE AVE MARIA will acknowledge that Pottinger's Creek is a name new in their ears.

Pottinger's Creek rises in the western portion of Marion County, the central county of Kentucky, and flows southward into the Rolling Fork of Salt

River at a point, whether geographers know it or not, not far from the mouth of Knob Creek. It was in the mouth of Knob Creek that Thomas Lincoln built the flatboat that floated him and his family out of Kentucky and into undreamt-of imperishable and somewhat tragic fame.

All this pother may be made about Pottinger's Creek with the nicest propriety, because this little stream has given its name to the first Catholic settlement in Kentucky, and because from this little settlement developed a diocese with jurisdiction over St. Louis and Cleveland and Chicago and the Western prairies and Nashville and Notre Dame. For, to Pottinger's Creek, in 1785, came about twenty-five of the league of sixty families, all Catholics, most of them from St. Mary's County, Maryland. "Sight unseen," they had bought their lands; and, as soon as they had cast their eyes upon what they had bought, they were for returning to Maryland; for, having passed through the "Bluegrass," they were not entranced with the charms of Pottinger's Creek; no springs of love gushed in their hearts for the up-and-coming sharks in Maryland who had sold them their new properties; and we may suspect they were human as well as devout when they named their church-center and gathering place, "Holy Cross."

This migration to Pottinger's Creek was primarily a religious movement, as was true also of subsequent Catholic settlements in Kentucky, several of

which followed within a year. The idea of a migration to escape persecution had been abroad among Catholics in Maryland for twenty-five years, and was commended and encouraged by Charles Carroll of Annapolis, father of Charles Carroll, the Signer; and when the sixty families entered a league, to migrate together and to settle down together, they did so, trusting that, with their numbers, they could build their church and could secure the ministrations of their religion. Such, likewise, was the thought of those of the other settlements, soon rapidly encircling the first,—on Hardin's Creek, Cartwright's Creek, Cox's Creek, Rolling Fork, and other places not rejoicing in the names of creeks; for soon there were churches on all these creeks and at the other settlements, and villages and post offices thereabout soon began to bear such names as Holy Cross, St. Mary, Gethsemane, Loretto, Nazareth and Calvary.

At many of these places, schools also were built, and religious houses sheltering communities new in the Church, and organized by the devout daughters of these Catholic settlers. Thus, within about ten years—between 1812 and 1822—were established Loretto, Nazareth and St. Catherine's, for girls, and St. Joseph's, St. Mary's and St. Rose's, for boys, together with a school at Gethsemane, which closed for a while but only to reopen later. Jefferson Davis attended school at St. Rose's, and his two nieces, the Misses Bradford, at Nazareth, these ladies becoming converts to the faith. All of these schools could be embraced within a radius of fifteen miles.

These Catholic Marylanders who settled in Kentucky were predominantly of English blood. There was, it is true, an Irish strain in them, for many of the early settlers in Maryland were Irish; and, according to one historian, Lewis Leonard, "You find the ideals and traditions of the Irish predominating in

old Maryland." Nevertheless, these Catholics from Maryland were mostly of English blood; and perhaps nowhere else in the world outside of Maryland and Kentucky can be found whole countrysides occupied by people of English blood and of the Catholic faith.

Visitors to Kentucky who would know this Catholic region, would do well to go first to Holy Cross, the cradle of Catholicism in the English-speaking West. Then, if their hearts are strong, and their lungs and muscles not too weak, they might climb up Rohan's Knob and look about. Rohan's Knob stands about half a mile north of Holy Cross. It has its name from one of the early French missionaries in Kentucky, Father DeRohan. This knob is distinctly visible from Bardstown, Springfield and Lebanon, the county seats of the three present-day counties over which the settlements previously mentioned have spread. The visitor on the knob, if he have excellent eyesight or a fair field-glass, can return the compliment of these towns by looking at them. The point is, that the range of his vision from the summit of Rohan is just about the range of this Catholic region in Central Kentucky; and the center of this region is Rohan's Knob, looking dreamily down on little Holy Cross.

A century and a half almost has passed since these Catholic planters abandoned their old homes in Southern Maryland to cross the Appalachians, and settle down as pioneers in Central Kentucky. The descendants of these planters occupy that region to-day, and they still retain the faith as well as the manners and customs of their forefathers. They have made their part of Kentucky predominantly Catholic, and have given it a distinctive social as well as religious atmosphere. This is, perhaps above all, an atmosphere of calmness and cheerfulness. Strangers become quickly cognizant of this spirit; and, if they remain, take on much of it them-

selves. A guest, once discovering a thoroughbred colt frisking madly about in the house-garden of his host, tearing up the fresh earth and flinging tender plants from his hoofs with every antic caper, cried out rather excitedly to make known what was happening. One of the boys thereupon appeared, but only to view with amusement the colt's performance and to remark quietly: "He certainly has chosen a fine place for his exercise!" On another occasion, the guest was startled to see a valuable object which was being passed from hand to hand for inspection, slip and fall to the floor. He sprang forward to recover it, but was quietly reassured by his hostess: "Never mind, it won't fall any farther."

This spirit may be, in a measure, racial; certainly it is also Christian; and in Kentucky it finds its happiest exercise in exchanges of hospitality and in the sociability that accompanies the observance of Church holydays. On these days farm work is laid aside; families pile themselves into the family car as, a few years ago, they crowded into the family surrey or mounted the best family saddle-horses, and away to "church"—late "church" or "soon church," as may suit better. They arrive early and they leave late, and have seen most of their friends and have learned most of the news. The ladies have extended and accepted invitations; the men have swapped yarns, and perhaps horses; and young couples, standing about with a knowing unobtrusiveness, have in their exchange of conversation contrived, as local parlance has it, to have "said more than their prayers."

Only a few years ago, the scenes about these country churches on Sundays and holydays were different. Then vehicles of all kinds, except wagons, lined the hitching racks; and saddle-horses, tied to swinging limbs, whinnied in the woods. Side saddles were not uncommon, and many local matrons and

belles, in long riding-skirts, on good mounts, presented graceful figures indeed. Many had to ride for miles, and to ford streams that were dangerous in freshets; and many persons, as the history of these settlements will show, were drowned on their way to or from service at church. Bridges now are gradually replacing fords, hoof-beats on the dark pike are giving way to the glare of headlights; but the "flapper," who handles a "Lizzie" as well as a sewing machine, and her brother who handles one as well as he manages a half-broken colt, drive to church without fail on Sunday and holyday, and don't let any solicitious Christian worry about it.

About St. Mary's, center of what was known as the Hardin's Creek Settlement, the Eighth of December, feast of the Immaculate Conception, seems to be the best-loved festival, and is often mentioned locally as "the holyday." This may be because the day has always been celebrated in a special manner at St. Mary's College, where the whole countryside for generations have been guests at an annual dramatic entertainment. But, on the whole, Christmas, in Central Kentucky as elsewhere, is outstandingly the joyous religious holiday of the year. As in most of the South, Christmas festivities are accompanied with fireworks,—at least with Roman candles and fire-crackers. Battles with Roman candles on Christmas Eve are in some places customs of long standing; and in Bardstown, the custom has been so firmly implanted that Court Square, the center of the town, is given over to revellers at eight o'clock at night, and the passer-by traverses Court Square at his own risk; and so says the Town Marshal.

Christmas morning, still starlight, finds the churches aglow, festooned with cedar branches, thronged with happy congregations and filled with the choir's sweetest music,—creditable music, too;

for good native voices are plentiful, and many of them, especially the women's, are cultivated, as has been true for generations, the rule in Kentucky in things pertaining to education, being, apparently, girls preferred. However that may be, there will be approximately ten girls for every boy to attend "boarding school." This condition, or custom, may not make for "progress," but it does help maintain a traditional and very likable civilization.

Traditionally, in many homes, following the early Mass, came the Christmas egg-nog, the more provocative of the holiday spirit, possibly, for its preceding breakfast, the mainstay of which breakfast is stuffed sausage well seasoned with sage. In the towns then follow Christmas calls and exchanges of presents, and encounters with, or haply escapes from, colored friends who call, "Christmas gift," from great distances for the reason that they claim the benefit of a rather one-sided rule, to the effect that whoever shouts the greeting first is entitled to a present from the one he so surprisingly honors.

Family prayers, night and morning, are the custom hereabout as they were, and probably are still, in Maryland; and this custom prevails in offshoots of the first settlements, offshoots found in Hardin, Breckenridge, Meade, Grayson, Daviess, Union and Graves counties, in Kentucky; and in the families of the descendants of these families in Louisville, or scattered in thousands from coast to coast. Not uncommonly, morning prayers follow immediately after breakfast for the reason that at that time the family, whether in town or country, are assembled; and the prayers are said, commonly enough, around the breakfast table. Also in the evening, many families find it convenient to have night prayers follow supper. This practice accommodates the younger set when social or other duties call them out for the evening.

Younger members of families who hold night prayer before retiring, frequently enough ask for prayers earlier when they intend going out. A gathering of younger folk in a typically Catholic home were merrymaking, forgetful of time one evening, when a younger son reminded the party that he had not the honor of being a participant in their entertainment, and suggested night prayer so that he might retire. Gravely enough, all knelt down; but one, still too full of humor, addressed this younger son: "Sam"—the name was not Sam,—"you had better close the door so as to keep all the grace in!" Sam rolled his weary eyes dubiously upon the speaker, and drawled: "Probably I'd better leave the door open, and let *some* grace in."

Night prayers are sometimes "given out" by the father, sometimes by the mother; and sometimes they are begun by one, continued by others, and brought to a close by a member up to the moment unheard from. Every family may have its own particular practice, although, apparently in all families, night prayer consists of all prayers in the combined knowledge of its members. There is never any spirit of irreverence; still even a devout and sympathetic observer might be surprised at the variety of unusual postures assumed by the supplicants, by the unexpected changes in leadership in the devotions, and by the considerable lack of sequence of prayer and ejaculation heard, now here, now there, about the room.

Let this be noted, however, that in this group are boys who, returning from the tobacco field, threw themselves down, to be instantly asleep; were awakened with difficulty for supper; slept immediately again, and had to be aroused for night prayer; that, night after night, throughout their married life, these parents had held faithfully to this Christian practice under all circumstances; and that their

parents and their parents' parents had done the same, in Kentucky for a century and a half, in Maryland for as long a period, and in the British Isles, almost from time immemorial. Even their pastors say, 'You cannot change them.'

Grace before meals is also a nearly universal custom, and it is not an uncommon courtesy to give this office to the honored guest. The fact that the guest may be of another faith does not stand in the way; and many a Catholic table has been blessed by Episcopalian and Presbyterian and by Methodist and Baptist. The story is still handed down of a Catholic gentleman who, on a black night a hundred years ago, while driving to the church in Bardstown, was swept off the ford. He was tumbled out of his conveyance and submerged in the dark and angry waters. Coming to the surface and realizing his danger, he strove mightily to pray; but as he extended his arms on the surface of the rushing flood, he could ejaculate only: "Bless us, O Lord, and these Thy gifts!" So strongly inbred is this custom of 'grace.'

In many homes, if the Angelus bell be heard while the family are at table, silence falls and knife and fork are laid aside, and at least the women members say the appropriate prayers silently and devoutly, and conversation and the taking of nourishment are resumed only when mother and aunt and sister indicate that resumption is proper by unclasping their hands and raising their heads.

Toward their clergy, these good people are respectful and loving. They support their churches and schools more, perhaps, out of a sense of equity than is ordinary elsewhere; willing to do their share, not eager to do more. They are very practical, not impulsive and not deeply mystic; and the maintenance of church buildings and school houses is to them rather a material

thing, which they feel competent to take hold of and to manage. Instead of money, or to supplement donations of cash on occasions of extraordinary expense, many parishioners contribute so many days' work of man and team. Money is not often plentiful in rural communities, if creature comforts may be; and for this reason, and because early missionaries, many of them French refugees, asked but little from the congregations, the habit of generous giving has not been developed to the fullest. Very probably even their ancestors in Maryland, under the care of the Jesuits, resembled them in this respect.

Father Hayden, pastor at Holy Cross, tells of a recent incident that may be enlightening. Father Hayden, after a great effort, has a high school, and has a staff of nuns to conduct it. Naturally he wishes his younger folk to avail themselves of the opportunities this excellent school affords. This they do very well in the matter of attendance, although not so well in zeal for study. Inquiring into this remissness, Father Hayden discovered that his students were spending too much time in sociability, that many of them attended some "party" or another almost every night. The pastor thereupon laid down a ruling that his high-school students should not attend more than one "party" a week. Close observation following this ruling showed no improvement whatever. Father Hayden then made inquiries anew, and his most important finding was: Most of those who had been attending "parties" every night, were now attending only one "party," as permitted, but in the same week four or five "socials."

Failing to recognize the fine distinction between *party* and *social*, Father Hayden ordered all extra-mural, nocturnal activities of a social nature restricted to one evening in each week. Studies improved; and for the time being, at least, Father Hayden, in the eyes

of his people, stands very much in the light of Gunga Din. Another pastor, who forbade "round" dancing, not infrequently attended dances given among his parishioners. On one such occasion, as he sat in his chair on the dance floor under the trees, he remarked with some pleasure and enthusiasm: "Now, that's a pretty dance." It was a waltz.

Toward their non-Catholic neighbors, the bearing of these people is altogether friendly and kind. On the other hand, their friendliness is reciprocated. A Reverend Doctor of Divinity from Tennessee, on taking a charge in Kentucky, expressed his none-too-pleasant surprise at the number of Catholics about. He was interrupted by his hearer, a member of his church, who warned him not to stir up anything unpleasant among people who had got along together for more than a century, and who intended continuing so to get along. The Reverend Doctor took the advice, and during his stay, became well and generally liked. From this same town, during the rather recent Klan activity, three Klan organizers were invited *to depart and not to return*—not to return to the town or county. They received the invitation from representative Protestants, who, having at a meeting decided that it was incumbent upon them and not upon the Catholics to keep the Klan out of their community, invited the Klan organizers to a second meeting, explained to them their reasons and their determination, and then extended the invitation, which was accepted.

Hereabouts, of course, are many Catholic Negroes. Catholic slave-owners did not neglect the religious welfare of their servants, and the descendants of these have adhered to the faith, at least in neighborhoods which are predominantly Catholic. In these three central counties there are two colored churches, one in Lebanon, the other in

Springfield. These are recent developments, however, Negro Catholics having attended the same church as white Catholics until a few years ago, in Lebanon and Springfield, as they attend in Bardstown and in rural churches still.

In Louisville are two colored churches, St. Monica's and St. Peter Claver's. Most of the parishioners came in from Central Kentucky or are descendants of colored people who did so come. Not many years ago, school children of St. Peter Claver's, taught by Sisters, rode in a float in a great procession, and won the loudest plaudits from the thousands who lined the route of march. These children were banked up in tiers, all wearing a fringe of orange-colored fronds around their faces, and their float bore the legend, "Little Sun-Flowers."

In Bardstown in St. Joseph's Church, the first cathedral west of the Alleghanies, colored people occupy the left-hand aisle; in most other churches that have colored membership, an aisle may run *across* the church, separating the white people, who sit in front, from the Negroes in the rear. In these same churches, the line of penitents before the confessional is often promiscuous.

At the present time there is increasing religious activity among the people of whom we write. New churches have sprung up in remote places, and schools are more numerous and better than they have been. Here and there even public schools are taught by nuns, most of them of Orders indigenous to the soil. Above all, it might be said, a "native" clergy is again developing rapidly, even astonishingly. These clergymen are of the same tradition as are their people, and lead them with little waste effort, and without attempting, to their own heartbreak, to "change" too greatly their devoted flocks.

"THE true measure of loving God is to love Him without measure."

Under Which Standard?

BY JOHN LAIDLAW.

(CONCLUSION.)

WHEN the celebration of the birthday of the emperor was over, and the legion of Trajan had resumed its normal life, the tribune convoked a meeting of the council of the officers of the legion. It was held in the great hall of the Pretorium. There were gathered the veterans of many a battle in imposing assembly. Over that group of armed men sat the tribune, Anastasius Fortunatus—stern of visage, but possessed of iron self-control. Yet did not the shadows under his eyes and the slight tremor of his thin, curved lips indicate something of a struggle between the man and the disciplinarian?

There was a slight pause when the members of the council had all arrived and the roll had been called. Then the old tribune arose and commanded: "Let the centurion Marcellus be brought in." The measured tread of feet sounded upon the pavement as the soldiers of the guard entered, escorting the prisoner. Of all in that gathering none was more composed than was Marcus Marcellus. He stood erect before the tribune just as he had done so often in drill or on guard. No unnecessary words were spoken. The tribune addressed him just as impersonally as he would have spoken to any military offender.

"What did you mean by ungirding yourself in violation of military discipline and casting away your belt and vine-switch?"

The reply came in the same calm tones the accused officer would have employed in making any official service report.

"On the 21st of July, in the presence of the standards of your legion, when you celebrated the festival of the em-

peror, I made answer openly and in a loud voice that I was a Christian and that I could not serve under this allegiance, but only under the allegiance of Jesus Christ, the Son of God the Father Almighty."

There was a slight pause. The old tribune fought down the rage that welled up within him and flashed from his steel grey eyes. There was no need to call witnesses. The case was clear. The officers of the council met in brief consultation. Then the tribune arose and issued the decision.

"I cannot pass over your rash conduct, and therefore I will report this matter to the emperors and Cæsar. You yourself shall be referred unhurt to my lord Aurelius Agricolan, Deputy for the Prefects of the guard."

The hearing was at an end. The guards with the erect figure of the prisoner in their midst moved from the hall of the Pretorium. The officers broke into little groups of twos and threes, and gradually dispersed. All knew the fanaticism of Agricolan, who held one of the highest judicial posts under the emperors, and that to him had been entrusted in a particular manner the task of extirpating Christianity from the army. There was little doubt expressed but that the decision of the tribune just issued had been practically the equivalent of a sentence of death. Men marked that Fortunatus left the hall almost at once. He looked older and greyer than of yore, and the soldier on guard before his apartments that night marked that the restless step of the old tribune paced up and down his chamber until the grey of dawn appeared.

Three months had passed over the garrison town of Tingis. Those months had seen many cases of Christian soldiers discharged from the armies of Rome for faithfulness to their Heavenly Ruler. But in spite of public humiliation and loss of means of livelihood, the great majority of the Christian officers

had retired from the army rather than be guilty of apostasy. Now came the last great conflict of the centurion Marcellus in the cause of his Master. He had already publicly professed his faith and suffered arrest and long and bitter imprisonment—now he was to bear witness to his faith with his blood.

The city of Tingis is filled with excitement for Aurelius Agricolan, Deputy for the Prefects of the guard, has arrived and is about to hear the case of the Christian centurion Marcellus. The court is held once more in the hall of the Pretorium. On the judicial throne sits Agricolan himself—a large man with a haughty and somewhat brutal face. On their seats below him sit the court reporters each with pointed stylus and waxen tablets, ready to record the proceedings. Before him stands Marcellus—wan and emaciated from three months of close confinement and hard prison fare, but as cool and composed as before.

The judge makes a sign and the herald rises and opens proceedings with his report. "Fortunatus, the governor, has referred Marcellus, a centurion, to your authority. There is in court a letter dealing with his case, which at your command I will read." The judge says briefly "Let it be read," and the herald proceeds:

"Anastasius Fortunatus to my lord Aurelius Agricolan, Deputy for the Prefects of the guard, sends greetings: This soldier, having cast away his soldier's belt, and having testified that he was a Christian, spoke in the presence of all the people many blasphemous things against the gods and against Cæsar. We have therefore sent him on to you, that you may order such action to be taken as your Eminence may ordain in regard to the same. Farewell."

The prefect turns to the prisoner and puts to him a series of questions.

"Did you say these things as appear in the official report of the governor?"

"I did," is the simple reply.

"Did you hold the rank of centurion of the first class?" is the next query.

"I did."

The bitter wrath of the pagan zealot flames up in the hot blood that rushes to the brow of the prefect. The mere avowal that an officer of high rank in the army should be willing to sacrifice his rank in the interest of hated Christianity enrages him. This must be a lunatic who stands before him.

"What madness possessed you to cast away the signs of your allegiance and to speak as you did?"

But the heart of Marcus Marcellus has come to realize the vanity of earthly rank and the true liberality of the Lord whose service he has preferred to that of Rome. For, while shackled in prison, the peace of the Lord has descended upon his heart with the strength that the Christian soldier requires in his great battle. There is but one path of true wisdom, and that lies in loyalty to Christ.

"There is no madness in those who fear the Lord," comes the steadfast rejoinder.

Agricolan with difficulty restrains his anger and proceeds with his cross-examination:

"Did you make each of these speeches contained in the official report of the governor?"

"I did."

"Did you cast away your arms?" queries the prefect.

The conflict of allegiances is stilled forever in the heart of Marcellus. He has seen the graciousness and love of Christ; he has realized that here is a Leader who has Himself tasted of the struggles and trials of His followers, who Himself has given them an example of perfect heroism, who never fails to reward the service of His soldiers far beyond the value of those services. Could he dream of serving another master? His reply to Agricolan is decisive.

"I did. For it was not right for a Christian, who serves the Lord Christ, to serve the cares of the world."

Agricolan's face is convulsed with passion. Why reason with this man? The case is clear and testimony is unnecessary. It remains only to dictate the sentence. The prefect rises and, ignoring the prisoner, addresses himself to the recording secretaries:

"The acts of Marcellus are such as must be visited with disciplinary punishment. Marcellus, who held the rank of centurion of the first class, having admitted that he has degraded himself by openly throwing off his allegiance, and having besides put on record, as appears in the official report of the governor, other insane expressions, it is our pleasure that he be put to death by the sword."

There is a pause. No stir or sound breaks the silence of the court. For Marcellus the trumpet call to the most glorious triumph of his life has come. The fire of exultation enkindles his eyes, and comrades who served with him of old are reminded of the youthful soldier Marcellus as he rose from the ground after slaying the Moor and recovering the Eagle of the legion years ago in the great battle against Aradion.

He addresses the judge in tones of simple and quiet courage and courtesy.

"May God bless thee, for so ought a martyr to depart out of this world!"

There is a sudden crash, for Cassian, one of the court reporters of the prefect's own staff, has leaped to his feet and cast to the pavement his tablets and pointed stylus. Agricolan also springs to his feet, and, in a voice quivering with passion, demands of the reporter the reason for his action.

"Thou hast dictated an unjust sentence," answers Cassian. "This soldier, who has served the emperors long and well, has resigned from the service, as is his right, to accept a higher service under Christ."

The prefect pauses, chokes down his rage, orders Cassian to prison, and directs that the sentence against Marcellus be carried out that evening outside the walls of the camp.

Evening has settled down upon the garrison town of Tingis. The sun has sunk in a blaze of crimson glory into the purple waves that receive it with welcoming arms. Is not this a figure, as it were, of the gallant soldier whose life is about to sink in the red glow of martyrdom into the outstretched and soothing arms of the God whom he has elected to serve forever more?

A little procession issues from the high wall which surrounds the camp of the legions. There is a detachment of soldiers upon whose breastplates and helmets the fading light gleams. In their midst marches the soldier who has forsaken the service of Rome for that of Christ. His carriage is erect and his step firm. Nothing in bearing or composure can distinguish the condemned one from his guard. The detachment marches briskly along the road by the sea, and at length halts. Behind is the town, before, the sea. There is no conversation. The short command to halt is given; the eyes of the prisoner are bound with a white cloth; a sword flashes in the waning light and the body of Marcus Marcellus, late centurion of the first class in the legion of Trajan, lies prone before his former companions in arms.

Darkness has now wholly come—the soft darkness of the African night. The lights wink in the distant white houses of Tingis, but far brighter than they gleam the brilliant stars in the firmament above the town, the sand-hills and the sea. And they tell that the triumphal car of a new victor is ascending to the Capitol of Heaven, that Marcus Marcellus, officer in the armies of the Lord Christ, may receive the laurel crown from the hands of the Gracious Master whom he has elected to serve.

Mystery.

BY S. C. N.

BEGGED I for a little wine—
 Just a taste of bliss,—
 Gall is what Thou givest me,—
 Dreadful goblet, this!

Fearfully I take the cup,
 Trustfully I drain,
 Knowing well that 'secrets dwell
 In the depths of pain!

American Daughters of Carmel.

BY S. M. T.

THE bridal dress of a novice clothed in 1754! How comes it that the material has lain unused in a Carmelite sacristy for so many years? The reason is that the Church does not include blue among the liturgical colors, and the dress of which we speak was of a deep blue silk, woven with a solidity unknown to modern fabrics, and having a bold, old-fashioned pattern of bunches of grapes and roses thereon. Perhaps Ann Hill brought her best clothes with her, or a dress from her mother's wedding trousseau, all the way from Maryland to the English Carmelite convent at Hoogstraet in Brabant, and, as novices were clothed at once in those days, wore this billowing blue gown on her bridal day without waiting for a white one to be made. The reader may be interested to know something more of this Ann and her friend Ann Matthews, the two American Carmelites, who both went forth from Maryland in the summer of 1754 with the same high ambition of loving and serving God as the great St. Teresa had, and of praying for their own dear country.

Doubtless the two young girls were glad enough of the three days' rest and quiet accorded to novices who had "crossed the seas," for they had undertaken a far longer journey than the

English girls for whom the convent had been founded, in those days when Catholics in England were still bowed under the heavy yoke of the Penal Laws. Ann Hill was but nineteen years old, and Ann Matthews only two years her senior, and probably they never expected to see America again. Ann Hill indeed was to live and die amongst the English nuns, but her companion was destined to found the first of these "little dove-cotes of the Virgin," as St. Teresa calls her monasteries, on American soil.

It was with joyful hearts that the friends awoke on the morning of their betrothal, and decked themselves in their long, full-skirted dresses, with tightly-fitting bodices, and hair piled high. Their little mother, Sister Christina, surveyed the fresh young faces with admiration, for she was a somewhat elderly novice, forty-one when she entered, though the relatives of the brides were far away, the chapel was by no means empty; the good town-folk made the interests of the Carmelites their own. Moreover, the novices had already been to the Castle to be presented to the family of the Duke of Hoogstraet, founder of the monastery, as the custom was in those days. One of his daughters, the Princesses of Salm Salm, led them to the enclosure door, where the Prioress, Mother Isabella, awaited them with a procession of veiled nuns. Did the lady whisper, as on another occasion: "There is yet time, Sister?" But their purpose was firm. They knelt for an instant to kiss the feet of the crucifix, and then the nuns moved on to the choir, singing the sweet hymn of Our Lady, Virgin of virgins, which can never be heard without emotion, even after many clothings have been witnessed. In the middle of the choir was a carpet bordered with flowers, with chairs for the brides, who listened undaunted to the preacher's description of the life of prayer and self-sacrifice which lay before them.

Was it not for this that they had left the distant shores of America?

"Exuat te Dominus veterem hominem, et induat te novum hominem," said the priest, as the Prioress led the brides away to the antechoir. So the blue dress and that other one of which no trace remains—perhaps it was made into a vestment long ago—were laid aside without a pang, and placed carefully in the white basket awaiting them. Loving hands quickly put the heavy dark brown habit of a Carmelite over the voluminous petticoats of the period; next came the tuck or wimple, and novice's white veil; and the clumsy *alpargatas*, or corded sandals, must be worn on silk-stockinged feet, just for to-day. Mother Prioress re-entered the choir with her two children thus transformed, and as they knelt the rest of the habit was given them with symbolic words—the girdle, by which obedience would lead them, the scapular, reminding them of the sweet and light yoke of Jesus which they would always bear, and last of all the snow-white mantle of Our Lady, wherein these virgins hoped always to follow the footsteps of the Lamb of God.

"Behold how good and pleasant it is, for brethren to dwell together in unity," sang the nuns, as the novices passed from one to another of their new-found Sisters, their young figures looking tall and upright beside the bent forms of the older nuns, while they received from each a Carmelite embrace of three kisses.

"I wish you much joy, and happy perseverance, dear Sister Anne Lewis Teresa Joseph of Our Blessed Lady," said Mother Isabella to Ann, of the blue dress, as the community assembled in the recreation room after the ceremony. And Ann Matthews became Sister Bernardine Teresa Xavier of St. Joseph. What long names! but for ordinary purposes our novices will be known to their Sisters simply as Sister Anne Lewis and

Sister Bernardine. The year of noviceship passed by with its joys and little trials, and on the feast of St. John of the Cross they made their vows in the hands of Mother Isabella, none being present but the community, as is the custom in Carmel. On the feast of St. Francis Xavier, one of the patrons of Sister Bernardine, their veiling took place, a public ceremony. "Suscipe me, Domine," sang the young nuns with all their hearts. And Our Lord upheld them, and set His seal upon their brow forever.

In 1764 Sister Bernardine was made novice mistress, being only thirty-one years old; in 1771 she was elected Subprioress and in 1774, Prioress, the responsibility of which office she was to bear for many years, as she was re-elected again and again, with Sister Anne Lewis for one of her discreet or counsellors. Under her rule a glad event occurred, the centenary of the foundation of the monastery, in 1778. The people of Hoogstraet begged her leave "to adorn the church and street, that is the length of our church and house and no farther, which they did as they pleased. Nor were more mundane rejoicings disdained. "In the middle of the street was fixed a large mast which they called a triumphant stick painted red and white with a flag at the top. . . . Five pitched tuns were burned. There was dancing in the street till near one o'clock, and some dances were led off by five and twenty couples."

Signs were not wanting, however, that these happy days might have an end. The Government began to make the inventories of the convents in the Low Countries in 1782, and in the following year they were suppressed by the Emperor, Joseph II. This did not affect the English communities, but they must have felt a certain anxiety as to the future. Through the long years, meanwhile, Mother Bernardine and Sister Anne Lewis had not been forgotten in

their own Maryland; and the year 1786 brought no less than three American novices to the doors of the monastery of Hoogstraet, Mary Mills, aged twenty-two, in religion, Sister Mary Florentine of St. Joseph, and Ann Teresa and Susanna Matthews, nieces to Mother Bernardine, who received the names of Mary Aloysia of the Blessed Trinity and Mary Eleanor of St. Francis Xavier. The two latter were professed the following year, but poor Sister Mary Florentine had to wait, as the laws of the country at the time did not allow professions under the age of twenty-five. By some means or other, however, she was professed in 1789, before she had reached those years of discretion.

Wars and rumors of wars now began to disturb the peace of Hoogstraet. Conflicting armies occupied the town by turns. The talk was all of "Patriots" and "Imperials"; the clamor of armed men was to be heard outside the convent walls, and the bells were silenced for a time. The nuns seem to have been wholly impartial in their sympathies, and only desired to be left alone. In the midst of all these troubles they found means to carry out a project of their own, and on April 19, 1790, Mother Bernardine left Hoogstraet to make a foundation in Baltimore, under the protection of Bishop Carroll, together with her nieces Mary Aloysia and Mary Eleanor and a nun from the English Carmel at Antwerp, Sister Clare Joseph (Dickenson). It was with full hearts that they bade farewell to their English Sisters. The community were losing a mother whom they had ever regarded with singular affection, while Mother Bernardine cannot have been without apprehensions as to the future of the old monastery in these dangerous times. The faithful friend of her youth, Sister Anne Lewis was elected Prioress in her stead, and the two communities remained united in the closest bonds of friendship. The scanty means of com-

munication available must have been a sore trial to them. Mother Anne Lewis writes a year later:

"So many letters inquiring after Reverend Mother and the new foundation, everyone thinks to hear news from me with such anxiety for answers that I can't refuse them, though I cannot give all the satisfaction I could wish."

There were other crosses to come. In 1793 the French entered Hoogstraet. "They planted the tree of liberty by the Town House, with great joy, shooting, ringing bells, etc. We were obliged to ring our bells, and they made the magistrates of the town dance round the tree." The nuns were "in frights day and night." After the French came Imperials, Prussians, English, Hollanders and others of the allied armies. Before the French finally took the Low Countries, the community obtained a passport to England from the Duke of York, who was in command of the English troops. They were the last of the English religious to quit the Low Countries, for being so near Holland, they ventured to stay till Brussels was taken.

The good nuns must have presented a curious spectacle in their so-called secular dress, concocted from anything they could obtain, with petticoats made out of table napkins, hoods from ceremonial veils, helped out with old novices' clothes, and shoes and caps, supplied by the charity of the neighbors. Thus equipped they set forth, not without a regretful backward glance at old Hoogstraet, where they fully intended to return in case the times became quiet. This was not to be. They took ship and came to London without mishap, where they were received with open arms by the relatives of some of the community. A little house was found for them at Fryers' Place, Acton, where they considered themselves supremely happy in being able to put on their habits again (except the lay Sisters, who were obliged

to answer the door in secular dress), and to lead the life of Carmel as far as place and circumstance would permit. What did it matter to them that their drinking water had to be brought more than a mile? Other fugitive communities had been obliged to separate and stay with various benefactors for a time, but Mother Anne Lewis had all her daughters by her side, and they were perfectly content. One of their visitors, Mr. Charles Butler, took a less cheerful view of the situation.

"In a village," he wrote, "near London, a small community of Carmelites lived for several months almost without fire, water or air. In the midst of this severe distress, which no spectator could behold unmoved, they were happy. Submission to the will of God and cheerfulness never deserted them. A few human tears would fall from them when they thought of their convent; and with gratitude, the finest of human feelings, they abounded. In other respects they seemed of another world."

It was Mr. Butler who eventually obtained for them a house at Canford in Dorsetshire. It belonged to Sir John Webb, who consented to their having the use of it, with the garden, the fields, and the fishing in the river, "the payment not till the last conflagration." Rent Day has not yet arrived, but the time for moving came thirty years later, "when circumstances forced the nuns to seek another home in France. Meanwhile, Mother Anne Lewis having now shepherded her little flock to a place of security, it seemed but fitting that she should rest a little from her labors. Thus at the elections, which were held in 1795, Mother Mary Magdalen (Errington), who had been the first novice entrusted to the guidance of Mother Bernardine, became Prioress, and Mother Anne Lewis returned to her old office of discreet. In the summer of 1800, Mother Bernardine died in Baltimore, after a terrible illness, but her companion of

other days was to survive her by thirteen years. Old age was coming upon her, and in 1809 she was visibly failing. "Dear Mother Anne Lewis," wrote one of the nuns, "is much as usual, always suffering." The call was very near, and it came at last on October 29, 1813. She was seventy-eight years old and had been professed fifty-eight years. She was buried in Canford churchyard on the morning of All Saints.

It was at Canford that Mother Mary Baptist (Pendrell) entered in 1825, who finally brought the community back to England, and formed the link between old times and new. She was only a postulant when the nuns travelled to Normandy. The Vicar Apostolic had given his leave in a stiff, official letter, on condition that the community should remain English and return to England when it was feasible. The missive concludes unexpectedly: "Remember me kindly to the Reverend Mother, to the venerables, respectables and riff-raff. I hope to see you after Easter."

"— P. COLLINGRIDGE."

The Carmelites were not unmindful of their promise, and in 1870 the moment came at last when they were able to return from Valognes, Normandy, and build a real convent at Chichester, Sussex, where they remain to this day, notwithstanding they have had to wait another sixty years before being able to build a permanent chapel which should be a fitting home for Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. This is now in process of completion, and it is intended to have Mother Anne Lewis' blue clothing dress dyed red and made into a vestment for the feast of the English Martyrs, whose brave spirit animated those who crossed the seas to Hoogstraet long ago.

THE word hospital was first used by St. Jerome, and the first institution of the kind was founded by Fabiola outside the walls of Rome.

Young Ethel.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

"IT'S a funny thing about Nurse Parry," said Mrs. Williams musingly. "You couldn't tell how old she was—now could you?"

"She's just the right age!" declared Mrs. Meredith. "I'd feel shy if one of those bits of girls was to be attending me. Yet some days you wouldn't think Nurse was twenty-five."

"She's got a nice complexion, that's all," returned Mrs. Price somewhat grudgingly. "And a good figure."

"It's not that!" exclaimed the first speaker in scorn. "Nurse has had plenty of experience, but she has kept her heart young—that's it! She is as pleased with every baby as if it were the only one."

"And she keeps up her interest in them too," put in Mrs. Meredith. "I want to see her about my Bobby's sore eyes—I'm waiting for her to come out from Mrs. Allen's."

"Then just ask her to step in to me, will you, my dear," said Mrs. Williams. "I think she'll be going out to Treflan Farm this afternoon, and I want to send a message to young Ethel."

She stepped back into her house and began to put together a little parcel. Two pairs of well-darned cotton stockings, some sticky-looking lozenges in a paper, and a bit of goose grease for Ethel to rub on her chest.

"Young Ethel," was very young indeed, only just turned fifteen in fact; and her mother's heart was wrung at having to send her away from home. But Tom Williams was working only two days a week just now, and there were five little ones to keep and another coming.

"I can't help being pleased about it, you know," said Mrs. Williams, when Nurse came in a few minutes later. "Jimmy is four and going to school,

and I felt proper lonely without a baby. But it's Ethel I'm worried about."

"Let me see—is Ethel with Mrs. Jones Treflan? She is a good woman I think, and Ethel ought to get plenty of milk and butter there."

"Yes," agreed the mother, tears rushed into her eyes again. "Ethel is but puny, you know, Nurse, and Mrs. Jones is a very stirring person—she mightn't have much patience with a girl. Somehow, being the eldest, Ethel was always doing odds and ends for me, and perhaps I didn't teach her anything thorough. Mrs. Jones says she's no method; and—and the girl gets bewildered and a bit slow like."

"Ethel is not the only servant there, surely?" asked Nurse. "I saw an elderly woman when Mrs. Jones' baby was born."

"She's had someone in while she's been laid up," returned Mrs. Williams. "But she won't be coming this week—not since Mrs. Jones came downstairs. Ethel had a bad cold last time she came home. I was wondering, Nurse, would it be too much to ask you to take her a little parcel?"

Nurse smiled but made a little pounce on the parcel in question, which lay open on the table.

"I'll take the stockings, Mrs. Williams, but I don't think I should send Ethel those sticky lozenges. I have some in my bag that I think would be better for her. And this—"

Nurse promptly recognized the goose grease, knowing of old that Mrs. Williams considered it a panacea for all ills. Well, it wouldn't do Ethel any harm, and it might hurt her mother's feelings to refuse it.

"Just the lozenges, perhaps I should not," said Nurse ungrammatically, briskly removing the objects and neatly rolling up the package. "I'll have a look at Ethel, Mother, and I'll advise Mrs. Jones to keep the extra help for the present. And if you can step down

to my house to-night, I'll let you know how I find the child."

Nurse Parry emerged, her pink cheeks a trifle flushed by Mrs. Williams' hot fire.

"I wonder!" she muttered to herself as she walked along.

Nurse must have had a marvellous head, in which was pigeon-holed all sorts of odd bits of information. "Now who would know if Martha Wallis has got a place yet?" she asked herself. Martha, a big, strong, bouncing girl would be the very person for Mrs. Jones. A little hunting and harrying would do her good. But first something suitable must be found for Ethel—puny, unmethodical, pathetically young Ethel!

As Nurse actively pursued this thought, she unconsciously increased her pace as though it were possible literally to overtake a solution. Flying around the corner of the narrow alley, she almost ran into the emaculated figure of Miss Lloyd-Evans—a member of the Nursing Committee, so inconspicuous that no one noticed her.

"I beg your pardon!" cried Nurse, adroitly propping up the staggering form, "I didn't see you, Miss Lloyd-Evans. I was just hurrying for my bicycle."

"Of course, of course, it's all right," murmured the spinster, in her shy, hesitating manner. "Oh, Nurse, I wanted to ask—I suppose you couldn't—but of course you are much too busy."

There was a vague trouble in the thin, reed-like tones; and Nurse, deflecting her eyes from her bicycle and her mind from the problem of young Ethel by a strong mental effort, focussed her whole attention on her interlocutor.

"I have got into a habit of rushing about," she said laughing. "But I am not really in any particular hurry. Do tell me what I can do for you."

"Well," said the other, "perhaps you

will think I oughtn't to ask, but the fact is I'm *dreadfully* worried—about servants."

If she felt a trifle impatient, Nurse hid it. Miss Lloyd-Evans had the name of being very well-off—she paid her subscription with beautiful regularity.

"My housekeeper has been with me for years," pursued Miss Lloyd-Evans dolefully. "I don't really need two maids, living as quietly as I do, but Susan is not so very young, and it is nice for her to have a girl for company."

Nurse's large brown eyes fixed themselves with sudden eagerness on the other woman's face.

"I suppose you want a well-trained girl?" she said, with a sigh.

Miss Lloyd-Evans nodded her head.

"Yes, Nurse. But that is not why I came to you. I want a nice young girl with pleasant manners, who would be polite to Susan. She is a bit old-fashioned in her ways, you see, and these smart maids from the Registry Offices are inclined to be pert to her, and that upsets her. I know it is wrong of me to be taking up your time," she added contritely.

"Not at all," cried Nurse politely.

"You know everyone about here," pursued the other, "and I fancied you might be able to give me the name of a girl from a nice family. I'd like to think she could go home for her day out, and Susan would let her run out most evenings too—if she knew she was going to her mother. She would be worried over a young girl if she didn't know where she was going to. And—"

"A young girl!" interrupted Nurse, with sudden eagerness. "How young?"

"Oh, seventeen or eighteen, I suppose. There are no coals, you know—I have electric fires everywhere. I wish Susan would choose one for herself, but she says it isn't the right thing. I daresay she likes to feel I'm to blame if they don't get on."

Miss Lloyd-Evans gave a timid smile,

and Nurse suspected that, buried behind her shyness, she had a sense of humor. She visualized the lady's very correct housekeeper and then she visualized Young Ethel, and her heart sank.

"I'd like to think it over," she said at last. "Could you possibly come round to see me this evening?"

"Thank you, Nurse—you *are* kind. "A well-trained, nice looking, strong, young girl—"

"Yes, yes, I'll remember," said Nurse, her first impatience rushing back upon her. Well-trained, strong! Why couldn't she want a puny, unmethodical, over-worked, little drudge? Why *couldn't* she want—Young Ethel?

As she pushed her bicycle up the steep lane leading to Treflan Farm, Nurse Parry was aware of Mrs. Jones' whereabouts some moments before she reached the house. Mrs. Jones was obviously in the kitchen, and she was evidently teaching Ethel her work.

"It's for your own sake I have to keep on at you; but young girls are all alike! They don't pay a bit of notice. There you go, spilling the coal, just when you've washed the floor—you'll have to take that up next."

There was a brief pause, then, as Nurse knocked at the door, an exasperated shriek.

"Ethel, that pan is boiling over! The dog is lapping the milk-pail! Drive him off, you little fool! Move the kettle!"

Her further remarks were drowned in the barking of a dog, the slamming of the back door, and a loud crash, followed by a childish cry of fright.

Nurse burst into the kitchen just in time to hear the mistress of the house remark with ominous quiet:

"You'll have to *pay* for that!"

Mrs. Jones had married somewhat late in life. She looked very flushed as she sat with her feet up on the horse-hair sofa which had been dragged in from the parlor. Near the hearth lay

the sooty fragments of a large iron kettle while the steaming water poured over the floor in all directions with ashes riding gaily on the tide. Young Ethel stood as though petrified with fright, her little pointed face chalk-white, her blue eyes staring.

Nurse crossed the floor, and incidental streams in a series of hops, and pulled the girl back just as the hot water neared her feet.

"All right, Mrs. Jones! We'll soon get things straight," she said cheerfully, and with her arm still round Ethel's trembling little body, she propelled her towards the wash-house.

"We'll find the mop," said Nurse.

"There—there isn't a mop!" stammered Ethel.

"Then get the soft broom and tie a cloth over it. No, dear, *not* a tea towel. The cloth you use for washing the floor."

Ethel, who had made a dash at the sink, now turned round and dashed with equal speed at the cupboard under the back stairs. Nurse's keen eyes had detected the cloth draped over a pail, had knotted it round the brush before she was able to convince Ethel that she had all that she required. In two minutes the kitchen was restored to order, but Mrs. Jones was by no means appeased.

"That girl will drive me daft, Nurse," she complained fretfully. "Baby and I aren't likely to get on if we are kept in a fever like this."

The baby, a comic reproduction of Mamma, with an equally fretful, red face, was roaring in a bassinet beside her.

"You want someone older to look after you just now," said Nurse.

"I shouldn't—not if Ethel there had a bit of sense," declared the other.

Young Ethel had just re-entered the room. She stood still, fixing startled, pale-blue eyes on her mistress' face. Her short, straw-colored hair was all blown about by the wind, for she had just been out to throw away the broken

pot, her upper teeth projected a little, her shrunken cotton dress clung to her frame—her legs were like two broomsticks. She began to cough.

"Oh, that cough!" cried Mrs. Jones. "It's enough to drive me mad. Go and find a job in the scullery—I can't stand it another minute."

Nurse had been holding the baby, and had stilled its cries. She now dumped it into its mother's arms, and in spite of her protests, followed Ethel out of the room.

Nurse Parry's little sitting-room was full of people. To be exact, there were five, but the room was so small that five was a crowd. Four of the five, among them Nurse herself, were extremely nervous. The fifth, Miss Martha Wallis, was comfortably armored in self-satisfaction, and felt no tremor.

"I brought Susan with me," said Miss Lloyd-Evans, her eyes roving uncontrollably from tall, bouncing Martha, to thin, shrinking Ethel. "I—I hope you have no objection."

"No, indeed," cried Nurse earnestly. "Good evening!" She smiled fervently in the direction of Miss Townsend, who merely bowed her head slightly in reply. She then turned a withering glance on Martha's plump, complacent face, while Nurse and Miss Lloyd-Evans watched her with equal apprehension.

"Did you say there were *two* young women that might suit?" she inquired.

"Yes—certainly," said Nurse, trying to speak firmly. "This—this is Ethel." And Ethel began to cough.

A sudden gleam of interest sprang into Susan's frosty eye.

"Linseed tea is the cure for that cough," she announced. "Whole linseed, and a stick of liquorice and a lump of candy-sugar."

"Yes, that is a good old-fashioned cough mixture," said Nurse. It was lucky that she really could approve, for it is to be feared she would have ap-

plauded any nostrum at this crucial moment.

"Simmered in a quart of water till it's reduced to a pint," continued Susan.

Martha pushed herself forward, and began volubly to state her qualifications. "And I'm free now," she added triumphantly.

"Ethel doesn't do herself justice, because she is shy," put in Nurse. "She is very willing and anxious to learn, but she has never been trained."

She looked imploringly at Miss Lloyd-Evans, who in turn fixed her eyes on her housekeeper.

"I leave it to you, Susan."

Susan became deeply pink.

"The girl is none the worse for being shy," she said somewhat truculently. "I'm shy myself. If you leave it to me, I'll take the little one, Madam. I'd sooner have a girl I can train."

Nurse with difficulty prevented herself from clapping her hands.

"Wait a minute, Martha," she cried. "Mrs. Jones Treflan would like you to go to her right away if Miss Lloyd-Evans can take Ethel at once."

"The sooner the better," said Susan. "I'll put on that cough mixture as soon as I get in."

"She's—she's rather small, Susan," remarked her mistress.

"I'd sooner have one too small than too large," replied Susan stiffly.

Mrs. Williams' motherly heart was tormented with anxiety about Ethel's new place. How would the child get on with that prim, stern-looking housekeeper? Miss Townsend had the name of being very particular, and Ethel was such a one to lose her head if she was scolded. She had been a week there now, and her mother had had no news of her, but that very afternoon as she was ironing the family wash, the door burst open and Ethel came bounding in. A transformed Ethel with flushed

cheeks, bright eyes, and minus the cough.

"O Mother!" she cried, "I'm getting on just splendidly. Oh, you would laugh if you could see me! There's no grates to do, because it is all electric fires, and no trays to carry. Miss Lloyd-Evans bought a lovely little trolley for me to push along. It has two shelves, and so I can take everything to the dining-room at once."

"And is Miss Townsend kind?" asked her mother, dreading the reply.

"Oh, yes, Mother! But she makes me mind." Ethel burst out laughing. "At first I was always running to and fro, forgetting things, you know. And she just came and sat down in the pantry. 'Now Ethel,' she says, 'I have told you twice all the things you want to lay for breakfast. I'll not tell you again,' she says, 'but when you have everything on the tray, I'll say: Go!' Well, Mother, you'd have had to laugh! I'd keep trying to start and looking at her, and she'd just sit there and I'd think and think and find I hadn't put a saucer. And then perhaps the egg-cup didn't match! Oh, dear, I thought she would never say 'Go,' and that Miss Lloyd-Evans would be down. I counted the things over a dozen times, and at last I saw there wasn't a butter-knife. Miss Townsend couldn't but laugh herself."

"I was getting quite worried not knowing how you were getting on," said Mrs. Williams.

"Well," said Ethel, drawing herself up, "I wanted to surprise you, Mother, but when I found it wouldn't come till Friday I just couldn't wait."

"It wouldn't come! *What* wouldn't come?" asked her mother with a puzzled face.

"I'll tell you," said Ethel. She drew in her breath and gazed at her mother solemnly. "My new uniform."

"Oh-h!" said Mrs. Williams in a thrilled tone. "Is it ordered from Pryce Jones?"

"No, Mother," cried Ethel import-

antly. "Miss Lloyd-Evans took me into Chester to be measured for it."

"Well, I never!"

"She did indeed!" Miss Townsend came too, and the shopman was showing the mistress black alpaca and black gaberdine. Oh, Mother, what *do* you think Miss Townsend said?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Williams, quite at a loss.

"She said 'Black is very dull for such a child. Why not get that rosy-carmines?' Miss Lloyd-Evans looked quite startled, and she said—"

"Well?" breathed Mrs. Williams eagerly, as Ethel made a dramatic pause.

"She just said: 'and a ribbon in her cap to match!'"

Saint Frideswide.

BY FR. CUTHBERT, O. S. F. C.

FAR back in the dawn of modern history lived St. Frideswide, the patron saint of the city and University of Oxford. The city had not yet arisen and the University was not to come into being for another four centuries, when Didan, the petty chief of the district, and his pious wife, Safrida, built amidst the scattered homesteads which formed the township of "the ford of the waters," a stately church (as it was then deemed) dedicated to St. Mary, the Mother of Our Lord. It was but a wooden church, even as the homesteads were wooden, and built on piles driven into the marshy land; yet it was to be the forerunner of the stately priory and church which replaced it in time, and at a yet later time was to be incorporated into Cardinal Wolsey's ambitious college, now known as Christ-Church, whilst the later priory church was to become the Cathedral of Oxford in the reign of Henry VIII.

Thus the wooden church built by Didan was one of the beginnings of the

transformation of the township into a notable city. No dream of such a transformation, we may take it, ever entered into the mind of the chieftain, Didan, nor as he watched over the growing years of his daughter, Frideswide, did he foresee how the maiden was destined to be one of the builders of a city famous in the history of England and of Christendom. Yet so it was to be—not by any political foresight or scheme on her part, but as a result of her holiness and of her fidelity to the Divine Spouse to whom she gave her heart.

That dedication of herself to her Divine Lord was the beginning of Frideswide's story. From her infancy she had grown up in the love of God and of religion—it was a trait she inherited from her parents; but in her their piety grew into a more glorious bloom. The love of Our Lord and holy things was the very atmosphere in which her thoughts took shape, so that the world had no attraction for her, except as she found in it the evidences of the Lord she loved.

Then came the crucial moment when she must make her choice. She had grown to womanhood—and she was as beautiful in body, says the Chronicler, as she was beauteous in mind, so that the fame of her beauty was carried far and wide; and Algar, the powerful earl of Leicester, was smitten with the tale of her beauty, and determined to make her his wife. He sent messengers to demand her hand in marriage, thinking that the daughter of a petty chief might welcome the suit of an Earl.

Without hesitation Frideswide turned to the Divine Spouse whom she had always loved with an undivided heart and begged Him to protect her. And, says the legend, when the earl's messengers attempted to press his suit, they were suddenly struck blind and in their misery fled back to their master. But Algar, the Earl, determined to go in person and take no refusal. He went in force,

as befitted an Earl; but hardly had he set foot in the town than he, too, was struck blind. Meanwhile Frideswide, fearing violence, had fled with her maidens to a neighboring town, supposed to be Abingdon; and there she abode in hiding till the danger had passed.

But the incident had compelled Frideswide to reveal the secret of her heart, and now, without further delay she publicly consecrated her life to the service of God. Gathering around her some maidens of like mind to her own, she retired to a sheltered spot beyond the river where she built an oratory in honor of the Blessed Virgin, and there for the rest of her life she gave herself to prayer and good works. There was at this spot a well, known in later days as St. Margaret's Well, which at the prayers of Frideswide, became endowed with healing properties, and hither came pilgrims from the surrounding country to seek health of body and soul; and for centuries after Frideswide's death, the well continued to be a place of pilgrimage.

Beyond these few simple details, no record is left of the saint's life. Yet, like St. Bridgid of Kildare, Frideswide enkindled a fire of faith and piety which for many centuries cast a halo of sanctity over the place of her birth. There must have been some compelling force and beauty in her life and character to have made of her personal holiness an unforgettable legend amidst the vicissitudes of the long ages which first transformed "the ford of the waters" into the Oxford of Medieval fame, and then survived the later transformation which began with the reign of Henry VIII.; for even to-day, in spite of the efforts of the Protestant Reformers to wipe out her memory, and in spite of the religious indifference which came after, St. Frideswide is not forgotten.

The saint's influence in the building up of the later city, began immediately

after her death, when her body was enshrined in the church of St. Mary, built by her father; which church very soon became known as the Church of St. Frideswide. Undoubtedly, many factors—geographical and political—contributed to the growth of the city; yet the possession of a famous shrine was a powerful influence in the making of many a Medieval city, as is well known. From all parts of the country pilgrims began to wend their way to Oxford to pray at the shrine of its famous saint, until it became necessary to build a stone church to replace the church built by Didan; then as the pilgrims grew in numbers, a larger and nobler edifice was erected, and a priory of Augustinian Canons was added to serve the church.

Meanwhile the original oratory at St. Margaret's Well was not forgotten; pilgrims continued to visit the well and to beg healing through St. Frideswide's prayers; and a noble statue of the saint was placed above the well. The pilgrims were of all classes, from the prince and noble to the peasant; yet it is noteworthy that for many centuries there was a tradition that no king dare with impunity violate the liberties of the city over which St. Frideswide presided as its heavenly protector; and out of respect for this tradition the king's palace at Oxford, built in Plantagenet days, was outside the city walls. The punishment of Algar, the Earl, was not forgotten.

Then came the days of Henry VIII., the spoliator, who defied every law of God or man which stood in the way of his lust or cupidity. The shrine of St. Frideswide, greatly enriched by the piety of ages, was despoiled; and the church in which she was buried, was no longer to be known by her name. Yet the devotion of the people was not so easily quenched, and her clients still sought out the grave in which her sacred bones were laid, to pay her honor and invoke her aid; till, in the

days of Elizabeth, the new Protestant dean of the Cathedral resorted to the diabolical device of placing the bones of the saint, together with the bones of the so-called wife of the apostate Vermigli, in one grave in the aisle, to be trodden on by the feet of those who passed to and fro. And so for a time St. Frideswide was forgotten in the city which had so long honored her.

But with the revival of a more Catholic spirit, due to the Tractarian Movement, the memory of the saint was also revived, and received at least some measure of affectionate remembrance. The Cathedral clergy recovered what they could of the original shrine, and set it up again in the Cathedral, and a brass tablet was set in the pavement to record that "near this spot" the mortal remains of the saint had once been buried. A new Anglican church was also dedicated in her name. But in 1911, when the Catholic Church of SS. Edmund and Frideswide was opened, the memory of the sainted daughter of Didan, the chieftain, received the honor she herself would prize most.

So Saint Frideswide is once again revered in the city, and not a few of the citizens again think of her as did the chronicler of old, as "the flower of this land." Her story deserves to be repeated, if only because it witnesses to the power of simple holiness of life to uplift and beautify the world upon which it casts the light of its own glory.

Epitaph.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

KNEEL not in the wintry snow,
 Bare you not your head
 To the bitter blasts that blow
 Unheeded by the dead;
 Kneel not here, my friend, but go
 Quietly instead
 Where the altar candles' glow
 By my faith is fed.

Best Sellers.

WE have made the book shop the market place, and are applying the standards of business to letters. Books are written and printed and bound and given publicity; and then are said to have a "run," or to be a "drug" on the market depending on sales. Every Saturday the literary department of our newspapers gives a list of "best sellers" and near "best sellers," just as the department of stocks and bonds gives us the pulse of finance. And so during the first weeks of a "run" every person who has pretensions, talks over the soup about the books which are the latest, until someone interrupts to speak of the very latest. Culture has come to mean a ready-to-serve acquaintance with books and authors that are, but will not be, rather than a leisured knowledge of men and books that were and are and will be.

Name all the "best sellers" of the past twenty years. You probably cannot. Nor very likely can you recall ten books which were on everybody's lips during the past five years. They are like the dead ladies of Villon's ballade—melted snows of yesteryear. Popular books are like popular songs: they multiply rapidly, have a bright, brief bloom, then death and oblivion.

People who take secret delight in being able to talk about the latest books are like people who get comfort in wearing the latest clothes. And for the same reason—fashion. And the books are not more permanent than the clothes, and for the same reason also—they are supplanted by some new mode. You may not be acquainted with "smart set" stories in "smart set" books by "smart set" writers for "smart set" people. But what of that! "Smart set" writers receive so much the page and give nothing; "smart set" readers pay for the page and receive nothing.

Catholics are in the book fashion parade too. Certain of our would-be intellectuals gather at meat and are vocal and interrogatory and exclamatory. They know the latest, even if they know very little else. They enter into pretentious literary gossips which are hardly ankle deep.

The great books never grow old. They are like the mountains, tall and forever a wonder to men. You will say, of course, this is a platitude; that it belongs to the stock-in-trade of those aging gentlemen who close reminiscent eyes, and assure us they received all their wisdom from Shakespeare and the Bible. But some men will use stock phrases just as some men will use second-hand tables; and for the same reasons. The stock phrase and the second-hand table have not been replaced by anything which serves the purpose better.

You will say, perhaps, that we need to keep up with current thought. If you eliminate all the antiquity which has been introduced into "current" you will have little of the "current" left. And if you separate thought from thought substitutes, the problem of "keeping up" will be no problem at all. The better you become acquainted with the letters of the past the less you will need to know about the books of the present. You may know a few or none of the so-called best sellers, but you know what was considered great a century ago and is considered great now. You have a permanent possession. It will, to adapt Shelley's line, wage contention with its time's decay.

Go back to your Bible, to your Thomas à Kempis, to your Shakespeare where he is the best, to the perennial story-tellers and to the everlasting poets. Have a favorite life of Christ, the life of a favorite saint whose glory suffers no diminishment from some pious biographer who was beheaded from his infancy.

Notes and Remarks.

Because certain spiritual dangers lack the physical bluntness of earthquakes and auto accidents, parents are sometimes very casual in their attitude towards them. Too many Catholic fathers and mothers, for instance, are sending their children to our secular universities without ever a thought of the dangers that confront them in the classrooms of these institutions. In the hope of startling such parents into a realization of their responsibility, Monsignor Joseph McMahon, Ph. D., of New York City, has put into the reality of cold print the actual words of certain clever but unbelieving professors who hold forth at some of our secular institutions of higher learning. The result is truly startling. The gentlemen condemn themselves with satisfying completeness. A single reading of the quotations as contained in the official publication of Our Lady of Lourdes parish, New York City, should forever settle the problem of the secular university so far as Catholic parents are concerned. A list of the men quoted follows along with the name of the university to which they are or have been attached: John Dewey, Columbia University; William James, Harvard University; William Hocking, Yale University; Harry Allen Overstreet, New York City College; James Leuba, Bryn Mawr College; Durant Drake, Vassar College; M. C. Otto, Wisconsin University; Clarence A. Beckwith, Chicago Theological Seminary.

It is a significant fact that the Ethiopians who have been practically separated from all Christian sects for the last thousand years, as well as totally surrounded by Mohammedans, have never really leaned toward any other religion than Christianity. It is true that in places the Christianity practised has

been somewhat adulterated by certain Jewish practices that have crept in, but it is, none the less, Christianity, and may not be called by any other name. A short time ago Ras Tafari was crowned emperor of Ethiopia, and among the delegations present from other nations was a representative of the Pope. The Holy Father is so deeply interested in these people that he has erected a college for them just a short distance from St. Peter's. It will not be long until the Ethiopians will have a well-educated clergy to administer to their needs, and the country will take its rightful place among the Christian nations, observing the strict Catholic teaching as it was preached to them years ago by St. Frumentius.

Speaking over the radio from Cleveland, Ohio, a short time ago, Judge Alvin J. Pearson of the Domestic Relations Court, had some interesting things to say regarding the evil of divorce. The Judge feels confident that unless some drastic steps are taken to prevent hasty marriages, which almost invariably result in divorce, our country is in real danger of destruction from within. In the country over which he has jurisdiction there are five thousand divorces every year—almost a hundred a week,—and in some of these cases the father does not contribute a penny toward the support of the children. If the father is sent to jail he is assured of food, clothing and a bed, but his family are thrown upon the community, become objects of charity, and are often in dire want. The Judge urges a law similar to that in operation in Detroit, where fathers are compelled to labor for the support of their families, and as a result contribute, every year, a million and a half dollars toward that end. This, no doubt, will help matters, but it does not go to the root of the matter as Judge Pearson well realizes. The real trouble is the failure of men and

women to look on marriage as a sacred contract that is indissoluble. The *Catholic Columbian* observes: "The experienced jurist knowingly or unknowingly adopts the view of the Church when he says that marriage must be visualized as an institution based on deliberation, respect, compatibility, and affection, deep, enduring, sacred, and that it should be fostered by education and religion."

Lutheranism has enjoyed a certain immunity from the disintegration that has been threatening Protestantism generally. Changes have come, however. Not many weeks ago figures were published which must have startled the leaders of that particular denomination. Now the word follows that in the mother country itself the old established church shows signs of a break. And the extraordinary part of the news is that the break appears to be definitely in the direction of Rome. According to Dr. Frederic Funder of Vienna, the following recently published confession expresses exactly the attitude of a rapidly growing high-church party in the Lutheran Church of Germany. "We must openly confess that, indeed, we stand much nearer to the Roman Catholic Church than to a Protestantism which denies the Incarnation of the Son of God, the divine origin of the Church and the True Presence of Christ in the Sacrament." Such words written by Protestants in Protestant Germany are almost prophetic of an early return to the Father's household.

There is a splendid spirit of good will evidenced in Cardinal MacRory's address to the Maynooth Union of Priests working in England at their annual reunion held recently in London. "The future of the Catholic Church in England," His Eminence said, "to which your lives are devoted, is of the utmost concern to Catholics everywhere." The

Cardinal pointed out that the widespread use of the English language has made the whole world familiar with English ideas and institutions. Which fact gives an added importance to the efforts of those who are working to establish in England a virile Catholicity.

While the very strained political relations between England and Ireland in the past have not generally created animosities between English and Irish Catholics, yet the good will between the two peoples has been at times severely taxed. Undoubtedly the spirit of sympathy which often went across the Channel from some English bishops and priests to their suffering brothers in Ireland made the Irish less bitter against their coreligionists of the race which persecuted them. And the words of Cardinal MacRory should help to assure English Catholics that their brethren to the west are not fostering traditional hates.

We notice from the Catholic press that in many of the larger cities work bureaus are in process of organization. Their purpose is, of course, to assist in the problem of unemployment and consequent want which will confront the country this winter. In all times of stress Catholic charity comes to the rescue. But generally it is not organized on any large scale. Parish sodalities and societies, like the St. Vincent de Paul, help the needy and destitute; and religious communities of both sexes have bread lines ending at their kitchens.

There is solidarity about the Church parochially, and in the diocesan unit. Nationally, there seems to be wanting a certain flexibility to lines of divisional command. For some reason or other the whole numerical and moral strength of the Church—which is mighty indeed—seems never to form its columns and to send the stupendous totality of its forces to meet a national crisis. During the World War there was some such

general organization, but it was late getting under way. And it did not function in its full strength. Rarely, when a calamity or a crisis hits the whole nation, do we act as united Catholics of all the nation. Rarely, when we ourselves are attacked as a whole or in part, do we assert our ancient constitutional rights with anything like national solidarity. We think in terms of localities. We fancy the buzz we make in Boonville is heard west of the Alleghanies, and that our hum in Hoopertown has leaped over the highest peaks of the Rockies.

If all of us within the Church were organized into a simple unit of charitable service in which, during this needy winter, there would be no local thoughts of local honors, no hurt feelings among commanding generals because their brigadierships were slighted, no littleness of any kind to weaken solidarity, but largeness everywhere to make mass charity within the Church more effective—the Church from this country-wide solidarity would prove more effectively than many charity balls and football games, that she is now as always the Church of God's poor and suffering children everywhere.

The Franciscans of the Church of St. Francis of Assisi, New York City, are following in the footsteps of their founder. It is reported 3000 persons are given food, clothing and money during these days of stress. Frequently there is reference to "begging" monks and "begging" nuns. And the question is asked what is done with the money which they receive? The 3000 who are helped every day by the New York Franciscans are not confined to New York. In hundreds of Catholic institutions—colleges, convents, hospitals, asylums—the needy are given their daily dole; are given it in every city and town all over the nation. Not only these

hard days, but all days. That their charities are not given an organized publicity is due to the fact that such ministrations would be taken out of their spiritual, even if somewhat antique, setting, by expert accounting and whirlwind salesmanship. These monks and nuns have their poor always with them. And they are satisfied to carry on the business of the poor without audit. Business with them is always "as usual."

From Peking, China, comes the announcement that the eleventh native son of the Celestial Empire has been raised to the Catholic episcopacy. This latest Chinese bishop is the Right Rev. Francis Liou. The Most Reverend Celso Costanini, Apostolic Delegate to China, was the consecrating prelate; the place of consecration, the Cathedral Church of Petang.

Those of us who are imaginative will fashion our picture of the scene in that remote Catholic cathedral in China. We will have in the picture the vestments we recognize everywhere. The altars and the ceremonies and the Latin prayers will not be any different from what we see and hear at home. The great, white-faced, somewhat peaceful appearing congregation will be different. Different in race; in color somewhat different; in dress, too, and social outlook. But that congregation, whose race is very ancient, has a bond of union with us which should bring them closer to us than any levelling process evolved out of a socialist's maddest dream. They have with us a kinship of spiritual brotherhood in Christ's Kingdom here. One in faith, in baptism, in sacraments. Souls like ours to be saved through the merits of the Redeemer. One heaven to reach where faith vanishes in seeing, where hope comes into the fruition of possession. Those of us, clerical and lay, who are pa-

rochially minded and think we have done all things well when we have finished the decoration of our stone church, should suffer ourselves to be lost in some such thought as this betimes. It will stimulate us to realize that there is a horizon beyond our immediate horizon. And many such. And the widest horizon is very wide indeed. And we belong within it.

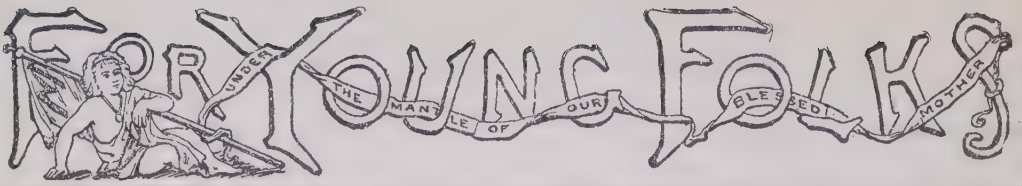
Printers' Ink sponsors the statement that ten million dollars will be spent in advertising Prohibition during the next three years. Ten million dollars properly distributed will make a tremendously impressive campaign, but it will not sell Prohibition. The editors of *Printers' Ink* know that better than any men living. Even the most elaborate advertising campaign cannot continue to sell an article which has not stood up under trial. In the last election, and in the various polls that have been taken, millions of people from widely separated parts of the country have testified publicly that from their observations Prohibition has failed. The advocates of Prohibition are spending their money in a lost cause. Ten millions will buy some beautiful layouts, with copy and illustrations to match, and it will help to line the pockets of our magazine and newspaper owners, but it will not sell Prohibition. The very first requisite for a successful advertising campaign is an article that works.

In Topeka, Kansas, the State of tall pines and open spaces, the Catholic high school won its fifth consecutive annual victory in a state-wide school contest for scholastic honors. Three times this school has carried off first prizes at the State Agricultural College; and twice at the State Teachers' College, winning the scholarship cup.

This is very gratifying, and should

hearten our teachers to work all the harder to keep our schools as sanely educational and as truly cultural as present-day punch-the-clock methods will permit. This Catholic high school in Topeka is an answer to one hundred and fifty follies which are sent out annually about our Catholic schools, and to fifty thousand which are believed but never sent out. Not all Catholic schools are given the show counter afforded the Catholic high school of Topeka, Kansas, to display their stuff. And if given the show counter it is quite possible some would not have exhibited such high and such rare varieties. Nor should that matter especially. Catholic schools will not always reach the topmost figures, will not always carry home such symbols of victory as gold cups and medals. We do not expect them to. If they maintain reasonable standards of excellence, educate our Catholic boys and girls in their Faith, so they know it reasonably well and behave accordingly, and if our schools observe a general sanity in this age when every second teacher has been inoculated by some form of behaviorism or mind measurement, we shall go to bed with quiet minds.

The Mayor of Denver gets a good many letters of every description, but we venture the opinion that he has never received a more edifying message than that which came to his office not long ago from a little conscience-stricken Catholic boy. Here is the letter as *The Register* of that city publishes it: "About four years ago I accidentally broke a street light. I never did pay for it, and right now I must pay for it in order to feel right. I enclose \$1. Please put it somewhere in the city work where it will do the most work. I hate to put you out. I am a Catholic boy, and I pray that God will watch over you and me." The letter was unsigned, but it came from a lad with real character.



Winter.

BY L. MITCHELL THORNTON.

I LIKE the green of maple boughs
That tap against my window pane,
The breath of dewy gardens, and
The dancing feet of summer rain.
But when the leaves are off the tree
The stars are easier to see.

I like the roses by the door,
The little songs the thrushes know;
I like to play in clover fields.
But when at night to bed I go
I like my cozy winter room
And stars that twinkle through the gloom.

Little Texas.

BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

X.—THE MISSION OF SAN JOSE.

DURING the weeks following Bobby's escapade, May Manthus had many happy days, and grew to love the ranch better each day, and to feel that she would hate to leave it even to go home.

"O Daddy, I love it here!" she said to her father one evening while sitting on his lap out on the gallery while waiting for supper. "I feel as if I would never want to go away from the ranch even for a minute."

"Is that so, little daughter?" Mr. Ochiltree said, a twinkle in his eye. "I'm sorry to hear that. I thought of taking you away to-morrow."

"O Daddy!" she cried; "where to?—home?"

"No, we are not going home yet," he answered. "I am going on a business trip to-morrow. Pinto Babe is going to drive me to San Antonio on business, and I thought you might like to go."

"Oh, I should love it!" May Manthus

clasped her hands in excitement. "Who else is going? Is Bobby?"

"No one else is going, dear. Bobby is going to stay with Mother. We will be gone before he is up in the morning. We have to get an early start in order to get back by night," said her father. "You needn't say anything about it, dear, and we'll just go quietly off. While I tend to my business in San Antonio, Pinto Babe will take you around and show you lots of interesting things, the old Missions and quaint buildings. You will enjoy yourself, I'm sure."

"Oh, I sure will, Daddy! It will be lovely! Thank you ever and ever so much for letting me go!" and May Manthus gave her father a vigorous hug.

She was still as a mouse about the plans, and Bobby suspected nothing. The next day she rose and dressed herself so quietly that the little boy did not waken, and she stole out to where her father and Pinto Babe waited for her at the buckboard.

May Manthus' eyes were shining and her cheeks pink with excitement. Pinto Babe looked admiringly at the little figure in its white sailor dress and blue tie.

"So you're going travelling, Miss May Manthus?" he said.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" she cried. "Father says you're going to take me around the city. I'm sure you know all the interesting things to see. I hope I won't be a nuisance."

"Not to me," said Pinto Babe, and they started off, May Manthus sitting between the two men, entranced with happiness.

She kept quite still. Her father and Pinto Babe talked about ranch matters, and Manthus knew when to be quiet and not interrupt grown folks. Then, too,

she had so much to look at that she was really too busy to talk herself or to listen to the men's conversation. As they sped along the road through the beautiful country she enjoyed the drive, seeing flowers and trees, fields and streams with a dreamy sense of satisfaction.

At last they reached the outskirts of the city, and Mr. Ochiltree turned to May Manthus with a smile, saying, "Here we are, little daughter. Now I have heaps of things to see to and I'm going to let Pinto Babe drive you around while I attend to business. Take her out to the Alamo, Pinto, and I'll be there about twelve o'clock," and he got out of the vehicle and waved good-bye.

May Manthus looked at Pinto Babe. "Do you mind taking care of me, Pinto Babe?" she asked a little wistfully.

"Pleased to death," smiled the young man. "I wish I had a little sister like you to take care of all the time."

"You'd get tired, but I wouldn't," said May Manthus, smiling, as they drove down through the streets of the town. "Oh, what is that? Isn't it a lovely place!"

They were nearing a building, its gray walls covered with vines and shaded by trees, a quaint, old-fashioned building, and Pinto Babe pulled up his horse there and getting out of the buckboard, tied him to a hitching post.

"We'll walk around here and see the building, and then we'll sit down under the arches of the cloister, and I'll tell you all about it.

"This is called the Alamo, all that's left of the Mission of San Antonio de Valera. In old times down here Texas was a province of Spain, ruled by the Viceroy of Mexico. The Spaniards were always good Catholics whatever else they were, and they were strong on converting the Indians. So they brought with them from Spain their priests, who came as missionaries to the Indians. They built Missions to teach the Indians how to live, and churches so

they could learn how to be Catholics. One of the best of the Missions was built at Solano, but this Mission did not do so well as some of the others. In 1718, the Solano Mission was moved to the San Antonio River. It was called San Antonio de Valera after Marques de Valera, Viceroy of Mexico. It was built as an Indian school, and had a garrison sent to protect by the Viceroy, as the Missions were always in danger from the nearby Indians. Later on a *presidio*, or guard house, was established, and the *presidio* of Bexar and the Valera Mission were clustered together, and that was the beginning of the City of San Antonio."

"But why was it called the Alamo?" asked May Manthus.

"From the poplar trees that grow here, for the Spanish word *alamo* means 'poplar,'" said Pinto Babe. "But it was a thrifty Mission long before it was called the Alamo. The Mission was very beautiful when it was first built. It had twin towers, an arched roof and a great dome. The building was under the direction of Spanish architects, but most of the architectural work was done by Indians who were trained at the Mission schools, who also made the beautiful garden and cultivated the vineyards of flower and fruit. There were as many as twelve thousand cattle here in the old times, and the Indian neophytes were taught all manner of useful things in the school."

"Oh, how interesting it all is!" cried May Manthus. "Tell me some more, please, Pinto Babe. Where did the Indians live?"

"When the *padres* built a Mission Church they had buildings all around it in the Spanish style, a beautiful big *patio*, filled with plants and flowers, and cloisters with their lovely arches. From where we are sitting now under the arches of the old cloister, you can see the front of the Alamo with its columned portal. The Indians lived in

very comfortable quarters, built for them about the Mission."

"Was that queer building part of the Mission?" asked May Manthus.

"That was really a watch tower," said Pinto Babe. "In Mission times it was an outpost used to watch for hostile Indians. Those little slits in the wall were to rest their weapons in when firing on their foes. If your father has time to let me I'll take you to see another Mission, that of San José, where I can show you just how they used to live, for San José is in much better repair than the Alamo."

"Oh, I hope you will!" cried May Manthus; "I'd love to see a really Mission. But tell me about the fighting at the Alamo. I dearly love a fight."

"Why, May Manthus, such a quiet little girl as you are to love fights! The idea of such a thing!" said Pinto Babe. "Well, I don't blame you, for I do too."

"In 1835, Colonel Melan, a Texas soldier, captured the Mexicans who were garrisoning the Bexar *presidio*. General Cos was the Mexican leader and Santa Anna sent him to reconquer San Antonio. This place was commanded by Colonel Travis, aided by Crockett. There were about one hundred and fifty men and twenty pieces of artillery protecting the Alamo against a thousand Mexicans.

"The Texans had declared that they would be faithful to Mexico so long as that country adhered to its constitution, but had made a declaration as to their reasons for taking up arms against it. There had been a good deal of fighting, until in February of 1836 came the siege of the Alamo. The commander of the Texan forces at this time wrote a letter asking for aid, and declared that the Americans would never surrender. The letter has been called 'The most heroic document in American history,' and Travis declared that although he was besieged by a thousand Mexicans with only one hundred and fifty Texans

to fight them, unless he had reinforcements, he would die like a soldier, for Santa Anna had declared that there would be no quarter given, but every man would be put to the sword.

"Only one small band of men was able to cut through the Mexican lines and come to Travis' aid. Others tried, but were too late. On the sixth of March, Santa Anna made the attack. It has been said that when the Spartans made their stand at Thermopylæ one soldier escaped to tell the tale, but Texans boast that 'the Alamo had no messenger of fate to tell its tale.' To the music of Davy Crockett's violin, which, when the Alamo was surrounded, he, though wounded, played to encourage his fellow soldiers,—the gallant men laid down their lives and the Alamo fell, not a single man remaining alive. The wounded were shot and the corpses hacked to pieces, as the poet said:

'Now let the victor feast at will until his crest be red;

We may not know what rapture fills the vulture with the dead:

Let Santa Anna's valiant sword right bravely hew and hack

The senseless corse; its hands are cold; it will not strike him back.'

"Oh, what a dreadful story, but how splendid!" said May Manthus. "Did it really happen right here? It seems as if we could almost hear the soldiers. There's a sound in the trees—listen—don't you hear it?" The child's face was alight with eager interest, and Pinto Babe replied:

There's a flash on the blade—and you thought it a star?

There's a light on the plain—and you thought it the moon?

You thought the wind echoed that anthem of war,

Not knowing the lilt of an old border tune?

Gray shade after shade stirred again into breath,

Gray phantom by phantom they charge down the glen,

Where souls hold a hate that is greater than death,

Where ghosts of the Alamo gather again.

"Oh," said Manthus, her eyes shining. "I like that. Thank you ever so much, Pinto Babe, for telling it to me! Where did you learn all this interesting talk? From your mother? Mothers always know such interesting things, poems and stories and things. My mother does; I suppose yours does too. Don't you get awful lonesome for her, Pinto Babe?"

"Yes, May Manthus," Pinto Babe's face was very sad as he answered. "But it's no use being lonesome, May Manthus. My mother's gone to Heaven. I'll never see her again."

"Oh, Pinto Babe, I'm so sorry!" The little girl looked distressed. "Scuse me for speaking of it. I didn't mean to make you feel bad, but you'll see your mother again when you go to Heaven."

"Well, I'm not likely to go there, May Manthus." The young man spoke gruffly.

"Oh, not yet, of course. I hope not!" cried the little girl. "I couldn't spare you, you're so nice to me. But some day you'll go. I know that 'cause you're so good. I'll pray that you do. I'll just ask Our Lord's Mother to let you see your mother. She'll ask Our Lord, and, of course, He'd do what His Mother asked Him."

"Your father must be awful lonesome without your mother and with you away from home. I think fathers are most as nice as mothers, don't you?"

"That depends upon the father," said Pinto Babe. "Your father's a peach. There he comes now. I guess he wants us to go and have some lunch, for it's about twelve o'clock."

"O Daddy, I'm having the loveliest time, and Pinto Babe knows the wonderfulest things!" exclaimed May Manthus, running to meet Mr. Ochiltree.

"I'm glad, Pussy," said her father. "We must have lunch now, and then I'll have to leave you with Pinto Babe again, for I have more business to attend to than I expected."

"Good enough, Mr. Ochiltree," said

Pinto Babe. "I'll take May Manthus out to see the other Mission, she seems to like them so well."

"Oh, goody!" cried May Manthus. "He'll tell me all the histories of them."

After a delicious luncheon at which May Manthus ate copiously of *Chile Con Carne* with great enjoyment, Mr. Ochiltree said, "I'll meet you here at four o'clock. Good-bye, little cormorant for knowledge," and he departed, leaving Pinto Babe and May Manthus to get into the buckboard and drive away.

It was a long but a very pleasant drive, and Pinto Babe talked to his little friend about the Mission he was going to show her in such an interesting manner that May Manthus was not tired at all when they reached San José.

"San José de Aguayi was the first Mission in Texas," he said, "and it is very famous. It was built in 1731 and had a *patio* eight acres large with a wall all around it and watch towers at the four corners. Two fine towers, one of which is gone now, flanked the door of the church and a golden dome was over the central part. The Indians called the dome the 'day star of the Manitou,' and at a Midnight Mass on Christmas, the dome fell to the ground, to the horror of everyone. From where we are now you can see the church. This part they called the *façade*, and its carving is so wonderful that artists come here from all over the world to study it. See how finely it is wrought!

It was done by a Spanish man named Huicar, and the story about him is interesting. He was poor but a very clever sculptor. He loved a Spanish girl of Seville, and came to the New World to earn money enough to marry her. He worked and toiled and finally earned enough to go back to Spain for her; but alas! just as he was sailing for Spain he heard that she was false and had married a rich nobleman. He vowed thereafter to dedicate his talents to the Church, and began the work at

San José. For twenty years he found happiness in his work, and carved all his misery into the wonderful works of San José, dying as soon as he had finished. He is buried in the church which he made so beautiful."

"Poor thing!" said May Manthus. "But he has a nice monument."

"It is considered one of the finest examples of the art of Colonial Spain," said Pinto Babe; "and it is a good thing that it has lasted to show us what they could do in those days."

"Pinto Babe, how do you know so much?" said May Manthus. "I think you know lots about horses and ranches because you've lived at the ranch, but I don't see how you've learned so many interesting things." The little girl looked at him admiringly.

"Oh, I just pick things up," said Pinto Babe, "and I didn't always live at the ranch. Now see there, May Manthus, those arch places are the cloisters where the *padres* used to walk up and down and say their prayers. This large building is the granary where they stored the grain; and it is so large because they raised everything to feed the stock.

"That lovely little building was the tower of a chapel. In that big tower still hang the bells made in Spain for the Mission, and this long walk was for the Indians to promenade on their way to the place where they slept. The Mission even had a hospital for sick children and school and playground; and everything was done for the poor Indians, teaching them more than their religion, right ways of living. This particular Mission, then, had schools, shops, mills, gardens, storehouse, shed, corral, and everything needed. The white settlers who lived about the Mission were accustomed often to complain, saying 'everything is done for the Indians and nothing for us.'"

"But they knew they ought to do things for the Indians," said May

Manthus. "The Spaniards had taken the Indians' land away from them; and my father says we haven't treated the Indians very nicely ourselves, and we ought to have learned from the Spaniards."

"Right you are," said Pinto Babe. "But we must go now, or we won't be on time to meet your father, May Manthus."

"Oh, dear. I'm sorry to leave San José! It is perfectly beautiful, but thank you ever so much for bringing me and telling me about it. I've had a perfectly lovely time," and May Manthus gave Pinto Babe's arm a little squeeze, then settled down in her seat. During the long ride home she thought over all the interesting things she had heard, saying to her mother when she reached the ranch:

"O Mother; I've had the perfectest day! 'Cept for the times we all drove to Mass on Sundays and it was so cool and sweet, and Father Alan talked such lovely sermons to us, it's been the nicest time I've had at the Ranch. Pinto Babe has been so good to me. I do wish he was my big brother!"

"But I'se your brother, May Manthus," said Robert Lee jealously. "I will be pow'ful good to you."

"O Bobby Lee, you're a darling!" said May Manthus, feeling reproached because she had been away from the little torment all day without missing him at all. "But you're not big, you know. Big people are nice because they know so very much."

"I know lots," said Bobby.

(Conclusion next week.)

Your Rosary.

Take good care of your rosary; it bears blessings. After fifty years, St. John Vianney used to show the one he received at his First Communion. He called the Rosary a golden chain that leads to the Gate of Heaven.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—“Little Lord,” by Sister Caterina, O. P., is a delightful book. It contains a number of instructive thoughts in verse form about the childhood of Jesus. There are also eight wonderfully colored pictures. Children would be glad to receive such a gift at any time and especially at Christmas. Publisher, Benziger. Price, 40c.

—The C. Wildermann Company, New York, has just published a very attractive edition of the Bible, with an Introduction by Father Lattey, who brings out the main thoughts of Pope Leo XIII's Encyclical on the study of Holy Scripture, and a Preface by Dr. H. Schumacher on the canon of the Bible. This edition is 16mo, in large type, with fourteen colored maps, an historical and chronological index to the New Testament, and a table of references. The price is \$3 and up, according to the binding.

—The Catholic Church Extension Society has issued an exceptionally fine art calendar for 1931. It should find a place in every Catholic home. Besides the reproductions in color of masterpieces of Catholic art, there are indicated all the feasts and fasts of the ecclesiastical year, the holydays of obligation, the Ember days; and for each day of the year there is an appropriate quotation from the Holy Scriptures. It is a handy reference for the information that the members of a Catholic household often seek. Published by the Extension Press (Chicago). Price, 40c; 3 for \$1.00; 12 for \$3.50.

—“Prayer for All Times,” by the Rev. Pierre Charles, S. J., translated by Maud Monahan, is the third and final volume of this series. The first volume pointed out the roads leading to God; the second, emphasized the fact that God is always ready to draw souls to Himself. This one urges a whole-hearted service to God through prayer. The very personal reflections of the author on the true notion of duty, sacrifice, perfection and virtue in general are the thoughts of those who seek light, so that they may live close to

God. To pray always, that is, to make all things prayer, is the secret of perfection. Publisher, Kenedy. Price, \$1.85.

—The convoking of the Vatican Council is believed by many to be not far away, and, undoubtedly, one of its acts will be to proclaim the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin a dogma of the Faith. In “Mary's Assumption,” the Rev. Raphael V. O'Connell, S. J., offers the reasons for such declaration: statements from Apocryphal writings, the testimony of the Greek and Latin Churches, the argument from prescription, and proofs from reason (the dignity, sanctity and virginity of the Mother of God, and the intimate love which existed between Jesus and Mary). This clear and popular account contains sufficient information about the subject for the average person. Publisher, America Press. Price, \$1.50.

—“Sweet Sacrament We Thee Adore,” by the Rev. F. X. Lasance, containing “reflections and prayers in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, together with Mass and Communion devotions,” is in fact a general prayerbook that could be used with profit at daily, weekly and monthly duties and devotions. It is particularly intended, however, for private and public visits to the Blessed Sacrament and the Hour of Adoration, with numerous acts of adoration, thanksgiving, reparation and petition, and a wealth of indulgenced ejaculatory prayers. The book is enhanced by the use of clear and large type, and the inclusion of devotional headbands and tailpieces in old woodcut style. Publisher, Benziger. Price, \$1.90.

—Sydney Smith, who was himself a sincere lover of the classics, deprecated the methods of the English Public Schools that encouraged their pupils to “love the instrument better than the end—not the luxury which the difficulty encloses, but the difficulty; not the filbert but the shell; not what may be read in Greek, but Greek itself.” He desired that boys should obtain a quick and

easy mastery over the authors whom they had to read, and on this account he urged that they should be taught by the use of literal and interlinear translations. Dr. E. Sommer and John A. FitzGerald in "The Latin Authors" would have completely satisfied the English Divine, and not a few Americans who feel that there is a lot of unprofitable time spent with the intricacies of grammar with but small return in a knowledge of the great masterpieces of classical literature. "The Latin Authors" gives two translations—one literal and one juxtalinear—of four books of the Gallic War, showing at a glance the structure of the sentences, and, we think, creating an interest in the historical narrative, that the student stumbling through the difficulties of a strange language rarely enjoys. The volume is mimeographed, but in a clear type. We believe this book used by a student under the direction of a teacher should bring gratifying results to both pupil and professor. The *Æneid* of Virgil and the Orations of Cicero have also been done in the same manner. Published by the Continental Press, Ilion, New York.

—There is no question that educational problems have brought forth a great number of books by non-Catholics, who have acquired thereby a leadership which has influenced many teachers and students to hold faulty theories, to use wrong methods, and to draw illogical conclusions. Wanting reliable texts of our own, we have used unreliable ones, if not to our own confusion, at least to our tardy acceptance of the responsibility of being leaders, and of teaching the truth. The urgent need of a clearly written, reasonably complete and wholly Catholic text-book on the psychology of education has now been supplied in "Educational Psychology," by the Rev. Jules de la Vaissière, translated by the Rev. S. A. Raemers, M. A., Ph. D. The introductory definitions of education, pedagogy and educational psychology are precise and satisfactorily complete. "General Pedagogy," packed with practical ideas and interestingly written, furnishes the student as well as the teacher with true standards in regard to the general functions of interest and attention,

and the particular functions of observation, memory, creative imagination, language, æsthetic sense and general intelligence. Perhaps the treatment of the development of religious and moral sense, the training of the will, and the sources of faults should have been more detailed with a fuller explanation of Catholic principles. Perhaps, too, there is defective brevity in the exposition of temperaments and character. Nevertheless, these faults do not seriously detract from the general excellence of this book, which might well be adopted as a standard one, for it explains Catholic ideas and ideals about the problems of educational psychology. Publisher, Herder. Price, \$2.75.

—

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii. 3.

The Most Reverend Austin Dowling, D. D., Archbishop of St. Paul.

Mother Mary of St. Festus, Sisters of the Good Shepherd; Sister Mary Teresa, Sisters of Mercy; Sister Rose Geraldine, and Sister M. Lucy, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Miss Mary A. Ward, Mrs. John Donovan, Mr. Hugh McCoole, Mr. Martin Dineen, Mrs. Beatrice Doyle, Miss Johanna Gleason, Mr. Patrick Heery, Susan M. Stewart, Mr. Patrick J. Kelley, Mrs. Martha Banke, Mr. J. W. Kircher, Mrs. R. Scanlon, Mrs. James Flanagan, Mrs. C. J. Ryan, Mrs. Bridget Langan, Mrs. Alice Martin, Mrs. Raymond Shaw, Mr. James McCoy, Mr. George F. Baumer, Sr., Miss Sarah Gertrude Doyle, Mr. Daniel Lehan, Mr. Martin Whalen, Mrs. John J. Doyle, Mr. Thomas McNally, Mr. Walter Denniston, Mrs. Marie Trotta, Mr. Andrew Rocks, Mr. Edward J. Fay, Mrs. Hanna Lynch, Miss Angela Hayes, Mr. Theodore Dyer, Mr. Thomas Sheils, Mr. M. Hierholzer, Mr. Edward Rieley, Mr. William Stokes, Mr. John Demus, Mr. T. F. Curley, Mrs. J. H. McCarthy, Mr. James Murphy, Miss R. E. Campbell, and Mr. Leo Sheehy.

Eternal rest givé unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)

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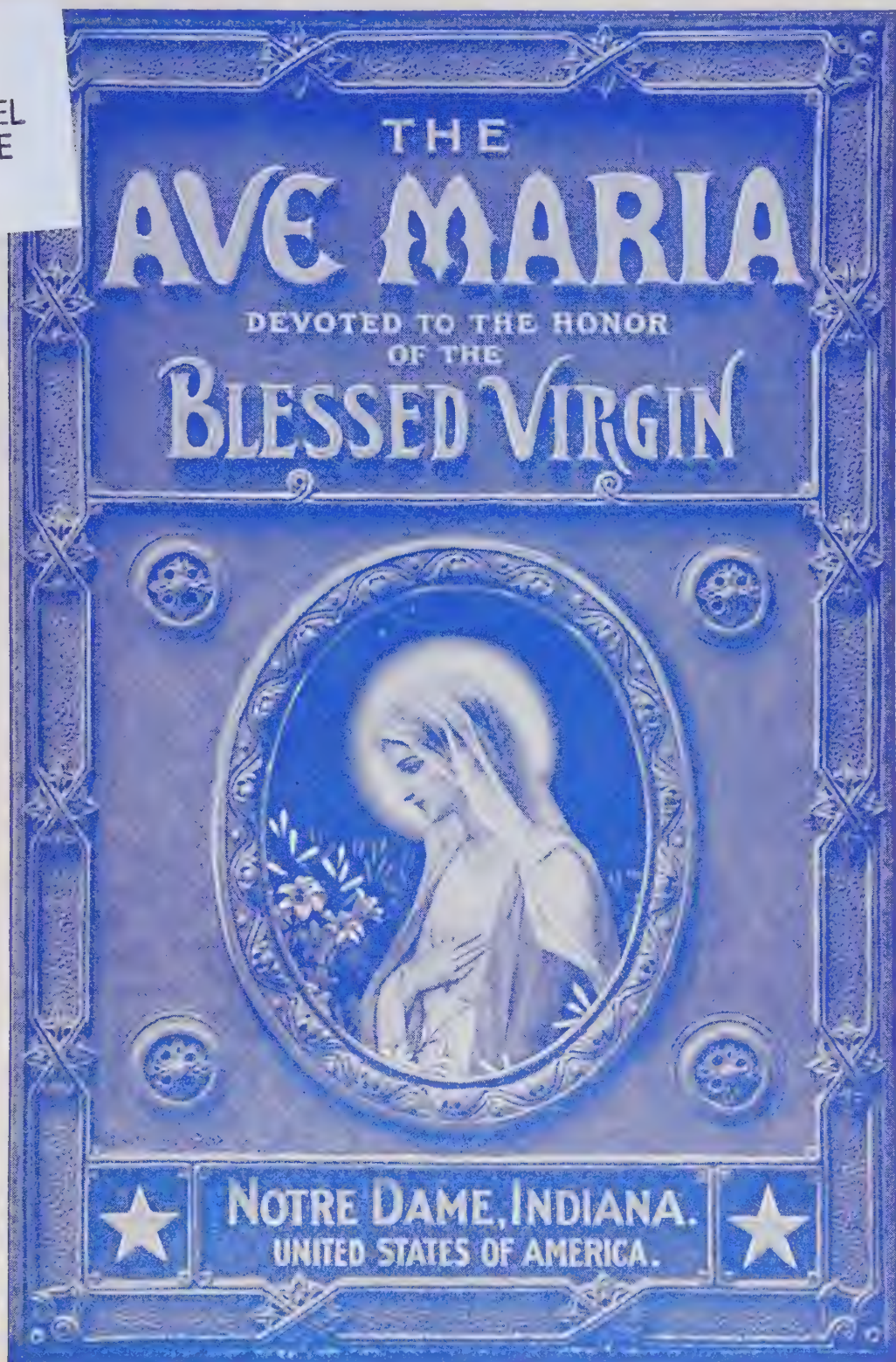
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

| | |
|--|--|
| SATURDAY, 20.—St. Dominic of Silos, Ab. Ember Day. <i>Fast.</i> | WEDNESDAY, 24.—St. Tharsilla, V. Vigil of Christmas. <i>Fast.</i> |
| SUNDAY, 21.—FOURTH IN ADVENT. St. Thomas, Apostle. | THURSDAY, 25.—CHRISTMAS DAY. St. Anasta- sia, M. |
| MONDAY, 22.—St. Flavian, M. | FRIDAY, 26.—St. Stephen, First Martyr. |
| TUESDAY, 23.—St. Victoria, V. M. | SATURDAY, 27.—St. John the Evangelist. |


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Vol. XXXII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 20, 1930.

No. 25.

[Copyright, 1930: Rev. Eugene P. Burke, C. S. C.]

A Lullaby of Bethlehem.

BY ALICE PAULINE CLARK.

○ LULLABY, Jesus! Though lowly Thy bed,
Thy Mother is guarding Thee, Sweet!
The doves and the Angels keep watch at Thy head,
The little lambs watch at Thy feet.
The Star in the East looketh down on Thy sleep,
The Wise Men bear gifts on the way;
The shepherds have journeyed afar from their sheep
To kneel by my Baby and pray.
O lullaby, lullaby! Sleep in Thy nest.
The heavenly choirs softly sing,
While I and the Angels keep watch o'er Thy rest,—
The cradle of Bethlehem's King.

Born of the Virgin Mary.

BY THE REV. JAMES P. WEBB.

THE Feast of Christmas, the great commemoration and celebration of Our Lord's nativity, is the liturgical presentation of the fact so simply yet strongly stated in the *Creed*, that Our Lord was "born of the Virgin Mary." That credal statement, following as it does immediately upon the assertion of Our Lord's divinity of nature and person and the fact of His conception in time by the power of the Holy Ghost, gives to Our Lady a prominence and importance in Christian faith and belief which is as unique as

the office she held,—the office of the Divine Maternity. Our Lady and her Child cannot be severed one from another in the setting forth of the Christian faith without the destruction of that faith. Experience has proved this beyond question. The Child and the Mother, the Mother and the Child are equally and inseparably united in the celebration of the great fact on which the Christmas festival is founded,—the birth of that child from that Mother; ". . . Jesus Christ . . . Our Lord, who was . . . born of the Virgin Mary."

The birth of Our Lord is the fulfillment of the promise and prophecy of the Archangel, made to Our Lady on the day of the Annunciation, "Behold, . . . thou shalt bring forth a son." Such a Son as no mother ever had brought forth from the beginning of the world, and ever should bring forth until the end of time. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Most High. . . . He shall reign in the house of Jacob forever: and of his kingdom there shall be no end." Not human, but divine; not man, but God; this child that she is to bring into this world.

Anticipation would have looked for universal expectancy and world-wide rejoicing at the coming of such a one. What Our Lady herself and St. Joseph looked for and expected as the culmination of those months of waiting after the Annunciation and its consequences cannot be told, for the Gospels have passed it over in silence; and, like a

multitude of other matters connected with Our Lord's coming, it remains in the mystery of things unknown. The ways of God are not the ways of man, but the ways of man must ever work out the designs of God, even when they seem to oppose and frustrate them.

"A decree went forth from Cæsar Augustus that the whole world should be enrolled. . . . And all went to be enrolled, every one into his own city." On the face of it, there was nothing to connect this decree with the place and circumstances of Our Lord's birth; but it was, in truth and fact, the working out of the Providence of God by the way of the will and actions of men. Our Lady and St. Joseph were domiciled in Nazareth. There was nothing that was likely to bring them to Bethlehem, the city of their fathers. Augustus issues his decree. For the purposes of this Roman census Joseph goes up in obedience, to Bethlehem, "because he was of the house and family of David." And he took with him "Mary, his espoused wife, who was with child." It is all indeed that the enrollment may be made in the way prescribed, but a deeper purpose is fulfilled, and thus are the words, uttered of old time by the prophet of God, brought to pass, "And thou, Bethlehem, . . . out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be the ruler in Israel: and his going forth is from the beginning, from the days of eternity." Thus Our Lord is born in Bethlehem. "And it came to pass that, when they were there, her days were accomplished, . . . and she brought forth her first-born son . . . and laid him in a manger."

The story of Our Lord's birth and its attendant circumstances is told by St. Luke, the Evangelist of the Incarnation, as he has been styled. The narration is short, comprising the first twenty verses of the second chapter of his Gospel, but it is a model of compression and intensive interest. Brief though it be, it leaves no doubt as to the divinity of

Him who was born as a little child, and the immense and evident dignity of her who was His Mother. He tells of the bright light that shone down from heaven, and of the Angel that told the shepherds the good tidings of great joy; of the multitude of the heavenly host that sang, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will." But he does not gloss over the hard facts, that there was no room in the inn, and that the new-born Child was laid in no better cradle than a manger. It is an amazing contrast, the glorious manifestation of things divine and the rough, rude poverty of Him whom those manifestations glorified. And in that glory and that poverty she shared who was His Mother, and St. Joseph who was His foster-father. They rejoice that now is the Word made flesh, and dwells among men, and is seen by men. They sorrow that under such conditions of hardship and pain should He be born who should be called "the Son of the Most High." Yet these are the ways of God, as much as the journey to Bethlehem itself, and in those ways the persons most intimately concerned find consolation and peace.

In practically every Catholic church the world over there is set up for the Christmas season some representation of that scene at Bethlehem when Our Lord was born. It is known by the name of the Crib. Tradition assigns its origin to no less a person than St. Francis, whose devotion to the Divine Infant is said to have been rewarded by some vision or revelation of the Blessed Babe of Bethlehem. At any rate, from the early Franciscan Fathers of the Thirteenth Century, the practice has gone forth and developed until it has become universal in the Catholic Church, and has even overflowed into certain sections of the Protestant Churches which imitate Catholic doctrines and customs. There can be no doubt that the Crib is a great educational and de-

votional asset for every age and class of the Church's children, for much can be learned by the seeing eye which the hearing ear cannot perceive. In some churches the Crib will be very simple and plain and elementary, in others, complex and ornate, with a multitude of elaborate scenes and expensive figures. Whatever it be, crude or artistic, plain or ornate, it will at least set forth the great central fact of all, that Our Lord was born a little helpless babe, the true Child of Our Blessed Lady.

Catholic people will go to the Crib in something of the spirit of the shepherds,—“Let us go over to Bethlehem and see this word which is come to pass.” And like the shepherds, who were privileged to look with their own eyes upon the very scene and persons of the Nativity, they will come and will find “Mary and Joseph, and the infant lying in the manger.” Not the Child alone, but the Child and the Mother, and with them the Foster Father, St. Joseph, for the Holy Family has been constituted, and its members are all assembled in their first dwelling place, the stable of Bethlehem. By their devotional act of kneeling before the Crib, and by their prayer before the figures of the Holy Ones there represented, Catholic people will visualize more clearly the events of the first Christmas Night, will be more deeply and intimately impressed by their significance, and will enter into a closer association of faith and love with Our Lord, His Mother, and St. Joseph. It is no small honor to be allowed to come and look, even in representation, upon the persons and scene that made up the setting of the Nativity of Our Lord.

One of the most beautiful and impressive of the Messianic prophecies is that of Isaias, which foretells Our Lord as a child, and sets forth the character of His reign upon earth. “A child is born to us, and a son is given to us, and the government is upon his shoulder:

and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, God the Mighty, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace.” It is a prophecy of glory and magnificence and power, and there can be no doubt as to its fulfilment in the event of Our Lord's birth in Bethlehem, when, as the angels proclaimed to the shepherds, “This day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord.” That which was spoken by Isaias the prophet has indeed come to pass; “A child is born . . . and a Son is given”; but he is born in a stable and given lying in a manger. Such is ever the fulfilment of prophecy, not in the way that man would expect, though he sees and acknowledges the fact, but in the more mysterious ways of the wisdom of God. A stable and a manger, and all the things that they connote, can never be anything but squalid and mean when contrasted with the dignity of human life; and much more are they poor and miserable and unbecoming when associated with Him who is God the mighty, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace.

In the Crib set up in churches the scene is idealized; all its rough, rude features are eliminated or toned down lest good sense and taste be shocked by any too-vivid representation of the stark reality. Yet Catholic instinct is quite right in this idealization. The poverty and the squalor and the misery of it all indeed were there when Christ was born in Bethlehem, but they were all transfigured and transformed, not taken away, by the glory of the great event which took place in such surroundings, by the brightness of the light which shone down from heaven, by the sound of the angel voices giving praise to God. The very beasts of the stall have a dignity and a graciousness that set them fittingly in the amazing scene. The rough, rude shepherds have about them the touch of the glory of God that shone upon them as they kept

their flocks that night. Our Lady and St. Joseph are transcendent with the joy and mystery of the Divine Child's birth. And the Child Himself, the central Figure of the whole scene, wrapped though He be in swaddling clothes and laid upon straw in a manger for beasts, is the one who has come to give light and grace to the world, whose birth has just been proclaimed by the voice of angels as "tidings of great joy" unto all people.

That is the main fact which transcends and transforms all else: Christ is born in Bethlehem. Upon that fact, her glorious and divine maternity, was the attention of the Blessed Virgin focussed and fixed; and the Child that she had ushered into this world filled her with a surpassing joy that the stable and the manger and the straw could neither distort nor diminish. Every reference that is made to her in the beautiful Office of Christmas Day is in that note of exuberant congratulation and exultant joy. And Catholics before the Crib will find in the scene they contemplate new incentives to rejoice with the great Mother of God, and new meaning and power and praise in the familiar words, "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus."

It cannot be without some particular significance that the Gospels, which necessarily give only a selective account of the events and circumstances of Our Lord's life and career, should mention the precise words spoken by the Angels in their song of praise on the night of the Nativity of the Babe of Bethlehem: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will." It may be taken that these words give, at least in a general way and an ultimate sense, the purpose and object of the coming of Our Lord to earth. To give glory to God is the end of every creature, and Our Lord came to give that glory in its most perfect and ab-

solute form,—*"I seek not my own glory."* He came also to be the means whereby others—the whole race of men, Jew and Gentile,—should give glory to God by faith and service and love in a way they never had done and never could have done but for His coming.

Glory to God is the ultimate and highest purpose of all true religion, and the hymn of praise of the angels is as well a declaration of that purpose as an act of worship and honor. And there is no doubt that the peace of men is bound up with the glory of God. Our Lord had been foretold as the one who should bring peace. "In his days shall justice spring up, and abundance of peace," the Psalmist had written; and Isaiah had proclaimed in the confidence of prophecy: "A child is born to us, . . . And his name shall be called . . . the Prince of Peace." Now, when that Child is born in Bethlehem of Juda, the words of the angel choir conjoin the glory of God and the peace of men. That note of peace recurs again and again in the life and teaching of Our Lord. In the first sending forth of His Apostles He told them to salute the houses into which they should enter, with the words: "Peace be to this house." At the Last Supper He said to them: "My peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you." At His rising again from the dead His first salutation was, "Peace be to you." And they that did His work in His newly founded Church preached that same Gospel of peace, so that St. Paul could say: "The kingdom of God . . . is justice and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."

In any survey of the world's history, as well since as before the time of the coming of Our Lord, it may well be asked, where has been the realization among men of that message of peace? The history of men, instead of being a long progress of peace, looks more like a mad pageant of war. Nation has risen against nation, people has been set

against people, one culture has opposed and attacked another. There have been aggression and reaction, oppression and rebellion, greed of possession and pride of power. No one needs to be told that so-called Christian and Catholic nations have been involved in these things just as the rest.

The great war of 1914-1918, like many another war before it, found Catholics fighting, with equal faith and ferocity on each side of the opposing forces. But it was that same war which brought out Our Lady's title and power as Queen of Peace. Those old enough to remember the facts will call to mind how the Pope of that period, Benedict XV., did his best, as the Vicar and representative on earth of the Prince of Peace, to bring the warring nations to understanding and agreement and peace; and how his words and efforts were decried and derided, and even execrated by the war-warped minds of every nation, who saw, or professed to see, in all that he did, an action against themselves and an effort on behalf of the enemy. Yet he urged all to pray and to work for peace, and especially to pray to Our Lady for that end. He set her in the Litany under another title, "Queen of Peace, pray for us." Pray she did, and at last hostilities came to an end with the Armistice of November 11, 1918. It was well that Our Lady's position should be recognized and acknowledged, that she who was the true mother of that Child foretold as the Prince of Peace at whose birth the angels sang "Peace to men of good will," should herself be known and invoked as the Queen of Peace, and play her part in the bringing to an end that war which had cost more human lives than any other war that had ever disfigured and disgraced the face of the earth. The Christmas season can never come and go without the thought of the Babe of Bethlehem as the Prince of Peace; and in view of the facts, the

Mother of that Babe, who bends over Him in the Crib with affection and adoration, should likewise be remembered in her Office and title as Queen of Peace.

The Office of Our Lady as Queen of Peace, never more appropriate than on that day which commemorates her bringing into the world the Prince of Peace, is one she will have every occasion to exercise in the future as in the past. Questions of peace and war have not been banished from the polity of states and nations. In spite of all the talk of peace, it needs not to listen very intently to catch ever and anon some unmistakable accents and words of war. - It must be remembered that however strong and sincere the will to peace, that will can never be completely operative and efficacious unless and until all nations accept it and are actuated by it in all their relations with other peoples and powers. One quarrelsome person will disturb and destroy the peace of all the neighbors. One violent criminal at large will put the residents of a whole district into some state of armed defence. It seems to be the fate of the world that, no matter how great its war-weariness, no matter how general the good will for peace, some power or other, and usually more than one, will consider itself aggrieved or threatened, and keep up the attitude and action of hostility, preparing armaments and organizing forces, with the inevitable result that other states are impelled in self-defence to do the same; and thus the spirit of fear, suspicion, and ill-will grows and extends among the nations, until at last the hard-kept peace breaks down again into all the horror and savagery of war.

The Catholic Church is a universal institution, the only universal institution on the face of the earth. Its true spirit is the spirit of peace. Its greatest personages, its Founder and Master and Lord, and the all-holy Mother of that

Lord, are the Prince of Peace and the Queen of Peace. That spirit of peace is not a thing for Christmas Night alone, when Catholics kneel in prayer and piety before the Crib, and catch some far-off echo of the angels' song. It is a spirit for every day and all days; and if only Catholics the world over, in all their various positions of rule and power and influence, thought and willed and acted according to that spirit in deed and truth, there would be a greater move forward towards universal peace, and a stronger security for its maintenance, than will ever be attained by political manœuvre and international agreement.

The Christmas Festival is essentially a festival of joy. It has been so from the beginning, and ever will be. The birth of Our Lord is one of the Joyful Mysteries of Our Lady's Rosary, and in the Mediæval Feast of Our Lady's Joys it ranked as one of the principal events which brought joy to her heart. Non-Catholics have largely lost the theological import of Christmas Day, but have kept it as a season of rejoicing and good cheer and general good fellowship. Obviously, the Catholic who keeps Christmas with joy, and knows why he so keeps it, is the only one who has the true understanding and spirit of the day. Not even the devout Protestant who keeps the day as the commemoration of his Lord's earthly nativity can have that real understanding and spirit of the day, for the Protestant excludes Our Lady. He takes the Child, but rejects the Mother, blind to the fact that but for that Mother's consent and co-operation there would have been no Christmas Night at all, no birth of Christ in the stable of Bethlehem, no song of the angels, and no visit of shepherds.

So then it is in the light of Catholic doctrine alone that there comes the right and fitting keeping of Christmas. And how great a light that is, revealing

the facts of faith that could be known by no other means! The Redeemer has come. "The Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us," by the Incarnation; but on Christmas night at Bethlehem, by the maternity of the Blessed Mary, could it be said for the first time by men, "We saw his glory . . . full of grace and truth." He who by the eternal process of divine generation proceeds from the Father, as the theology of the Church teaches, is born in time the true Child of the Blessed Virgin Mary. God hath come down to man, not for His own sake, but for the sake of man, that man might be lifted up above himself and his human nature to some participation with things divine. The motherhood of Mary in the birth of Our Lord has established a brotherhood of God with man. "I have said, you are gods, and all sons of the Most High."

Every Catholic will have some kind of knowledge and appreciation of all these things as he keeps the great festival of Christmas. In his vision of the scene at Bethlehem he will see shepherd and angel, St. Joseph and Our Lady, and the Divine Child; he will know that all the events of that night had their purpose and significance for all time. In the recollection of it all will he rejoice, as the Church would wish him, in body and in soul; for Christmastide, each time it comes, brings ever anew its good tidings of great joy. Christ the Lord is come into this world for its peace and blessing and salvation; and coming He has come as the Babe of Bethlehem, born of the Virgin Mary.

It is the inwardness that sets its stamp upon the outwardness. If you would behold a redder berry on the thorn, a deeper yellow on the corn, then sweeten and clarify the mind. It is this kind of mind that sees 'Earth crammed with Heaven, and every common bush afire with God.'

Literal Rastus Seeks and Finds.

BY GERTRUDE MCNALLY.

TO welcome Him, we'll have our cabin clean as de Lor's manger was," said Mrs. White upon rising. There followed dust raising a-plenty, after which a broken branch, discarded from some more fortunate person's Christmas tree was brought in by the exploring Rastus, and planted in a broken kettle of dirt, to afford it the dignity of a tree.

It was night now—Christmas Eve,—and the wick's light behind its polished chimney seemed to rejoice with them, as the black woman and child surveyed their work. Rastus thought it beautiful, that tree. For snow, his mammy had sprinkled flour around its base. True, sugar was as white, but the mother figured she would need the sugar before she would the flour. They planned to make 'lasses candy after dinner next day. Father Flannigan had sent them a chicken and some cranberries.

Together, they had strung and hung the latter upon the tree. It had been lots of fun. "Dem cranberries rep'sents drops of blood Our Lord shed," Mrs. White was now instructing Rastus.

The branch having been won by a big struggle from two other alley urchins, Rastus now rubbed his sorely chapped hands, and pondered: "How *could* such a pretty tree dat is green while de others all am dead, yet have so many pricks?"

Thoughtfully the colored woman answered: "Mah mammy used to tell me dat de green Christmas Tree stood for Eberlastin' Life, an' de pricks for dat crown o' thorns dem poor white trash dun made Our Lord wear."

"Oo-o-oh!" said Rastus, and added, "Ah neber did hear so much 'bout dis Lord as ah hears to-day. Does *every-body* knows 'bout Him, Mammy—huh?"

"No, seuse fuh dem if dey don'!" bristled the loyal black woman. "*He dat seeks will find.* Dat never fails—no suh!"

Beneath the mattress in the other room was hidden a two-bladed jack-knife, the only gift the poor mother had for Rastus. Her heart felt heavy as she thought now of the hidden hobby-horses, sleds and toys she had come across while cleaning for white folks.

"To-morrow, honey, in yore stockin'—is yuh spectin' somethin'?" she wistfully appealed.

"Not nothin'—ah ain't spectin', Mammy."

The mother groaned in spirit. "Oh, Lawsy! It's his not spectin' dat makes mah heart hurt so."

Then louder she asked: "Well, jest supposin' yuh could has anythin' in de wo'ld yuh wanted, what'd it be, honey?" Her eyes pleaded—"Say jack-knife—jack-knife—*please* say jack-knife." But he didn't.

"A lil' boy fuh to talk wif," he answered after a long silence. "A lil' boy like de Christ Chile. Does yuh reckons *He'd* cum see me—maybe jest fuh Christmas Day—does yuh, Mammy—Mammy huh?"

"Wel-l-l," she answered doubtfully, "mah mammy used to say, if yo' puts a candle in de window to show Him de way on Christmas Eve, de Christ Chile'd come, sure nuff!"

"O-o-o-oh, Mammy,—an' ah knows where dere is a candle!"

Out to the shed he flew, and in a dark corner beneath the leaky tub which served as sled for him, Rastus groped about in a small pile of loot collected at intervals from ash cans. Then he triumphantly brought forth a short piece of candle. It was badly hunch-backed, but would serve.

There was great excitement after that. Even the indifferent "Brother" appeared aware of the approaching guest. Quick and furtive his footsteps came over the snow to the cabin door, where the cat

paused and meowed for admittance in the most expectant manner.

"We uns gwine hab a Christmas Guest!" Rastus greeted him. "Yes, suh! A lil' boy poorer eben den me 'cause He didn't hab no such clo'se, or no good bed!"

At ten o'clock Mammy went into the bedroom to look at her sleeping son. "Go to bed an' listen fuh de knock," she had told him. She thought now, how sweet he looked, little kinky-headed black boy, lying in the middle of the big white bed. Lovingly she tucked the quilt around him. Her fingers caught in a torn place, and pulled out pieces of matted cotton which she looked at thoughtfully. Then she deliberately pulled out more, and more. Hands full, she hurried to the tree where small tufts of white were sprinkled about the green, making it look more festive. The candle burned in the window.

She recounted her change and murmured—"We'll hab chicken to-morrow, an' sweet 'tatoes like mah mammy used to fix down South, not so many Christmases ago. Den de next day we'll hab cranberries with de strings removed—an' de next, ah'll dun makes biscuits out ob dat flour round de tree. . . . Yes, ah reckons ah can 'ford to buy dat lil' pickaninny one more 'sprise." So donning her coat and fascinator, she went forth.

But opened stores were hard to find this late at night, and during her prolonged absence Rastus awoke and left his bed to see if the candle was still burning. It was, and trembling to the breeze that blew in upon its faint light from the rag-stuffed pane above. "Oh, candle, does yore stuff," he begged frantically. It did, for, as Rastus pleaded, his eyes upon its flickering light, inspiration came to him.

"Seek an' find," his mammy had said. "Well, den, why didn't dey do it, 'stead ob waitin' here? Maybe de

Christ Chile was lost out dere somewhere. . . . The candle didn't show much light, 'sides, dis was a back street, an' maybe de Christ Chile wasn't used to back streets like Rastus was."

He was clad in coat, cap, and rubbers upon his mother's return. Not expecting him up, she held in view a big red and white candy-cane, which she later explained was a "Shepherd's crook, like de Good Shepherd used to reach out fuh lost lambs." But now she demanded, "Why yo' all dressed up dat way, Rastus White?"

"'Cause me and yo' gwine out to hunt de Christ Chile like dem Wise Men did."

"We ain't agwine do no sich ting. The idea—gwine out dis time ob night!"

"But, Mammy, didn't yo' say—dem dat seeks will fine?"

"Ye-e-e-s, but ah didn't mean—" Tears glistened in her pickaninny's eyes. "Don' yo' cry," she scolded, "don' yo' knows it's dun bad luck to cry 'roun' midnight, uh?"

There was more than tears now in the little fellow's eyes as he wailed—"Yo said—"

Mrs. White sighed. She'd be glad, almost, when Christmas was over. Den, dey'd be no mor' 'scuse fuh pampering dis lil' nigger! "Come on," she told him, as she put on his mittens, and gently wiped his tears away, "since we gwine go, we might as well go joyful, like de Wise Men did."

When they had walked some blocks and little legs were beginning to lag, the mother asked, "Members how ah told yo' dat de shepherds found our Lord by followin' de star?"

"Uh, huh," affirmed Rastus between chattering teeth.

"Well, den," triumphed his mother, "we might jest as well go back 'cause no stars is out to-night no-how. It am snowin' too hard."

They paused, their black faces uplifted to the falling flakes, and as they did so, a song rang out upon the air—

Silent Night! Holy Night!
 All is calm, all is bright,
 'Round yon virgin, mother and Child
 Holy infant. . .

Eagerly, Rastus pulled at his mother's skirts. "Since deir ain't no stars to follow, let's follow dat music, Mammy—*ple-e-e-e-ase*."

It led them to Saint Anne's where a choir group in the rear balcony, their backs to the altar, stood practising their anthems for the approaching Midnight Mass.

The black woman and child entering timidly a side door came upon Him there—the Christ Child—lying in a manger just as they had pictured Him.

Though Rastus, little wanderer that he was, had slid through the big doors many times to hear his adored Father Flannigan say Mass, this was his mother's first visit inside a Catholic church.

She now looked about her wondering-ly, and as her eyes came back to the Crib a great trembling came upon her. Still holding tight to Rastus' hand she sank upon the front seat in full view of the manger. For the moment she had no eyes even for her child's face, which shone like polished jet.

She was noticing Mary's pictures, Mary's statues, near those of Jesus. How *right* it seemed—how *natural*. Mother and Son—together in the same church, just as she had seen them together in the same house when she worked for Father Flannigan. Reckons Jesus, mus' like it better too, ran Mammy's thoughts. Wouldn't *any* son dat lubs his mother?

People had begun to fill the pews, the music was pealing forth in earnest now; still the black woman and child sat and gazed upon the manger.

Rastus rolling his eyes, saw boys light tall candles, and longed to do it too, when he became old enough. Then he watched Father Flannigan climb a stair and read from a book while all the people, 'cept he and mam-

my, rose and looked thoughtful-like, in a happy kind of way. Still the mother sat wrapped in her brooding. So deep were her thoughts that she heard only one sentence from the beautiful sermon—"Unto us a Son is given—not lent."

At the soft chiming of the bell and the elevation of the Host, a mysterious peace settled into the heart of the black woman which she did not understand, but resolved to have explained, later, by the good Father.

When the congregation had filed down the aisle and past the Crib on their way out, she, with her son, came to kneel as they had seen the others do, humbly, at the feet of Jesus. They had no money to drop into the small candlebox as they had seen some worshipers do. But even, as in the long ago, when men brought rich gifts the while humble Mary had to worship with a kiss, so now, worshipped Mammy and Rastus as they knelt and gave their *all*—their hearts.

It had stopped snowing and the sky was full of stars when again they buffeted the cold. "We went out and *found* our Christ Child, didn't we?" Rastus chirped.

"Not only Him, but His Mother too," Mrs. White answered, and added softly, "Ah feels dat fuh de fust time ah's found a real woman-friend."

"We found, 'cause we dun seeked," knowingly reasoned the happy little pickaninny, as holding tight to his mother's hand he trudged homeward through snow drifts and beneath shining angel-lamps, swung low.

LIFE is given for wisdom, and we are not wise; for goodness, and we are not good; for overcoming evil and evil remains; for patience, and sympathy, and love, and yet we are fretful and hard, and weak and selfish. This is the tragical feature of life—that it is linked with so much failure in character.

Shepherds' Peace.

(An Old-fashioned Christmas Story.)

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

LISTEN, my friends: I have a story
 To tell you in the lovely glory
 Of this bright Christmas Day of yours—
 An old, old story. It endures
 Through the long ages; it will be told
 When this warm hand is still and cold
 That pens it for you; on and on,
 When I, your friend, am dead and gone,
 This bright, immortal story still
 Will warm men's hearts against the chill
 Of earth, and even death—and there,
 There is the fairest of the fair
 And deathless beauty of this tale;
 Past even Time it shall prevail,
 Into Eternity, forever—
 By men's hearts be forgotten never.

It is a winter story. Snow
 Lies drifted cold around the glow
 Of shepherds' fire upon the hill.
 The world is dark and hushed and chill.
 The shepherds are asleep; and yet,
 A little while ago, with fret
 And roughened word and sharp rebuff,
 Quarrelling, crying out "Enough?"
 "You are a greedy one!" "And you—
 You lie! You never speak what's true"—
 Accusing, answering, long and late,
 Nursing against each other hate
 And petty spite, these shepherds spent
 The hours disputing, ill-content,
 Unkind, unhappy. One was grim
 With hard-won wisdom; and to him
 Because his words were strong and short,
 The youngest, giving hot retort
 Of hotter tongue, had made anew
 An ancient quarrel. The cold wind blew
 Upon them as they bickered. "This—
 This is for us, the poor. We miss
 All that makes life worth living. Kings
 Loll on soft couches, jewels and rings
 Upon their fingers, cups of gold
 To drink their warming wine from. Cold,
 We beat our hands and shiver here,
 Hunger to feed on, snow for cheer—"

"You have enough!" "Enough? A coat
 Made from the mean hide of a goat!
 You with your sheepskin and your wool—
 If I had that!" "Am I a fool?
 You'd think that I was robed in sable!"
 "Was man then made to live in a stable?"

So waxed the dark disputing, till,
 Weary with anger, on the hill
 They laid them down in sullen way,
 With threat of quarrel renewed when day
 Should wake them to their tasks once more.
 Grumbling, complaining, proud and sore,
 Uneasily they slept, and stirred,
 Muttering now the broken word
 Of anger in their dreams.

One wakes,
 And from his stiff limbs slumber shakes,
 Impatient with his fellows. "So!
 No covering for me! The snow
 My share of blanketing," and lay
 Sleepless, unhappy. "When the day
 Comes 'round again, you'll see, you'll pay
 For my discomfort." Anger chills
 His breast, alone there in the night—
 But sudden now, the while he lies
 With hatred in his wakeful eyes,
 A strange light breaks and floods and fills
 The heavens; and the bright low moon,
 Long hidden in a cloudy swoon
 Of shadow, dimmer grows and fades.
 Yet there is light—light in the glades,
 Light in the deepest gullies,—light,
 Light everywhere, or near or far!
 What sun unnatural, or star
 Unseasonable, burns so bright?
 Up to his feet in quick affright
 The startled shepherd leaps, to cry,
 "Rouse, shepherds, rouse! The sky, the sky,—
 Behold, it is afire! Nor lightning
 Ever hath made such wondrous brightening
 Down from the topmost deeps of heaven!
 Nor holy torch of Candles Seven,
 Illumining the Inner Shrine,
 Hath ever made the world to shine

As shines the dark earth now!" (Nor dark,
Nor shadowed evermore!) "And hark—
What sound is that? What music? Hear?
Voices in chorus rising clear
Above the multitudinous beat
Of harp strings, sweeter than the sweet,
Immortal chording David played
Of old before the Lord!"

Then lowly,
Down in the snow, and "Holy, holy!"
Chanting with bated breath they kneel,
Those frightened shepherds. Now they feel
Swift on their hidden brows a wind
Softer than blossomy breeze of Ind,
Or perfumed zephyr 'mid the palms
Of sunny Egypt's watery calms—
A summer wind where wintry blast
A little while ago had cast
Its biting blight on field and wood.
What wonder then is this? What good
Miraculous hath come, what boon,
That night is brighter now than noon,
Though stars are hidden and the moon
Is veiled and lost? What wonder runs
Around the world, that blazing suns
Burst multiplied across the dark,
That breaks to song and music?

"Hark!"

Up to his feet one shepherd, baring
His blinded eyes, with youthful daring,
Leaps, crying out: "Look, comrades, look!"
And they, whose hands with trembling shook
The while they veiled their vision, rise
And with him gaze upon the skies.
He whispers now, "The music dies—
It falls to softer strains. I hear
A single voice." And soft and clear
That single voice comes to his ear
With gentle cadence: "Do not fear.
Look up. Behold and listen. Night
Rules earth no longer. Now the light
Of an eternal dawning breaks
Upon the shadowed world, and takes
Darkness forever from the earth.
The hour is come! The Saviour's birth
Now is accomplished, told by sages,
Dreamed of, desired through all the ages.
Rise up. You do not dream. 'Tis morn.
A Saviour unto you is born!"

And sudden as that sweet voice ceases,
Renewed the music swells, increases,
Repeating o'er the angelic story,
Re-echoing over and over, "Glory,
Glory to God that He doth fill
The hearts of men with peace, good will!"
And "Glory, glory to God!" with cries
Rejoicing, and with shining eyes
Bright now with gladdened tears, they stand,
These shepherds, clasping hand in hand.
"Peace and good will," each to the other
Speaks, with the loving name of brother.
"Now all our angers fall away,
Nor evermore to quarrel or say
Dark, bitter things, or cherish wrong,
Or evil think. This be our song
For evermore!"

But he, the young,
Hot-tempered one, who, quick of tongue,
Had quickest been to quarrel, complain,
Down to his knees falls once again,
And tearful speaks: "But I—but I—
I am not worthy that the high,
Sweet word of Heaven should come to me!"
Thereat his brethren lovingly
Forgiving, comforting his grieving,
Close kneel beside him: "Nor to us
Is it deserving ever thus
The love of God should be revealed.
But weep not, speak—your lips unsealed—
Unto the Angel, to him say
Our deep unworthiness, and pray
His pardon for our sorry blame,
The while we bow our heads in shame."

And then: "Because with faith, believing,
You have forgiven each the other,
And lovingly, brother unto brother,
Have opened up your hearts—behold,"
The angelic voice comes sweet and bold,—
"Behold to you there shall be given
More even than tidings out of Heaven:
You shall not hear alone, nor know
God's wonders only by the glow
Of light eternal on your eyes—
But you shall see! Look up! The skies
Now with a single splendor burn.
Lift up your faces. Rise, and turn—
Behold the Star—and follow! Mark
How it doth throb above the dark,
Where the deep valley winds and dips."

With faltering voices, trembling lips,
 The shepherds, crying out "We see!"
 Leap to their feet all gladsomely,
 And running, running through the night—
 Around their hurrying feet the light
 Of that one single star to lead—
 Come at long last with breathless speed
 To a low doorway in the hill.
 The moving light is halted, still;
 With majesty of flooding beam,
 The great Star stands. As in a dream
 The lowly doorway opens wide,
 And breathless, with a cry uncried,
 A voiceless prayer, the shepherds stand,
 Brother by brother, hand in hand,
 Beholding, in a lovelier glow,
 Than angel fire on drifted snow,
 A light that fills that humble place
 Irradiant from a mother's face,
 Who bends above a Babe asleep,
 And sings to Him and closer clings
 To keep Him warm, while rush of wings
 Fills all the place with humming sound!

"Behold! Behold!"—and fain to weep,
 Those shepherds crowd within the door
 And prone upon the frozen ground,
 And prone upon the floor before
 That shining Little One, cry out,
"It is the Christ!"—a mighty shout—
"The Christ, the Saviour, King of kings,
Born in a stable—Christ who brings
Peace to the hearts of men!"

Then, "Brother,"

Whispers the wise and hardened one,
 Who erst in anger ill had done
 With evil words unto the other,
 "See how the sharp wind chills His Mother,"
 And forthwith from his shivering frame
 Draws off his goatskin cloak in shame—
 "But let me give my coat." "And I,"
 With a quick-hearted, eager cry
 Answers the hot-tongued youth, "let me
 Give my coat too for comfort. See
 How soft its thick wool, woven by
 My own dear mother long ago
 To shield me from the wind and snow."

And so, my friends, the story's told,
 An old, old story—how the cold

Of earth was turned to warmth and love
 Because an Angel from Heaven above
 Came with Good Tidings that dark night
 To fill the world with peace and light;
 Because the hearts of men, forgiving,
 Desiring the true way of living,
 Clapsed hands and learned how sweet the fare
 When hearts together give and share.

"I Give My Son."

BY AGNES L. CROWLEY.

MRS. FREDERICK VON ROSEN was going to be hurt. She could feel it in the warm atmosphere of the room; she could see it in the mocking, taunting flames in the fire before her; she could hear it in the crinkle and crackle of the wood, in the thump of the coal, as it dislodged itself from the burning mass, poised for a moment on the grate, and then fell headlong into the iron pit below; she could almost smell it in the holly wreaths at the window, in the mistletoe on the chandelier, in the Christmas tree in the corner of the room; she could fairly taste it in the turkey and cranberries and plum pudding which she was going to have for dinner the next day. She was going to be hurt, and hurt more than she had ever been hurt in her life. She felt miserable about it as she mused before the fire.

Suddenly Mrs. von Rosen's small, drooping figure stiffened; her faded blue eyes grew steely, and her usually soft, kindly, sympathetic mouth drew itself into a hard line. She wouldn't be hurt; she wouldn't stand idly back and see the thing she loved most in life taken from her. She'd fight this girl,—this girl who was going to take her only son; and she, his mother, would win.

This was the only thing Mrs. von Rosen had fought in her whole twenty-five years of married life. She had accepted things as they came, and had kept her desires to herself. She might

have been something of a writer, but her husband had never given her encouragement, and so, rather humbled, she had abandoned the idea. She had been emotional, dreamy, and romantic when she was young, but her husband, in the staidness and stolidness of his German nature, had crushed these tendencies in her, or at least kept them so dormant that only occasionally did she even know of their existence now. Not that Mr. von Rosen had been unkind to her,—indeed no! But his love was different from hers,—once declared, he thought that it was not only unnecessary but also disgustingly sentimental to repeat it.

So Mrs. von Rosen's love and outward display of affection had been lavished on her only son, John. He, strangely enough, was not spoiled in the least by them. On the contrary, he was a very fine young man,—not especially handsome, not especially captivating, with a fairly good disposition, a kindly heart, and a character as good as, if not a little better, than the ordinary Catholic young man, who was very much alive and very much in love.

It was his being in love that Mrs. von Rosen regarded as so tragic. She had no objection to this particular young Mary, who was so fortunate as to be the beloved of her John. No, any young lady so favored would have been disliked, distrusted, and denounced by Mrs. von Rosen. It was just that every dream, every hope, every desire she had kept within her romantic heart had finally crept out and settled itself upon this boy.

Mrs. von Rosen had made up her mind, however, during this hour before Midnight Mass that she would break off this affair to-morrow—Christmas or no Christmas,—and she would have peace in her heart again; life would be merry once more. The fire seemed less cozy, the holly berries less red and the Christmas tree less cheery,

she thought, as she rose from her consultation with herself, but shaking her shoulders as if to throw off the thought, she laughed disdainfully and began to put on her wraps for church.

Mr. and Mrs. von Rosen and John and Mary sat down for the sermon and settled themselves comfortably in their pews. The church had suddenly become deathlike in its stillness. The ringing tones of the organ had subsided, and the echo of the last glorious hosanna had grown fainter and fainter, until finally it had melted into the very sound of the air itself. The poinsettias, gleaming on the white marble altar, were crimson, and the lighted tapers glowed happily in their golden sockets.

Mrs. von Rosen's thoughts were interrupted by the voice of the priest. "It is better to give," she heard him say, "than to receive," and then her thoughts took wing again and she pondered over what she would say to her son about Mary. She couldn't seem to concentrate on that most important business, for continually her thoughts went back to the keynote of the priest's sermon: "It is better to give than to receive." That didn't pertain to her she argued with herself, surely no one had given more in life than she had given. She just couldn't be expected to give up this one last thing she cherished so much,—her son. Hot tears trickled down her cheeks, and John, seeing them, and thinking she was moved by the sermon, smiled consolingly and patted her hand.

Finally she saw the people rising and she rose also. What were the words the priest had just said? They came back to her over the discordant notes of her mind: "Give Him your hearts, my good people, for this little Babe came down from heaven, and gave Himself for you."

All four of them waited after Mass to visit the Crib. Mrs. von Rosen stood

for a long time looking down at the little Infant in His swaddling clothes and His rough bed of straw. Shadows played across His baby face, and for one brief instant Mrs. von Rosen thought she saw Him smile. She leaned over the Crib and whispered in His ear: "I give my son!"

John linked his mother's arm as they passed out of the church. "Mother," he said, "what did you say back there at the Crib? I heard you say 'I give my son,' but I didn't hear what you were going to give me. Come now, Mother, don't keep me in suspense any longer,—what are you giving me for Christmas?" Mrs. von Rosen didn't hesitate a minute. She pulled off her glove, and took from her finger the ring that she had received from John's father,—the von Rosen engagement ring that had been in the family for generations. "Here," she said, "it being Christmas, I thought you might like to give this to Mary. This snow is awfully damp, isn't it?" she added, as she wiped the moisture from her eyes.

The Handmaiden of the Lord.

BY EDNA G. ROBINS.

WHEN the shepherds entered the stable on Christmas night, they found the Blessed Virgin clasping Jesus to her heart as her greatest treasure, and at the same time holding Him up to the gaze of those who came to marvel and adore. This was to be henceforth the whole aim of Mary's life—to embrace her Son with the devotion of complete self-forgetfulness that she might the more perfectly show Him forth to men. In this dedication of her life to Jesus we find the model of the Christian life, the perfect expression of the love that God expects from us,—such a complete sacrifice of ourselves to Jesus that His love may shine through us, that He may live in us.

It seemed a simple act of motherly love on Mary's part, yet she had been preparing for it through all her life. Her childhood spent in obedience to God, in the study of His word and in the fulfilment of His will, made her ready in her dawning womanhood to acknowledge herself as the handmaiden of the Lord. This she had been in the simple retired life of her childhood; this she would continue to be when she was faced with the greater sacrifices that God demanded of her.

The simplicity of her life had helped in her preparation. There was little to distract her thoughts from God or to take His place in her heart. Having formed the habit of obedience through years of self-discipline, she knew no hesitation when the angel of the Annunciation made known God's will for her. God called her to give herself, body and soul, to His service. This she was ready to do because she had been obeying that call through all her life. But whereas she had served Him in the lowliness and retirement of her own home, she was now to witness before men to her complete dedication to God.

We are, perhaps, apt to think of Mary as an ignorant, untaught peasant girl. She had, however, made a devout study of the religious books of Israel. She had taken to heart the promise of God to send a Messiah to His chosen people. She had prepared by prayer and meditation and a blameless life for His coming. Moreover, as every Jewish girl secretly cherished the hope that she might be the mother of the Messiah, it is reasonable to suppose that Mary herself had often wondered whether God would consider her worthy of that awful privilege. And as she tried from day to day to become more and more a perfect living instrument under the hand of God, she found at last that her dearest hopes were to be realized; that as she had emptied her heart, her life, of all selfishness, God would indeed use

her as the channel for His divine life.

So we find her, awed, humbled, yet radiantly happy, presenting the Holy Child to the worship of shepherds and Magi. She drew no attention to herself; she asked for no homage herself; she demanded no consideration. So wonderful a mother of so glorious a Son, she worshipped the divine power which had given to her, the humble maid, this opportunity to serve God's glory.

In the joy and peace and beauty of the Manger picture, we may be tempted to think that all was made easy for the Blessed Virgin, yet we know that she was obliged to pass through very real and painful trials before she attained to the supreme joy of motherhood. She had to face the doubting glances of her comrades; she had to wait anxiously through Joseph's period of suspicion and hesitation. And can we doubt that in the lonely darkness of the cold stable she knew the agony of fear and helplessness? Yet she was willing to suffer, and through all her trials she held firmly to her faith and hope in God.

Now we approach our Christmas Communion, to receive the Divine Life that, like Mary, we may show It forth to men for the glory of God. This is our supreme vocation. But we cannot be worthy of It without striving. We shall not be able to perform our task, we shall not be able to receive the grace of God in fullest measure, unless we have carefully prepared our hearts, our minds, for the worthy reception of this great Gift. There is, of course, the definite more or less brief preparation of prayer, of self-examination, immediately before our Communions. But we cannot with a half hour's preparation receive Jesus with the love and humility that He seeks. All our daily life must be an act of sacrifice, that as we die to self, as we resign ourselves to become nothing, the Lord will find in us a room ready for His use, wherein He may kindle a living fire. Every act that Mary per-

formed through her girlhood was offered as an act of love to God. Only because of this daily practice in self-denial was she able to declare herself truthfully "the handmaiden of the Lord." Only by constantly disciplining ourselves to obedience and humility shall we be ready to accept God's will with the ready response, "Be it done unto me according to Thy word."

We cannot expect to attain to the perfect self-submission of the Holy Mother and the saints without willing acceptance of suffering. Even at Bethlehem, the Cross threw its cold shadow over the Manger where Mary guarded the Blessed Child. With every step that Mary advanced in understanding and in love she grew in the knowledge of suffering and its purifying power. So we must learn that greatest of all lessons, —to love Jesus is to suffer with Him.

The shepherds and the Magi had to turn away from the Manger and to leave the Holy Child and His gracious Mother, with only a beautiful memory to cheer them in the tedious return to their round of duties. How fortunate are we who may have daily access to Jesus, who may daily partake of His Divine Life! Yet the joy that He brings to us is not to be hugged to our own breasts; it is not for our secret and selfish gratification that He comes to us. As he returns to us again and again in the Holy Communion, we are expected to make ever greater efforts to show Him forth to men, that they may be led to His feet to share our joy.

While this is true of every Communion, it seems especially appropriate to remind ourselves of it at the Christmas season. We meditate at this time upon the amazing love of God in offering us so great a gift—the gift of Himself. We wish to let Him take possession of us, that we may in our poor way imitate His generosity and burn with His love. This must be no idle, empty prayer. No doubt, Mary felt a certain anxiety when

the Eastern sages appeared so unexpectedly to render homage to her tiny Son. Their visit repeated the warning that her Child was destined to fulfil a great Purpose, and that she would play but an obscure part in His ministry. Yet she quietly and happily shared her joy in the Infant Saviour with these grave and reverend travellers.

Sometimes in our parish life we feel our work ignored, ourselves overlooked, our sacrifices apparently wasted. Let us then not yield to discouragement or to self-pity, but call to mind the gentle Mother, gladly taking her place in the background, though with a little pang in her heart, in order that her Son may receive the worship that is His due.

And as we gaze upon that picture which each succeeding Christmas makes more dear, more meaningful, we see Mary, surrounded by the hosts of heaven, those pure spirits who behold the unveiled Face of God. By her perfect obedience, her pure simplicity, her absolute devotion of every thought and feeling to the glory of Jesus, she is found worthy to take her place among those radiant servants of God who know no joy but to serve God, and so are permitted to see and to share His Glory.

Christmas and Peggy.

BY F. O'RAHILLY, L. L. A.

PEGGY stands at the cottage door staring out at the starry sky and the dark outline of the tall, bare trees which surrounded Dronuin House,—grand trees for the rooks they were too. Now, as the branches sway backwards and forwards, the lights from the House itself glimmer and twinkle like lesser stars on the earth. Peggy is almost twenty, so it does not seem right that her eyes should look so sad, or that she should sigh audibly as she turns back into the cottage, drawing the wooden bolt behind her. The truth is

that just now she is feeling what the city girls would call “fed-up”; and why? Well, she does not quite know herself. After all, she has her Granny, a dear old soul, as deaf as a door-post but equally inoffensive; lively too, in spite of her four-score years; keeping the poor cottage clean and tidy and able to do wonderful things by economizing her old-age pension. No, indeed, Peggy has nought to complain of; and yet somehow she has not been happy lately. To-night she takes herself to task and questions herself. Surely she is not jealous of the young ladies coming and going in their motor? Neither does she want the pictures, or to go to Dublin often. She simply hates it all; the few times she had been taken there, every moment she found herself longing to get back to the country. What is it, then?

Peggy was still finding fault with herself for this unaccountable sadness as she drew back her small window-curtain before hopping into bed. There were lights in the Gate Lodge opposite; and, yes, surely that was Pat, the gardener, fastening up for the night. Peggy's heart gave a wild bound—then with a shock she realized what was wrong with her. But surely it was absurd! Pat was thirty, if he was a day (why, he used to hoist her up on his shoulder to pick nuts, not so long ago.); he had a good situation, and was very tall and handsome in spite of his very red hair. He and his mother were very comfortable at the Lodge, and Mrs. McCarthy would certainly not want a daughter-in-law as poor as Peggy; and anyhow it was all too really silly, so that's all about it. As Peggy drew the blankets round her ears it was a comfort to think she could pray the whole thing off, and nobody would be any the wiser.

“Never mind about plum-pudding, Granny, we can very well do without it,” shouted Peggy, as she scrubbed the chairs with might and main in prepa-

ration for Christmas. Granny had been a bit out of sorts. Full of regrets for old times when they had a goose, a plum-pudding, and all the other necessities of Christmas. She had wearied Peggy, already at her wits' end as to the wherewith of the Christmas dinner. But the girl went on, scrubbing and cleaning, cheerily singing snatches of song to keep up her flagging spirits.

"*Bail o Dhia orrabh!*" It was Pat's shadow in the doorway.

"*Dia agus Muire dhuit a Phaidraig,*" answered Peggy.

"I want ye to come over to the Lodge for Christmas Night, Peggy. They sent us down a grand hamper from the House, plum-pudding and all; so you and the Granny must come over and take a bit o' dinner with us."

They were both delighted, and said so. The old woman began at once to get out her Sunday garments, remnants of the good old times. And Pat's back was scarcely turned when Peggy did the same. After all it was Christmas Eve, so there was little time for preparation. Pat would be very busy all day he had told them. There were a number of visitors coming to spend Christmas at the House, and the housekeeper wanted lots of green stuff cut down for the decorations.

A typical Christmas-card Christmas; everything covered with a nice, fine snow which fell during the night, just enough to make everything look beautiful, and yet not enough to penetrate one's boots and get slushy. After twelve o'clock Mass in the village, Peggy and her Granny went across to the Lodge where Mrs. McCarthy welcomed them heartily. Pat would be in later. He was giving a helping hand up at the House—he was always a useful boy, that same Pat, announced his mother proudly. When he did arrive dinner was just ready. The goose, baked a golden brown, fizzled on her dish, and the pot-lid of the plum-pudding pot danced up

and down as if impatient to be lifted. They were a very merry party indeed, and grace was piously said as they turned towards the little Crib in the corner.

As the evening drew to a close and the last of the crackers was pulled, Pat suggested that Peggy and himself should go up to the House just to take a peep at the ladies and gents who would be dancing by this time. Up the avenue they went, Peggy well protected from the cold wind, and Pat provided with his electric torch in case of necessity. It was nice to see through the high windows the young people having a good time. Peggy loved seeing the pretty frocks and shoes of girls about her own age. But she had no thought of jealousy. After all she was very happy to-night.

"Aren't you a bit small, Peg, to see in plain? Suppose I put you up on my shoulder," suggested Pat. A sudden shyness caused Peggy to blush crimson; she was no longer a child; it was not quite nice to allow Pat to lift her up. Besides—she tried to laugh it off.

"I'm too grown-up now, Pat, for that; you know I'm twenty." Pat glanced at the little, blue-eyed girl by his side. Twenty? Was it possible? Then there was no need to wait any longer. He would ask Peggy to-night. Why it was just the right moment—Christmas, with snow all round them!

"Peg thinks she'd be livelier opening and shutting the gates than you, Mother; so she's decided on coming over to us for good and all."—

It must have been Peggy's blushes, but Granny heard quite easily that time, and nodded approval.

It is a great deal better to live a holy life than to talk about it. Light-houses do not ring bells or fire cannon to call attention to their shining. They just shine.—*Longfellow.*

Irish Shuilers' Christmas.

BY LIAM P. CLANCY.

LET the snow be in the hollow,
 And the storm be on the height,
 It's little heed we're taking,
 Who walk the roads this night:
 For many a door is open,
 And many a kindly hand
 To-night will give us succor
 In Erin's holy land.

Let no star be in the heavens,
 Nor ever a white moon ray
 Aslant the lonesome mountains,
 To guide us on our way:
 No darkness we'll be fearing,
 For many a candle-flare
 Will shine in cottage windows,
 To light our footsteps there.

Though never a man be knowing
 The way that we come or go,
 We're welcome to be resting
 Before his turf-fire's glow;
 And through this Eve in Erin,
 There's many a kindly deed,
 And help, and hope, and shelter,
 For those who walk in need.

So, over the hill and hollow,
 With never a dread we fare;
 At every open doorway
 There's help and a word o' prayer:
 May God and His Blesséd Mother,
 Who journeyed this night of yore,
 Put wealth of blessings on you,
 Who keep the open door!

A Christmas Legend.

BY M. BARRY O'DELANY.

HOW St. Brigid, or Bride, patroness of Ireland and contemporary of St. Patrick, could be associated with the birth of the Infant Jesus is no puzzle to students of Irish legendary lore. Legends, Christian and Pagan, are so closely interwoven in these old tales that the result is a maze of fact and fiction through which it is not always an easy matter to find one's way. Many of these legends are supposed to have

originated in some metaphorical poem of the species so dear to the bards of ancient Erin, and may have been taken too literally by a sensitive and imaginative people. To this category the following legend of St. Brigid of Kildare probably belongs. From it we learn that her future connection with the stable at Bethlehem was foretold before she could speak. Delivered in the Irish language, the prophecy was rendered into English by Fiona Macleod, in whose "Spiritual Tales" we read:

. . . my garment shall be laid
 On the lord of the world,
 Yea, surely it shall be that He,
 The King of the Elements Himself,
 Shall lean against my bosom,
 And I shall give Him peace,
 And peace will I give to all who ask
 Because of this mighty Prince,
 And because of His Mother that is the
 Daughter of Peace.

We are also told that, although till that moment baby Brigid had never spoken a word, she then startled the bystanders by intoning the prophecy in a clear, childish treble. However, as time passed and nothing unusual happened, Duvach, as her father was called, began to have his doubts about the prophecy. To all his questions the little girl replied with a shake of her head and an assurance that she remembered nothing whatever of the mystic words attributed to her. But when she was about eight years old her father surprised her on the hillside, softly singing to herself the words of the prophecy, and as he listened he bowed his head in prayer. The Arch-Druid, Cathal, to whom he related what had passed, advised him to let his little daughter alone and refrain from questioning her on the subject.

Brigid though of a modest and retiring nature and given to lonely wanderings and day-dreaming, was very industrious, her days being passed in tending sheep and helping in the dairy. She loved listening to the learned discus-

sions of the Druids, from whom she learned of the existence of a land of blazing sun and little rain. A fairy tale, perhaps, but none the less fascinating for that to a child reared in an island whose misty skies "wept while they smiled." Then one memorable day she found herself towards evening on a waste of burning sand. It spread for miles and miles, and over it she walked scarcely knowing whether she was awake or dreaming, till she saw a white-walled city far ahead where lights were twinkling, dimly at first, but growing brighter as she neared the gates. The landscape was at once familiar and unfamiliar. The trees and shrubs were strange, the absence of rain, or even of a well of water, stranger still, while the very air she breathed seemed on fire. Then some words spoken by the white-haired Druids came back to her, and she suddenly realized with a gasp of ecstasy that she was in the East, and in her joy almost forgot her thirst and fatigue.

From the white-walled city she was toiling towards, a figure advanced as she drew nearer. The face was familiar in spite of the flowing robes and Oriental setting. It was her father, sure enough, and he appeared to attribute her bewildered reception of him to her proverbial capacity for living in the clouds, reminding her half playfully of the number of times he had been obliged to chide her for the habit. He said that she had been so long about filling her pitcher at the well that he had come in search of her, and, since she was without it, feared that with her usual absence of mind, she had left it at the well.

Pitcher! water!—what would she not give for even one drop of water! And she begins to talk about dear old Ireland of the sea-soft breezes and weeping skies and grass so cool and green, that did not burn the feet like this never-ending sand. At which her

father chides her as a silly girl who does not know what she is talking about and must be only half awake, for yonder is the only home she ever knew, and its name is Bethlehem, and he the owner of an inn there that, when she has her wits about her, she helps him to look after.

It is late when they arrive at the inn for walking in the heat was weary work, and they were parched with thirst. Once within doors Duvach grew very grave and, pointing to the empty water-tanks, said:

"Now, child, heed what I am saying, for it may well be that your life depends upon your doing so. That pitcher over there contains the only drop of drinking-water in the house, and must last you till I come back from the Mount of Olives, where, I have heard, there is a well that has not been affected by the drought. God willing, I shall return with camel-loads of well-filled water skins, but, meanwhile, be careful, Brigid, for it may be you will be asked for a drink these times when every throat is parched. Let no one eat or drink here till I come back, nor spend a night beneath our roof."

When her father was gone Brigid sat thinking over what he had said till she was roused from her reflections by a knock at the inn door. Opening it she saw standing in the starlight an old man whose uplifted staff had evidently been just used to beat upon the door, his other hand holding the bridle of a patient looking ass on whose back was seated a young woman with the sweetest face she had ever seen. And at this sight Brigid was a dreamer once again, roaming the green hills of Erin and crooning to herself the mystic words of a half-forgotten prophecy.

"This is Mary, my wife, who will soon be a mother. May we have food and a night's lodging?"

The legend adds that as Joseph spoke Mary and Brigid exchanged a penetrat-

ing glance accompanied by some words in Irish. While anxious to obey her father, Brigid felt that she was free to give the food and drink reserved for her own use to these strangers, and promptly offered it; but when Mary asked for some milk she was obliged to admit that there was none to be had, as owing to the prolonged drought the cows failed to yield a drop. Then the sweet-faced woman told her to try once more, reciting while she milked these words:

Give up thy milk to her who calls
Across the low green hills of Heaven
And stream-cool meads of Paradise!

Brigid did as she was ordered and got as much milk as was needed, and having drunk of it, the travellers resumed their journey, for mindful of her father's injunction, Brigid dared not ask them to stay the night. But she felt ill at ease and her trouble increased when she perceived that notwithstanding what they had eaten and drunk there was no diminution in the size of the loaf or in the number of the cakes, nor in the quantity of the water in the pitcher, though she had seen the strangers drink of it thirstily. She wished she had not been obliged to send them away! However, it was some comfort to remember that she had told them of a stable where they might be able to shelter for the night.

As soon as her father returned, his camels loaded with fresh water and provisions of various kinds, she informed him of all that had passed in his absence. The miracle of the eating of food that never lessened and drinking of water from a pitcher that was as full as when he started on his journey set Duvach thinking seriously, and he recalled how the Prophets said that the Prince of Peace would be born during a heavy fall of rain that was to follow a great drought, and even as he met his daughter's questioning gaze the rain, for which the parched ground had been

thirsting for weeks back, came pattering down, and then, with a swish and a rush, speedily soaked the shrivelling shrubs and blistering earth.

"Surely the Prince of Peace is with us!" the father and daughter exclaimed in the same breath."

"Father, let us seek Him," said Brigid.

Together they sallied forth in the drenching rain, Duvach carrying a lighted lantern. But it was scarcely needed, for as they neared the stable the rays from the biggest and brightest star they had ever seen dimmed every other light. Entering the straw-strewn stable they found Mary with a lovely Child in her arms while close by stood her venerable husband. With a smile of welcome Mary held the Babe for Brigid to embrace. She took the Infant into her arms and covered Him with her own cloak; an act which so pleased the Virgin Mother that she declared that Brigid should thenceforth be known as the foster-mother of Christ. It is because of this kind action that Brigid is to this day called "Brighdenam-Brat," or Bride of the Mantle, in Ireland and also in Scotland, her erstwhile colony.

The legend adds that although St. Brigid's cloak was worn and threadbare when she covered the Holy Child with it, she received it back not only whole and entire but embroidered with golden lilies and precious stones. There are various versions of this pretty legend, but the above is in substance the story, as it has been handed down through the ages, of the Patroress of Ireland and the Stable at Bethlehem.

ILLUSTRATING that drawing off from the things of sense, which St. Catherine of Siena calls the building of a cell within her heart, St. Francis de Sales calls meditation by a highly refined metaphor—"the sleep of the soul," because it refreshes the mind as natural sleep refreshes the body.

The Christian Christmas.

WHAT is called "the world" has an amazing power of absorption. It assimilates and transforms. Men and women once caught up into its maw become dispiritualized, and almost take on another nature. Religious institutions, like the Mediæval orders of knighthood, lost their chivalric virtues once they were unhorsed in their jousting with the world.

The world has left its soilure on the drama that was instituted to represent the great mysteries of our Catholic faith. And the world at present is trying to secularize our great Catholic feasts by giving them a natural origin and surrounding them with a tawdry symbolism. Of such feasts, Christmas and Easter rank first. Each in its way has lost much of its spiritual meaning to Christian people generally, because the world has insisted on attributing to each a human meaning and a ritual of paganism. The present season makes our consideration of the world's treatment of Christmas inevitable.

And so let us witness the world's Christmas. Christmas in name only. The Chief Actor, the Central Figure, is absent from the cast. Santa Claus, with his hip boots and his flaxen beard, and his red, skin-tight breeches, and his sled and reindeers and his bag full of indigestion—this is the chief performer in the world's reproduction of Christmas. Little boys and little girls await his coming with bated breath, and their sage elders nod their heads knowingly at the deception. The shouting Santa Claus is the world's substitute for the Christ Child of the Crib.

The Christmas tree has supplanted the manger. Loaded down with bells, balls, toy lights and stuffed stockings, the tree, and not the Crib, symbolizes Christmas for nine-tenths of the American children at the present time. And

to a great percentage of American adults Christmas is just another occasion for relaxation or dissipation. They are not concerned with the origin of the feast, its significance or its spiritual reality. It is just Christmas,—engraved cards, exchanges of presents, plum pudding.

Priests in parishes and nuns in parish schools have to restore Christmas to Catholic homes and to the imaginations of Catholic children. Why a bouncing Santa Claus, who never was and never could be upon land or sea, when we have Christ, the Reality? Christ, who came to our earth, greeted by starlight, and singing, and the tumult of wings! Priests and teaching Sisters must win back children's loyalties from the world's roistering Santa Claus to the meek and humble Christ.

Catholic parents should experience a sense of compulsion to join in the restoration of this great Catholic feast to the Catholic home. Fathers will see in St. Joseph the highest type of protectorship which fatherhood normally means. He was the provider and guardian of those two holy beings confided to his keeping. And while he was not a husband or a parent in the strictly human sense, he was, withal, everything that husband and father imply. He was the maintainer of the home and the modest protector of Mother and Child. Catholic mothers should feel a sense of uplift in the reflection that Mary, the Virgin, was a Mother too. In Nazareth she made the virginal vow which the Angel's message sealed and secured. In the manger Mary, the Virgin, became a Mother in the humblest visible surroundings, but with all the invisible hosts of heaven singing pæans of praise to her Son. Surely Catholic mothers will experience a sense of comfort in the thought that one so nearly approaching God was herself a mother, and experienced the love hunger of a mother for her Child.

Notes and Remarks.

His Eminence Cardinal Hlond, Primate of Poland, who has been visiting in England for some weeks, announces he will be present at the Eucharistic Congress in Dublin in 1932. There is more to the Cardinal's statement than a mere item of news; there is a spirit of approach which is gracious and friendly and which distinguishes the cultured scholar from an official person who has exalted rank but no imagination.

"I should very much like to see Ireland," the Cardinal said, "because your country and Poland have much in common. Our nations have suffered together, and were sisters in adversity." The Pole and the Gael have migrated westward for much the same reason—intolerable conditions in their homelands. Language and localities—and possibly politics—have kept the two peoples so far apart in their adopted country they have never had much chance to compare the points of resemblance in their national and religious histories. With both peoples the struggle to maintain Faith has been a struggle to maintain nationhood as well. Each would be a nation, and each would be a Catholic nation. These elements of relationship should make more permanent the bonds of sympathy between Poland and Ireland than any such artificial political ties as may be manufactured during a succession of conferences assembled under the patronage of the League of Nations.

The Rev. Denys Mathieu, of Bromyard, Herefordshire, England, builds his own churches. Not long ago one of his design and construction was dedicated by Archbishop Mostyn, of Cardiff, at Bishop's Frome. And even before that, in 1927, Father Mathieu completed

a church, a presbytery and a parish hall in Bromyard. He secured the property in 1913. Then he gave French lessons, and with the money secured from pedagogy he bought his first bags of cement. The church was finished in 1914. The other units followed in slow succession until the completion of the entire plan in 1927. In his spare time this priest builder essays other occupations. He keeps rabbits, goats, poultry and bees, and has even done public work with the Bromyard Board of Guardians. Those of us who have time on our hands should take notice.

Good samaritans are crowding all the roads these days. Often, however, their mercy comes as a suggestion rather than as a personal ministration. One of the latest is reminiscent of war times—that of giving a day's wages to the support of the unemployed. If all the unemployed were thrifty and cautious in days when employment was plentiful, and were not given to spending upon the luxuries of life in fat years what should have been saved for life's necessities in lean years, we should not be tempted to enter a demurrer. And even as it is we resist the temptation, and say the suggestion has much to commend it. Because, whether or not some of the present want might have been foreseen and provided against in plentiful days, it still remains true that want is want; that people who are hungry must be fed, whether or not the hunger might have been forestalled in the days of abundance; and that people must be clothed even if they should have foreseen in the days of purple and fine linen that there were days in the offing when homespun would be welcome.

Only let us not concede to the laboring man all the glory in this day-a-month giving. The clergyman, the lawyer, the physician, the business man, top sergeant, lieutenant, captain and

major-general in the army of industry, —all should give on a day-a-month basis. Quite likely the general's day will be more than the top sergeant's month —very much more; the professional and business man will have to subscribe a considerably higher quota than the man in overalls. All which is perfectly scriptural and perfectly fair. "Of him to whom much is given, of him much shall be required."

The day-a-month plan to help the unemployed is all right—if it goes all the way around.

A Chinese girl named A Kin, which means "little flower," is an inmate in a hospital conducted by the French Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres, Hong Kong, China. When A Kin was only four years old she was brought to the hospital by her mother. As a result of bone disease both her arms were gangrenous, and had to be amputated. The maimed child was intelligent and industrious; the Sisters were patient. And so A Kin learned to use her feet for her hands. As a result, this maimless child now holds a book with her toes while she reads. She crochets by means of her toes; knits, darns, and cuts out clothes. She even eats with her toes.

Others no doubt could have taught A Kin to use her toes and her feet for her fingers and her hands quite as well as these French Sisters. But very likely she would now be living her life in a circus, instead of saving her soul by presiding at children's games and tidying up the playroom when playtime is over.

The statement has been frequently made that rural America is sadly over-churched. No one has dared to suggest that the Catholic Church is even remotely connected with that over-organization. Now comes the statement, how-

ever, that even the Protestant Church is neglectful in less populated districts. Dr. Herman N. Morse, director of surveys of the Home Mission Council, told eight hundred delegates to the North American Mission Congress that five million persons in ten thousand rural communities are living entirely without the opportunity of a religious ministry or local church service. We wonder what a survey of Catholic conditions would reveal. Judging by the number of fallen-aways that one meets in the shadow of our metropolitan churches, the leakage must be terrific in the thousands of communities where being a Catholic means journeying to the nearest mission for the occasional Mass that is offered there. Must Catholics in those outlying places continue to be deprived of religious opportunities because they are not wealthy enough or numerous enough to build a place of worship and provide for the expenses of an attending priest? Such a situation would be explainable if the Church were generally too poor to look after this particular American missionary field; it becomes positively disedifying, however, in face of the superfluous magnificence of some of our big city churches. It begins to look as if modern Catholics have lost some of that true Christian sympathy which was so characteristic of the early Church, that outsiders could say of it, "See these Christians, how they love one another!"

The Rev. E. A. Merryweather, an Anglican vicar of Pelton, England, excommunicated three of his parishioners recently for committing perjury in court when they gave evidence that he was using "Romish ornaments." There was consequent excitement in church circles about this act of authority by Vicar Merryweather, and it was freely asserted that he had no authority to act. Then Dr. Hensley Hanson, Angli-

can bishop of Durham, came to the rescue, and cleared the parishioners by declaring the excommunication "null and void."

Whether the three eavesdropping parishioners were perjurers we will not assert. And whether Vicar Merryweather wore "Romish ornaments" we will not assert either. But we do know that the Vicar did not excommunicate the three talebearers because he had not the authority. And the Bishop of Durham could not nullify an act of the Vicar of Pelton excommunicating the three parishioners, because the Vicar could not excommunicate in the first place. And for that matter, neither could the Bishop.

Money doesn't always mean happiness in a family no matter how much we may associate the two in our dreams. A certain Mr. X. related in an Eastern court room a few weeks ago that when he was a forty-dollar-a-month deck hand "back in 1896," he "lived happily on corned beef and cabbage." Apparently his wife also was contented with the honest smack of that homely fare until the fateful year of 1912. At that date, Mr. X. closed his eyes one day, and, on a gambler's chance, threw the family savings into Wall Street. He got the surprise of his life. His money returned to him with a lot of companion dollars tagging after it; and as often as he sent it back again on the same hopeful errand he got the same agreeable results. During ten years his fortune never stopped growing until it reached the tidy sum of \$1,500,000. Of course, the corned beef and cabbage went out of the back door; but, strange to say, the happiness and contentment of the former deck hand and his wife went along with it. Butlers and maids and other society accessories came in the wake of the fortune; and then followed that most swanky of all society affairs, divorce proceedings, with alimony of

\$18,000 a year and an exclusive apartment for the former Mrs. X. But that wasn't the end of it.

Perhaps in the hope of winning back the former Mrs. X. with still other millions, Mr. X. took another flier in good old Wall Street just before the fateful days of last October. Once more he got the surprise of his life. Again his money came back to him, but this time he didn't recognize it—there was so little of it left. So Mr. X. did what he could to make the best of a bad job. He hied himself to the courts and asked that his eighteen thousand dollar alimony bill be reduced in accordance with his depleted pocketbook. A very obliging Vice-Chancellor of the Chancery Court reduced the annual payment to the modest sum of \$360, with the recommendation that Mrs. X. give up her caviar and partridge and go back to corned beef and cabbage. That is not a bad *dénouement* after all. If the corned beef and cabbage of the present has only retained in ever so small a degree the charm of its original flavor, who knows but that the memories of deck-hand days may weave themselves about the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. X., and bring them together again in the plain but happy living of long ago.

It is rather surprising in this day and age to find a whole community in Ireland up in arms because the proprietor of a public house dared to open his doors after twelve o'clock to serve refreshments to those returning from dances. The *Dublin Saturday Herald* records this happening on the first page under the caption "Village Scandal," and the article goes on to state that the guilty persons were severely reprimanded by the Justice, fined, and may have their licenses revoked. And yet Ireland has no Prohibition law. But in this country, where we have written into the Constitution an amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of

intoxicating liquors, such a trifling fault would pass unnoticed. It is common knowledge, as a matter of fact, that liquor is brought into the dance halls, and imbibed openly by couples between dances. What, we wonder, would the Justice and his people think of young girls and boys of high-school age carrying their flasks with them and staggering out upon the dance floor in a maudlin condition! It is, we know, just as impossible to legislate men temperate as it is to legislate men good, but laws that are just and reasonable, provided they are strictly enforced, very often help to keep people out of trouble. In Europe the laws governing the liquor traffic are quite reasonable, but violators of such laws are severely punished. In this country we go to the extremes in our legislation, and make ourselves ridiculous in our efforts to enforce such laws.

The pastors of New York City are authorized by the Bureau of Catholic charities to employ a number of men and women to perform tasks around the church premises. Men so engaged will be paid \$5 a day and women \$4, for three days a week. Upon receipt of a record of the persons employed and the services rendered, the Bureau of Catholic charities will reimburse the pastors. The plan—a good one—is devised to help out in these months of unemployment those men and women who have no other means of securing support.

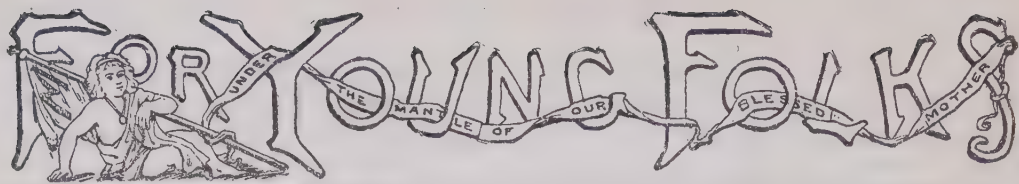
In Pittsburgh the superintendent of diocesan Catholic schools pointed out recently that the taxpayers of Pittsburgh were saved \$5,300,000 from the fact that 42,230 children attend the eighty-six Catholic parochial schools in that city.

Yes, and very likely it would have cost the Catholic tax-payers now sending their children to parochial schools

more than the \$5,300,000 they are saving the city of Pittsburgh were they to send these children to the public schools. Because public schools are many, many times more expensive to operate.

We should like to discover what is the actual money sacrifice many of us make for the upkeep of our parochial schools. Scarcely is it all expended on the teachers. In some places each teaching Sister used to get \$25.00 a month, and for this princely sum she was expected to eat, drink and make merry. Ever so often there is high editorial comment and splendid oratory on the colossal sacrifices made by us to maintain our Catholic school system. In all fairness, however, we should give the teaching Sisters a casual mention before we fade out in self-laudatory peroration. Besides, leaving out altogether the gain of spiritual values, it is doubtful if even in material values we are so enormously taxlevied for our parish schools as we make ourselves believe. Compute what we expend for radios, gasoline, moving pictures, football tickets, travel and informal dinners, and quite likely we will not seem so heroic in our school contribution.

A news dispatch tells us that the Methodist Board of Foreign Missions has finally decided to withdraw from France. It seems that in spite of all the time and money and energy spent in proselytizing in this Catholic country, the total Methodist membership has hardly reached the one thousand mark. While the withdrawal is an acknowledgment of defeat, we cannot help but regret the Catholic losses which must have resulted from Methodist activities there. It is unfortunately too true that while proselytizing seldom turns any kind of a Catholic into a good Protestant, it does result in turning many a mediocre Catholic into either a poor Catholic or into no Catholic at all.



A Christmas Guest.

BY MARGARET E. BRUNER.

THERE is a legend that one Christmas Eve, Long, long ago as snow fell thick and fast, A laborer trudged homeward through a vast And lonely forest, when, like winds that grieve, He heard a moaning, yet could scarce conceive It but a vagary of the storm's fierce blast.

Alert, he groped,—a child! He stared aghast, Then clasped the form its suffering to relieve.

He reached his door, the child against his breast;

The good wife came—their own brood hovered near.

Elated with this stranger for a guest,

Each of his feast gave part,—then saw appear

A light as of a halo round his head,

As, soaring on white wings, the vision fled.

Little Texas.

BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

XI.—HOME AGAIN.

THE summer waned, and it grew time for the little Ochiltrees to think about home. Mr. Ochiltree had to be there when the first picking of cotton was brought in, and his wife began to worry about the children left behind. She was so much better in health that she felt ready to take up her home duties again, while Manthus longed for her old friends, although she did not want to leave the new. She and Pinto Babe had become well-nigh inseparable, and whenever he was at the ranch she was with him. It was a strange friendship that had blossomed between this man and the little girl.

"Manthus seems devoted to Babe," said Mrs. Ochiltree to her husband. "Do

you know any more about him than you did at first?"

"Not much," replied he.

"Rough as he seems I think he was born a gentleman," said Mrs. Ochiltree. "There is something about him that makes me feel that the roughness is but a coat worn to cover his real self. He is certainly nice with the children and always most gentlemanly with me."

Manthus probably was not able to tell the difference between a gentleman and one who was not, but she knew that Pinto Babe was everything that was delightful to her.

"Pinto Babe," she said the last evening at the ranch, as he was taking her the rounds of the place to bid good-bye to all the favorites, "I wish you were going home too."

"Do you, little one? I wish I was."

"Where is your home, Pinto Babe?"

"It's a long ways from here, May Manthus." His voice was low, and he looked across the long hills to the sunset. They sat down on the gallery and were quiet for a few minutes, Manthus holding her dolly in her arms. Through the soft night came the chirp of the tree toads and the call of the katydid. Above a new moon was creeping over the crest of the hills.

"You haven't got a mother, Pinto Babe?" asked May Manthus at last.

"No," he said. Memories were stirring within his breast—memories sweet and bitter. He seemed to see a big, old-fashioned Southern home, with roses blooming over its wide piazza. He seemed to hear a stern old voice say, "unless you can tell me the truth you need not stay in my house," and hear his own voice saying, "good-bye, sir."

"But I have a father, May Manthus," he added bitterly.

"Oh, I should think you would want to go home then," exclaimed May Manthus. "I know your father is lonesome for you. He'll be missing your mother powerful bad—I know how Dad is when Mother's away,—so don't you really think you ought to go and see him?"

"I reckon so." Pinto Babe's usually smiling face looked serious.

"What made you leave him to come way off here?" asked Manthus.

"Well, he thought I done something I hadn't, and wouldn't believe me when I told him I hadn't." Pinto Babe's voice was sullen, "and I couldn't stand all the fuss and feathers down there. I just wanted to be alone out in God's country."

"Oh, I know," the sweet little voice was sympathetic. "That's the way I feel when it rains too hard to get out of the house all day! I feel as if the roof of the house was a lid pressing down right on my head."

Pinto Babe seemed to be thinking deeply.

"I think fathers are the nicest things in the world, excepting mothers, of course. When you haven't any mother your father will be worried more about you. He'd think 'poor motherless boy' everytime he looked at you. Perhaps you didn't know it was worrying about you that made him want to keep you with a lid on at home. Sometimes my father is serious, but that's because those big men have such big things to think about. I know they love us just as much as mothers do, specially when there's anything the matter."

Pinto Babe sat silent, and at that moment Uncle Nicodemus' fiddle broke the stillness in a melody sweet and haunting. Then Racy began to sing and the words of the song came clearly to them through the still air:

De massa ob de sheepfol'
 Dat gua'd de sheepfol' bin,
 Looks out in de gloomerin' meadow,
 Whar de long night rain begin,

"Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"
 So he call to de hi'elin' shepa'd:

Oh, den, says de hi'elin' shepa'd,
 "Dey's some dey's black an' thin,
 An' some dey's po' ol' weddehs,
 But de res' dey's all brung in,
 But de res' dey's all brung in."

Den de massa ob de sheepfol'
 Dat gua'd de sheepfol' bin,
 Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows
 Whar de long night rain begin;
 An' he let down de ba's ob de sheepfol'
 Callin' sof', "Come in, come in!"
 Callin' sof', "Come in, come in!"
 Den up t'ro' de gloomerin' meadows,
 T'ro' de col' night rain an' win'
 An' up t'ro' de gloomerin' rain pat,
 Whar de sleet fall pie'cin thin,
 De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol'
 Dey all comes a-gadderin' in,
 Dey po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',
 Dey all comes a-gadderin' in."

"Isn't that nice," said May Manthus. "I certainly like to hear Racy sing. I just love that song. I should think black sheep would love to go home when the massa goes after them, wouldn't you, Pinto Babe?"

"Um-hum!" Pinto Babe looked very strangely moved. "May Manthus, you're a little angel," he said.

But at that moment Bobby Lee came around the corner of the gallery.

"Hello, Pinto Babe! How are you?" he said with his most engaging grin, climbing up on Pinto Babe's knee with his calm assurance of welcome. "I've got a letter here. Nobody knows who it b'longs to. Joe brought it and showed it to all the boys and they don't know whose it is, so I just took it. Now it's mine. Read it to me, Pinto Babe," he said, putting a letter into Babe's hands. That young man glanced at the letter. It was addressed in a quavering hand to Philip Hargrave, Jr., and Pinto Babe's face paled and his eyes grew dark.

"Bobby Lee, this letter is for me," he said, and putting Bobby down quickly he walked around the gallery out of sight.

"Natty old Pinto Babe!" said Bobby

Lee with disgust. "He tooked my letter. Bobby Lee doesn't like him any more."

"Oh, don't say that, Bobby," said May Manthus in distress. "It's Pinto Babe's letter, and of course he wants it himself. It might say something very important. See here, Bobby," she tried to change the subject, "here's Babe's picture." She pulled a little kodak print out of her pocket. "Sue Ford took it. Isn't it nice? It looks just like him."

Bobby Lee looked at the picture. "It looks like him and like the man who came to see Daddy," said he.

"What man?" asked May Manthus, but that moment a gentleman came out on the gallery; and as he walked across the porch, the picture fell out of May Manthus' hand, and the wind carried it across the floor in front of the strange gentleman. He stopped to pick it up; and as he was about to hand it back to Manthus, he glanced at it. Then he said, "Is this yours, child?"

"Yes, sir," said Manthus, with her pretty little curtsy, taught her by the Sisters where Sue Ford went to school. "Thank you, sir; I wouldn't have lost it for anything. It's Mr. Pinto Babe, and he's a great friend of mine."

"He is, is he?" said the old man.

"Oh, yes, sir; he's my very best man friend," said May Manthus. "I do wish he was my big brother. He is so good and kind and so nice to Bobby Lee and me. I'd give anything if he was going home with us, but he says he's got to go to his own home, and I told him I guessed his father must want him awful bad by now."

"He does, little Miss, very badly," said the old man. "Will you tell him so for me?"

"Why, yes," said May Manthus surprised, "I'll tell him; but here he is now," as Babe came on the porch and she ran to him crying: "O Pinto Babe, you must go home like you said you would. This gentleman says your father want you terribly bad."

Pinto Babe put his arm around the little girl, but looked at the old gentleman. There was silence between the two men. Then the older one spoke gruffly;

"You have such a wonderful recommendation from this young lady that I am inclined to ask you if you will come to my home. Will you, Philip?"

Pinto Babe looked surprised. "Do you believe in me, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, I do; but I would want you anyway, boy," said the old man in a choked voice. "I can't live without you," and he put out his hand.

"I'll come, sir," said Pinto Babe. "Thanks to this little angel here," he laid his hand on Manthus' head; "I just got your letter, sir. I have it here. I was coming home anyway, but I am glad you wanted me."

"But where are you going, Pinto Babe?" cried Bobby's voice, very much agitated. "I don't want you to go any place at all without Bobby Lee. Don't you go with the big man. I don't like him if he takes away my Pinto Babe!"

"Oh, hush, Bobby Lee," cried Manthus. "I think it's Pinto Babe's father."

"Oh," cried Bobby Lee, "I know, Pinto Babe, you're a proggival son,—this is your father and you're a proggival son. Bet he gives you lots of candy. You better go home."

Pinto Babe laughed, and his father smiled broadly. "Yes, kiddie," Pinto Babe said, "I'm a prodigal son all right, and I reckon there is plenty of candy."

"Right you are, my boy!" said his father, putting a hand on his shoulder. "Liberty and plenty of sweets from now on."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" cried Manthus. "He needs some sweets, for he's so good."

"Good-bye, Mariposa Ranch," said May Manthus next morning, as the carriage loads of people drove away from the ranch house. Pinto Babe's father, Mr. Hargrave, was in one carriage with Pinto Babe, May Manthus, her

mother and Bobby Lee, who was much delighted with the span of long-tailed Morgans which the old man drove. Mr. Ochiltree drove the other children in the carryall, and the servants followed in the buckboard which Jim, one of the cowboys, was driving.

"Good-bye, darling ranch," said May Manthus, "I hope we'll come again to see you, but it won't ever be the same without Pinto Babe."

"I'll come and visit you," said Babe, and his father added: "You must come to San Antonio and visit us, May Manthus."

"Oh, I'd love to," she said rapturously. "May I, Mother?"

"Perhaps, darling," said her mother.

"I hope you'll honor my house with your presence, Madam," said the old man courteously; "and bring the little girl with you. My son tells me that it is really due to her that he is coming back with me, and I feel deeply indebted to her and to you for your kindness to Philip."

"We are all very fond of him," said Mrs. Ochiltree. "Mr. Ochiltree thinks that he is a very fine fellow; and as for May Manthus, well, I think she has adopted him into the family, so you will have to allow him to come and visit us for her sake."

"And for my sake too," said Bobby Lee, who thought he had been long enough out of the conversation, "so I can have some of the proggival son's candy."

"Oh, hush! Bobby," May Manthus said and looked distressed; but Pinto Babe laughed, and said:

"You're certainly looking out for the main chance, Little Texas, but here's the one who deserves the sweet things of life," as he put his hand on the shoulder of Mary Amanthus.

(The End)

THE future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother.—*Napoleon.*

The Generous Miser.

"That's the miser's house."

It was set back from the public road. A sloping lawn reached to the steps of the porch, which was covered with vines. About the grounds were numerous flower-beds. Colonial in style but the front was decidedly modern.

"Rather pretentious for a miser's house," I answered.

"Yes, but he didn't live there for many years."

"Oh!"

"Would you like to hear his story?"

"It must be somewhat unusual, or you wouldn't want to tell it," I replied.

"As for his early history, I can state only what I have been told. It was before my time here, and, yet, knowing all of the later facts, I can say for certain that I have been told the truth.

"Some thirty years ago the father of the miser owned that house. He was not extremely well-to-do, but he had a business with a comfortable income. He was all that a father should be,—good, a practical Catholic, generous, and well-thought of by all the people. It was not a bit surprising, then, that his only son was a lad of many striking qualities. Folks about town rejoiced that he was wooing Grace Carolin, who was loved by all for her charm of mind and soul. They were a happy couple. The father did not live to attend their wedding. And, unfortunately, Grace died four years after, leaving a two-year-old boy to the care of a broken-hearted father.

"The sorrow that almost crushed him was considerably softened by the presence of that promising boy, who had for a governess an elderly aunt. Each evening, when the father returned from the office, the lad would rush out to the gate to greet him. One evening he did not come; he was a bit sick. The doctor came. The boy rapidly grew worse. The battle for life lasted about a week. Love and care were useless. The boy died.

"The father, plunged in grief on the death of his wife, was bowed still lower on the death of his son. He became a recluse, living alone and grieving. Two months later he moved out of the old home, rented it, and took a small room in a boarding house. He worked faithfully, went to church regularly, but otherwise kept pretty much to himself. So he lived for some twenty years. What he did with his money no one knew. In time, when I moved here fifteen years ago, people already referred to him as a miser. If he heard what they said he did not seem to mind. There was a quietness about him, and a sort of regretful smile when he spoke, as if sorrow were blended with joy. He rarely stopped to chat with anyone, though he was pleasant enough when he did. Once a month—did I forget to say that he was hard of hearing?—once a month he went into the priest's house, undoubtedly for confession, and the next morning he would receive Holy Communion.

"He died two years ago, on a Sunday morning after Mass at which he had been to Communion. Everybody waited to hear how much he left to a worthless nephew and an elderly aunt. It would have been folly to leave any money to that nephew, and the aunt did not need it. Finally we found out the amount of his fortune,—nothing, absolutely nothing. About all that was found was an old scrapbook with a lot of clippings on: Love of God, self-denial, and prayer. Then in what seemed to be his own writing were the words: 'I will love the Lord with my whole soul and heart, and for His sake give all.'

"A couple of other clippings were found. The first read: 'A man by the name of Guyot lived and died in the town of Marseilles, France. He amassed a large fortune by laborious industry and severe habits. His neighbors considered him a miser. He was often insulted, and the boys sometimes threw

stones at him. When he died, he left all his money for a very noble purpose. He had noticed that the people were ill-supplied with water, so he cheerfully labored all his life to gain enough to build an aqueduct for his home town.' The second clipping told the story of a man in India who had labored all his life, denying himself many comforts, that he might build a church for his home town.

"Father Sheldon explained all at the late Mass on the Sunday following the funeral. 'I need not tell you the story of his life,' he said. 'But, there are some things that I must tell you in justice to the dead. For some twenty years this modern miser,' he stopped on that thought for a second, 'has lived in perfect self-denial. He did not build an aqueduct; he did not build a church. Twenty years ago he decided that he must stay in the world, but he also resolved to follow the Master perfectly, and give all to the poor. Once a month on a Saturday evening he would bring to me all that he could spare, and he told me each time that I should distribute it to the poor. He said that this was his way of making sure that he would be reunited with his wife, Grace, and his boy, Jack, in the presence of God forever.' "

"St. Francis of Assisi will love this miser with a special love," was all that I could say.

A Little Boy's Stockings.

OLD Santa Claus was always good
To little Johnnie White,
And filled his stocking to the top
On every Christmas night.

But Johnnie was a boy, you see,
And always wanted more;
So how to cheat old Santa Claus
He planned for days before.

And then he hung two stockings up,
And fastened with two pins
A card which read: "Please fill these both,
'Cause this year I am twins."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Last year, in our columns, we noticed "La Storia Contemporanea della Chiesa, 1900-1925," by Rev. P. Premoli. The book now appears in French, the translation being the work of Rev. L. Declercq (Marietti, price, 30 fr.).

—Autumn books published by Burns, Oates and Washbourne, include: "The Prayer of the Early Christians," by Abbot Cabrol, O. S. B., a discussion and explanation of the origins of the Liturgy of the Church; the fifth and concluding volume of "The Sacramentary," by Cardinal Schuster; "Fragments that Remain," musings inspired by Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J.

—The Kenedy Company has published a little book of eighty-three pages (price, \$1.10) called "The Essence of the Catholic," by the Rev. P. Peter Lippert, S. J. That essence, as these three lectures make clear, is found in the faith, the will, and the soul of the Catholic. The first lecture explains what and why we believe; the second encourages the doing of good and the avoiding of evil; the third urges Catholics to bring to the Church their troubles and daily cares, and to keep perseveringly fervent in their prayers.

—Many readers, elderly ones in particular, will welcome a translation of Monsignor Baudard's exceptionally excellent and interesting work, "The Evening of Life: Compensations of Old Age," made with his wonted skill, and judiciously condensed by Mr. John L. Stoddard. We thank him also for the admirable bibliography which he furnishes. (The Bruce Publishing Co.)

How truly the venerable American convert says: "The interior of Christianity is Catholicism. It is 'the abode of God with men.' There, with the living Christ, I possess life, and the channels of life in grace and the divine Sacraments."

—The second volume of "The Catholic Students' 'Aids' to the Study of the Bible," by the Rev. Hugh Pope, O. P., S. T. M.,

D. S. Scr., in which the various books of the Old Testament are considered, has just been published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons. These "aids" are intended for the ordinary reader, hence there are given a short analysis of each book, the probable date and authorship, informative notes, critical views and bibliographies. This volume should prove a boon to students in Scripture classes and to readers of the Bible in general, though the average person might have some difficulty in understanding some of the succinct criticisms. Price, \$3.25.

—The publishing house of Pierre Téqui, Paris, is well known even in this country for the large number of religious books that it edits. Just recently there has come to our notice a number of its latest works. The well-known Jesuit, Father de Ravignan, gave a series of conferences in 1855 to the Children of Mary. A new volume, "Entretiens Spirituels du R. P. de Ravignan," gives the substance of those charming discourses, and concludes with several pages of his thoughts on the religious life (Price, 11 fr. postpaid).

Of special interest to Americans is a volume on our recently canonized saints: "Martyrs du Canada." It is the work of the late Father Henry Fouqueray, S. J. The wealth of its documentation bears witness to its historical value, and to the profound labor of its author (Price, 17 fr. postpaid).

—"We know that the goodness of God is poured forth with mercy," is the central thought of "The Friend of Sinners," by the Rev. A. Galy, translated from the French by the Rev. J. M. Lelen. Parables and other incidents in the Gospels prove that Our Lord was all-merciful. The welcome extended to the Prodigal Son was His own welcome for all returning sinners. As He forgave Magdalen, or the denying Peter, or the incredulous Thomas, so He offers pardon, repentance, faith to those who ask. "I want you to tell sinners," He said to Margaret of Cortona, "that the arms of My mercy are always free to them." Souls fearful of His justice,

souls worried with matters of conscience, and even those faithful in His service, will discover consolation, hope, and renewal of spirit in this book about the tender-hearted Saviour. Publisher, Benziger. Price, \$1.50.

—"A Commentary on the Cult of the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar," by the Rev. Myron Zalitch, is not a theological treatise, but a popular treatment of the subject intended for the laity. In addition to the emphasis placed on Spiritual as well as Sacramental Communion, there is an historical study which seeks to prove that the strength of the Church has always been in proportion to the cult of the Eucharist. The special feature of the book, however, is the development of the thought that the effects of the Eucharist are such as to fit the particular needs of children, adolescents and adults. Altogether, a book that is both interesting and instructive. Publisher, Kenedy. Price, \$1.50.

—"Church Seasons Calendar," by the Rev. J. W. Brady, of the Archdiocese of St. Paul, is not only very attractive, but also instructive, embodying, as it does, some distinctive features. It emphasizes particularly the various colors used by the Church for the different seasons and the individual days, marks the days of fast with bars and uses the symbolical fish for the days of abstinence, clearly shows the Holy Days, First Fridays, and the days and the months of special devotions. Besides, there are artistic borders in four colors with three medallions on each side picturing the seasons of the Church. A beautiful and informative calendar for the home, the convent, the rectory and the sacristy.

—"Richard Henry Tierney, Priest of the Society of Jesus," by the Rev. Francis X. Talbot, of the same Society, is a tribute and an appraisal. Richard Tierney was above the average as a student. Later he was an impressive teacher. His full years, however, began only when he was placed on the staff of *America*, where he proved immediately that he had a talent for organization by putting it on a sound financial basis, thus giving it an opportunity to extend its work. The appointment to editorship followed quickly.

Unquestionably his years of training had girded him for the battles to ensue. And those were trying times: the Mexican difficulties prior to the Great War, the war itself, the period of reconstruction, and the days of hysterical bigotry. Blessed with an exceptional memory, thorough in ordinary details, sound in theological training, and most exacting in getting at the truth of the various situations as they arose, he had the courage to battle for all that concerned the welfare of the Church, to the discomfort of her enemies, and sometimes not to the liking of her friends. But he loved truth, and fought for it with all the powers at his command, and even to a break-down in health. Loved by those who knew him well, admired for his ability, and respected for his whole-hearted devotion to principle, he deservedly holds a high place among Catholic journalists. Publisher, America Press.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii. 3.

Sister M. Teresa and Sister M. Zita, Sisters of Mercy; and Sister Rose Geraldine, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Miss Sarah A. Higgins, Mrs. J. H. Weis, Miss Alice Nolan, Mr. Patrick Sullivan, Mrs. Bridget Burke, Mrs. Sally Foley, Mrs. Margaret Reddan, Mrs. Hugh McGee, Mrs. Mary Sullivan, Miss Mary Sullivan, Mr. Michael Sullivan, Mr. William Ready, Mr. William J. Brown, Mrs. Mary Tierney Boyle, Miss Nora Cronin, Mrs. Mary Delaney, Mr. Anton Maerz, Mr. John Glynn, Mrs. Agnes Halligan, Mr. Edward Simmonds, Mr. Frank Shannon, Mary A. Howard, and Miss Mary Reohr.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)

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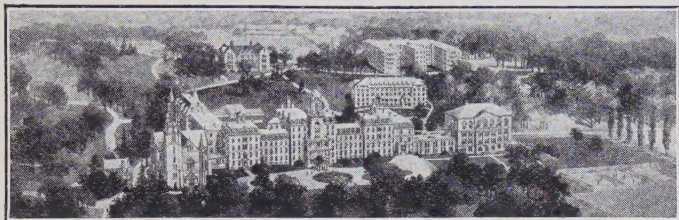
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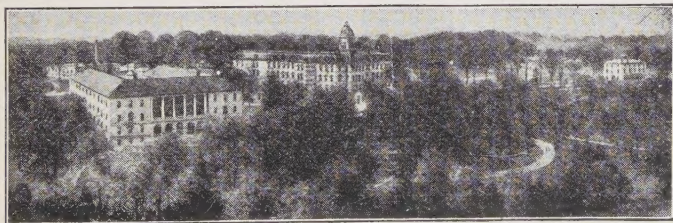
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